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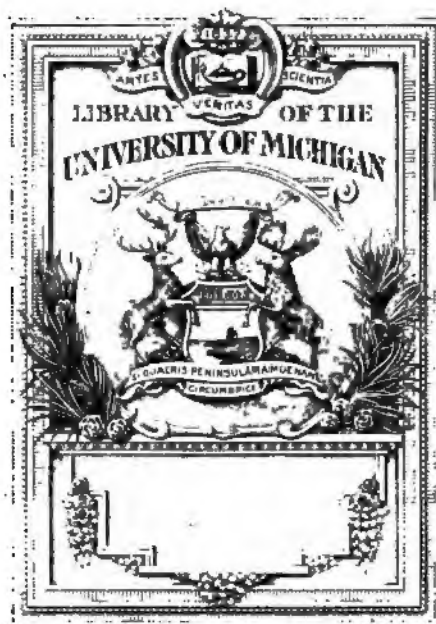
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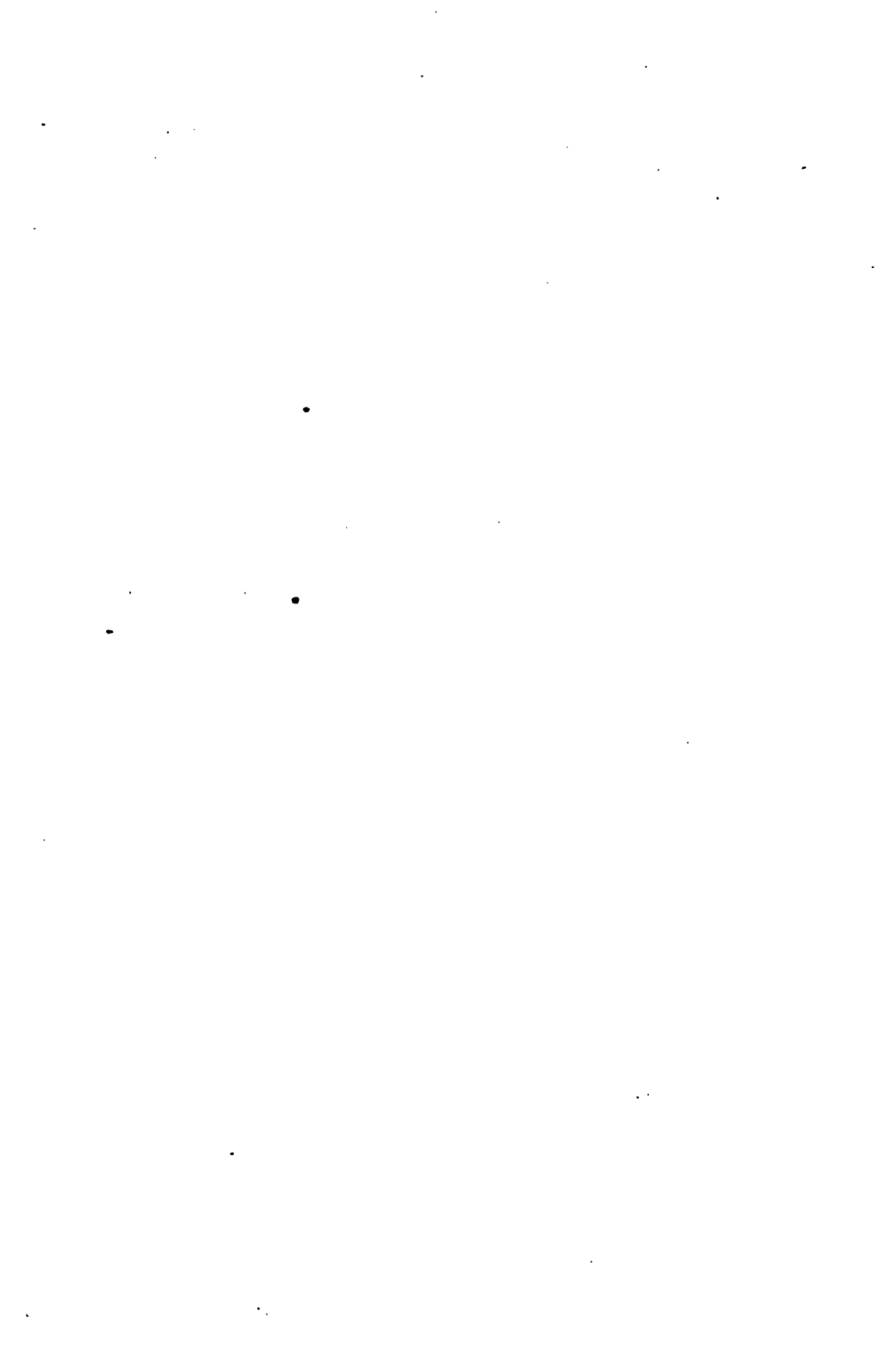
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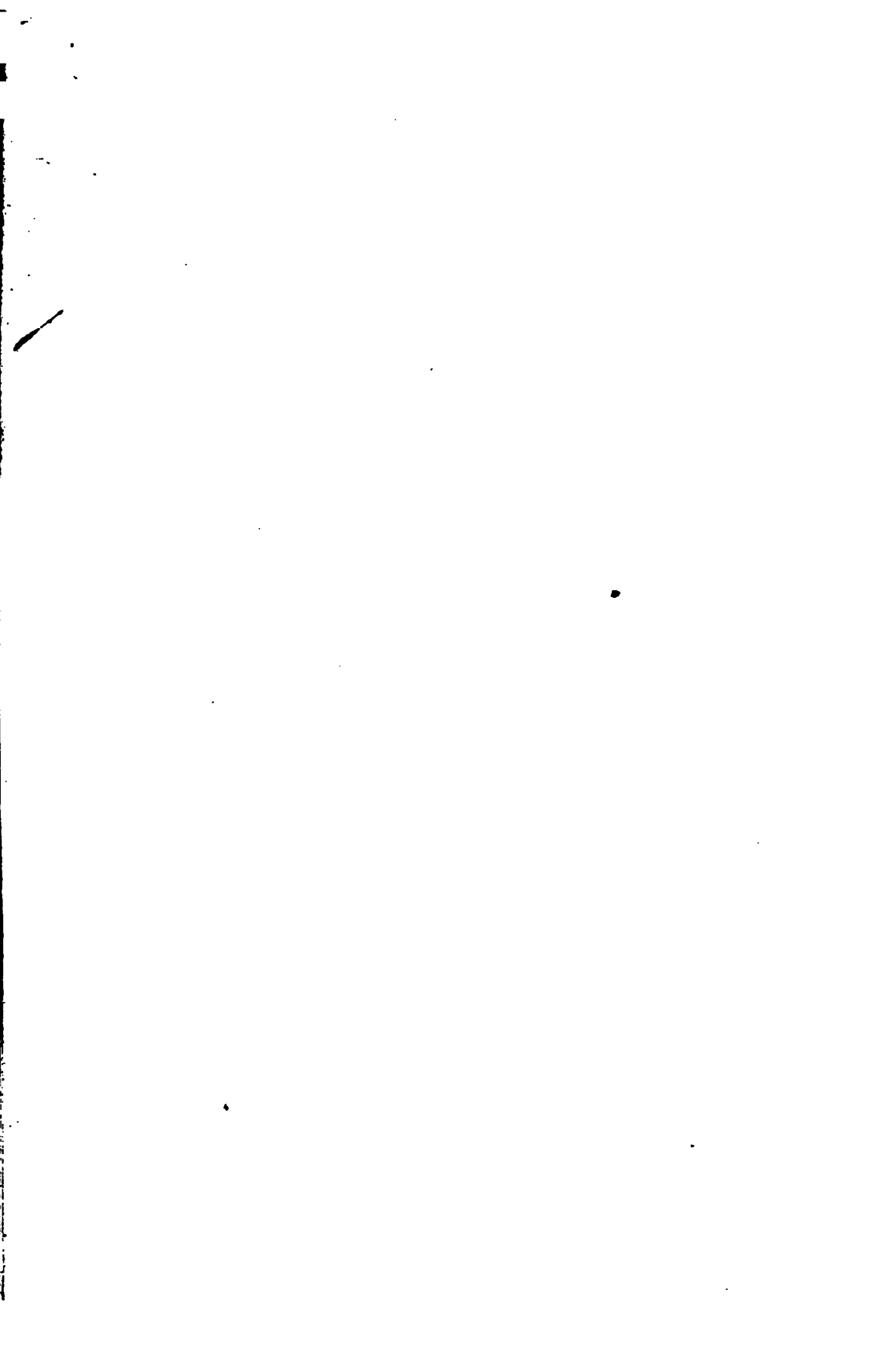
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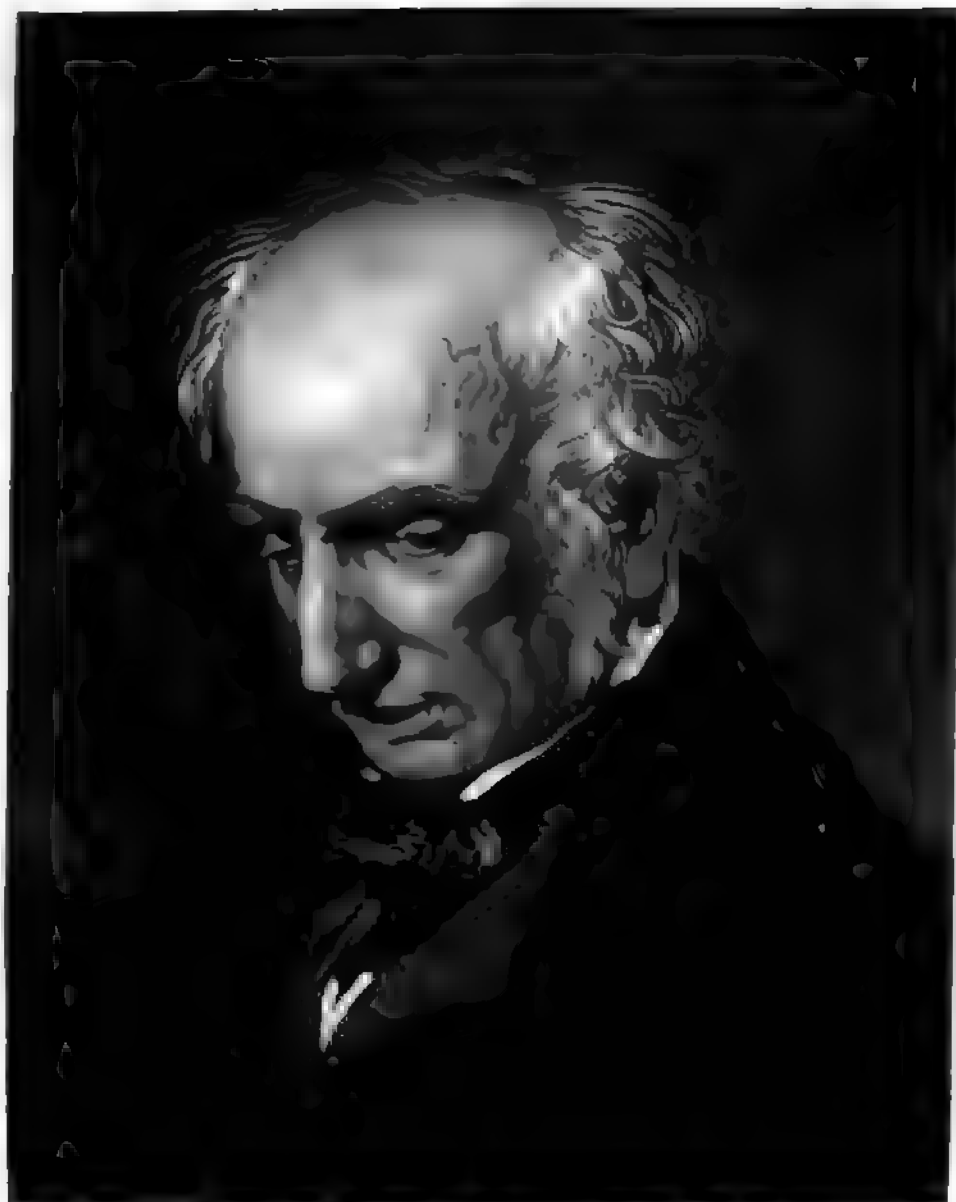








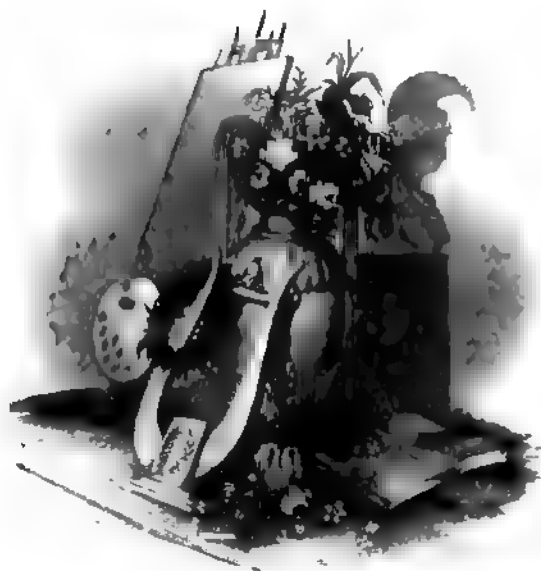




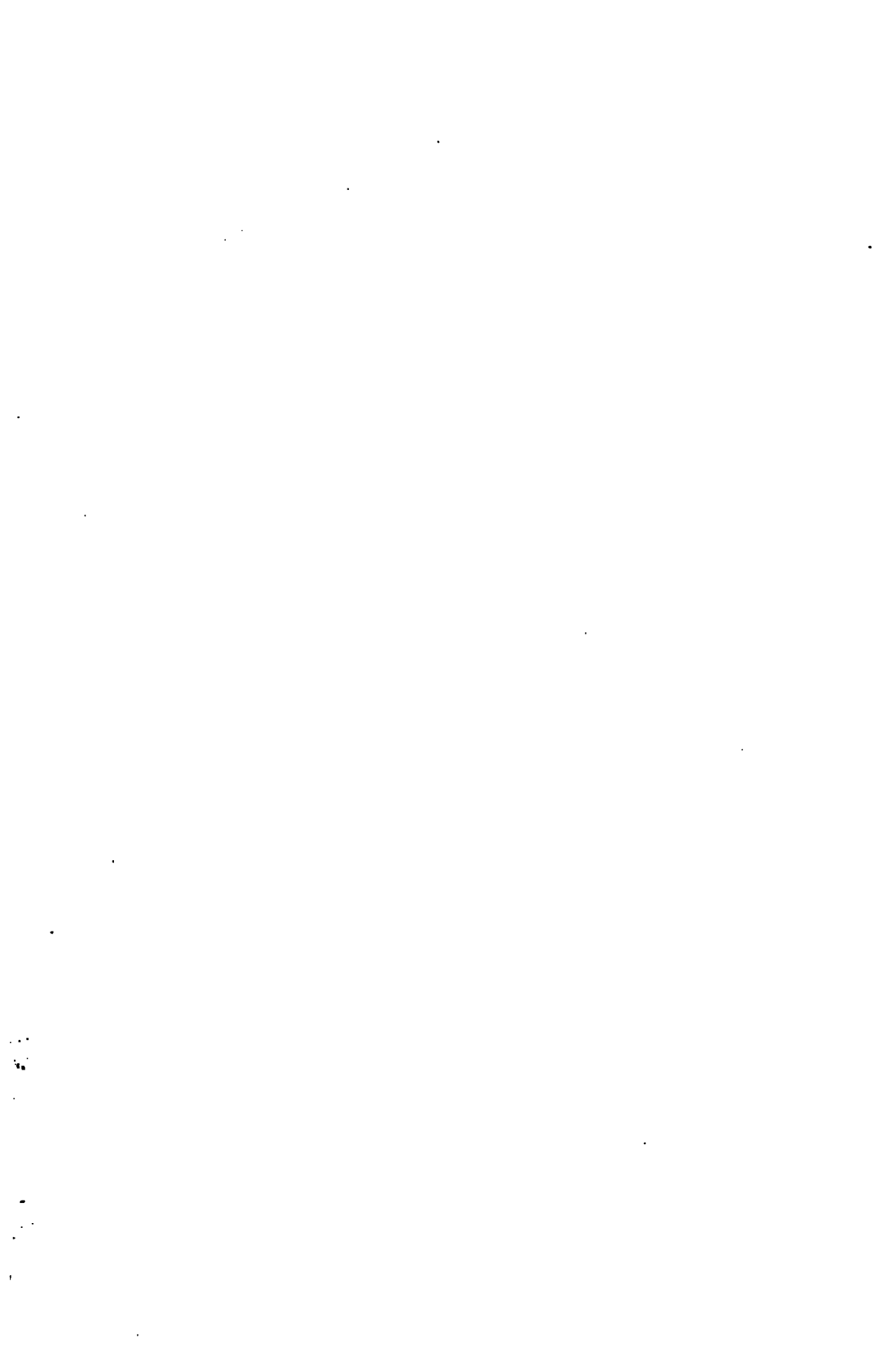
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THE
ELECTRIC MAGAZINE
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE
AND ART.



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W. H. BLDWELL, 120, NASSAU ST.



THE

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MAY TO AUGUST, 1849.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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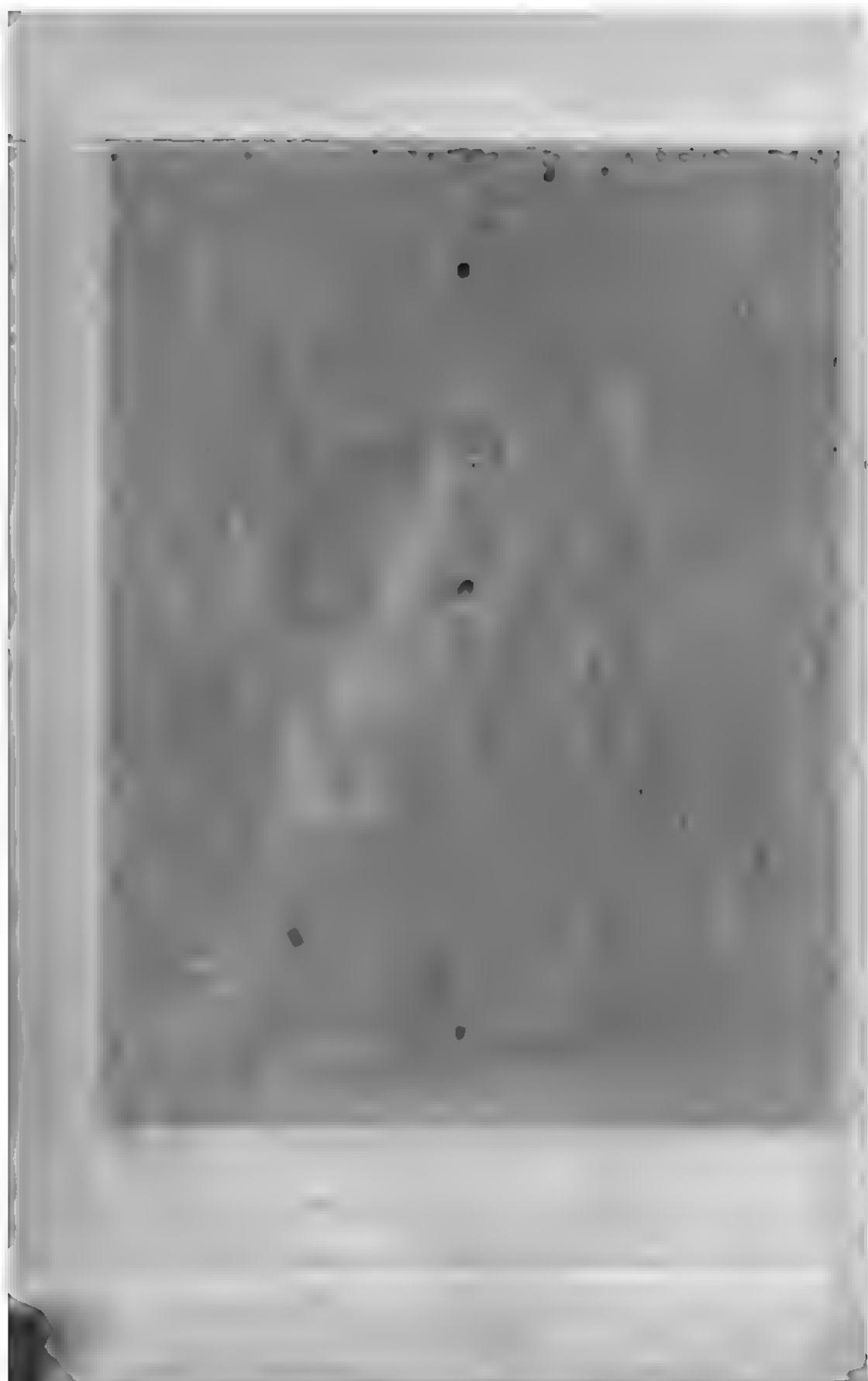
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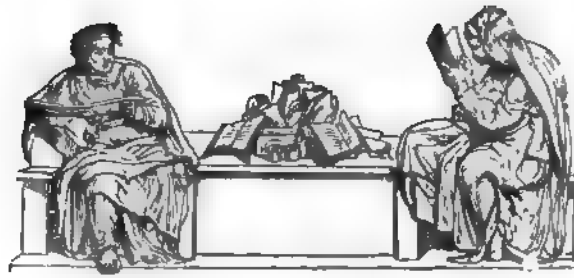




friend of another, a vast body of information, | The did much to connect. To the extent.

VOL. XVII. No. 1





THE
ECCLECTIC MAGAZINE

OR

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY, 1849.

From the North British Review.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell. Edited by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., one of his Executors. London, 1849.

For something more than half a century the custom has been gradually increasing, of publishing with but little reserve, such letters of eminent men as have been written in the ordinary management of the affairs of life, or the careless confidence of domestic intimacy. In Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," we scarcely remember a single private letter being printed as illustrating any one statement in the work, or as affording an exhibition of the character of any one of the writers, whose lives he relates. A short time before the publication of "The Lives of the Poets," Mason had, in his *Memoirs of Gray*, introduced a new style of biography, which has affected, more or less, every work of the kind since written. The journals of Gray, a retired scholar, who took accurate notes of whatever he read, supplied much that was instructive and interesting to the earnest student; and Mason had the opportunity of selecting, from a correspondence conducted through the whole of Gray's life with one friend or another, a vast body of information,

on a great variety of subjects. There were few personal details; and though Mason made great use of Gray's letters, yet there was scarcely a single letter published without omissions. The example given by Mason was followed in two remarkable instances by a writer whose poetry was once popular, and whose prose works, in spite of great affectation, which deforms everything he has written, are still very pleasing. Hayley, in his *Life of Milton*, has woven together passages from Milton's letters, calculated to make his readers sympathize with the great poet, and which give a wholly different aspect to his life from that which the readers of Johnson had received. Milton's minor poems had been published by Thomas Warton, with notes, curiously illustrative of the mental process by which Milton's poetical language was elaborated; but in those notes, and through the whole book, Milton's controversial writings were assailed in a temper of bigotry scarcely intelligible in our days, and which Hayley's "Life" did much to counteract. To an extent

which is quite surprising, he was enabled to effect what Michelet and others have done in the case of Luther, and thus Milton became his own biographer.

Some years after, in his *Life of Cowper*, Hayley gave to the public the very most interesting volumes of biography that have ever perhaps been published. The state of health which separated Cowper from the active business of life, was consistent with systematic study, and with the exertion of the poetical faculty. Cowper's residence at a distance from his relatives—the peculiar tenderness with which he was regarded—and some circumstances connected with his pecuniary affairs, created a correspondence which was the amusement, and, in some sort, the business of his life. These letters, above all comparison the most charming that have ever been published, and from which, as we best remember, every passage that it could be thought unreasonable to living persons to bring before the public had been first removed, rendered this style of biography popular. In formal autobiography there can seldom be absent some appearance of vanity. In passages selected from letters in which the author is unconsciously writing his life, this fault is at least absent, and for the last half century rarely any eminent man has died, whose friends have not been solicited for copies of such letters as accident has left undestroyed.

It was scarce possible that the great poet, Campbell, should have escaped the common lot; and a considerable mass of his letters are now given to the public by his friend and executor, Dr. Beattie. The volumes also contain some biographical notes drawn up by the poet at the request of Dr. Beattie, and though we can imagine this voluminous work improved both by compression and by omission, and though we think a more diligent inquirer, without taking very much trouble on the subject, might have given us more scenes from the London life of a man who lived so much in the eye of the public—we yet think some gratitude is due to Dr. Beattie for many of the letters in these volumes. The book will aid us in appreciating the character of a man whose works will probably for many generations continue to give delight.

Campbell was a true and a great poet; he was, what is better, a true-hearted, generous-minded and honorable man.

With all men life is a struggle. With such a man as Campbell—peculiarly sensitive—the struggle was from adverse circumstances

more than ordinarily severe. He was the youngest of ten children. The father of the poet, Alexander Campbell, had for many years been a prosperous merchant in the Virginia trade. During the earlier part of his life he had lived at Falmouth in Virginia. He had come to the sober age of forty-five when he married Margaret Campbell, the sister of his partner in business. We will not follow Dr. Beattie in disentangling the intricate pedigree of the Campbells. Margaret was, it seems, of the same clan, but not a blood-relation, of "the Campbells of Kirnan," to which family her husband belonged. "The Campbells of Kirnan," a locality with which the poet's people were connected by their traditions, and not by the fact of having ever resided there, was a sound that had its magic; and the mother of the poet would, late in life, when sending home an article from a shop, describe herself as Mrs. "Campbell of Kirnan," mother "of the author of the Pleasures of Hope." The union with England had opened the American trade to Scotland. Previously to that, Scotland could only deal with the colonies of England on the footing of a foreign nation. When the trade was once opened, the industry and intelligence of the Glasgow merchants gave them almost a monopoly of the business. The war with America drove trade into other channels; and among the houses ruined by the change was that of which the poet's father was the senior partner. The savings of forty years of industry, amounting to about twenty thousand pounds, were swept away in an hour. The old man was sixty-five, too old to commence a new score with the world. His eldest child was a daughter of nineteen. The poet, if we read dates aright, was not born for two years after his father's business had been broken up.

It would appear that the debts of the firm were paid, and that a small surplus remained. In addition to this, Mr. Campbell received a small annual sum from the Merchants' Society, and from a provident institution, of which he had long been a member. This was no doubt a very different amount of income from what he had enjoyed. His wife was a sensible woman, who instantly acted on the changed state of circumstances—lived with the most severe economy, and did what she could to educate her family. The floating traditions which Dr. Beattie has collected, describe her as "of slight but shapely figure, with piercing black eyes, dark hair, and well chiselled features"—"a shrewd observer of character—warm-hearted, strongly

attached to her friends, and always ready to sympathize in their misfortunes. She was often the author of substantial but unostentatious charity." One gentleman recollects being taken to see her in his boyhood when she was very old. She bought a cane for him, and amused him by her good nature in walking up and down the room, twirling it, to show him how the young gentlemen in Edinburgh managed their canes. She had a natural taste for music; and in her old age she would to the last sing snatches of old songs—"My poor dog Tray," and "The Blind Boy," were her favorites. It was to the former air that Campbell wrote "The Harper." "It is," says Dr. Beattie, "one of the few I heard him sing in the evening of life, when for an instant the morning sun seemed again to rest on it; and it was probably the first that soothed the infant poet in his cradle, long before he attempted to lisp in rhyme."

Alexander Campbell, the poet's father, lived in social intimacy with several of the University professors. Adam Smith was his friend, and Reid baptized the poet—hence his name Thomas. When Reid sent a copy of his "Inquiry into the Human Mind" to Alexander Campbell, and heard from him the pleasure with which he read it, he said there are two men in Glasgow who understand my work—Campbell and myself.

The elder Campbell is said to have been liberal in politics. We shall not seek to determine the precise meaning in which the word is used. He was religious. The traditions of his family told of chiefs of the clan that had suffered martyrdom for the doctrines of the Church of Scotland, and his pride as well as his better feelings were interested in the cause. Family worship was then almost the universal habit of Scottish families—and the fervor of the old man's extempore prayers was such that the very expressions which he used never passed away from the minds of his children. The poet, a short time before his death, said that he "had never heard language—the English liturgy excepted—more sublime than that in which his devotional feelings at such moments found utterance."

Poetry was not among the old merchant's studies, but he loved music, and could sing a good naval song—he loved better a metaphysical wrangle or a theological dispute—and when the young poet was caught verse-making, the father was perhaps happiest, for then most did the spirit of contradiction awake, and then only was he quite sure of

being right. Whatever he might think of Reid's principle of Common Sense, he could not but feel that there was something to be said for Berkeley and Locke, and in his most vehement theological discussions he would sometimes feel that the subject had slipped through his fingers, and that while the sense of positiveness remained, the very topic of the disputation had altogether vanished from his memory. Not so when young Tom's scribbled manuscript was before him. There it was—nonsense, absolute nonsense. The poor boy had to retire crest-fallen and ashamed—the father did not perhaps know that all early poetry is imitative—he thought little (and who could think much?) of the poetry of the day, the cadences of which were echoed in every line of the boy's verses—

"His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy;
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
He worshipped—stern, uncompromising truth."

The old man lived, however, to be gratified by the reception of "The Pleasures of Hope." Had Mr. Campbell been able to get rid of the anxieties of property, when he was compelled to retire from business, he would have been comparatively a happy man; but the restless ghost of his former prosperity haunted him for the rest of life in a series of never-ending lawsuits. A correspondent of Dr. Beattie's tells us, that in the year 1790 he passed an evening at Mr. Campbell's.

"The old gentleman, who had been a great foreign merchant, was seated in his arm-chair, and dressed in a suit of the same snuff-brown cloth, all from the same web. There were present besides Thomas, his brother Daniel, and two sisters, Elizabeth and Isabella. The father, then at the age of eighty, spoke only once to us. It was when one of his sons, Thomas I think, who was then about thirteen, and of my own age, was speaking of getting new clothes, and descanting in grave earnest as to the most fashionable colors. Tom was partial to green, I preferred blue. 'Lads,' said the senior, in a voice that fixed our attention, 'if you wish to have a lasting suit, get one like mine.' We thought he meant one of a snuff-brown color; but he added, 'I have a suit in the Court of Chancery, which has lasted thirty years; and I think it will never wear out.'"

Situations were found for the elder sons in the colonies. They ended in forming respectable mercantile establishments in Virginia and Demerara. The daughters engaged in the education of children—two as governesses in families—the third in the

management of a school. Daniel was placed in a Glasgow manufactory, where weaving and cotton-spinning were conducted on a large scale. He was a politician, and the days in which he lived were less prosperous times for a radical reformer than our own. He found Scotland too hot for him, and went to Rouen, where the poet found him conducting a large manufactory. He ceased to correspond with his family, and became a naturalized Frenchman. It is not impossible that he may be still living. Of this large family, one died in early life; he was drowned while bathing in the Clyde, when he was but thirteen years old, and his brother Thomas six. He is alluded to in an affecting passage towards the close of "The Pleasures of Hope"—

"Weep not—at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again.

* * *

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless but for thee.
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view
By artless friendship blessed, when life was
new?"

The elder part of the family had been dispersed during the early infancy of the poet, or before his birth. The father's temper was indulgent to everything but poetry, and his affections were centered on the child of his old age. The mother's temper was severe, and her notions of a parent's rights were almost as high as a Stuart's fancies of the royal prerogative, yet it was observed that her natural asperity relaxed in the management of her youngest son. Mary, the eldest sister, had already left her father's house; Isabella still remained to assist her mother in domestic details, and with her the playful child was a delightful plaything. The poet has in his letters called Isabella his poetical sister, and from her or from his mother his ear had become familiar with the ballad poetry of Scotland long before he could understand its meaning.

At eight years old he was sent to the school of Mr. Alison: his triumphs are solemnly recorded—he was always at the head of his class; his father assisted him in preparing his lessons—a fact commemorated by his classical biographer in language that swells into dignity suitable to the subject. "It must have been," says he, "a picture

in itself of no little beauty and interest, to see the venerable Nestor stooping over the versions and directing the studies of the future Tyrtæus."

The boy was overworked, and was obliged to be sent to the country. In about six weeks his health was restored, but to the effect of running wild about the fields his biographer refers his love of the country, and much of the imagery of his poems. About this time his first verses were written. Of these and of his school exercises, Dr. Beattie gives us far too many. Translations of Anacreon and thefts of strawberries distinguish his twelfth year. In the thirteenth, young Tyrtæus learned to throw stones, and gave—in plain prose—what turned out to be a very poetical or very fabulous account of the battle. The inspired boy was not unlikely to be spoiled by the young Glasgow blackguards, who with every care on the part of his parents could not but be his companions for a considerable part of the day.

Of brother Daniel our readers are probably prepared not to think very well—he was four years older than Thomas, and was now sixteen or seventeen. An old lady—a relative of their mother's—lived about two miles from Glasgow, and one of the boys was each day sent to know how she was. It was Thomas's turn, and the message to the old lady's interfered with the young urchin's gathering blackberries. "Why go there at all," said Daniel; "can't you do as I do—say she is better, or worse, and don't take the trouble of going to inquire." For weeks and for months the young scoundrels went on with fictitious bulletins, and finding that unfavorable reports were likely to make more frequent messages sent, they adopted a form that "Mrs. Simpson had a better night and was going on nicely." They at last announced her perfect recovery, and were starting on some expedition of their own when a letter arrived "as broad and as long as a brick, with cross-bones and a grinning death's head on its seal," inviting the old gentleman to attend Mrs. Simpson's funeral.

"Mr. and Mrs. Campbell looked at the letter, then at their two hopeful sons, and then at one another. But such were their grief and astonishment that neither of them could utter a word. 'At last,' says the poet, 'my mother's grief for her cousin vented itself in cuffing our ears. But I was far less pained by her blows than by a few words from my father. He never raised a hand to us; and I would advise all fathers, who would have their children to love their memory, to follow his example.'"

In spite of this unpromising scene, Campbell's school-days gave promise of good. Alison, his schoolmaster, thought well of him. Mr. Stevenson, a surviving school-fellow of his, remembers him as taking care that fair play should be shown to him, who was an English boy, and probably the only one in the school. He passed from school to college with favorable auguries. He was in his thirteenth year when he entered college, and even from this early period his support was in part earned by his teaching younger boys. At this period he printed a ballad, called *Morven and Fillan*, in imitation of a passage in *Ossian*, and which contains some lines that bear a resemblance to his after poem of Lord Ullin's daughter.

"Loud shrieked ~~after~~ the angry sprite
That rode upon the storm of night,
And loud the waves were heard to roar
That lashed on Morven's rocky shore."
Morven and Fillan.

"By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking."
Lord Ullin's Daughter.

Campbell and his young friends formed debating societies, and the poet seems to have been distinguished for fluency of speech. A number of Campbell's exercises are printed by Dr. Beattie, for no better reason than that "they may revive the faded images of college life" in the minds of Campbell's few surviving college friends. Lines on the death of "Marie Antoinette" are given. They are perhaps worth preserving, as they show how early the poet's ear was tuned to something of the notes in which his *Hohenlinden* was afterwards written.

The third session of Campbell's college life was distinguished by his continuing to take the lead in debating societies, and in his obtaining prizes for composition. He wrote a number of pasquinades on his brother students. They were written without any other feeling than that of amusing himself and others, but they were not disregarded by those who were their objects. Dr. Beattie tells that in some cases the resentment generated by satires written at this time, and utterly forgotten by Campbell in the hour in which they were thrown off as mere sportive effusions, has absolutely survived the poet himself.

Some of Campbell's jokes were for the purpose of getting a place near the stove when attending the logic class on a winter morning. He would scratch some nonsense

on the walls—a libel, perhaps, on the tall Irish students that crowded round the fire. While they rushed to read such rhymes as

"*Vos Hiberni collocatis
Summum Bonum in potatoes,*"

he managed to get to the stove.

Campbell was at this time an ardent politician. The French Revolution had everywhere evoked the contending spirits of Aristocracy and Democracy.

"Being," says Campbell, "in my own opinion a competent judge of politics, I became a democrat. I read Burke on the French Revolution, of course; but unable to follow his subtleties or to appreciate his merits, I took the word of my brother democrats, that he was a sophist. It was in those years that the Scottish reformers, Muir, Gerald, and others, were transported to Botany Bay; Muir, though he had never uttered a sentence in favor of reform stronger than William Pitt himself had uttered, and Gerald for acts, which, in the opinion of sound English lawyers, fell short of sedition. I did not even then approve of Gerald's mode of agitating the reform question in Scotland by means of a Scottish convention; but I had heard a magnificent account of his talents and accomplishments, and I longed insufferably to see him; but the question was how to get to Edinburgh.

"While thus gravely considering the ways and means, it immediately occurred to me that I had an uncle's widow in Edinburgh; a kind, elderly lady, who had seen me at Glasgow, and said that she would be glad to receive me at her house if I should ever come to the Scottish metropolis. I watched my mother's *mollia tempora fandi*—for she had them, good woman—and eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said, 'Oh, unamma, how I long to see Edinburgh! If I had but three shillings, I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day.*' To my delightful surprise she answered, 'No, my bairn; I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh and bring you back, but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day.' That was twenty-two miles. 'Here,' said she, 'are five shillings for you in all; two will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way house costs but sixpence.' She then gave me—I shall never forget the beautiful coin—a King William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but sallying out to the streets, I saw at the first bookseller's shop a print of Elijah fed by ravens. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying that in case of my father's death—and he was a very old man—she knew not what would become of her. 'But,' she used to add, 'let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by ravens. When I presented her with the picture, I

* A distance of forty-two miles—"long Scotch miles."

said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment.

"Next morning I took my way to Edinburgh with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket. I witnessed Joseph Gerald's trial, and it was an era in my life. Hitherto I had never known what public eloquence was; and I am sure the Justiciary Scotch Lords did not help to a conception of it, speaking as they did bad arguments in broad Scotch. But the Lord Advocate's speech was good; the speeches of Laing and Gillies were better; and Gerald's speech annihilated the remembrance of all the eloquence that had ever been heard within the walls of that house. He quieted the judges, in spite of their indecent interruptions of him, and produced a silence in which you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. At the close of his defense, he said—'And now, gentlemen of the jury; now that I have to take leave of you for ever, let me remind you that mercy is no small part of the duty of jurymen; that the man who shuts his heart on the claims of the unfortunate, on him the gates of mercy will be shut, and for him the Saviour of the world shall have died in vain.' At this finish I was moved, and, turning to a stranger who sat beside me, apparently a tradesman, I said to him, 'By heavens, sir, that is a great man!' 'Yes, sir,' he answered, 'he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him.'"

Political passion is contagious; and Campbell returned from Edinburgh an altered man—if the expression may be used in speaking of a boy of sixteen. "His characteristic sprightliness had evaporated." He did not neglect the studies of his class, but his heart was elsewhere; and his attention was divided between the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, of which he meditated a translation, and the democratic journals of the day. The case of Muir and Gerald was one singularly fitted as a topic for debating clubs, for the men were transported, under the laws of Scotland, for an offense which, at that time, was in England punishable only by fine and imprisonment. Campbell vehemently denounced the conduct of the State trials in his debating clubs, and in private society exhibited the manner of one "who suffered some personal wrong which he could neither forgive nor effectually resent." His change of manner was so sudden—the violence of his indignation was such—his declamation against modern society and all its institutions was so unceasing—that there seems to have been among his friends an impression of his actually having become insane; and it was not till the demon of poetry entirely possessed him that they felt wholly free from this fear. His

translation of scenes from the "Clouds" of Aristophanes was rewarded with a prize, and with the more gratifying acknowledgment from Professor Young of his version being the very best of any that had ever been given in by any student at the University. An essay on the Origin of Evil, which obtained a prize at the same time, is a skillful imitation of Pope's manner. In the course of the next session he translated some choruses from the Medea of Euripides and the Chæphori of Æschylus. Dr. Beattie boldly says that the passages from Euripides "hardly lost any thing of their original beauty by his translation." They gave more pleasure to the Professors at Glasgow than they have given to us; and Campbell, compelled to look round him for bread, found recommendations for the office of private tutor to a family of his own name residing in the remote Hebrides.

The poet's solemnity seems to have relaxed about this time. He thought less of politics, and was up to a piece of fun. A respectable apothecary, named Fife, had over his door in the Trongate, printed in large letters, "Ears Pierced by A FIFE," meaning the operation to which young ladies submit, for the sake of wearing ear-rings. Fife's next-door neighbor was a spirit-dealer of the name of DRUM. Campbell and his brother Daniel, assisted by a third party, who we believe is still living, got a long thin deal board, and painted on it, in capitals,

THE SPIRIT-STIRRING DRUM—THE EAR-PIERCING FIFE.

This they nailed one night over the contiguous doors, to the great annoyance of Drum and Fife, and to the great amusement of every one else in Glasgow. In a few days afterwards Campbell set off for Mull.

From the first, Campbell was thrown on his own resources for support. At thirteen or fourteen years of age, his means of paying his class-fees depended on his obtaining employment as a teacher of younger children; for surely, at that age, it is scarce fit to call him by any other name. The genial life of childhood or boyhood never was his, in the sense in which it is that of almost every person in the rank of life in which Campbell early took his natural and rightful position. We think that this forced and premature exertion of his faculties dwarfed his intellectual powers; that the perpetual excitement in which he was kept by his debating societies, and his

competition for college prizes, could not but be injurious; and that it was above all things fortunate when he was separated from Glasgow, and forced into the solitudes of the Hebrides. His prize-verses had been the subject of such admiration that he ran the chance of being spoiled forever; and nothing less than a separation from Glasgow and its coteries could have saved him. On the 18th of May, 1795, he started from Glasgow, in company with a class-fellow, Joseph Finlayson, and took the road to Inverary. Wordsworth, in a note to the *Excursion*, vindicating his choice of a pedlar as the hero of his poem, quotes a passage from Heron's Letters from Scotland, in which he says: "A young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to carry the pack, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman." Poor Campbell, carrying his store of learning to the Hebrides, did not feel the same elevation of spirit, when he thought of the value likely to be set on the articles in which he dealt. "I was fain," he says, "from my father's reduced circumstances, to accept, for six months, of a tutorship in a Highland family at the farthest end of the Isle of Mull. To this, it is true, my poverty rather than my will consented. I was so little proud of it, that in passing through Greenock, I purposely omitted to call on my mother's cousin, Mr. Robert Sinclair, at that time a wealthy merchant, and first magistrate of the town, with a family of nine daughters, one of whom I married some nine years afterwards." He would not tell his pretty cousin he was going out in that capacity. His *Ulls* of an evening passed in the open air for the sake of economy. When he and Finlayson were repairing dinnerless to their beds, they saved the life of a boy who was drowning, and then thought they earned a far right to their dinner. The poet tells of best-steaks vanishing before them "like smoke;" then came tankards of ale; and then a night passed in singing and reciting poetry.

"Life," says Campbell, speaking of this scene, "is happier in the transition than in the retrospect, but still I am bound to regard this part of my recollections of life as very agreeable. I was, it is true, very poor, but I was as gay as a lark and hardy as the Highland heather." We wish we had room for Campbell's account of this journey. "The wide world contained not two merrier boys. We sang and recited poetry throughout the long wild Highland glens." They

believed in Ossian, and Ossian had given an interest to the Gaelic people in their eyes. The Highland inns gave them herrings, potatoes and whiskey, and nothing else. Their walk seems to have been in glorious weather. Full forty years afterwards, when Campbell wrote of it, he tells of his unmeasured delight at the roaring streams and torrents—the yellow primroses and the cuckoos—the heathy mountains, with the sound of the goats' bleating at their tops. "I felt a soul in every muscle of my body, and my mind was satisfied that I was going to earn my bread by my own labor."

They met a boy, in a postman's dress, quietly playing marbles on the roadside. "You little rascal," we said to him, "are you the post-boy, and thus playing away your time?" "Na, sir," answered Red-jacket, "I'm no the post; I'm only an express!" At Inverary he and Finlayson parted company, and Campbell walked alone to Oban, under drenching rain. From Oban he crossed over to Mull.

"In the course of a long summer's day I traversed the whole length of the island—which must be nearly thirty miles—with not a footpath to direct me. At times I lost all traces of my way, and had no guide but the sun going westward. About twilight, however, I reached the Point Callich, the house of my hostess, Mrs. Campbell, of Sunipol—a worthy, sensible widow lady, who treated me with great kindness. I am sure I made a conscience of my duty towards my pupils. I never beat them—remembering how much I loved my father for having never beaten me.

"At first I felt melancholy in this situation, missing my college chums, and wrote a poem on my exile as doleful as anything in Ovid's *Tristia*. But I soon got reconciled to it. The Point of Callich commands a magnificent prospect of thirteen Hebridean islands, among which are Staffa and Icolmkill, which I visited with enthusiasm. I had also, now and then, a sight of wild deer, sweeping across that wilder country, and of eagles perching on its shore. These objects fed the romance of my fancy, and I may say that I was attached to Sunipol before I took leave of it. Nevertheless, God wot, I was better pleased to look on the kirk steeples and whinstone causeways of Glasgow than on all the eagles and wild deer of the Highlands."

The solitude in which Campbell now lived was strangely contrasted with the busy

* "The Point Callich" is on the northern shore of Mull, where the house of Sunipol may be easily seen by any one sailing from Tobermory to Staffa. It stands quite upon the shore, and occupies the centre of a bay immediately before you turn that point of Mull where you first get a view of the wondrous island which contains the cave of Fingal.

scenes which he had left ; and it must have been of great use to him to have time for actual communing with his own mind. In spite of its eminent men, there was in the whole of the Glasgow literature something of a mercantile—not to say peddling—character. It was disputative in its progress, and all progress stopped at an early stage. The exchangeable value of learning was chiefly thought of, and the great object in life was the dictatorial position of the professor's chair. By the system early proficiency and considerable accuracy of information, up to a certain not very high point, were attained ; and Campbell was as near being ruined by the admiration of a little provincial circle as ever great man was, when his poverty fortunately interposed to rescue him.

"It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven
That in a lonely tent had cast
The lot of Thalaba ;
There might his soul develop best
Its strengthening energies ;
There might he from the world
Keep his heart pure and uncontaminated,
'Till at the written hour he should be found
Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot."

We have no doubt that solitude is the true nursery for a great poet ; and we think that the narrative of Campbell's life—both in his success and his failures—is calculated remarkably to illustrate this. In the lonely residence, where he educated a few children, there was time for thought ; nay, self-reflection was strangely forced on him, for the box containing his books did not arrive for some time, and till it arrived he was even without paper. A letter of his, dated June, 1795, tells a friend of his that "there is no paper in Mull." To have passed some time in thinking instead of writing, would have been no bad discipline for a young prize-poet. Campbell would write, however, as much as he could, and he scribbled as much as he could on a whitewashed wall. By the time pen, ink, and paper arrived, the wall appeared like a broad-sheet of manuscript.

Of Campbell's verses before he left Glasgow, the only ones at all worthy of preservation are a hymn, most of which was afterwards worked into the Pleasures of Hope. While in Mull he employed himself in adding to his translations from Æschylus and Aristophanes, probably thinking that a character for scholarship was more likely to lead to some provision by which he might support life, than any exertion in the way of original poetry. Dr. Beattie, however, gives us some lines descriptive of the scenery of Mull,

which, when shown to Dr. Anderson two years afterwards, led him to predict Campbell's future success as a poet. The lines are well worth preserving :

ELEGY WRITTEN IN MULL.

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore ;
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.

O whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care, and fired the muse's powers ;
The classic haunts of youth forever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day ;
The well-known valleys, where I wont to roam,
The native sports, the nameless joys of home ?

Far different scenes allure my wondering eye ;
The white wave foaming to the distant sky—
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile—
The sounding storm, that sweeps the rugged isle—
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow—
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below—
The dark blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled—
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild !

Far different these from all that charmed before,
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore ;
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind ;—
Hail ! happy Clutha ! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way ;
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil ;
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.
June, 1795.

In a letter of June, 1795, one of his correspondents says to him—"We have now three 'Pleasures' by first-rate men of genius, viz : 'Imagination,' 'Memory,' 'Solitude.' Let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope,' that we may soon meet in 'Alma Mater.'" This is the first time that "The Pleasures of Hope" is mentioned. "The Pleasures of Solitude," commemorated in the same sentence, are a few lines enclosed to Campbell, and written by his correspondent. That correspondent was the Rev. Hamilton Paul, afterwards and still minister at Broughton in Peebles-shire, specimens of whose poetry will be found in an interesting volume, entitled "The Contemporaries of Burns and the more recent poets of Ayrshire."*

Through all Campbell's poetry we find the traces of this residence in the Hebrides. The effect is well described and illustrated by Dr. Beattie, whose own account of Highland

* Edinburgh, 1840.

scenery is quite admirable. But for this we can only refer to the book, as within the space to which we must limit our paper it is quite impossible to give any lengthened quotation. Campbell himself describes Iona and Staffa in one or two letters, but there is nothing peculiar in his account, and we think Dr. Beattie might have not unwisely omitted or greatly abridged these letters. Of the superstitions of the people an amusing instance is given, of which the poet was himself the hero and the historian:

"A mile or two from the house where I lived was a burial-ground, on the lonely moor. It was enclosed with an iron railing, so high as to be thought unscalable. I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs. Some of the natives chanced to see me skipping over the burial-ground. In a day or two after this adventure, I observed the family looking on me with an expression of not angry but mournful seriousness. It was to me unaccountable; but at last the old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, that I could not live long, for that my *wraith*, or apparition, had been seen. 'And where, pray?' 'Oh, leaping over the old burial-ground!' The good old lady was much relieved, by hearing that it was not my *wraith* but myself."

Dr. Beattie had inquiries made at Mull, as to any recollections of the poet that might linger there. Nothing was remembered, but that he was "a pretty young man." Some local tradition also exists there, that the heroine of his poem, Caroline, was some fair Caroline of that district; and to this opinion his biographer inclines, though he tells us of another Caroline that claims the same distinction. Goethe got into a serious scrape, by transcribing the same love verses into the album of more than one young lady; but we have no evidence that Campbell gave either lady any reason to think that she was the source of his inspiration. We suspect that the Carolines and the Marias of the poets have no earthly representatives; that the golden locks which the poet describes are not in general to be regarded as proving his admiration of red-haired beauties, but rather as his form of escaping from the plain realities of earth; that when we find the place of his residence is, in a prose letter, described as "only fit for the residence of the damned," and verses of the same date, such as follow:

"Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than Cherub loves,
And let that name be Caroline."

The lady, in such verses, seems to us as unreal as the landscape; and we regret to say, that the poem called *Caroline*, though for a considerable time not printed in any of the poet's own editions of his works, has been introduced into the last. It is, we think, wholly unworthy of the poet's reputation.

In the winter of 1796 he returned to Glasgow, to continue attending his classes, and to support himself by private tuition. Among his pupils, in this and a former session, was one who is described in Campbell's journals, "as a youth named Cuninghame, now Lord Cuninghame, in the Justiciary Court of Edinborough. Grave as he now is, he was, when I taught him 'Xenophon and Lucian,' a fine, laughing, open-hearted boy, and so near my own age, that we were rather like playfellows than preceptor and pupil. Sometimes, indeed, I used to belabor him—jocosely alleging my sacred duty as a tutor—but I seldom succeeded in suppressing his risibility."

Lord Cuninghame's recollections of the period are distinct. "He left on my mind, young as I was, a high impression, not only of his talents as a classical scholar, but of the elevation and purity of his sentiments." He tells us, that in reading Cicero and Demosthenes, he was fond of contrasting their speeches with those of modern orators. He used to repeat Chatham's most impassioned passages in favor of American freedom, Burke's declamation against Warren Hastings, and Wilberforce's description of the "Middle Passage." In the domestic circle, consisting of Campbell's parents, sisters, and some lodgers, the elder portion of the society were deep haters of democracy and all innovation. Tom Campbell and his brother Daniel were earnest democrats.

When this session closed, Campbell again went to the Highlands, as tutor. Hamilton Paul was similarly occupied in the same neighborhood, and the friends often met. "In the course of the autumn," says Dr. Beattie, "Campbell and his friend Paul indulged in frequent rambles along the shore of Loch Fyne. They then would climb some rocky precipice, to enjoy the landscape at ease, and afterwards enjoy a frugal dinner at the Inverary Arms." We have Paul's account of their last day of this kind. They dined, by appointment, at the Inverary Arms, with two college friends. All met punctually

at the inn-door. All were joyous; "but never did school-boy enjoy an unexpected holiday more than Campbell. He danced, sang, and capered, half frantic with joy. Our friends had to return to the low country, and we accompanied them across Loch Fyne to St. Katharine's, where we parted; they taking their way to Lochgilphead, while Campbell and I promenaded the shore of the loch to Strachur. The evening sun was just setting behind the Grampians. The wood-fringed shores of the lake—the sylvan scenes around the castle of Inverary—the sunlit summits of the mountains in the distance—all were inspiring. Thomas was in ecstasy. He recited poetry of his own composition, some of which has never been printed, and then addressed me:—"Paul, you and I must go in search of adventures; you will be Roderick Random, and I will go through the world with you, as Strap." At Strachur they parted, not without visiting the inn there, and taking a bowl of punch with the landlord. "We parted with much regret. We never saw each other again, until we met at the great public dinner given to him, as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow."

Campbell's letters, from what he calls "the solitary nook," in which he lived, are dreary enough. They have also the misfortune of being the letters of a man whose time hangs heavy on his hands, and who is always complaining that friends, who have demands on their time, are not as active correspondents as he could wish. His cause of complaint with the world seems his own inaction. "The present moments," he says, "are of little importance to me. I must expect all my pleasure and pain from the remembrance of the past, and the anticipation of the future. * * * I have neat pocket copies of Virgil and Horace, affluence of English poets, a rod and flute, and a choice collection of Scotch and Irish airs." It would appear that he read diligently for awhile, with some hope of making his way to the bar, and afterwards, when want of funds rendered this out of the question, with some view of becoming an attorney, or earning his bread in an attorney's office.

The young poet was in love; and he tells of the enchantment of his evening walks, accompanied by one who "for a twelvemonth past has won my purest but most ardent affection:

"Dear, precious name—rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence sealed."

He speaks of sending his friend some lately written morsels of poetry. In fact, "The Pleasures of Hope," playfully alluded to by Hamilton Paul, in a letter of the year before, was now seriously commenced.

The Reverend Mr. Wright, Campbell's successor at Downie, has supplied Dr. Beattie with some account of the scenery of this part of the Western Highlands, and of the poet's habits. Everything recorded proves, what we have before suggested, that all the elements of Campbell's poetical life were at this time formed; indeed, almost all the subjects which afterwards appeared in succession, and after a late manifestation, were here first presented to his kindling fancy. In the Pilgrim of Glencoe, his last poem of any length, the very house in which he lived is described.

The "*Jacobite white rose*" festooned their door, and the inmates

"All had that peculiar courtly grace,
That marks the meanest of the Highland race;
Warm hearts, that burn alike in weal or woe,
As if the north-wind fanned their bosom's glow."

From a hill above the farm-house, which was his residence at Downie, and which was the poet's constant place of resort, "the eye looks down towards the beach, where considerable masses of rock bar all access to the coast; while the vast expanse of the Sound of Jura, with all its varying aspects of tempest and of calm, stretches directly in front of the spectator. The island of Jura forms the boundary of the opposite coast. Far southwards, the sea opens in broader expanse towards the northern shores of Ireland, which, in certain states of the atmosphere, may be faintly descried. Northward, at a much shorter distance, is the whirlpool of Corrieveken, whose mysterious noises may be heard occasionally along the coast." The pictures in Gertrude, of the scenery, calculated to affect the Highland emigrant's imagination, were no doubt suggested by what the poet was fond of beholding at this period of his life.

"But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albin! what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on her quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan
roar?"

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!"

It would appear that Campbell's youthful passion was the cause of his leaving Downie. He felt that the business of tuition was insufficient for more than his own support, in the very humblest form, and he returned to his father's house. The aspect of things was unchanged there. Letters of mixed good and ill had arrived, telling of the fortunes of the members of the family who had found a home in Virginia, and Thomas thought of going thither to share their fortunes. His love-dream interfered with this; his health, too, was breaking. He had lived too much alone; he had labored too hard at his studies; he had, in spirit, fought too many battles with the world, which he thought wronged him, even by the fact of not knowing of his existence; he had, with the pardonable pride of the poor, imagined intended insult in every word addressed to him by those whom he called aristocrats, and the mind itself seemed likely to be wrecked in the sort of excitement in which he lived—"eating his own heart," doing infinite wrong, in imagination, to everybody and everything of which he thought, and resenting, in the very depths of his nature, injuries that he had never suffered. He absolutely saw nothing in its true aspect; and if fever had not supervened, and thus diverted the current of his thoughts, the case must have ended in madness. The injustice which he did the world it is probable never occurred to him. At this very time the greater part of the poem, which was to place him among the great men of England, had been already written. So far from there being any indisposition, at any period, to acknowledge his merits, they had, from the first hour of his connection with the University of Glasgow, been rapturously hailed, both by professors and students. The only means that the University had of serving him was taken from them, by his determination not to continue engaged in the education of pupils, nor to take orders in the Church. To the first he had an invincible repugnance, and, though "the deep-seated impressions of religion which he had received under his father's roof," resumed their sway over his mind in after-life, yet he had at this period adopted opinions incompatible with his taking orders.

When he recovered from fever he went to Edinburgh, and was for a while employed as a copying clerk in an attorney's office, and seems to have thought himself entitled to discourse on the morality of the profession. His earnings seem to have been but a few pence a day, and he left the business—not of attorney, but of mere writing-clerk—with

this sounding diatribe:—"Well, I have fairly tried the business of an *attorney*, and upon my conscience, it is the most accursed of all professions! such meanness, such toil, such contemptible modes of speculation, were never moulded into one profession. It is true there are many emoluments, but I declare to God that I can hardly spend, with a safe conscience, the little sum I made during my residence in Edinburgh." He was fortunately introduced to Dr. Anderson, the editor of the *British Poets*—an exceedingly amiable man, and who, if we may judge by the numberless dedications of volumes of poems to him, was the general patron of any unfriended persons of whose talents he thought favorably. Anderson made out among the booksellers some employment for him, and he was engaged to abridge Bryan Edwards's *West Indies*—his first dealing with the printer's devil.

His earliest published poem, "*The Wounded Hussar*," was produced at this time, and to this period Dr. Beattie refers "*The Dirge of Wallace*," which we thought had been written at Altona, some two or three years later. This poem has been reprinted in the American editions of Campbell, but was never admitted into any edition authorized by the poet. Beattie was, therefore, right in printing it. It is quite unequal to Campbell's usual style. There is a boyish accumulation of the stock imagery of "*The Tales of Wonder*." Ravens, nightmares, matin-bells, and midnight-tapers, are scattered in waste profusion over the opening of the poem, to the consternation of the English king and the affright of Wallace's wife; nothing can well be worse than all this. What follows is better, and there are some lines worthy of Campbell.

"Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
That the trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her warrior sung."

Oh! it was not thus when his ashen spear
Was true to that knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand."

The habits of life at this period, both in the Highlands and at Glasgow, were unfavorable to temperance. In wild districts, where there were few inns, the virtue of hospitality

required every gentleman to throw his house freely open, and to detain as long as possible whatever guest might arrive. At Edinburgh and Glasgow men drank till daybreak; in the Highlands the sun was shut out till long after mid-day. At college the Glasgow students never met at each other's rooms without "a third companion, in the shape of a black bottle, that exercised no little influence on their discussions." Campbell admired the Celtic character, and was everywhere a welcome guest. Campbell was a diligent student and of social temperament; he lived amid strong temptations, which he is described as resisting firmly. Dr. Beattie, relating this part of his life, tells us that he lived temperately, and that he was uniformly simple and spare in his diet.

In the next year he migrated to Edinburgh, to seek such bread as it could give to a man of letters. His abridgment of Bryan Edwards was ready for the press. He had received his twenty guineas—the first fruits of the poor trade in which he was about to embark—and he looked for another commission from the publisher. His mornings he proposed to give to attendance on college lectures, and his evenings to the booksellers. A letter of his, written soon after, says:—"I have the prospect of employment sufficient for this winter. Beyond that period I dare not hope."

His winter's work for the booksellers was compiling extracts from books of travels for a grammar of geography, "by a society of gentlemen;" hard work, and it gave him a chest complaint, which soon disenabled him to make any further exertions in this way. The hope of joining his brothers in America was again indulged and again disappointed. He now attended pupils and taught Greek and Latin. "In this," he says, "I made a comfortable livelihood, till 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off." At this time he had already formed the acquaintance of Jeffrey and Brown. With Lord Brougham he was also acquainted. He had relatives in Edinburgh, and his parents joined him in the course of the year.

Dr. Beattie gives an interesting account of the circumstances under which the "Pleasures of Hope" was first published. Anderson succeeded in obtaining for the copyright sixty pounds, and about two hundred copies of the poem, for which Campbell found friends to subscribe. The copyright must

have been very profitable to the booksellers, but we are not sure that what was given was as inadequate a price as Campbell afterwards thought. He made some additions to the poem when it came to be reprinted, for which the publishers gave him fifty pounds on each edition of a thousand copies, and they once, at least, allowed him to print a subscription edition for his own exclusive benefit. On the whole we think they dealt liberally with him. At Dr. Anderson's, Campbell became acquainted with Leyden. Leyden and he soon disagreed. They were both disputative; they were both strugglers for bread; and both were seeking distinction in the same circle, and through very much the same means. Leyden's own conduct was often such as to suggest doubts of his sanity, and he seems to have really thought Campbell insane. A story had been circulated in Edinburgh society that Campbell was about to commit suicide, when Anderson met him, diverted him from his purpose, and made arrangements for the publication of "The Pleasures of Hope." Campbell denied the truth of the story, and believed Leyden to have been the inventor of it, and hence arose between them an irreconcilable feud. Some years afterwards Sir Walter Scott, who had been first introduced to Campbell by Leyden, repeated to him the poem of "Hohenlinden." "Dash it, man," said Leyden, "tell the fellow that I hate him; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." "I," says Scott, "did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.' * * 'When Leyden comes back from India,' said Tom Campbell, 'what cannibals he will have eaten, what tigers he will have torn to pieces.' " * That Campbell seriously meditated suicide there is no evidence—evidence abundant there is of his having exhibited such excitement of manner as to have rendered anything he might do not surprising. Mr. Somerville, landscape-painter, lived in the house where Campbell lodged; he saw some fragments of the forthcoming poem, and was astonished at seeing anything "so highly finished and dignified in tone from a youth whose demeanor was so unpretending, and whose ordinary conversation was quaint, queer, desultory, comic, occasionally querulous and sarcastic, but always the reverse of poetical." This led Somerville to watch his

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

eccentric neighbor, and moods of "dark but very transient despondency" occasionally gave him great alarm.

"It often happened," says Somerville, "that he wandered into my room—never oftener than when he wanted 'to get away from himself.' One night, especially, he stalked in, knitting his brows, and without uttering one word, sat himself down before the fire—then, after a while, he took up the poker, and began to trace mathematical figures among the soot on the back of the chimney." In the manner of an insane man he addressed Somerville in insulting language; and, at last, the true pent-up feeling burst out. He had been working at the proofs of his poem till whatever meaning the verses had, or seemed to have, vanished away, and the whole thing appeared to him to be trash. It became torture to him to look at what he had done. "There are days," he added, "when I can't abide to walk in the sunshine, and when I would almost rather be shot than come within the sight of any man, or be spoken to by any mortal! This has been one of those days. How heartily I wished for night!"

That night they supped together. We are not sure that Dr. Beattie is right in his statement that Campbell was, at this period of his life, always temperate. They sat up till after one o'clock; and at that hour there seems no probability that they separated, as Somerville says, that about that hour Campbell became wildly merry—regarded it as a settled point that his poem was to make him a great man—fixed how and where he was to live; and his friend regarded him in all this as perfectly in earnest. "I told him," says Somerville, "that he had got a cross of the Spanish *hidalgo* in his character. Pride and hauteur shared largely in his composition. He would fire up at the remotest indications of an intentional slight or offense."

Never was a poem subjected to a severer ordeal than "The Pleasures of Hope," while yet in manuscript. Anderson insisted on the jealous correction of every line. The opening altogether dissatisfied him; and the publication was delayed till some happy hour of inspiration might supply something poetical enough for Anderson's scrupulous taste. His own character for discrimination was risked, as he had everywhere praised the poem; and Campbell was actually thrown into a fever by the perpetual efforts at correction imposed on him. At last the opening of the poem, as it at present stands, was hit upon. The original manuscript of the

poem is now in the possession of Mr. Patrick Maxwell of Edinburgh. We trust that in future editions of "The Pleasures of Hope" such variations as the manuscript presents may be communicated to the public.

The poem was instantly successful, and it deserved its instant and great success. Its finished versification, in all probability, aided its immediate impression on the public mind more than it would, had it been published a few years after, when Scott had familiarized the lovers of poetry to the looser ballad rhymes in which his verse-romances were written. There was something in "The Pleasures of Hope" to delight every one: the leading topics of the day were seized on—the Slave Trade—the French Revolution—the Partition of Poland—a number of unconnected pictures were united by a bond which the imagination recognized, and which the judgment did not repudiate; for, distinct as the objects of Hope are, Hope itself is sufficiently one to give a kind of unity to the subject—a unity greater than was felt sufficient for poetical purposes in the case of Akenside's and Rogers' poems. Campbell is said, late in life, to have shed tears when reading the poetry of Goldsmith; and in some of his earliest verses he gives him praise of a kind that shows with what delight he had read the Traveller and the Deserted Village. A stronger proof of this is his unconscious imitation of Goldsmith's forms of expression—his easy, idiomatic style in the description of the familiar scenes of domestic life—and the very cadence of his verses. No young writer's style can be altogether his own; but through Campbell's style, while it is often an echo of Goldsmith's, and yet oftener of Darwin's, there is a distinguishing tone, in some respects superior to that of either. In Darwin everything peculiar is glaring picture or mere sound: where he is best, he is most unlike himself. Campbell, when he most reminds us of Darwin, is yet sure to relieve us from the intolerable glare by some appeal to the heart and mind. There is in Darwin a strange confusion, as if sounds were addressed to the eye and colors to the ear, and in all this dealing with the human mind, as influenced through the senses alone, he does not succeed in either producing music or picture. In Goldsmith we sometimes find repose, and almost languor, where you look for elevation. Campbell, though he can scarcely be said to have the exquisite graces of Goldsmith, even in his happiest passages, rarely allows the spirit of his reader to flag. Open anywhere "The

Pleasures of Hope." One of Turner's beautiful engravings, in Moxon's edition of 1843, directs our eye to a passage near the beginning of the poem. The watchman on the moonlit sea is thinking of his home.

"His native hills, that rise in happier climes—
The grot, that heard his song of other times—
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail—
His glassy lake and broomwood-blossomed
vale," &c.

These lines surely were the effect of Goldsmith's lines still echoing on the young poet's dreaming ear :

"The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail," &c.

We transcribe a few lines, without saying whether they are from Darwin or from Campbell. Those who have but a general recollection of both poems will, we think, find some difficulty in saying from which poem they are :

"Roll on, ye stars ! exult in youthful prime ;
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of
Time ;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
Flowers of the sky, ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field !
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall
rush ;
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, in one dark centre fall,
And death and night and chaos mingle all !
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines another and the same."

The poem immediately introduced Campbell into whatever of literary society there was at Edinburgh. Burns was but three years dead ; and the men who hailed the advent of Burns were still living, and disposed to welcome with honor the young poet. Each day increased the popularity of his poem—each day increased the circle of his acquaintances. The Edinburgh booksellers gave him so many new commissions, that there was considerable danger of his becoming little better than a provincial literary hack. The Edinburgh *savans* and their wives asked him to so many dinners and soirées, that he describes himself as fagged to death, and as unable to fulfill his engagements with the booksellers. He appears to have at once given up, and forever, all no-

tions of studying medicine, which, when he came to Edinburgh, was among his purposes, to make his way to London. As his object was to obtain the means of livelihood among the booksellers, and as the profits of "The Pleasures of Hope" gave him the opportunity, he determined to ramble for a while through Germany, there to learn something of its language and literature before visiting London. In June, 1800, he went to Newhaven, and then to Leith, from which he and his brother passed over to Hamburg. He was introduced to Klopstock, whom he describes as "a mild, civil, old man." "Our only intercourse was in Latin." He gave Klopstock a copy of the third edition of "The Pleasures of Hope," and Klopstock made his visit to Germany pleasant by giving him letters of introduction to his friends in other parts of Germany. He proceeded to Ratisbon ; a letter to Anderson describes the scenery. We must make room for a sentence.

"The journey to Ratisbon was tedious, but not unpleasant. The general constituents of German scenery are corn-fields, many leagues in extent, and dark tracts of forests, equally extensive. Of this the eye soon becomes tired ; but in a few favored spots there is such a union of wildness, variety, richness and beauty, as cannot be looked upon without lively emotions of pleasure and surprise. We entered the valley of Heitsch, on the frontier of Bavaria, late in the evening, after the sun had set behind the hills of Saxony. A winding road through a long woody plain leads to this retreat. It was some hours before we got across it, frequently losing our way in the innumerable heaths that intersect each other. At last the shades of the forest grew deeper and darker, till a sudden and steep descent seemed to carry us into another world. It was a total eclipse ; but, like the valley of the shadow of death, it was the path to paradise. Suddenly the scene expanded into a broad, grassy glen, lighted from above by a full and beautiful moon. It united with all the wildness of a Scotch glen the verdure of an English garden. The steep hills on either side of our green pathway were covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, where millions of fire-flies flew like stars among the branches. Such enchantment could not be surpassed in Tempé itself. I would travel to the walls of China to feel again the wonder and delight that elevated my spirits when I first surveyed this enchanting scene. An incident apparently slight certainly heightened the effect produced by external beauty. While we gazed up to the ruined fortifications that stretched in bold broken piles across the ridge of the mountain, military music sounded at a distance. Five thousand Austrians, on their march to Bohemia, (where the French were expected to penetrate,) passed our carriage in a long broad line, and en-

camped in a wide plain at one extremity of the valley. As we proceeded on our way, the rear of their army, composed of red cloaks and Pandours, exhibited strange and picturesque groups, sleeping on the bare ground, with their horses tied to trees; whilst the sound of the Austrian trumpets died faintly away among the echoes of the hills."

In all Campbell's poetry there is nothing better—we had almost said nothing so good; and the incidents of actual war which he beheld are described with equal effect. He was hospitably received by the Benedictine Monks of the Scottish College of St. James. He describes the splendor and sublimity of the Catholic service, which he probably heard for the first time; and the Cathedral music at Ratisbon he speaks of as grand beyond conception.

"On the morning before the French entered Ratisbon, a solemn ceremony was held. The passage in the Latin service was singularly apropos to the fears of the inhabitants for siege and bombardment. The dreadful prophecy, 'Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou shalt be made desolate,' was chanted by a loud single voice from one end of the long echoing Cathedral. A pause more expressive than any sound succeeded, and then the whole thunder of the organs, trumpets, and drums broke in. I never conceived that the terrific in music could be carried to such a pitch."

In the Benedictine Monastery of St. James's, young Scotchmen were educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood. Its revenues have declined, and the brotherhood, Dr. Beattie tells us, has latterly amounted but to six or seven individuals. They were strongly attached to the interests of the Stuarts; they had for the most part left Scotland at six or seven years of age, and every prejudice of religion and politics was carefully nourished. They and Campbell did not long continue friends. The Jacobite and the Jacobin cannot long hunt in couples. The monks had recommended Campbell to lodgings, where he was robbed by his host or his servants; and when he complained, the monks took part with the native against the stranger. Then came letters home from Campbell, describing the monks as "lazy, loathsome, ignorant, and ill-bred." He tells of one of them attacking him with the most blackguard scurrility, and this in their own refectory.

"I never," says Campbell, "found myself so carried away by indignation. I flew at the scoundrel, and would have rewarded his insolence had not the others interposed; but prevented as I

have been from proceeding to extremities, what I have done is punishable by law, and the wretch has malevolence enough to take advantage of my rashness. Oh, if I had him at the foot of John's Hill, I would pummel his carrotty locks, and thrash him to the gates of purgatory! I saw him to-day. I was on the bridge along with him, and had grasped my yellow stick to answer his first salutation if he had dared to address me, but he slunk past without saying a word."

This scene would have been enough to have separated Campbell from the Scotch monks; but he also speaks of the conversation whenever he went there turning on politics, and with very ignorant men—and both Campbell and the monks were exceedingly ignorant of the actual springs of European politics—it is not surprising that a temper of disputativeness on both sides, which seems inseparable from the blood which both inherited, rendered all society, in any true sense of the word, impossible.

Campbell's pecuniary means now began to fail, and his letters evince increasing gloom; but his was a mind that the slightest gleam of sunshine was sufficient to cheer, and even for his gloom he had then an unfailing resource in the glorious faculty of imagination. An engagement to supply occasional poems to the *Morning Chronicle*, by which he earned some two guineas for each little copy of verses, makes him the happiest of men, and the very incidents that had almost overcome his spirit, and made his friends fear that melancholy might deepen into insanity, became the subject of his poems. The lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria, are evidence of this. Campbell took advantage of an armistice between Austria and France, to make several excursions into the interior, but when hostilities were renewed he became apprehensive of personal danger, and returned to Hamburg. He settled for the winter months at Altona. From Altona his communications with the *Morning Chronicle* became frequent. Several of the poems which have been since collected into the authorized editions of his works, appeared for the first time in this form—many of them with his name, and some—for he began to fear that his name appearing too frequently in newspapers might injure his reputation—were printed without his name. Among the latter was "The Mariners of England," and we believe "The Exile of Erin." "Lochiel," and "Hohenlinden," at an after period, were first published without the author's name. Of "The Exile of Erin," we have Campbell's own account of the origin:

"While tarrying at Hamburg, I made acquaintance with some of the refugee Irishmen, who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798. Among them was Anthony M'Cann, an honest, excellent man—who is still I believe alive—at least I left him in prosperous circumstances in Altona a few years ago." When I first knew him he was in a situation much the reverse; but Anthony commanded respect, whether he was rich or poor. It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote 'The Exile of Erin.'"

The song is to an Irish air, to which more than one set of words had been written in Ireland—resembling Campbell's in metre, and the general turn of the sentiment. It seems certain, that either among the Irish students at Glasgow, or with M'Cann and his associates, Campbell had fallen in with the air, and some one or other of these songs. One of these songs, which is said to have been written in 1792, begins with the words—

"Green were the fields, where my forefathers dwelt, oh

Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh;
Though our farm it was small, yet comforts we felt, oh

Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh;
At length came the day, when our lease did expire,
And fain would I live where before lived my sire;

But oh, well a day, I was forced to retire,

Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh."

Campbell's acquaintanceship with M'Cann and his other Irish friends was likely to lead him into trouble. Perhaps some feeling of this made him not solicitous to connect his name with the "Exile of Erin." At Ratisbon he knew that his politics were more than suspected. In April he returned, *via* London, to his mother's, who had during his absence become a widow. While in London he made the acquaintance, chiefly through Perry, of Lord Holland, Mackintosh, Rogers, and others of that class. His stay was short. He returned by sea. A lady who travelled by the same vessel, startled him by the information that Campbell the poet had been arrested in London for high treason, was confined to the Tower, and expected to be executed. This was rather serious. "Coming events cast their shadows before." When he got to his mother's, he found her alarmed by similar reports. He at once wrote to the Sheriff of Edinburgh, saying, that he would wait on him, to refute the calumny. Next

morning he found the Sheriff disposed to deal kindly with him, but believing in his guilt. "Mr. Campbell, I wish you had not come to me; there is a warrant out against you for high treason; you are accused of conspiring with General Moreau in Austria, and with the Irish in Hamburg, to get a French army landed in Ireland. Take my advice, and do not press yourself on my notice." "Where are the proofs?" "Oh, you attended Jacobin clubs in Hamburg, and you came over from thence in the same vessel with Donovan, who commanded a regiment of rebels at Vinegar Hill." Campbell insisted on an investigation of the charges. His trunks had been seized at Leith—they were examined for documentary proofs of his treason; among his papers was found a copy of "Ye Mariners of England." This was not an hour to say more than was necessary of the authorship of the "Exile of Erin."

The Irish traitors after all were not treated with any great severity. Campbell tells Donovan's story, which, we dare say, was the story of dozens. At first, things looked bad enough. At Leith he was put into a post-chaise with a King's messenger, who humanely observed at every high post they passed on the road—"Look up, you Irish rascal, and see the height of the gallows from which you will be dangling in a few days."

"A twelvemonth after," says Campbell, "I met Donovan in London, and recognized my gaunt Irish friend, looking very dismal. 'Ha, Donovan, I wish you joy in getting out of the Tower, where, I was told, they had imprisoned you, and were likely to treat you like another Sir William Wallace.'—'Och!' said he, 'good luck to the Tower; black was the day that I was turned out of it. Would that any one would get me into it for life.'—'My stars! and were you not in confinement?'—'Ne'er a bit of it. The Government allowed me a pound sterling a-day as a State prisoner. The Tower gaoler kept a glorious table; and he let me walk out where I liked all day long, pretty secure that I should return at meal times; and, then, he had a nice pretty daughter.'—'And don't you go and see her in the Tower?'—'Why, no, my dear fellow; the course of true love never yet ran smooth. I discovered that she had no money, and she found out that my Irish estates, and all I had told her of their being confiscated in the rebellion, was sheer blarney. So then your merciless Government ordered me to be liberated as a State prisoner. I was turned adrift on the wide world, and glad to become a reporter to one of the newspapers.'"

While Donovan was living comfortably in the Tower, Campbell was experiencing the

* Written in 1837.—M'Cann is since dead.

Irish adage, that virtue is its own reward. The poverty of his family had increased. An annuity, which constituted part of their support, had died with his father, and distress stared them in the face. A subscription edition of "The Pleasures of Hope" was the only resource that suggested itself. It is a sad thing to think how much of advantage to society has been lost by no arrangement having been made in Scotland, where all education is conducted by professorial teaching—in Scotland, so justly proud of her literary men—for Campbell's support, by connecting him with one of her Universities. In his project of a new edition of "The Pleasures of Hope" Scott and Jeffrey gave him such aid and encouragement as they could; and he went to Liverpool to see what could be done there. From Liverpool he went to London, and seems to have been connected with Lord Minto in some capacity of secretary. In the course of this year (1802) "Lochiel" was written. With the booksellers he contracted for a continuation of Smollett's "History of England," in three volumes, at £100 per volume, which appeared under the title of "Annals of George III." It is an exceedingly useful abridgment, plainly and unambitiously written, and we have found it a work of very convenient reference.

In a poem written in Germany, there are some allusions, which Dr. Beattie does not think himself authorized distinctly to explain, to some love-dream which had been floating before the poet's fancy—

"Yea, even the name I have worshipped in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again."

And, at the same time, we find some verses, which we suppose his cousin Matilda was likely to think very beautiful:

"Oh, cherub, Content, at thy moss-covered shrine
I could pay all my vows, if Matilda were mine.
If Matilda were mine, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee."

This is not very passionate—still it was good enough for the newspaper in which it appeared, and the young lady was not likely to be a severer critic than Mr. Perry or his editor. Campbell, however, does not describe himself as falling in love with Matilda Sinclair for a couple of years after writing these verses; and as more than one political Irishman claims the honor of being the exile of Erin, perhaps some other Matilda was the heroine of these rhymes. The final Matilda,

we are told by the poet, was a beautiful, lively, and lady-like woman. She had travelled too; and Campbell's stories of the Rhine and Danube were more than matched by hers of the Rhone and the Loire. In Geneva, too, she had learned the art of making the best cup of Mocha in the world; and there was a tradition that the Turkish ambassador seeing her at the Opera in a turban and feathers asked who she was; was told she was a Scotch lady; and thereupon said, he had seen nothing so beautiful in Europe. "Her features," says Dr. Beattie, "had much of the Spanish cast; her complexion was dark; her figure graceful, below the middle size; she had great vivacity of manners, energy of mind, and sensibility, or rather irritability, which often impaired her health." The subscription for Campbell's poems was going on well; the booksellers owed him money for the "Annals," or rather he would be entitled to some when the commission was executed; he had contracted, to be sure, a debt of £200, for which he paid £40 a year interest—and he had in his desk a fifty pound note. The lady's father in vain endeavored to persuade the young people of the madness of marriage in their circumstances. The poet would not listen; the lady did listen; but she got ill from anxiety, and so married they must be, and they were.

Early in the next year, it was suggested to Campbell to apply for the Regent's chair in the University of Wilna. The best chance of the poet's success in obtaining the appointment depended on its not being known to those who might be his competitors that he was a candidate. He could not be expected to use the artifices of low intrigue, which, it was to be feared, could alone be successful if the office were thrown open to competition, and the very mention of his name in connection with the appointment would at once have the effect of terminating the kind of engagements with publishers and journalists, by which his daily bread was obtained. Passages from "The Pleasures of Hope" were likely to be cited by his opponents on the subject of the partition of Poland, which would at once dispose of his claims. The secret did, in spite of his care to guard it, transpire; and, after some communication with persons connected with the Russian legation, he felt it prudent to retire from the contest.

Campbell's letters at this time, though often written in ill health, and under depressing anxieties, show that his married life was happy. A letter from a young

female relation, who was at this time on a visit with them, says, "they were greatly attached. Mrs. C. studied her husband in every way. As one proof, the poet being closely devoted to his books and writing during the day, she would never suffer him to be disturbed by questions or intrusion, but left the door of his room a little ajar, that she might every now and then have a silent peep at him. On one occasion, she called me to come softly on tiptoe, and she would show me the poet in a moment of inspiration. We stole softly behind his chair—his eye was raised—the pen in his hand, but he was quite unconscious of our presence, and we retired unsuspected."

He thought for a while of Edinburgh for a residence, but London or its neighborhood was the only place where the kind of employment he wanted was to be obtained. He had formed a connection with the *Star* newspaper; we believe, translating for them matter from the foreign journals, which gave him four guineas a week. He also wrote for Reviews; and he seems to have been anxiously looking round him to purchase a share in some magazine, thinking something might be made by adding the publisher's profits to those of the literary man. His health, and that of his young family, rendered it desirable to live in the country; and he found a house at a moderate rent at Sydenham Common, from which he rode into town every day. He could scarcely have placed himself in any situation more favorable for health or for study; and society was, in every sense of the word, good. He could reckon on two hundred a year from the "*Star*" and the "*Philosophical Magazine*;" both of which were conducted by the same proprietor. This did little to supply his wants, when out of it it is considered he had to keep a horse. He took whatever employment he could get. He wrote a vast deal. "Dispirited," he says, "beneath all hope of raising my reputation by what I *could* write, I contracted for only anonymous labor, and, of course, at an humble price." Overwork produced restlessness at night, and the necessity of having recourse to opiates. His Edinburgh friends continued to obtain subscriptions for his poems. Richardson—a friend of his who yet survives—was indefatigable, and Scott was active. There are some letters from Campbell to Scott, in which two or three projects of publishing lives of the British poets, and large editions of their works, in partnership, are suggested; they failed. In one of the letters to Scott,

we have the "Battle of Copenhagen," the first form of the "Battle of the Baltic." Some exceedingly spirited stanzas are omitted in the recast, still the second poem is far superior to the first. Dr. Beattie has also given us the opportunity of comparing "Lochiel's Warning," as it now stands, with the original draft. The "Battle of Copenhagen" is cut down to a third of its original dimensions. "Lochiel" is amplified by additional incidents, and the pictures are throughout heightened. Both poems are greatly improved; and to young poets, we think, the comparison of these works in their first and in their finished state, would be a most useful study.

A letter to Scott, dated October 2, 1805, concludes with the postscript, "*His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of £200 a year on me. GOD SAVE THE KING.*"

Campbell himself, and other writers who have addressed the public through the various channels of periodical literature, have been the main instruments in creating a public, and thus giving the chance of respectable bread to those who may select this unobtrusive way of communicating instruction. It is probable that the author will at all times be less highly paid than the clergyman or the physician, but that he has the means of living at all, with the ordinary decencies of life, is due to Johnson above all other men, and, after him, to those who have rendered it impossible that men shall consent to do without intellectual food. There is not a nook of Scotland which is not better for having produced Burns. His poems and Campbell's would not, in all probability, have been published at all, if it were not for local subscriptions. The love of letters, now diffused everywhere, renders such patronage no longer necessary; and there now is, probably, a stronger feeling against an expedient of the kind than suggested itself to any one in the year 1805. However this be, at the time when Campbell obtained the pension, which, as far as is known, was given by Fox at Lord Holland's solicitation, it did not appear unbecoming to his friends to seek to make some permanent provision for his family, by again publishing a subscription edition of his poems. Horner worked hard for him, and with good success. In a letter to Richardson, Horner says, "It may do you good, among the slaves in Scotland, to let it be known that Mr. Pitt* put his name to the subscription

* Pitt died three weeks after the date of this letter.

when he was at Bath, and we hope that most of the ministers will follow him."

"With this letter," says Beattie, "closed the year 1805—an eventful year to Campbell. It left him in improved health, with new friends, a settled income, and cheering prospects."

There appears strong reason to believe that Fox did not intend his favors to Campbell to end with the pension. It was small, and it was reduced by taxation and fees of office to £168 a year. Lord Grenville interested himself for him, and his friends thought their success certain, when Fox's death defeated their hopes. It is probable that Fox himself would have felt delight in serving Campbell. Campbell tells of a dinner in company with Fox at Lord Holland's—the poet was charmed with him. "What a proud day," he says, "to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time—to converse familiarly with the great man, whose sagacity I revered as unequalled; whose benevolence was no less apparent in his simple manners—and to walk arm in arm round the room with him." They spoke of Virgil. Fox was pleased, and said at parting, "Mr. Campbell, you must come and see me at St. Anne's Hill; there we shall talk more of these matters." Fox, turning to Lord Holland, said, "I like Campbell; he is so right about Virgil."

Campbell, we said, rode each day into London. This became fatiguing; there were frequent invitations to dinner parties which could not well be refused. His health was unequal to the slightest excess, and "the foundation was laid for habits that in after years he found it hard, or even impossible to conquer."

It would appear that the variety of his engagements, and still more the perplexity of his circumstances, prevented his writing any poetry for some two or three years. He looked round him for some German poem to translate, and asked Scott to direct his attention to something in that way. It is fortunate that he found none, as we should probably not have had his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which was now commenced.

Among Campbell's most intimate friends at Sydenham was a family of the name of Mayo, and in a letter to one of the ladies of the family he tells her, that in his description of the father of *Gertrude*, Wynell Mayo, the father of his correspondent, was represented.

He quotes a few lines of the poem from

his manuscript, which are not materially altered in the printed copy :

"How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
Undimmed by weakness, shade, or turbid ire,
When all but kindly fervors were assuaged :
Such was the most beloved, the gentlest sire :
And though amid that calm of thought entire
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire,
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Etna's fires grow dim before the rising day."

We regret that Dr. Beattie seems unable to tell us anything about the origin of *Gertrude*, the most elaborate and the most beautiful of Campbell's works. This is the more provoking, as, from the complexity of the stanza alone, it is impossible that it should not have undergone, in almost every line, repeated changes. A passage from *La Fontaine's* romance of *Barneck and Saldorf*, is printed by Dr. Beattie, from some fancied resemblance to the story of *Gertrude*. We have not read *La Fontaine's* romance, but there is nothing in the passage quoted which would suggest the slightest obligation from either writer to the other, and there is not any evidence that Campbell ever saw *La Fontaine's* work, which, from the date given by Beattie, would appear to have been printed in Berlin only a year or two before. Between Campbell's poem of *Gertrude* and *Chateaubriand's Atala*, there are some points of resemblance, not in the story, but in the general picture of American scenery and of Indian manners. The contrasts of savage and social life are also brought out in very much the same kind of feeling. The "*Areouski*" and the "*Manitous*" are, perhaps necessarily, common property; and the mention of the God to whom the Christians pray, in the same language, does not show more than that each imitates, with such skill as he can, the reputed dialect of the native tribes. The same may, perhaps, be said of "the fever-balm and sweet sagamite;" and the sound of *Outalissi*, as a name for an Indian warrior, may have equally affected both poets; but these are resemblances of a different kind, and we think that the study of *Chateaubriand*, more than anything else, has misled Campbell into the few instances of false painting that surprise us in *Gertrude*. *Chateaubriand's* scene is in Florida. This, Campbell forgets; and we suspect that some of the plants and birds of Florida are by this accident brought into Pennsylvania.

The deep untrodden grot,

"Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore,"

was closed by mountains to the east, and and open to the west. It was a spot where the native tribes in days of old might perhaps "explore their father's dust, or lift their voice to the Great Spirit."

"Rocks sublime,

To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colored all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements and towers decayed
by time.

"But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay-tinted woods their massy foliage threw;
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue.
And now suspended was the pleasing din—
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ—heard within
Cathedral aisles—ere yet the symphony begin."

Chateaubriand's description of the Indian cemeteries, in a passage which we are compelled to quote at length, we cannot but think suggested the passage we have quoted from Campbell.

"De-là nous arrivâmes à une gorge de vallées ou je vis un ouvrage merveilleux : c'était un pont naturel, semblable à celui de la Virginie, dont tu a peut-être entendu parler. Les hommes, mon fils, surtout ceux de ton pays, imitent souvent la nature, et leurs copies sont toujours petites; il n'en est pas ainsi de la nature quand elle a l'air de vouloir imiter les travaux des hommes, mais en leur offrant en effet des modèles. C'est alors qu'elle jet des ponts du sommet d'une montagne au sommet d'une autre montagne, suspend les chemins dans les nues, refond les fleuves pour canaux, sculpte des monts pour colonner, et pour bassins creuse de mers.

"Nous passâmes sous l'arche unique de ce pont, et nous nous trouvâmes devant une autre merveille. C'était le cimetière des Indiens de la Mission, ou les bocages de la Mort. Le père Aubry avait permis à ses néophytes d'ensevelir leurs morts à leur manière et de conserver à leur sépulture son nom sauvage. Le sol en était divisé, comme le champ commun des moissons, en autant de lots qu'il y avait de familles. Chaque lot faisait à lui seul un bois, qui variait selon le goût de ceux qui l'avaient planté. Un ruisseau serpentait sans bruit au milieu de ces bocages; on l'appelait le ruisseau de la paix; ce riant aile des ames était fermé à l'orient par le pont sous lequel nous avions passé : deux collines le bornaient au septentrion et au midi : il ne s'ouvrait qu'à l'occident ou s'élevait un grand bois des sapins. Les troncs de ces arbres, rouges, marbrés de

vert, montant sans branche jusqu'à leur cime, ressemblaient à de hautes colonnes, et formaient le peristyle de ce temple de la Mort. Dans ce bois régnoit un bruit religieux semblable au sourd mugissement d'une église Chrétienne : mais lorsqu'on pénétrait au fond du sanctuaire on n'entendait plus que les hymnes des oiseaux, qui célébraient à la mémoire des morts une fête éternelle."

The remarkable expression of the forests rolling their "verdant gulfs," we have in another passage :

"J'entraînai la fille de Simagham aux pieds des côtes, que formaient des golfes de verdure, en avançant leur promontoires dans la savane."

In Campbell's description of Pennsylvanian scenery minute inaccuracies have been shown, but in the descriptions of a terrestrial paradise this is a permitted license, and the general effect is true. An American who met him at Dr. Beattie's in 1840, told him it was as true to nature as if written on the spot. "I read," said Campbell, "every description I could find of this valley and could lay hands on, and saw several travellers who had been there. I should wish to see it, but am too old to undertake the voyage, and yet I don't like the idea that I am too old to do anything I wish. My heart is as young as ever." His American friend told him of a pilgrimage that he and others were led to make to the spot, from their admiration of Campbell's genius. "It was autumn, and the quiet shores of the lake were bathed in the yellow light of Indian summer. Every day we wandered through the primeval forests, and, when tired, we used to sit down under their solemn shade, among the falling leaves, and read 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sound but the song of the wild birds, or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world, that I felt the power of Campbell's genius." Campbell took his hand, pressed it, and said, "God bless you, sir, you make me happy, although you make me weep. This is more than I can bear. It is dearer to me than all the praise I have had before; to think that in that wild American scenery I have had such readers. I will go to America yet." When they parted, Campbell gave him a copy of the illustrated edition of his poems. "Take it with you," were his words, "and if, with your 'Gertrude,' you ever go again to the valley of Wyoming, it may be a pleasure to her to hear you say, 'Campbell gave me this.'"

Some fourteen or fifteen years after the publication of *Gertrude*, Campbell found himself engaged in a correspondence with the son of Brandt, the Indian chief, who was represented by the poet as the leader of a savage party, whose ferocity gave to war more than its own horrors. Campbell had abused him, almost in the language of an American newspaper.

"The mammoth comes—the foe—the monster
Brandt—
With all his howling, desolating band."

It was rather a serious moment when a gentleman, with an English name, called on Campbell, demanding, on the part of the son of Brandt, some explanation of this language, as applied to his father. A long letter from Campbell is printed in Stone's "Life of Brandt," addressed to the Mohawk chief, *Ahyonwalgha*, commonly called John Brandt, Esq., of the Grand River, Upper Canada, in which he states the various authorities which had misled him into the belief of the truth of the incidents on which his notion of Brandt's character was founded, and which it seems misrepresented it altogether. It was no doubt a strange scene, and the poet could with truth say, and with some pride, too, that when he wrote his poem, it was unlikely that he should ever have contemplated the case of the son or daughter of an Indian chief being affected by its contents. He promises in future editions to correct the involuntary error; and he does so, by saying in a note, that the "Brandt" of the poem is a pure and declared character of fiction. This does not satisfy Mr. Stone's sense of justice, who would have the tomahawk applied to the offending rhyme, and who thinks anything less than this is a repetition of the offense. Beattie ought to have published the correspondence.

The next poem of Campbell's was O'Connor's Child. "The theme," says Dr. Beattie, "was suggested by seeing a flower in his own garden, called 'Love lies bleeding.'" Beattie, in communicating this information, uses inverted commas, but does not say whether he gives us the poet's words or not, and we should wish to know the fact, as it would in some degree affect our estimate of the poem. Nothing can be more perfect than this poem is throughout. In one or two passages of "The Pleasures of Hope," and in a few wild words at the close of the "Battle of the Baltic," the student of Campbell's poetry might be prepared for lines expressive of

what Schiller, or one of his translators, calls "the fancifulness of despair."*

"Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

"Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!"

The wildness of the fancies through the whole poem—the leading thought of her lover's death everywhere re-appearing, and linked with the flower that first grew upon his grave, is, we think, almost more beautifully conceived, and more beautifully expressed, than anything we know in English poetry. The old fancies of the hyacinth and Shakspeare's little western flower—"before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound"—fade into nothingness before it.† Campbell himself has been known to say that he preferred "O'Connor's Child" to any other of his poems. It was, he said, rapidly written—the work of a fortnight. In the illustrated edition of the poems, there are two misprints, which, as they alter the meaning, we had better point out. One is,

"And I behold, Oh God! Oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod."

The other is,

"Dragged to that hated mansion back,
How long in thralldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day."

* See a translation of the "Kindeśmörderinn" in Merivale's Schiller.

† A fancy of the same kind now and then appears in the old ballads or poems published as such. In a Jacobite song of 1745, printed in Crome's Remains, we have the lines:

"My father's blood's in that flower tap,
My brother's in that harebell's blossom;
This white rose was steeped in my love's blood,
And I'll aye wear it as my bonnet."

For Shakspeare's "little western flower," the reader who has the opportunity of referring to Halpin's "Essay on the Vision of Oberon," published by the Shakspeare Society, or Craik's "Romance of the Peerage," will probably receive great pleasure and instruction from their examination of the allegory. We do not say that we quite agree with them, or either of them. Craik's "Romance of the Peerage" is a most important and valuable addition to our historical literature. Much of it is drawn from sources hitherto neglected, or very imperfectly explored.

In the first, the word printed "behold" should be *beheld*—in the other, the word "knew" should be *know*. In both, a meaning inconsistent with the general feeling of the passage is unfortunately suggested.

We cannot follow Dr. Beattie in narrating how the means of life were made out by Campbell. He lectured—he published specimens of the poets, accompanied with criticism, always sensible, often acute; but his prose has no abiding life. It did its day's work. Letters from Paris, which he visited in 1814, are printed. They contain little more than his impressions about works of art, with the principles of which he was not sufficiently acquainted to justify us in transcribing what he says—and his opinion of Mrs. Siddons, which he afterwards worked into a sort of trade life of her. In 1821, he undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he continued for nine or ten years. At the end of this time, he found himself in the publisher's debt, and felt obliged to look round him for employment of the same kind. He became editor of the "*Metropolitan Magazine*," and soon after, Rogers lent him five hundred pounds to purchase a share in the *Metropolitan*. The money had a narrow escape, as the bankruptcy of some copartner occurred at the time. Rogers had refused taking any security, but Campbell insured his life, and had some deed executed that gave Rogers rights against whatever property he had. Campbell, though always a struggling man, seems to have been anxious that his improvidence should not injure his friends. To his own family—his mother and sisters, his generosity was very great.

The book contains some very painful scenes, on which we do not think it desirable to enter. Of two children of his marriage, one died in infancy; the other was, during his father's life, in such doubtful health as to render it necessary that he should live at a distance from home under medical care. Campbell felt it necessary to live in London, and he felt it necessary to allow himself to be made chairman of Polish clubs, and to preside at patriotic dinners. This brought him acquainted with strange companions, whom it was not at all times possible to get rid of. Dr. Beattie tells us of some affecting scenes, when the broken-hearted man was thoughtlessly reproached at his own table by a guest who thought the host had taken too much wine, and who ought himself either not to have taken any, or not stopped at what is not inappropriately called the cross drop.

In the cause of education Campbell was at all times an enthusiast. To him, above all others, is to be ascribed the origination and the success of the London University. His election to the rectorship of Glasgow University was the most gratifying incident of his life, and it resulted in permanent advantages to that institution.

Campbell resided for a while at St. Leonard's, and afterwards settled in London. These were moments of great pecuniary difficulty and embarrassment; but towards the close of life, and at the moment when such relief was most seasonable, additions came to his income by some two or three legacies. In one instance, the sum that seemed providentially sent came in vain, for without waiting to consult any one, he laid it out in an annuity for his own life, which lasted for little more than a year after this transaction.

His wife had been some years dead. There is some obscure intimation of his making some overtures towards a second marriage, which failed. He was fond, passionately fond of children, and it occurred to him that one of his nieces—a girl of some thirteen or fourteen years of age—might come from Scotland to be his housekeeper. He was to teach her French. His only son was sufficiently provided for; and the poet promised her parents to leave her whatever little property he might have at his death.

In one respect alone are we dissatisfied with Dr. Beattie's book. In every line of it there breathes the strongest affection towards the poet, and yet how, where, or when their intimacy commenced, the book gives us no information whatever. For many of the latter years of Campbell's life, Dr. Beattie was his most anxious friend, and we believe it is in the strictest sense of the word true, that but for him that life must have closed long before it did. Campbell removed to Boulogne in September, 1843. Every object of his removal was disappointed. He found the place scarcely cheaper than that which he left; he found the climate worse; he had all the trouble and expense of a removal. He fixed plans of study, and tried to execute them. The custom-house regulations interfered with his receiving English books. He would, when weary of reading, diversify the day by conversation; but where were his old friends? "Home-sickness," says his kind physician, "was on him."

He sought to write to his friends, but his letters became few and short; still they were cheerful. At last, a letter from his niece brought over Dr. Beattie. When he arrived,

he found a Sister of Charity assisting her in attending on the dying poet. When Beattie was introduced into his chamber, he complained of chilliness—morbidity. He held out his hand, and thanked Beattie, and the other friends who had come to assist him.

This was June the 4th. On the 6th he was able to converse more freely; but his strength had become more reduced, and on being assisted to change his posture, he fell back in the bed insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences so unconnected, that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of Hohenlinden, and pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by a Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the trick, was amused, and said playfully, but in a calm and distinct tone, "No; it was one Tom Campbell." The poet had—as far as a poet can—become for years indifferent to posthumous fame. In 1838, five years before this time, he had been speaking to some friends in Edinburgh on the subject. "When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me—to any one—but as nothing? I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue." The next day swelling of the feet appeared. In answer to an inquiry, he replied, with a remarkable expression of energy, "Yes, I have entire control over my mind. I am quite"—Beattie lost the last word, but thinks it was "resigned." "Then with shut eyes and a placid expression of countenance, he remained silent but thoughtful. When I took leave at night, his eye followed me anxiously to the door, as if to say, 'Shall we meet to-morrow?'" Dr. Beattie's journal records a few days passed like the last. Religious feeling was, as the closing scene approached, more distinctly expressed. Beattie was thinking of the lines in *THE LAST MAN*, when he heard with delight the dying man express his belief "in life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour."

"This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave the heavenly spark:
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!"

No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recalled to breath
Who captive led captivity—
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death."

"To his niece he said, 'Come let us sing praises to Christ;' then, pointing to the bedside, he added, 'Sit here.' 'Shall I pray for you?' she said. 'Oh yes,' he replied; 'let us pray for each other.'"

The liturgy of the Church of England was read; he expressed himself "soothed—comforted." "The next day, at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, '*We shall see * * to-morrow*'—naming a long-departed friend." On the next day he expired without a struggle.

This was the fifteenth of June; on Thursday, the 27th, he was interred in Westminster Abbey, in a new grave, in the centre of Poet's corner. Among the mourners in the funeral procession were the Duke of Argyll, and other representatives of the house of Campbell; Sir Robert Peel and Lord Strangford. Lord Brougham was there, and Lockhart and Macaulay. A monument is projected to his memory, and on the committee are Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel.

Among Dr. Beattie's recollections of the poet's conversations a year or two before, he tells of the emphasis with which he repeated Tickell's lines on the burial of Addison. "Lest I should forget them," Dr. Beattie adds, "he sent me a copy of them next day in his own handwriting." With these lines from one of the most affecting poems in the language we close our notice of a book in many respects honorable to its author; in none more than in his anxious wish to conceal the faults and to vindicate the memory of his distinguished friend.

"Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead:
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things;
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!"

What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire—
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir!
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that "dust to dust" conveyed.
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept those tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone forever! take this last adieu,
And sleep in peace."

From the Literary Gazette.

ELIZA COOK'S NEW POEMS.

Poems by Eliza Cook. 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

A TRINE of volumes to a poet is, like one of those in the prophetic almanacs, an important sign, and predictive of influence and fame. To this honor has our fair friend duly and honestly reached, by a number of compositions which have justly become popular within the boundaries of the English language. They are the offspring of nature and feeling; some homely, and imparting pleasure to the homes of the refined as well as the lowly; some more ambitious in subject and treatment, and all dictated by that love of kind which makes genius earnest in every effort to promote the welfare of our fellow creatures. We have often been seduced to bestow our meed of praise on the productions of the author, and it is with pleasure we observe that the novelties in this edition fully bear out the reputation she has so fairly achieved. Here is one of her simple melodies, like the best of former days:

"THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

"The village church is passing gay,
The bells gush out in merry tune,
A flag is o'er the turret grey,
The porch holds all the flowers of June,
For Youth and Beauty come to wed,
With bounding form and beaming eye—
With all the rapture love can shed,
And all the hope that gold can buy;
And children twine with noisy glee,
White favors round the cypress tree.

"An old man sitteth on a grave,
His steps no more are firm and fast;
And slenderly his white locks wave,
As breeze and butterfly go past.
A gentle smile lights up his face,
And then he turns to gaze around;
For he has come to choose the place
Where he shall sleep in hallowed ground:
'Just by yon daisy patch,' saith he,
'Tis there, 'tis there, I'd have it be.'

"The bridal hearts in triumph glow,
With all the world before them yet;
The old man's pulse beats calm and slow,
Like sun-rays, lengthening as they set.

*They see the fancied hours to come,
He sees the real days gone by;
They deem the earth a fairy home,
He thinks it well that man should die.
Oh, goodly sight—it should be so—
Youth glad to stay—Age fit to go!"*

A prayer, closing an address rather *doggerelly* to the Pope, though fervently put up, has not been fulfilled—

"All honor to 'the Pope'
Long life and fame to 'Pius'
The world's heart still may hope,
While such as he stand by us"

It is dangerous now-a-days to speculate upon any thrones or political events. The poor Pope could not stand by himself; far less "by Us," except in the representative person and precepts of Dr. McHale!

Some very affecting stanzas to William Thom, the Inverary poet, are, we trust, only imaginative in expressing kindred woes—

"O'er thy draught of sorrow, Willie,
I have hung with smileless lip;
The cup is sad to borrow, Willie,
Yet a kindred one *will* sip."

We are glad to seek refuge in a lighter fancy, in "Lines among the Leaves," though with a teaching and touching moral close:

"Have ye heard the west wind singing,
Where the summer trees are springing?
Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows?
For the wide-winged spirit rangeth,
And its ballad metre changeth
As it goes.

"A plaintive wail it maketh,
When the willow's tress it shaketh,
Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep;
And the branches low and slender,
Bend to list the strain so tender,
Till they weep.

"Another tale 'tis telling,
Where the clustered elm is swelling

With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright;
And the leaves, all bright and clapping,
Sound like human fingers snapping
With delight.

"The fitful key-note shifteth
Where the heavy oak uplifteth
A diadem of acorns broad and high;
And it chants with muffled roaring,
Like an eagle's wings in soaring
To the sky.

"Now the breeze is freshly wending,
Where the gloomy yew is bending,
To shade green graves and canopy the owl;
And it sends a mournful whistle,
That remindeth of the misal
And the cowl.

"Another lay it giveth,
Where the spiral poplar liveth,
Above the cresses, lily, flag and rush;
And it sings with hissing treble,
Like the foam upon the pebble
In its gush.

"A varied theme it utters,
Where the glossy date-leaf flutters,
A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there;
And the quiet, listening dreamer
May believe that many a streamer
Flaps the air.

"It is sad and dreary hearing
Where the giant pine is rearing
A lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about;
And it lurketh melancholy,
Where the thick and sombre holly
Bristles out.

"It murmurs soft and mellow
'Mid the light laburnums yellow,
As lover's ditty chimed by rippling plash,
And deeper is its tiding,
As it hurries, swiftly gliding,
Through the ash.

"A roundelay of pleasure
Does it keep in merry measure,
While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
As though a band of fairies
Were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
Out of reach.

"Oh! a bard of many breathings
Is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves,
Now fifing and now drumming—
Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

"Oh! are not human bosoms
Like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse?
Is there no mystic stirring
In our hearts, like sweet wind whirling
In the boughs?

"Though that wind a strange tone waketh
In every home it maketh,

And the maple tree responds not as the larch,
Yet Harmony is playing
Round all the green arms swaying
'Neath heaven's arch.

"Oh! what can be the teaching
Of these forest voices preaching?
'Tis that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar,
And help to fill the psalter
That's divine."

"Summer Days" is another sweet poem,
though we quote only one verse, for a brilliant line—

"Oh! the summer days are bright,
And I long to mark their glory,
When the lark talks to the night,
Till the gleesome bird of night
Goes on with the fairy story."

"Love," too, is finely sung, as the following stanzas will testify:

"There's not a dark, dull coffin-board but what has
stood to bear
A swarm of summer warblers in the mellow green-
wood air;
There's not a thread of cere-cloth but has held its
blossom bells,
And swung the morning pearls about within the fra-
grant wells.

"Love lurketh round us everywhere—it fills the
great design,
It gives the soul its chosen mate—it loads the au-
tumn vine;
It dyes the orchard branches red—it folds the worm
in silk.
It rears the daisy where we tread, and bringeth
corn and milk.

"Love stirreth in our beings all unbidden and un-
known,
With aspirations leaping up like fountains from the
stone;
It prompts the great and noble deeds that nations
haif with pride,
It moveth when we grieve to miss an old dog from
our side.

"It bids us plant the sapling to be green when we
are grey,
It pointeth to the Future, and yet blesses while we
stay;
It opens the Almighty page where—though 'tis held
afar,
We read enough to lure us on still higher than we
are.

"The child at play upon the sward, who runs to
snatch a flower,
With earnest passion in his glee that glorifies the
hour—
The doting student—pale and meek—who looks
into the night,
Dreaming of all that helps the soul to gauge Eternal
might;

"The rude, bold savage, pouring forth his homage
to the sun,
Asking for other 'hunting-fields' when life's long
chase is run—
The poet boy who sitteth down upon the upland
grass,
Whose eagle thoughts are nestled by the zephyr
wings that pass;

"The weak old man that creepeth out once more
before he dies,
With longing wish to see and feel the sunlight in his
eyes—
Oh! these are the unerring types that Nature set-
teth up,
To tell that an elixir drop yet sanctifies our cup.

"Love, beautiful and boundless Love, thou dwellest
here below,
Teaching the human lip to smile—the violet to
blow:
Thine is the breath ethereal that yet exhales and
burns
In sinful breasts as incense steals from dim unsightly
urns."

The playfulness in an address to "Win-
ter," offers a different strain:

"Oh, Winter, old Winter! for many a year
You and I have been friends, but I sadly fear
That your blustering nights and stormy days
Will have no more of my love or my praise.

"There was a time when I used to look
You full in the face on the frost-bound brook;
When I laughed to see you lock up the ale,
And fetter the mop to the housemaid's pail.

"It was fun to see you reddened a nose,
Benumb little fingers, and pinch great toes;
To hear you swear in a nor-west blast,
As your glittering sledge-car rattled past.

"I've greeted you, come what there might in your
train,
The hurricane wind or the deluging rain;
I've even been kind to your sleet and your fog,
When folks said 'twas n't weather to turn out a
dog.'

"I've welcomed you ever, and tuned each string
To thank and applaud you for all you bring;
I've raced on your slides with joyous folly,
And pricked my fingers in pulling your holly.

"But you treat me so very unfairly now,
That, indeed, old fellow, we must have 'a row,'
Though your tyrannous conduct's so fiercely un-
couth,
That I hardly dare venture 'to open my mouth.'

"I tremble to hear you come whistling along,
For my breathing gets weak as yours grows
strong;
And I crouch like my hound in the fire's warm
blaze,
And eagerly long for the solstice rays.

"You may spit your snow, but you need not make
My cheek as white as the icicle flake;

You may darken the sky, but I cannot tell why
You should spitefully seek to bedim my eye.

"You sent old Christmas parading the land,
With his wassail cup and minstrel band;
But you gripped me hard when the sports began,
Crying, 'Drink if you dare, and dance if you can.'

"It is true I had proffers of meat and of wine,
Which, with honest politeness, I begged to de-
cline;
For with drams antimonial I cannot agree,
And I quarrel with beef when 'tis made into tea.

"Others may go to the revel and rout,
They may feast within and ramble without;
But I must be tied to the chimney side,
Lest Death, on his white horse, ask me to ride.

"The wise ones say I must keep you away,
If I wish not to see my brown locks turn grey;
That your motive is base, for you're lying in wait
To carry me off through the church-yard gate.

"Oh, Winter! old Winter! such usage is sad,
You're a brute, and a traitor, and everything bad;
But, like many dear friends, you are stinging the
breast
That has trusted you most and has loved you the
best."

We conclude with a ballad, "'Tis a Wild
Night at Sea," which reminds us of that
sung by *Barbara*, (see *Shakspeare*, *Othello*.)

"The clouds arose in a giant shape
And the wind with a piercing gust—
Dark as the murderer's mask of crape,
And sharp as a poniard thrust.

"Thicker and wider the gloom stretched out
With a flush of angry red;
Till the hissing lightning blazed about,
And the forest bent its head.

"A maiden looked from a lattice pane
Toward where the ocean lay;
And her gaze was fixed with earnest strain
On the beacon, leagues away.

"She knew that he who had won her soul
Was getting close to land;
And she clutched at every thunder roll
With a hard convulsive hand.

"He had promised he would sail no more
To far and fearful climes;
He had talked of a cottage on the shore,
And the sound of wedding chimes.

"They had loved each other many a year,
They had grown up side by side;
She had reckoned the days—his ship must be
near—
He was coming to claim his bride.

"An old crone passed the lattice pane—
'God help us all!' quoth she,
'Tis bad on the mountain, but worse on the main,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

- "The maiden heard, but never stirred
Her gaze from the beacon lamp;
Her heart alone felt a sepulchre stone
Roll up to it, heavy and damp.
- "A grey-haired mariner looked around—
'Here's a wind,' cried he:
'May God preserve the homeward bound;
'Tis a wild night at sea!'
- "The maiden heard, yet never stirred
Her eyes from the distant part;
But shadow was thrown upon the stone,
And the stone was *over* her heart.
- "The lightning blades fenced fierce and long,
The blast wings madly flew;
But morning came with the skylark's song
And an arch of spotless blue.
- "Morning came with a tale too true,
As sad as tale could be;
'A homeward bound' went down with her crew—
'Twas a wild night at sea!'
- "The maiden heard, yet never stirred,
Nor eye, nor lip, nor brow;
But moss had grown on the sepulchre stone,
And it covered a skeleton now.
- "Summer and Winter came and went
With their frosty and flowery time:
Autumn branches lusciously bent,
And Spring-buds had their prime.
- "The maiden still is in her home,
But not a word breathes she;
Save those that sealed her spirit doom,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'
- "The hedge-row thorn is out again,
And her cheek is as pale as the bloom;
She bears a wound whose bleeding pain
Can only be stanch'd by the tomb.
- "Children show her the violet bed
And where young doves will be;

But they hear her say, as she boweth her head,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"She may be seen at the lattice pane
When the climbing moon is bright;
With the gaze distraught of a dreaming brain
Toward the beacon height.

"There's not a cloud a star to shroud,
The song-birds haunt the tree;
But she faintly sighs, as the dew-drops rise,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"Golden beams of a sunny June
The world with light are filling;
Till the roses fall asleep at noon
O'er the draught of their own distilling.

"The maiden walks where aspen stalks
Only move with the moth and bee;
But she sigheth still, with shivering chill,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"Her beautiful youth has withered away,
Sorrow has eaten the core;
But, weak and wan, she lingereth on
Till the thorn is white once more.

"There are bridal robes at the old church porch,
And orange bloom so fair;
The merry bells say, 'tis a wedding day,
And the priest has blessed the pair.

"The maiden is under the church-yard yew,
Watching with hollow eye;
Till the merry bells race with faster pace,
And the bridal robes go by.

"She dances out to the ding-dong tune,
She laughs with raving glee;
And Death endeth the dream in her requiem
scream,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

A most fervent poetical dedication to Miss
Charlotte Cushman ushers in these volumes.

From the British Quarterly Review.

ROBERT BOYLE.

A History of the Royal Society, with Memoirs of the Presidents. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Assistant-Secretary and Librarian to the Royal Society. In 2 vols. London: John W. Parker, West Strand, 1848.

Occasional Reflections. By the Hon. ROBERT BOYLE. J. H. Parker, Oxford and London, 1848.

Boyle Lectures for 1846. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. Second edition, 1848.

It is reported of Thomas Carlyle that he once half-jestingly declared his intention of writing a life of Charles II., as one who was no sham or half man, but the perfect specimen of a bad king. Charles, however, if he did no other good thing, founded the Royal Society, and by so doing saved his portrait from being cut out in untinted black, by the stern humorist's scissors.

The thoughtless monarch, no doubt, did as little for science as he well could. The only incident in his life which can be referred to as indicating a personal interest in it, is his sending the Society a recipe for the cure of hydrophobia; but the act was probably prompted as much by his love of dogs as his love of science. Sheer carelessness on his part appears to have been the cause of the Society's not obtaining confiscated lands in Ireland, which he was willing it should possess, and which would have ultimately yielded an ample revenue. The members besought him for apartments where they might meet and keep their library, curiosities, and apparatus. Charles at last gave them a dilapidated college and grounds at Chelsea; but characteristically enough, it turned out that the property was only in part his to give; and the Society finding it had inherited little else than a multitude of lawsuits, was glad to restore the college to Government, and accept a small sum in exchange. Yet Charles did more for science, at a time, too, when royal patronage was a precious thing, than many wiser and better monarchs have done,

and it would be difficult to discover any sinister or interested motive which the King had in assisting the philosophers. He probably did not pretend (except in the Society's charters, which in all likelihood he never read) to revere science as truth, or covet it as power, but he could wonder at it as marvellous. It dealt in novelties, and he was too intelligent and inquisitive not to be struck by them. It helped him through a morning, to attend on occasion, "an anatomical administration," at Gresham College, and see an executed criminal dissected. From time to time, also, the members of the Royal Society showed him their more curious experiments, and Charles first smiled approbation, and then generally found something to laugh at, either in the experiment or the experimenter. It occasioned him no little diversion, as we learn from Pepys, to witness the philosophers "weighing of ayre." He had too strong and practised a sense of the ludicrous not to be keenly alive to the little pedantries and formalities of some of the fellows; and too little reverence in his nature to deny himself a laugh at their weaknesses and follies. He was sometimes, no doubt, entitled to his smile at the experimenter; and always, if he saw fit, at the experiment. For everything on this earth has its ludicrous, as well as its serious aspect, and the grave man need not grudge the merry man his smile at what he thinks strange.

An experiment, too, was a thing on the result of which a bet could be laid, as well

as on the issue of a game at cards or a cock-fight. The Royal Society was, on one occasion, instructed that "his Majesty had wagered £50 to £5 for the compression of air by water." (Weld, vol. i, p. 231.) A trial, accordingly, was made by one of its most distinguished members, and the King, as may be surmised, won his wager. (p. 232.)

It is impossible to read the histories and eulogies of the Royal Society, without detecting in them, in spite of all their laudations of its kingly founder, a subdued, but irrepressible conviction, that by no address of the annalist can Charles II. be made to figure as an august patron and promoter of science. It is not that he will not brook comparison with such princes as Leo X., or the Florentine dukes. Charles could not be expected to equal them, but he took such pains to show that he had the progress of science as little at heart as the maintenance of personal virtue, or public morality, that he has baffled the most adroit royalist to say much in his praise. He was often expected at the public meetings of the Society, but he never accomplished an official visit. He dreaded, no doubt, the formality and tediousness of the *séance*, and his presence might have recalled the caustic proverb, "Is Saul, too, among the prophets?"

Nevertheless, it might have fallen to the Royal Society's lot to have had a worse founder. Its seeds were sown and even germinated in the days of James I., but the philosophers were fortunate in escaping the patronage of the most learned of the Stuarts. James would have plagued them as much as Frederick the Great did the *savans* he favored. His sacred Majesty would have dictated to the wisest of them what they should discover, and how they should discover it. A wayward genius like Hooke would have paid many a visit to the Tower, or one to Tower Hill; and any refractory philosopher who persisted in interpreting a phenomenon otherwise than the royal pedant thought he should interpret it, would have been summarily reminded of the "King's divine right to rule," and treated as a disloyal subject.

Charles I., we can well believe, looked on with unassumed interest at Harvey's dissection of the deer's heart, and demonstration of his great discovery of the circulation of the blood. Whatever that monarch's faults may have been, he had too religious a spirit not to have honored science, and too kingly a manner to have insulted its students. But his patronage would have compromised the liberties and lives of the philosophers during

the civil war, and we should grudge now if the perversest cavalier among them had paid with his life for his scientific royalism.

The uncrowned king that followed the first Charles, had his hands too full of work, and his head and heart too much occupied with very different things, to have much patience with weighers of air, or makers of "solid glass bubbles." (Rupert's drops, Weld, i. 103, 113.) But a hint that they could have helped him to a recipe for "keeping his powder dry," or improved the build of his ships, or the practice of navigation, would at once have secured the favor of the sagacious Protector. When the restoration came, however, such services to Cromwell would have procured for the philosophers a swift and bloody reward.

Things fell out, as it was, for the best. The infant society escaped the dangerous favors of King and Protector, till the notice of royalty could only serve it; and then it received just as much of courtly favor as preserved it from becoming the prey of knavish hatchers of sham plots, and other disturbers of its peace; and so little of substantial assistance that its self-reliance and independence were not forfeited in the smallest. Charles the Second did the Royal Society the immense service of leaving it to itself, and an institution numbering among its members such men as Newton, Boyle, and Hooke, (to mention no others,) needed only security from interruption, and could dispense with other favors. And it had to dispense with them. The title of the Society is apt to convey the impression that it had the government to lean upon, and was dowered from its treasury. But this was not the case. The Society was not fondled into greatness by royal nursing. Charles' only *bona fide* gift to it, was what Bishop Horsley, in an angry mood, denounced as "that toy," the famous bauble mace, (Weld, ii. 168,) which the original warrant for its making, calls "one guilt mace of one hundred and fifty oz." (Weld, i. 163.)

In return for this benefaction the Society presented their patron with a succession of remarkable discoveries and inventions, which told directly on the commercial prosperity of his kingdom. The art, above all others the most important to this country, navigation, owes its present perfection in great part to the experiments on the weight of the air, and on the rise and fall of the barometer, to the improvements in time-keepers, and the astronomical discoveries and observations which Boyle, Hooke, Newton, and other

members of the Royal Society, made during Charles the Second's reign. The one hundred and fifty ounces of silver gilt were returned to the treasury in his lifetime.

In exchange for the regal title which they received, the Society made the monarch's reign memorable by the great discoveries which signalized that era, and under his nominal leadership won for him the only honorable conquests which can be connected with his name. Estimated in coin, or in honor, given and received, the king stands more indebted to the Society than the Society to him.

We will not, however, strive to lessen Charles's merit. The gift of the mace, "bauble" though it was, may be accounted a sincere expression of good will. It probably appeared to the donor an act of self-denial to let so much bullion of the realm go past the profligates of both sexes, who emptied his pockets so much faster than he could fill them; and the deed may pass for a liberal one. We willingly make the most of it. Charles the Second's reign is, from first to last, such a soiled and blotted page, that we are thankful for one small spot, which, like the happy ancients, we can mark with white. CAROLUS SECUNDUS REX, we think of with contempt, and loathing or indignation; but Charles Stuart, F.R.S., meant on the whole well, and did some little good in his day.

Charles's connection with the Royal Society, however, is a small matter in its history. He was its latest name-giver, not its founder. If any single person can claim that honor, it is Lord Bacon, who, by the specific suggestions in his "New Atlantis," but also, and we believe still more, by the whole tenor of his "Novum Organum," and other works on science, showed his countrymen how much can be done for its furtherance, by the coöperation of many laborers. But even Bacon must share the honor with others; learned societies are not kingdoms which the monarchs of intellect found; but republics, which grow out of the common sympathies of many minds. Fraternity is the rule, though not equality, and there is no prating about liberty, for it is enjoyed by all.

A Bacon or a Descartes does not act on his fellows like a great magnet, attracting to itself all the congenial metal within its range. A brotherhood grows as a crystal does. Particle seeks out like particle, and the atoms aggregate into a symmetrical whole. The crystal, when completed, has not the same properties in every part, but it is not

the presence of a peculiarly endowed molecule at the centre, or the summit, that occasions the difference.

It seems a vain thing, accordingly, to insist on singling out individuals, however gifted, as the founders of learned "bodies." The very title we apply to them might show us the folly of it. "The body is not one member, but many." It was not the brain that produced it, nor the heart, although it may be true that these were first and fullest developed, and were essential to the knitting together of the weaker and less vital members.

The association of gifted men, which afterwards became the Royal Society, rose into being simultaneously with many similar institutions in other parts of Europe. These were not copies of each other, but originated in the kindred sympathies of their several founders. Why such societies should have sprung up in the seventeenth century, and not earlier, or later, is a question not to be answered by reference to any single cause. It will not solve the problem, to say that Bacon was born at a certain epoch, or Galileo, or Newton. The birth of those and other great men, is as much part of the phenomenon to be explained, as the explanation of it. Neither will the invention of printing, nor the outburst of the Reformation, supply more than a part of the rationale. What we have to account for is this: Mankind stood for ages, with closed eyelids, before the magnificence of un-ideal Nature, or opened them only to gaze at her with the eyes of poets, painters, and mystics. They saw wondrous visions, and clothed Nature with splendid vestments, which they wove for her. All at once they bethought themselves, that the robes which God had flung over the nakedness of the material world might be worth looking at, and might prove a more glorious apparel than the ideal garments which man's imagination had fashioned for the universe.

The sleep of centuries was broken in a day. The first glances at the outer world were so delightful, that the eye was not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Men longed to extend their grasp beyond the reach of the unassisted senses. Within a few years of each other, the telescope, the microscope, the thermometer, the barometer, the air-pump, the diving-bell, and other instruments of research, were invented and brought to no inconsiderable perfection. The air, the earth, the sea, the sky, were gauged and measured, weighed, tested, and

analyzed. The world had been satisfied for hundreds of years with the one half of the Hebrew monarch's proverb, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." The verse was now read to the end, "but the honor of kings is to search out a matter."

The searching out of the willingly divulged secrets of Nature, was not delayed till the seventeenth century, because none but Bacon, Newtons, Galileos, Descartes, and Pascals were competent to the task. We need not ask whether men of as ample, or exactly the same gifts, had preceded those great ones. It is certain that men with endowments liberal enough to have discovered much, if not all, that has been left for us and our immediate forefathers to find out, adorned even the darkest epoch of the earlier ages. Among the astrologers and alchemists, were men of such rare genius, that, if by some choice anæsthetic they could have been flung into a trance, and kept pleasantly dreaming of "the joy of Jupiter," and the elixir of life, till the present time, they would awake to dispute the palm with our Herschels and Faradays. We will attempt no other explanation of the sudden, universal, and catholic recognition of the interest and importance of physical science, which characterized the seventeenth century, than this—that mankind, as a whole, is possessed of a progressive intellectual life, which, like organic life, is marked at intervals by sudden crises of permanent expansion. The seed shoots forth the germ. The petals blow into the flower; the chrysalis bursts into the butterfly. The boy starts into the youth; his thoughts are elevated, his desires changed; and so the whole race, in a brief interval of time, is lifted to a higher intellectual level, and its speculations directed into new channels.

The aloe buds, thorns, and leaves only for ninety-nine years, and we have to wait till the hundredth comes, before the flower blooms. The flower is not an accident of the hundredth year, but its complement and crown. Had the thorns not protected the leaves, and the leaves elaborated the juices during the ninety-nine barren years, the century would not have been crowned by the flower. Yet why the aloe blooms in its hundredth, rather than in its fiftieth or its tenth year, is not explained by this acknowledgment.

The contest between Charles the First and the English people was contemporaneous with an aloe flowering of the genius of the nations of Europe. It was no accident, or mere result of a certain century having ar-

rived. The printing-press, and the information, the births of great men, and much else, were its thorns and leaves, and wide-spread supporting roots; but we cannot say, *therefore*, the revolution in men's scientific tastes occurred after 1600, rather than after 1500 or 1700, any more than we can demonstrate that 1848 was the necessary and infallible year for the overturning of the thrones of Europe.

The Royal Society was one of the choicest buds of this blossoming of the European intellect. Its beginnings were some two hundred years ago, about 1645, when "divers ingenious persons" met weekly in London, to make experiments and discuss the truths they taught. "We barred," says Dr. Wallis, one of their members, "all discourses of divinity, of state affairs, and of news, other than what concerned our business of philosophy."

About the year 1648-9, some of their company removed to Oxford, upon which, the society, like a polypus, divided itself into two. The one half, provided with a new tail, remained in London; the other, furnished with a new head, thrived at Oxford. It was afterwards matter of dispute which was the better half, but we need not discuss the question. The halves came together in London, and after Charles the Second's return, "were about the beginning of the year 1662, by his majesty's grace and favor, incorporated by the name of the Royal Society." It had no fixed title before its incorporation. Boyle spoke of it as the "Invisible College." Evelyn wrote of it as a "Philosophic Mathematic College." Cowley called it the "Philosophical Colledge." Only sickly infants are christened in haste. It was an earnest of the Royal Society's longevity that it had long been weaned, and was out of leading-strings, before it was named.

The "History of the Royal Society" is a part of the history of the Empire. For nearly two hundred years it has gathered together one great division of the highest intellects of the nation, and given unity and a practical aim to their labors. All its doings have not been wise, or its works fruitful. But its errors have been singularly few, and its most abstract, and apparently visionary occupations have, in the great majority of cases, been found, in the end, ministering to the welfare of all men. It has expanded the intellect of the whole people; been the true, though sometimes unconscious and generally distrusted ally of religion; and the faithful, though too often unthanked servant of government,

which has aided and guided in increasing the commercial and political greatness of the country.

The Society will never be thanked as it deserves for its direct services to the empire, much less for its indirect ones. It is not that men are unthankful, but that they are slow to perceive that there is occasion for thanks, and they are blind to their true benefactors. Rarely does a scientific inquiry like "Davy's Researches on Flame," bud, blossom, and bear fruit, like Aaron's rod, in a single night, and show forth, on the morrow, a safety-lamp, the value of which men hasten to acknowledge by cheques on their bankers, and a service of plate to Sir Humphry. In general, one man sows and another reaps; the acorn is planted in this age, and the oak felled in the next. The seed-time is forgotten before the harvest comes. Too often, also, while the sower was a very wise man, the reaper is only a very needy or greedy one. He puts a money value on the grain, which the public pays, and cries quits. It would be difficult to extort from many a London or Liverpool ship-owner an acknowledgment that the Royal Society did him a service by persuading Government to spend a round sum of money in sending out vessels to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disc. It would be still more difficult to persuade him that he owed thanks to the astronomers of Charles the Second's reign, for watching, night after night, the immersions and emersions of Jupiter's moons; that Dr. Robert Hooke was his benefactor, by experimenting upon the properties of spiral springs, and Dr. Gowan Knight by making artificial magnets. The ship-owner furnishes his captains with nautical almanacs, chronometers, and compasses, and thanks no one. The bookseller and instrument-maker have got their own price for their goods. Businessmen do not thank one another when value is given for value. All London has been out gaping at the new electric light. It has gone home with dazzled eyes, not to meditate statues to Volta, or Davy, or Faraday, but to reflect that the light is patent and must be paid for, and to consider the propriety of disposing of its shares in the gas companies, and retiring from the oil and tallow trade.

We do not make these remarks complainingly. Scientific men have, at present, a fair share of the sympathy and gratitude of their unscientific brethren, and are every day receiving fuller and more kindly acknowledgment of the value of their services.

Whilst we are writing, Mr. Macaulay's el-

loquent recognition of the debt of gratitude which the nation owes the Royal Society has appeared, to wipe away its reproach among the ignorant. He must be an exacting man of science who is not satisfied with the graceful tribute to the worth of his labors which a great literary man has so willingly paid.

We have spoken of the past glories of the Royal Society, but though its history has been four, we may say, five times written, it has not become a historical thing. It never ranked a greater number of men of genius among its fellows than it does at present, and we trust that the time is far distant when the Society shall end with the name with which it began, and become, in sad earnest, the Invisible College.

Three of the earliest members of the Royal Society distinguished themselves from the other fellows by the innumerable additions which they made to natural knowledge, or, as we should now call it, physical science. These were Isaac Newton, Robert Hooke, and Robert Boyle. The last is to be the special object of our further remarks. In genius he was the least of the three, but to be least in that triad was to be great among ordinary men. He comes before his greater brethren in point of time. He was older than Newton by fifteen years, and older than Hooke by nine. Newton wrote to Boyle as to a grave and reverend senior, and Hooke, who in early life was his experimental assistant, displayed to his old master a love and esteem such as he exhibited to no other philosopher. It was long ago observed that Boyle was born in the year in which Bacon died, and it soon appeared that a corner, at least, of the deceased prophet's mantle had fallen upon him. He was the earliest pupil who applied, in practice, the lessons of the *Novum Organum*; the oldest, though not the greatest of the Marshalls, who won for himself a kingdom, by following the rules of conquest laid down by the Imperial Verulam. As the patriarch, therefore, of English experimental science, he takes precedence even of Newton.

It is in this capacity that we propose chiefly to treat of Boyle. He was too memorable a man, however, in other respects, not to require his whole character to be sketched, though it can be only in outline. Many excellent biographies of him have appeared, but no recent English writer has given an analysis of his scientific researches, so that a good purpose may be served by giving an abstract of certain of the more important of them, with an estimate of their

value, as examined by the light of a science, much of which is two centuries older than that of Boyle's time. He is eminent as a discoverer in chemistry, heat, pneumatics, hydrostatics, and various other branches of physics proper. He was one of the great improvers of two of the most important instruments used in scientific researches—the air-pump and the thermometer. He was a zealous naturalist; an active medical practitioner, and so good a theologian and excellent a Christian, that Lord Clarendon would gladly have assured him of a mitre, could he have persuaded him to enter the church. In all those respects we shall have something to say of him, but it is of Boyle the philosopher we have chiefly to speak.

The Honorable Robert Boyle was the seventh and youngest son of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, known in his day as the Great Earl, so remarkable had been his rise from a lowly station to the possession of great wealth and dignities. He landed in Dublin to seek his fortunes in 1588, the peniless and untitled younger son of a younger brother; and in 1632 he was entitled to style himself "Sir Richard Boyle, Knt., Lord Boyle, Baron of Youghall, Lord Dungarvan, Earl of Cork, Lord High Treasurer of Ireland," &c. &c. He had ample wealth also to support his titles. Through prudence, good management, and friends at court, he procured grants and favorable bargains of confiscated Irish estates, and his wealth enabled him to purchase property in England, so that he ultimately became one of the largest landed proprietors in the empire. His greatness is now almost entirely forgotten, or remembered only in connection with the more enduring fame of his sons, Roger, (Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery,) and the subject of our sketch. The Earl's name deserves to be connected with those of his children. He was an upright, estimable man, and a kind, considerate father. Boyle was indebted to him for a most liberal education, and for the fortune which enabled him to devote himself to science.

The particulars of Boyle's early years have been chronicled in a curious autobiography, in which he speaks of himself in the third person, under the assumed name of Philaretus. As it acquaints us with the chief particulars of his life nearly up to the period when he commenced his scientific researches, we shall go briefly through its personal revelations, before saying anything concerning his labors as a discoverer in physics.

Boyle was born at his father's country
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seat of Lismore, in Munster, on the 25th day of January, 1626, O.S.* The Earl of Cork, as his son tells us, "had a perfect aversion for their fondness who used to breed up their children so nice and tenderly, that a hot sun, or a good shower of rain, as much endangers them as if they were made of butter or of sugar." As soon, therefore, as the baby, Philaretus, "was able, without danger, to support the incommodities of a remove," he was sent to a country nurse, and inured to plain fare and homely ways. Boyle thought he profited much by this regimen, though to appearance, in after life, he did little credit to his country nursing, for he was a sickly valetudinarian all his days. Yet as he nearly made out the allotted three-score years and ten, in spite of several sharp illnesses, and much swallowing of his own physic, it is likely that he owed something to his rustic cradle.

Before he could appreciate the greatness of the calamity, which, however, he reckoned amongst the chief misfortunes of his life, he lost his mother, a woman of a free and noble spirit, and rich in the possession of many virtues. Some of the more glaring defects which marred his intellect in manhood, may be traced indirectly to this misfortune. The widowed Earl transferred the love he had felt for the mother to the motherless boy, whose sweet disposition was not altogether proof against the injurious effects of his father's double love. Philaretus dwells with a natural complacency on the fondness felt for him by the "good old Earl;" and moralizes in his own fashion on the causes of it. He refers it partly to his being, like Benjamin and Joseph, the son of the Earl's old age; partly to a likeness observed in him "both to his father's body and his mind," but chiefly, as he cynically enough conjectures, "to his never having lived with his father to an age that might much tempt him to run in debt, and take such other courses to provoke his dislike, as in his elder children he severely disrelished." The evil result of this indulgence may be surmised. Boyle got a great deal too much of his own way. He was what is emphatically called, "a spoiled child." His studies and his masters were often changed. He went through no systematic

* The "Biographia Britannica" says February, and gives authorities for its statement. Boyle's father says January.—(Earl of Cork's True Remembrances, printed in introduction to Birch's Life of Boyle.)

or severe scholastic or academic training, but roved in a desultory way over the whole field of knowledge. He had a quick, versatile intellect, but he was not a deep thinker; so he learned many things, but none profoundly. His Autobiography and his voluminous works, show him to have been, in all things but religion, an amateur from the cradle to the grave. Boyle confessed in after life to being much afflicted with "a roving wildness of wandering thoughts," which he amusingly and unreasonably imputed to his having been allowed, when a schoolboy, during convalescence from a sickness, to read "*Amadis de Gaule*," and other fabulous and wandering stories. He sought to cure the evil by "the extraction of the square and cube roots," which he found the most effectual remedy for his "volatile fancy." The cure was an exceedingly imperfect one, for few productions of able men exhibit less of logical method, orderly arrangement, and terse condensation, than Boyle's works, although they are not wanting in clearness or graphic power. In last century Johnson affirmed, that many talked of Boyle, and praised him, but that nobody read his books; nor have the readers increased since Johnson's time. The tide is now setting in favor of reprints, and Boyle has not been overlooked. His "*Occasional Reflections*" have been re-issued, with what result we shall see.

Boyle, however, was no ordinary amateur. He displayed, while yet very young, a precocity of intellect, and a gravity and even melancholy rare in a child; he showed, what is still rarer in children, especially spoiled children, a regard for truth, which was proof against every temptation. He never told a lie.

Having learned before he was eight years old to write a fair hand, and to speak French and Latin, he was sent in his ninth year to Eton College, where he remained nearly four years, and was allowed many indulgences. His aptness and willingness to learn procured for him here the special attention of one of the masters, Mr. Harrison, who instructed him privately and familiarly in his chamber, in "an affable, kind, and gentle way." This kindly teaching acting on a genial disposition, awoke in the eager boy a passionate desire for learning. Like many other great readers, he referred his love of books to the study of a single remarkable one in early life. The volume in this case was "*Quintus Curtius*," the accidental perusal of which, at Eton, "first made him in

love with other than pedantic books, and conjured up in him that unsatisfied appetite of knowledge that is yet as greedy as when it was first raised." Boyle, we may be certain, mistook the nature, though not perhaps the extent of the influence of "*Quintus Curtius*" upon him. The "*Fairy Queen*" did not make Cowley a poet, but only revealed to him that he was one. Had the unsatisfied appetite of knowledge not existed in Boyle's mind, before he fell in with "*Quintus Curtius*," Quintus would never have been read. It did not beget the love it seemed to create, but only made its reader fully conscious of a passion that had long and silently been growing up within him. From that moment, however, it burned with a double glow.

A schoolboy's journal cannot be expected to record many incidents which shall seem memorable to others. We select from Philaretus' school life only such particulars as throw light on the tastes and labors of his manhood. Passing over, therefore, the recital of several narrow escapes from death, we halt for a moment at a tedious account of his life being perilled, whilst at Eton, by an emetic administered to him in place of a refreshing drink. The mistake was owing to an apothecary, and Boyle was more frightened than hurt. It gave him, however, a dislike to mediciners of all degrees. He pungently remarks, that "this accident made him long after apprehend more from the physicians than the disease, and was possibly the occasion that made him afterwards so inquisitively apply himself to the study of physic, that he might have the less need of them that profess it." When he became his own master, accordingly, he dosed himself, and was, like most other amateur doctors, a very unhesitating practitioner.

Soon after this came a journey to London to interrupt his desultory studies, a tertian ague to interrupt them still further, and, worst of all, the reading of "*Amadis de Gaule*," already referred to, which, if Boyle's hypothesis were true, gave so incurable a bias to his roving fancy. Scarcely had he recovered from the ague before his father arrived in England, and Boyle went to visit him. The old Earl soon found that he loved his favorite child too much to part with him again. He was taken from Eton accordingly, and resided with his father at Stalbridge, a country-seat in Dorsetshire, which Boyle afterwards inherited. The latter had contrived, during his last year at Eton, to forget most of the Latin he had learned, in conse-

quence of "the change of his old courteous schoolmaster for a new rigid fellow."

At Stalbridge, after a time, he was sent to reside with an old divine, the parson of the place, who instructed him "both with care and civility." Under his teaching he recovered his Latin, wrote French and English verses, "and began" (which is not very credible) "to be no dull proficient in the poetic strain." He burned his verses when he came of age, because, countryman though he was of Shakespeare and Spenser, and contemporary of Milton, he held that "English verses could not be certain of a lasting applause, the changes of our language being so great and sudden, that the rarest poems within few years will pass for obsolete." It would have been well if the unwise prophet had entertained the same fear of the enduringness of English prose, especially his own, and had spared posterity one, at least, of his five folio volumes.

A fresh change of masters now occurred. Boyle passed from the hands of the old divine to the care of M. Marcombes, an accomplished Frenchman; a shrewd, cynical man of the world, of the better sort; a soldier and a traveller, but not a profound scholar. With him Boyle spent a summer, reading the "Universal History," and in conversation in French, "equally diverting and instructive, which was as well consonant to the humor of his tutor as his own." We can imagine how the congenial tutor and pupil got through the day. Monsieur Marcombes, who had the superintendence of Boyle's studies for several years, did his duties faithfully, but the lake could not rise higher than the fountain. An accomplished amateur himself, he made Boyle one; and teacher and scholar were content to be amateurs.

Their busy idleness was, for a season, exchanged for unpretending playing. The Earl of Cork, who was a great encourager of early marriages in his family, concluded a match, in the autumn of 1638, between his sixth son, Francis, a lad of eighteen, and a step-daughter of Sir Thomas Stafford, one of Queen Henrietta's maids of honor. Boyle accompanied his brother to London, where he was sent, in terms of the foregone conclusion, to pay his addresses to the lady. The suit prospered; the times were too unsettled for long courtships or protracted wedding ceremonies. The parties, after a short acquaintance, were publicly married at court, in the presence of Charles the First and his consort; and four days after the wedding, "the bridegroom

extremely afflicted"—the 'bride being left behind—and his unsympathizing brother greatly delighted, were "commanded away to France." They kissed their majesties' hands; set sail on one of the last days of October, 1638; and "a prosperous puff of wind did safely by the next morning blow them into France."

Their stay on the continent was much longer than either the exiled bridegroom or Boyle anticipated or intended. Accompanied by M. Marcombes, the brothers travelled rapidly through Normandy, visited Rouen, Paris and Lyons, and settled for a season at Geneva. Here Boyle studied, with little relish, logic and rhetoric, but was "enamored of those delightful studies, arithmetic, geometry with its subordinates, the doctrine of the sphere, that of the globe, and fortification." He also took lessons in fencing and dancing, and liked the first as much as he hated the last. He amused himself with "mall, tennis, (a sport he ever passionately loved,) and, above all, the reading of romances."

This brings us to the end of 1640, and brings Boyle to his fourteenth year. It marks an important era in his personal history—the crisis of a great change in his spiritual nature—which he afterwards spoke of as the most important event in his life. We pass it by unnoticed at present, as a consideration of Boyle's mere intellectual qualities will, on the whole, furnish us with sufficient means for estimating his merits as a man of science.

In 1641, Boyle left Geneva on a tour through the north of Italy, visiting, among other places, Verona, Padua, Bologna, Ferrara, Venice and Florence. At Florence he resided for a winter, studying "the new paradoxes of the great star-gazer, Galileo," who died in the neighborhood of the city whilst Boyle and his brother were there. After a short stay at Rome, they bent their way homewards, and arrived at Marseilles in the spring of 1642, intending immediately to return to England. Instead of bills of exchange, however, to enable them to complete their journey, they found letters from their father announcing the breaking out of the general rebellion in Ireland of 1641. The Earl of Cork immediately raised troops, put them under the command of his elder sons, and maintained the soldiers at his own charge. He was a punctual paymaster; and so completely were his available funds swallowed up by the demands of his troopers, that, although a few years before he had al-

lowed his second son, Richard, (Lord Dungarvan,) a thousand pounds a year whilst on his travels, he could now with great difficulty send his two younger sons two hundred and fifty pounds to bring them home. This pittance, however, never reached them. The agent in London to whom the remittance was entrusted proved unfaithful to his trust, and the disappointed young men had to return to Geneva, and become dependents on M. Marcombes' bounty. Here, such was the distraction of affairs in Great Britain, they waited in vain for nearly two years the arrival of supplies from England; till, despairing of relief, they contrived, by raising money on some jewels in their possession, to reach their native country about the middle of the year 1644. Boyle found his father dead, and himself left heir to what in the end proved an ample estate; but, at the period of his arrival in England, its value was nominal, and he could scarcely venture to call it his own. Everything was in confusion. He scarcely knew whither to turn, and was on the eve of joining the royalist army, when, by a fortunate accident, he fell in with his sister Catharine, Lady Ranelagh, with whom he resided for some months in London. A strong attachment, which lasted through life, subsisted between Boyle and his sister, who was twelve years his senior. She was a lady of great genius, courage, and piety, and is dear to every lover of letters, as having ministered to the comforts of Milton's old age. Besides her sisterly care of Boyle, and the happy influence she exerted upon his disposition, she was able to render him an important service in his worldly affairs. The majority of her relations were Royalists, but she was connected by marriage with some of the chiefs of the Parliamentary party; and during the civil war her interest was sufficient to secure her brother's Irish and English estates from confiscation or spoliation.

Boyle returned for a short time to the Continent in 1645, to arrange his pecuniary affairs; and it is not till 1646, (O.S.) or a little more than two hundred years ago, that, at the age of twenty, he began his scientific researches. His collected works, including his life and correspondence, occupy six large closely printed folio volumes. These have been edited by Dr. Thomas Birch, and will be referred to as "Birch's Boyle:" the edition intended is that of 1772. His scientific papers alone occupy three formidable quartos, after having been largely abridged by Dr. Peter Shaw. The abridgment we

shall distinguish as "Shaw's Boyle:" the edition referred to is that of 1738.

It would be vain to attempt a systematic or chronological analysis of works so voluminous as those referred to. We must, with our limited space, be content to show what Boyle has done to extend pneumatics, and, more briefly, what he has achieved for chemistry, heat, natural history, and medicine. We select the subjects that have been least referred to in previous expositions of Boyle's labors, and of those we shall dwell chiefly on the first. Were we to attempt to discuss them all, we could only glance cursorily at each. Any one of Boyle's entire scientific investigations would equally well illustrate his intellectual qualities, and exhibit his modes of procedure as a physical inquirer. Chemistry was, on the whole, his favorite science, and would furnish the amplest illustration of his character as a philosopher. His merits and defects, however, as a chemist have been pretty fully canvassed and acknowledged, and the additions he made to the recorded facts of chemistry secure him a place in the history of that science. A late distinguished professor, indeed, guiltless of any purpose of jesting or playing upon words, once gravely summed up the memorabilia of Boyle's history in the singular epitome, that he was "the son of the Earl of Cork, and the father of modern chemistry." He was the Mentor, however, rather than the Ulysses of the chemistry of the seventeenth century, and neither made so many discoveries as many individuals among his successors have accomplished, nor showed the genius that they have displayed in bringing to light new phenomena and laws. He was more the critic and corrector of the false chemistry of his time than the leader of a new era. When he had overthrown the old science, and had cleared a space for a truer and nobler chemistry, he helped to lay the foundations of the new edifice. But he was so much occupied in preventing unwise architects from rebuilding the tottering walls he had pulled down, that he could do little himself towards forwarding the stately erections that should replace them, but supply materials for succeeding wise master-builders. His name, accordingly, occurs rarely in modern treatises on chemistry, much more rarely than in works on natural philosophy. Phosphorus, which he first introduced to the notice of English philosophers, but did not discover, has shed its radiance round his name for a century and a half, and has lighted it down to the present day. In addition to this, a certain noisome

volatile compound of sulphur, hydrogen, and nitrogen, called of old "the fuming liquor of Mr. Boyle," still continues at times to offer up its sorry incense to his memory. But otherwise, his name is rarely referred to, except by professed historians of chemistry.

In natural philosophy, however, he retains, and will retain, a high place as an observer, especially in reference to pneumatics. The first to construct and employ an air-pump in England, a very little after the earliest air-pump had been constructed in Germany, his name is inseparably connected with a department of knowledge which, dealing with the properties of the atmosphere, is indissolubly interwoven with every one of the physical sciences. We shall not, therefore, convey to the reader a false impression of the kind of reputation which Boyle possesses at the present day, if we refer to him as a natural philosopher, rather than as a chemist, although, did our limits permit, we should endeavor to show that he has done more for chemistry than most of his successors give him credit for. It would be a vain task, however, to condense six goodly folios into a few pages, and we have this additional reason, and it is our chief one, for selecting Boyle's pneumatics as the example of his scientific researches, that the early history of the air-pump in England has fallen into great and unaccountable confusion. The confusion is every day increasing, and cannot be remedied too speedily, so that a service will be rendered to present, as well as to past, science if we remove it. The subject, accordingly, is discussed somewhat fully in what follows.

Pneumatics, as a science, was little known to the ancients. An instrument corresponding to a very indifferent air-pump, was constructed by Hero of Alexandria, in which an imperfect vacuum could be produced by sucking out the air from the interior of a vessel by means of the mouth. The Alexandrian air-pump may be seen, at the present day, in the hands of our nursery maids who never heard of Hero or Alexandria. Children are amused by having a thimble or a nut-shell made to cling to the skin, after the air has been withdrawn from it by the action of the lips and cheeks. The thimble or the nut-shell vacuum is as perfect as Hero's can have been, and the mode of its production is probably as clearly apprehended in the nursery as it was in Hero's time, and for ages after. The Greeks and Romans had no air-pumps—not, however, because they had not sufficient ingenuity to

devise and construct them, for they used pumps to raise water; and an air-pump, though the cause of its efficiency in emptying a cavity of its contents is different, is merely a water-pump employed to withdraw air instead of water from a vessel. A false philosophy had taught them that nature abhorred a vacuum, so that a void was non-existent and impossible, and those who had no faith in the possibility of a vacuum, were as little likely to try to produce one, as the scientific mechanicians of our day are likely to employ their ingenuity in endeavoring to realize perpetual motion. The world universally doubted or disbelieved that such a thing as literal emptiness could exist, till, in the early half of the seventeenth century, Galileo's celebrated pupil, Torricelli, demonstrated that it could. Nature may be truly said to abhor a vacuum, but she does not forbid one. A void is difficult to produce, and still more difficult to preserve. Absolute emptiness has perhaps never been realized, but a very near approach to it has been made, and the void may be retained for a long, though not perhaps for an indefinite period. Torricelli's vacuum, which exists in the upper part of every barometer, was produced by filling with quicksilver a glass tube, shut at one end, and more than thirty inches in length. The open end was then closed with the finger, and the tube was inverted and plunged with its mouth downwards below the surface of quicksilver contained in a basin. The finger was then withdrawn, the quicksilver immediately retreated from the closed extremity of the tube, which was held perpendicularly, and sank till it left a column of the liquid metal some thirty inches long. If the tube employed were three feet in length, a space six inches long would thus be abandoned by the mercury. This space, if the experiment were properly performed, was in winter, as nearly as possible, a perfect vacuum. In summer it contained a little of the vapor of mercury. In 1654, ten years after the Torricellian vacuum had been first produced, the famous consul of Magdeburgh, Otto von Guericke, remarkable as the inventor of the electric machine, as well as the air-pump, was led to the conclusion, whilst reflecting on Torricelli's experiment, that air in virtue of its elasticity would expand when relieved from pressure, and continue to abandon a hollow vessel connected with a pump put in action, till the vessel should become ultimately vacuous. After some preliminary trials, accordingly, of another kind, he connected a glass globe,

full of air, with a syringe or pump, exactly identical in construction with one of the forms of the ordinary lift, or sucking pump, and found that by setting the piston in motion, he could empty the globe of air. He proceeded to make a number of interesting experiments; which added largely to men's knowledge of the properties of air, and have made his name and the city of his residence famous in every quarter of the civilized world. So many were the visitors that crowded to Guericke's house to witness his marvellous performances, that he had a large pump erected in his cellar, with tubes ascending into an upper room, and connected with suitable apparatus. At great receptions, the pump was driven all day by two men who kept emptying a very large copper globe of air. When an experiment was to be made, a communication was opened between this globe and the interior of much smaller vessels, the air contained in which was immediately greatly rarefied, and their cavities left nearly vacuum. Were this the proper place, we should have much to say in praise of Otto von Guericke.

The fame of the Magdeburgh experiments soon reached England, and interested no one there so much as Boyle. He had been meditating, like Guericke, on Torricelli's results, and was considering how best a vacuum might be produced on the large scale, when he learned that he had been anticipated. He would probably have succeeded in his schemes, and the likelihood of this, along with the certainty that Boyle had endeavored to construct an air-pump before 1669, has led the late Professor Robison, the writer of the able article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on Pneumatics, to claim for Boyle the merit of being an independent, though not the first inventor of the air-pump. "Boyle," he says, "invented his air-pump, and was not indebted for it to Schottus's account of Otto Von Guericke's, published in the *Mechanica Hydraulico-Pneumatica* of Schottus, in 1657, as he asserts, *Technica Curiosa*." (Enc. Br., Art. Pneumatics, p. 72.) This is complimenting Boyle at Guericke's expense, in an uncalled-for way. The former, who was eminently free from envy, meanness, or jealousy, explicitly declares in a letter to his nephew, Lord Dungarvan, of date 1659, that he did not set about the construction of an air-pump till he had heard of Guericke's "way of emptying glass vessels, by sucking out the air at the mouth of the vessel." Encouraged by the report of Guericke's success, Boyle called in the as-

sistance of Greatorex, or Gratorix, a well-known instrument-maker of the time, frequently referred to in Pepys' Diary. Between them, however, they could not succeed in fashioning a serviceable machine, and Boyle had recourse to Robert Hooke, then a youth of some three and twenty, but already remarkable for his mechanical genius. No drawing of Greatorex's contrivance has been preserved; but Hooke, who had seen it, says of it, in his cutting way, that it "was too gross to perform any great matter."

At this point, the history of the air-pump in England begins. Statements, the most erroneous and contradictory, occur in the works of writers of the highest authority, nor do we know any treatise which gives an accurate account of the steps in the invention and improvement of the machine, or which rightly marks the parties by whom they were made.

Men so eminent as Dr. Thomas Young, and Professor Baden Powell, have misled authorities of less esteem in this matter. Professor Robison, in addition to other mistakes, in his "Treatise on Pneumatics," (*Encyclopædia Britannica*), attributes one most important improvement (the double barrel) in one place to Hooke, and in another place to Hauksbee. Mr. Weld has completed the confusion, by announcing in his history, that the Royal Society has in its possession an ancient air-pump, once the property of Boyle, which is totally unlike any instrument figured or described in his works. It is time to set this matter to rights, and it may be well to remind the reader that, although the air-pump was invented in Germany, nearly all its great improvements have been made in England.

Greatorex's contrivance having been thrown aside, Hooke constructed for Boyle, in 1658 or 1659, the air-pump, with which his first series of pneumatic researches was made. The merit of devising this instrument should seem to be almost entirely Hooke's. Boyle at least claims very little to himself. His account of his first air-pump is contained in his treatise, entitled, "New Experiments, Physico-Mechanical, touching the spring of the Air and its effects, made, for the most part, in a new Pneumatical Engine; written by way of Letter to the Right Honorable Charles, Lord Viscount Dungarvan, eldest son of the Earl of Cork." The date of the letter is 1659. It is reprinted in Birch's Boyle, vol. i. Boyle mentions that he put both Mr. G. (Greatorex) and R. Hooke to

contrive an air-pump which should be more manageable than the German one, and free from its defects; and then adds, "after an unsuccessful trial or two, of ways proposed by others, the last-named person (R. Hooke) fitted me with a pump, anon to be described." (Birch's Boyle, vol. i. p. 7.) In a manuscript which was not published till after his death, Hooke himself says, "in 1658 or '9 I contrived and perfected the air-pump for Mr. Boyle." (Waller's Life of Hooke, p. 3.)

This instrument consisted "of two principal parts, a glass vessel, and a pump to draw the air out of it." The pump was so placed on a wooden tripod, as to have its mouth downwards, so that the piston-rod, or shank of the sucker, when, like the ramrod of a musket it was pushed home, ascended into the cylinder or barrel. The object of this invention was to allow the glass vessel, from which it emptied the air, to be placed in a vertical position above the pump. This glass vessel Boyle called the receiver, an apparently paradoxical title for a hollow globe, which was, if possible, to be emptied of its original contents, atmospheric air. The name, however, which is still retained, though modern air-pump receivers are differently constructed, was eminently significant, and marked an important difference between Boyle's air-pump, and Otto von Guericke's.

The receiver was a globe, or rather a pear-shaped vessel, with a large aperture at its wider upper end, provided with an air-tight movable cover. Through this aperture the vessel could be made to receive any object, such as a burning candle, or a living animal, on which it was intended to try the effects of a vacuum. The hollow stalk of the pear-shaped receiver terminated in a brass tube, provided with a stop-cock, and ground to fit into the upper end of the inverted cylinder. The latter had an opening in it close to the place where the stop-cock entered, which could be closed or opened by a brass plug, ground to fit it, and managed by the hand of the experimenter, or the worker of the pump. The piston, which had no aperture or valve in it, was not moved directly by the hand. The piston-rod had teeth cut on it at one side, so as to form a rack, which was raised or depressed by a handle acting on a pinion or toothed wheel, working into the teeth of the rack, as in the air-pumps of the present day. We shall not dwell more minutely on the peculiarities of the original English air-pump. An engraving of it will be found at the end of the first volume of Birch's Boyle, and in

the second volume of Shaw's Boyle, p. 472. It was necessary to describe it somewhat minutely, for a reason which will presently appear. The most important points to be noticed about it are, that unlike any later air-pump, the cylinder and the receiver were directly connected, and, further, that it was provided with only one barrel or pump. It appears to have been partly in reference to the former of those peculiarities, but also because he did not pretend to be able to produce an absolute vacuum, that Boyle named his instrument. He seldom calls it an air-pump. Once he speaks of Guericke's instrument as "the wind-pump, as somebody not improperly calls it." "Pneumatic pump" also but rarely occurs. The title he preferred for his instrument was that of "pneumatical engine." Others called it the "rarefying engine," and it was known over Europe as *Machina Boyleana*—Boyle's machine.

It was strictly a pneumatical, not a rarefying engine. It could be used to condense air into the globular receiver, as well as to withdraw air from it, as Boyle showed, and was thus something else than a mere vacuum-producer. Vapors and gases could also be introduced into the globe, as they were, in many of the experiments made with it. It was thus best denominated an air or pneumatical engine.

At the present day it would be considered an awkwardly contrived, ill-proportioned, and imperfect instrument. It taught Boyle, however, and his contemporaries so much, achieved such wonders, was so difficult of construction, and so costly, that its possessor called it his "Great" Pneumatical Engine. He did not retain it long in his possession. With a rare and noble liberality, he presented it to the Royal Society in 1662, so that his poorer scientific brethren, who could not afford so expensive a piece of apparatus, might study pneumatics at his cost, and multiply experiments by means of the great engine. Acts as liberal have been done by many men on their death-beds, but seldom during their life-time; and wealthy philosophers have rarely descended from the height of advantage their riches gave them, to put into poor men's hands the means of rivalling and outstripping them in their favorite pursuits.

For six or seven years Boyle turned aside from pneumatic research altogether, and no one took his place, at least in Great Britain. Finding that few new experiments had been made in the course of many years, he resumed his inquiries into the properties of the air,

and began by constructing a new air-pump. His account of this, which he distinguishes as his "Second Engine," and of the experiments which he made with it, was published in the shape of a letter to his nephew, Lord Dungarvan, entitled "A Continuation of New Experiments, Physico-Mechanical, touching the spring and weight of the air, &c. &c. Oxford 1669." The letter is dated March 24, 1667, which we may consider the year in which the second English air-pump was constructed, though it may have been finished in the preceding year. Various considerations "invited me," says Boyle, "to make some alterations in the structure, some of them suggested by others, (especially the ingenious Mr. Hooke,) and some that I added myself, as finding that without them I could not do my work."

The second pneumatical engine, like the first, had a single barrel; but the mouth of the latter, from which the piston-rod projected, was turned upwards, and the barrel stood in a wooden box, or trough, filled with water, which rose above the mouth of the cylinder, so that the latter was entirely under water. The object of this arrangement was to keep the leather of the piston, or sucker, always wet, and, as a consequence, "turgid and plump," so that it should move air-tight in the barrel. The piston, which was moved by a rack and pinion, had an aperture in it, which was closed and opened alternately, by thrusting in and pulling out a long stick, managed by the hand of the operator. But the great peculiarity and improvement in the engine was, that the receiver was not directly attached to the barrel. A tube, provided with a stop-cock, passed from the upper part of the side of the barrel, in a horizontal direction, along a groove, in a wooden board, covered by a thick iron plate, and was then bent up so as barely to project through the iron. The receiver was no longer a globe, or pear-shaped vessel, with various leaky apertures in it, but a bell-shaped, hollow, glass jar, which, turned with its mouth downwards, like an inverted drinking-glass, was, to use Boyle's homely but expressive words, "whelmed on upon the plate, well covered with cement." When the pump was wrought, the air in the bell-jar, or receiver, was drawn out through the horizontal tube. The reader familiar with pneumatics will recognize in the whole arrangement, a device which has been followed, with trifling alterations, in every later air-pump, down to the present day. Every modern air-pump has its "plate," made, however, not of iron, but of brass, or

of plate-glass; and the bell-jar receivers are whelmed on upon the air-pump plate, as they were in Boyle's day. One great advantage of this arrangement was the increased stability given to the apparatus, by transferring the heavy glass receiver, which in the first air-pump was fixed by a narrow tube to the barrel, to a flat support, on which it rested on a broad base. Another advantage was the avoidance of many apertures, which could not be kept air-tight, so that air should not leak into the receiver. For it must be remembered, that every pneumatic receiver, or other exhausted vessel, lies at or near the bottom of a deep sea of air, as a diving-bell does at the bottom of a sea of water; and the latter does not more readily rush into the bell, through the smallest fissure, than air forces its way along the most imperceptible channel, into the exhausted receiver. In the diving-bell there is air, at least, to resist the intrusion of water; but in the receiver there is a vacuum, soliciting the entrance of air. The fewer, therefore, the valves and stop-cocks, the greater the chance of producing and preserving a good vacuum. A third advantage, to mention no more, was the facility which the plate afforded for placing on it any object, such as a candle, a barometer, a thermometer, a piece of clockwork, a growing plant, or the like; and when the object was exactly arranged, bell-jars, of various dimensions and shapes, could be laid over it, and the pump set working. In the first pneumatical engine, bodies intended to be subjected to a vacuum were awkwardly inserted by a large aperture at the top of the receiver, or suspended within it by strings.

Boyle published the account of the experiments he made with his second air-pump in 1669, and laid pneumatics again almost entirely aside for seven or eight years. In 1676, however, he began to think of resuming the subject; and he was fixed in his resolution by a visit paid him by a very ingenious and inventive Frenchman, *Denis Papin*, whose name is still connected with one of his many devices, the *Bone-Digester*, a peculiar high-pressure steam-boiler, with which he effected strange triumphs in cookery. He has a place, and a high one, long overlooked, among the inventors of the steam-engine; and it will presently appear that he has a claim, also overlooked, to a high place among the inventors of the air-pump. Papin came to England in search of some situation which might afford scope for his mechanical genius. Boyle had lost the services of Hooke, whom he generously released from his en-

agements with him, in 1662, in order that he might become Curator and Experimenter to the Royal Society. Papin, for a time, became assistant to Boyle, whose indifferent health prevented him from experimenting much himself, and a new series of pneumatic researches was undertaken. This was the more readily accomplished, that Papin had brought with him "a pneumatic pump of his own, made by himself," and much superior in efficacy to either of Boyle's pneumatical engines.

An engraving and minute description of Papin's air-pump are given in Boyle's tract, entitled, "A Continuation of New Experiments, Physico-Mechanical, touching the spring and weight of the Air, and their Effects, *Second Part*." The substance of this tract was first noted down in French, by Papin, who performed most of the experiments; then translated by Boyle, or under his superintendence, into Latin, in which the treatise was first published. Afterwards, this was translated, under Boyle's supervision, into English, in which it is reprinted in Birch's Boyle, vol. iv. p. 504. We cannot give the original date of the Latin or English editions of the tract, which must be regarded as the joint production of Boyle and Papin, but the experiments recorded in it are all dated. The first bears date July 11, 1676, (B. B. iv. 519,) the last, February 17, 1679, (B. B. iv. 593.) Papin's air-pump, which he brought with him, is, therefore, at least as old as 1676, which may be considered the date of its introduction into England. Its great peculiarity, as contrasted with former air-pumps, was, that it had two barrels. It was, according to Boyle, Papin's own contrivance. The former, referring to the use he made of the latter's mechanical devices in prosecuting his researches, says: "Not a few of the mechanical instruments, (especially the double pump and wind-gun,) which sometimes were of necessary use to us in our work, are to be referred to his invention, who also made some of them, at least in part, with his own hands." (B. B. iv. 506.)

Papin's air-pump was a curious machine; it had two pumps standing side by side, the mouths of the barrels being turned upwards. Each of the piston-rods terminated in a stirrup, attached to its upper end, and the stirrups were connected by a rope or cord, which passed over a vertical grooved wheel, or large pulley, fixed on a movable axis. To work the machine, the exerciser of the pumps, as he is called in the original account, put his feet into the stirrups, and holding on, as it

should seem, by his hands, to the upper part of the frame-work of the pump, or leaning against it, (for the description is not precise on this particular,) moved his feet alternately up and down, as a hand-loom weaver does, or a culprit on the treadmill. The pistons, or suckers, which were bottomless brass cylinders, had valves opening upwards, like that of an ordinary water-pump; and similar valves were placed at the bottom of the cylinders, which were filled with water to a certain height, that the pistons might move air-tight in them. From the cylinders, tubes passed to a common canal, terminating in the air-pump plate, on which receivers to be exhausted were laid, as in Boyle's second engine.

The advantages of Papin's arrangement were very great. When a single pump is used, it becomes increasingly difficult, as the exhaustion proceeds, to draw out the piston against the pressure of the external air, which comes, towards the end, to oppose an unresisted force, equal to nearly fifteen pounds on each square inch, to the extrusion of the piston. When the piston, on the other hand, is pushed home, it is driven into the barrel with the same force which resists its withdrawal, and is liable to break the valves, or injure the bottom of the cylinder. But if the piston-rods of adjoining cylinders are balanced against each other, as those in Papin's machine were, so that the one ascends as the other descends, the evils described are all obviated. The resistance which the air offers to the ascent of the one piston is balanced, or nearly so, by the force with which it compels the other piston to descend, so that the two hang against each other almost in equilibrio. A very slight expenditure of force, accordingly, little more than is requisite to overcome the friction of the moving parts, suffices for the working of the pump. A double-barrelled air-pump not only exhausts twice as expeditiously as a single-barrelled one, but does double work for nearly the same expenditure of force. In this respect there is an essential difference between a double-barrelled air-pump and a double-barrelled gun. In the latter, a double effect is gained only at the expense of a double expenditure of time and force. Two gun-barrels require twice the charge, loading, ramming, priming, and firing of one barrel, and take twice the time to load. In the air-pump, on the other hand, the working of the one piston renders much more easy the work of the other, and diminishes the time requisite for working both. The barrels of a musket are isolated, though lying side by side, and are not mutually dependent;

but the pistons of the air-pump are, as it were, organically connected, like twins, and aid each other's movements. The peculiarity of Papin's device would have been more apparent, if his machine had been called, not the double-barrelled, but the twin-piston air-pump. The twin-pistons were not the only advantage of Papin's pump; its valves were opened and shut by the air which passed through the apertures they covered, so that the valves were self-acting, like those of a water-pump. If the pistons were only kept alternately ascending and descending, nothing else was needed for the working of the machine. In Boyle's pneumatical engines, on the other hand, in addition to the labor of working the pump, the operator had, at every stroke of the piston, to shut a stop-cock and thrust in a plug, or to open a stop-cock and pull out a plug. His engines, therefore, could not be wrought swiftly.

It is not a little singular, that Papin's air-pump should have been overlooked by most later inventors and writers, at least in England. We have not found it referred to in any recent work of authority, although its curious stirrup-arrangement, which has been employed in no English air-pump, might have been expected to attract attention towards it. Papin is mentioned by Nairne, incidentally, as an improver of the air-pump, (Phil. Trans. 1777, p. 635.) Dr. Hutton, in his Mathematical Dictionary, (1796, vol. i, p. 55,) mentions Papin's two barrels and twin-pistons, but not the stirrup-arrangement. In Shaw's Boyle the whole machine is described and figured, but Papin's name is not once mentioned; an omission which, at the present day, would be considered inexcusable in an editor or abridger. The double pump must pass, with Shaw's readers, for an invention of Boyle's; yet even the latter's great name has not kept the double-barrelled stirrup air-pump in remembrance—a significant proof how little Boyle's works, even when abridged, are read by the very historians of his labors.

It is in connection with the double-barrelled air-pump that the accepted history of the instrument is chiefly erroneous, but the mistakes made in reference to the more complex engine, have ultimately involved in confusion even the authentic records of the steps by which the earlier single-barrelled pump was improved. Recent writers on pneumatics, having overlooked Papin's machine, whilst they universally acknowledge the importance of two barrels with the pistons counterbalancing each other, have attributed this great improvement to Boyle, to Hooke,

or to Hawksbee, an admirable observer and very ingenious mechanic, who flourished in the first decade of the eighteenth century. Professor Baden Powell, in his interesting History of Natural Philosophy (p. 235) says, "Boyle made the first improvement, and reduced the air-pump to nearly its present construction." So general a statement, in a brief popular treatise, would not in itself, perhaps, call for criticism. It is quoted, however, by Mr. Weld, and has contributed, along with other things, to mislead him into a curious error, which, if uncontradicted, will propagate a grave mistake. The point of Professor Powell's statement lies in the word "nearly." In our judgment, he uses it with much too great a latitude. Boyle's two pneumatical engines were awkward in construction, and without self-acting or mechanical valves. They could not be wrought swiftly, and they produced only an imperfect vacuum. Boyle himself ingenuously and ungrudgingly acknowledges, that Guericke's pumps exhausted better than his. In compliment to his beautiful pneumatic researches, the whole of Europe, designedly passing by the prior claims of the burgomaster of Magdeburgh, called the air-pump vacuum, "*Vacuum Boylianum*." Boyle accepted the name, not as a compliment, but as a designation of what he intended when he used the word vacuum in his treatises. It referred to something between an absolute plenum and an absolute vacuum. It approached to the latter, but fell short of it. It was not Nature's vacuum, the thing she so much abhorred, but Boyle's vacuum, the best that the Honorable Robert Boyle could produce with his pneumatical engines. It seems well to notice, although it is a digression, lest we should be thought to have forgotten our duty as biographers, that those things are not pointed out to disparage the genius of the great philosopher. Professor Powell's statement lessens instead of exalting Boyle's claims to our admiration. His merit lies not in having constructed a perfect air-pump, but in having made an excellent use of a very imperfect one. There is a well-known class of painters who are always wandering about in search of "a good light," whilst Wilkies are completing great pictures in dim garrets. There is an equally well-known class of natural philosophers, forever roving from mechanician to mechanician in search of better instruments; while others are discovering new planets, new living beings, or new elements, by apparatus which their dissatisfied brethren can demonstrate to

be unfit for the purpose. Boyle did not belong to this tribe. He spared no cost, or time, or trouble, in endeavoring to obtain a good air-pump, but he did not aim at an ideal perfection. With what he was aware was an imperfect instrument, he fell to work and achieved wonders. His clear, keen, cautious spirit supplemented all defects in mere machinery.

It should seem, however, according to the evidence hitherto produced, that Hauksbee, not Hooke himself, first applied the latter's device to the double air-pump. Nevertheless, Hooke is entitled to be named in connection with his own contrivance, and thus he will have a three-fold connection with the instrument, as deviser of the first air-pump, as one of the devisers of the second, and as the author of the method of raising and depressing the pistons in the fourth. Yet it cannot be denied, that the great merit of the early double pump, does not consist in the mode, whatever it be, employed to move the pistons, but in their mutual twin dependence, and in the arrangement of the self-acting valves. To Papin all this merit belongs. Whether he was the inventor of the instrument he showed to Boyle, we cannot positively affirm. Boyle understood that he was. Winkler, who was professor of natural philosophy at Leipsic, in the middle of last century, in his "*Elements of Natural Philosophy*," gives a good sketch of the history of the air-pump. Hauksbee and Leupold, of Leipsic, who was contemporary with Hauksbee, are the only parties to whom Winkler refers as having a claim to be considered inventors of the double air-pump. He makes no allusion to Papin's. M. Libes, in his *Hist. des Progrès de la Physique*, states, that Papin and Hauksbee are the only claimants of the double pumps; and that Cotes of Cambridge, a contemporary of Hauksbee, attributed the invention to Papin. (T. iii. p. 56.)

The reader will now understand why we should think it in the highest degree improbable that the double-barrelled air-pump of the Royal Society ever belonged to Boyle. It is possibly a relic of Hooke's, and of the seventeenth century, but more probably a memento of Hauksbee, and belonging to the eighteenth century.

The modern air-pump was conducted through its first improvements by four successive steps, which we briefly recapitulate for the sake of such readers as wish only the fruits of an historical investigation.

I. 1659. The construction of a pneuma-

tical engine, consisting of a single-barrelled pump, with a solid piston moved by a rack and pinion, and a globular glass receiver directly communicating with the cylinder.

II. 1667. The separation of the glass receiver from the cylinder, and introduction of the air-pump plate, on which bell jars could be placed and used as receivers.

III. 1676. The introduction of the double-barrelled pump, with self-acting valves in the cylinders and pistons, and with piston rods suspended at opposite ends of a cord, passing over a pulley.

IV. 1704. The combination of the rack and pinion of the first and second air-pumps, with the two barrels, twin pistons, and self-acting valves of the third.

Great improvements have been made in air-pumps, even recently, although they do not generally differ much in external appearance from those constructed by Hauksbee in the beginning of last century. The perfection of an air-pump lies in certain nice mechanical adjustments of concealed valves, and other internal, and for the time invisible, arrangements, so that mere similarity or even identity of outward appearance is no criterion of equality in effective power. An ordinary observer could not, by a casual inspection, distinguish a chronometer which varies only a second in a week, from a chronometer which keeps time no better than a Dutch clock. We must guard against the notion that no improvements have been made since Boyle's day, because air-pumps look the same. Historians of past successes, we would avoid the error into which historians so easily fall, of exaggerating the past because it is the past. The catholic, generous Boyle, were he to revive among us, would gaze with wonder and delight at our glass-barrelled, glass-plated, exquisite air-pumps, and cease to call his own the Great Pneumatical Engine.

Boyle was not eminently constructive, in the matter of mechanical devices, but he was very inventive in devising appropriate experiments, and he could always compass their execution. Hence it happened, that, though Otto Guericke, a man of great genius, had the start of Boyle by some five years, the latter made so much better use than Guericke of the air-pump, that it was named, by admiring Europe, Boyle's, not Guericke's, machine.

There are few of the mechanical properties of the atmosphere which he did not learn for himself, and teach to others, by his instrument. Its vital or life-sustaining pow-

ers, he understood better than most even of the learned physicians and naturalists of his time. He made some progress in investigating the chemical relations of the air, and ingeniously converted his pneumatical engine, as occasion required, into a retort, an alembic, a still with its condenser, and a gas apparatus, in which he evolved and liquefied fumes and vapors, and eliminated gases by "corrosion and fermentation." Galileo, Torricelli, Pascal, Guericke, and others had shown that air is heavy, and that it exerts a great pressure on all bodies within it. Boyle multiplied and varied the proofs of this by endless impressive and convincing experiments. He made a tolerable approximation towards exactly determining the specific gravity of air, as compared both with water and mercury, and came nearer the true number than any of his early contemporaries.

The power of air to conduct sound had been long vaguely credited, then doubted, and finally, as it appeared, proved not to exist. Endeavors had been made to settle the question by very ingenious experiments with the Torricellian vacuum, in which a sounding body was placed, in the expectation that, when made to vibrate, no sound would be heard. Allowance, however, was not made for the conducting power of the walls enclosing the vacuum, and the trial, in consequence, was conducted in such a way as to allow the sounding body to strike on the solid glass boundaries of the void, as the tongue or hammer of a bell strikes the bell. A sound, accordingly, loud and clear, was heard, and the conclusion was drawn that the presence of air is not essential to the conduction of sounds, even when those are produced, like the cries of birds flying high in the air, or a peal of thunder, in circumstances where they cannot be conveyed to the ear along solid conductors. Guericke repeated the trial with his air-pump, and found that sound was not transmitted through a vacuum. The experiment, however, taught him little. He does not appear to have expected the absence of air to annihilate sound. He seems to have thought, that if air conducted sounds, we should not hear these when much to the leeward of a sounding body. Guericke confounded the transference of sounds, by a series of waves or undulations, *through* the air, with its carrying or conveyance, like smoke, *by* the air. A mistake of the same kind is constantly made in reference to all the physical forces, such as light and heat, which are propagated by undulations or vibrations. A simple experi-

ment and a familiar observation will correct the false conception, and show what misled Guericke. The experiment is to drop a stone into a still pool. A ring-like undulation immediately commences to travel from the place where the stone plunged into the water, and, increasing in diameter, spreads on every side, till it reaches the shores of the lake. But the outer wave which ripples on the shore is not the very water which the stone first disturbed. Each particle of water changes its place very little, and moves only through a small space, although the impulse commenced by the stone travels over a wide area. A sounding body causes air to undulate, as the stone does the water.

The observation which may be considered equivalent to an experiment tried for us by nature, is the spectacle of a field of growing corn, shaken by a gentle wind. When we look at such a field, we see wave after wave sweep over the nodding grain from one side of the cultivated space to the opposite. The ears of corn, however, have not been swept from one corner of the field to the other. Each ear, anchored by its stalk to the soil, has only moved forward a little space in the direction of the wind, and then moved back to its original position. Sound travels through the atmosphere in the same way, not borne along with moving particles of the atmosphere, which fly like arrows, carrying the sound with them, but propagated as a vibration transferred from particle to particle of the air, which is thrown into undulations, but does not flow as a current. The effect of a sounding body on the atmosphere is like that produced when we strike the first of a long row of billiard-balls, so as to make it impinge on the second. An impulse runs along the line, moving each intermediate ball very little, but causing the last to fly off from the row. Another striking illustration of what we are seeking to explain, is supplied by the firing of a great gun. The flash of the cannon is rendered visible to the eye by a series of very swift undulations, which travel in every direction from the cannon as a centre. The sound, in like manner, by slower undulations through the atmosphere, reaches the ear, whilst the smoke does not radiate from a centre, but is carried by the air entirely to windward.

How far Boyle understood all this, we cannot precisely tell, but he was one whom no theory would prevent from subjecting to direct trial, what he thought experiment only could decide. Undeterred by the results of the investigations of Guericke and others, he

tried for the first time, in an unexceptionable way, whether sounds are inaudible in a vacuum. His *experimentum crucis* was as simple and elegant as it was decisive. He hung within the globular receiver of his great pneumatical engine, by a thin string, a watch with its case open. The receiver was large enough to contain sixty wine-pints of fluid, so that the watch, suspended in its centre, was far removed from the glass walls of the globe.

The sounding body was thus detached from all solid conductors, the thin string excepted, which was as slight a conductor as well could be used to support the watch. When all had been arranged, the air was slowly withdrawn from the receiver, and the beating of the time-piece, which was loudly audible at first, fell fainter and fainter upon the ear as the exhaustion proceeded, till at length it ceased to be audible at all, whilst the silent hands moved as before round the dial plate, showing that the movements of the watch had not ceased, but only their sound. The air was then slowly readmitted, when the sound reappeared, waxed louder and louder, and finally reached its previous intensity, when the receiver was filled as at first, with air.

The experiment was repeated by Boyle in various ways, and the ingenuity of later observers has supplied many contrivances for making the experiment demonstrative to large audiences, by whom the ticking of a time-piece could not be heard. The original trial, however, was complete. Since Boyle's time, no natural philosopher has doubted that the air is the great and essential medium of sound.

From the earliest times, the necessity of air to the maintenance of combustion must have been more or less distinctly perceived, yet the notions of the ancients on the subject were at the best very vague. Nor could Boyle do more than dissipate some of the vagueness; yet he did a great deal. With untiring patience, he inclosed in his engine lighted candles, portfires, loaded pistols, which he fired by dextrous contrivances, and many other arrangements of combustible bodies, which he rapidly cut off from a supply of air, or did not kindle, as in the case of gunpowder, till the air was withdrawn. He did not interpret, or he misinterpreted much that he saw that was instructive enough: but he understood a great deal of what he witnessed. He could not only infallibly demonstrate that without air, flame could not exist, but he dimly foresaw what, apparently,

might be easily apprehended, and yet was not clearly perceived till a century later, that a burning body is not parting with some fiery essence or principle to the air, the loss of which renders it incombustible, but is robbing the air of part of its substance, which is added to the burning mass, and makes it insusceptible of combustion. If a flaming candle owed its luminousness simply to its giving off an inflammable principle, it should flame brightest in a vacuum, which would solicit the evolution of the principle of heat and light, whereas a candle will not flame at all in a void, but disappears, as if snuffed out, by invisible snuffers. The moon has no atmosphere, and, therefore, we may be certain no tallow-chandlers, no camphene lamps, or coal gas companies. No lunar Diogenes goes about seeking for an honest man, at least with a lantern. The only torch that would suit a cynic in the moon, is the electric light, which feeds upon electricity, and not upon air.

Imperfect as Boyle's views on combustion were, they greatly exceeded, in clearness, those of his immediate successors. It was by defect and omission that he erred, as well as Mayow and Hooke, who also, for their time, had unusually accurate notions of the nature of combustion, rather than by holding positively erroneous opinions. After those clear thinkers came the Dark Middle Age of modern chemistry, with its chimera of a "phlogiston," or invisible, unsubstantial fire-essence, in theory an entity and yet a nonentity; in fact, a veritable dark lantern, which Lavoisier at last succeeded in knocking to pieces, after satisfying every reasonable person that there never had been, at any time, a light within the lantern to make it worth preserving. A hundred years of retrograde speculation on combustion, divide Boyle's clear views on the subject from the clearer but still defective views of Cavendish, Watt, Priestley, and Scheele, which culminated in Lavoisier's clearest announcement of the theory of burning, in which, nevertheless, as in the sun, the telescope of a more modern chemistry can see dark spaces.

Respiration and combustion are closely analogous as chemical phenomena. The first man that quickened a smouldering brand by blowing upon it, had discovered that the breath of life is also the nourisher of flame. The eastern moralist compared life to a vapor. The quenched, inverted torch was a classical emblem of death, and the modern poet sings of the "Vital spark of heavenly flame." Boyle was one of the first to give

such expressions a literal signification, and to announce, with no little clearness, the aphorism of modern chemistry, that no gas or gaseous mixture, in which a candle goes out, will support animal life. As he, like all the chemists of his century, confounded the various gases under a common name of air, it was impossible that he should announce the aphorism in the terms we now do, but he substantially gave expression to it. No subject interested him more than the relation of life to air. He tried a great number of experiments, many of them, it must be confessed, very cruel, as to the influence of a vacuum on living animals.

It was with no wanton cruelty, still less in the spirit of philosophic indifference, that Boyle tortured animals. Burnet tells us that his sensitiveness to their sufferings made him abandon the study of anatomy, in that age prosecuted with a needless amount of infliction of pain on living creatures. We can well believe this, for it was quite in keeping with the amiability and benevolence of Boyle's character; but no indications of his humanity appear in the records of his pneumatic researches. Experiments which would shock our readers if but alluded to, and which involved inconceivable and protracted agony to their subjects, are as calmly related as if they had been performed upon a candle or a time-piece. This would not seem wonderful in a strictly scientific narration, which supposed pain taken for granted, and left it unnoticed. But it was not Boyle's way to progress through a subject, like a railway train implicitly guided by the rails, nor even like a stage-coach, keeping, on the whole, the middle of the road. He got over his ground as travellers ride across Salisbury Plain, by a kind of zigzag progression, which can make the sharpest angles on either side without risk of breaking a fence, or striking a wall, or falling over a bridge. Yet not a whisper does he utter as to the cruelties he was perpetrating, although Hooke, who has the reputation of being an unamiable man, when describing an experiment on a living animal cannot forbear giving vent to remorseful expressions as to the pain which the experiment cost himself as a performer and spectator, nor omit recording that he will never repeat so cruel a deed. The explanation of the anomaly is to be found in the intense conviction Boyle had, that his air-pump experiments would immensely improve physiology, enlarge men's knowledge of the nature of respiration, and put in the hands of the physician new methods of lessening human suffering.

The stream of Boyle's benevolence had scooped for itself one great channel, in which, fraught with gifts for his brethren, it all ran. He thought not of the agonies of a bird, when its pantings in the vacuum promised to teach him how to cheat consumption out of her victims. Nor should it be forgotten that Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood had filled the disciples of Bacon with as extravagant expectations as to the results which should flow from the extension of his discovery, as men now-a-days anticipate from the triumphs of galvanism. The sacredness of even human life was forgotten. It is scarcely credible at the present day, that the chief physicians of London, contemporary with Boyle, applied to the presiding physician of Bedlam, for a lunatic, into whose veins they proposed to inject an animal's blood. When this extraordinary request was refused, they succeeded in persuading a crazy scholar, an emeritus out-pensioner of St. Luke's, though not on its roll, to submit to have sheep's blood transfused into his blood-vessels. Henry Oldenburgh, the thrifty Secretary of the Royal Society, may still be heard, in an existing letter in the Boyle Correspondence, chuckling over the crazy man risking life and what remained of reason for a guinea!

When men fared so, we cannot wonder that it went ill with pigeons and frogs. Boyle forgot everything but the mighty improvements in medicine which were likely to result from his experiments, and showed no mercy. And it is consolatory to think, that the transient sufferings of the innocent creatures he tortured, have served to lessen the agonies of generations of men, although the state of physiology in his day long prevented any harvest being reaped from his trials. Till Priestley discovered oxygen, and Cavendish showed the chemical composition of air, and Lavoisier expounded the true relation of oxygen to combustion, respiration was an enigma, nor is it yet a perfectly solved problem. Boyle, however, had the faith of genius in the value of his early expositions of the relation of the atmosphere to life, and committed them contentedly, as a seed which should yet bear the choicest fruit, to the hands of his successors. His good taste was not so conspicuous as his faith. In the drawing of his second pneumatical engine he has introduced a revolting picture of a miserable cat struggling in the agonies of suffocation. In his medallion portrait, as already noticed, he has a bird in the receiver of his air-pump. The most maligned of French Vivisectors would not venture on such drawings at the

present day. Boyle was in many respects before his age; but noble Christian as he was, he was tinctured with its barbarity. The designs referred to, however, are important proofs of the value he set upon his experiments on animals.

We can say no more concerning his air-pump researches, although much remains unnoticed; neither can we dwell upon the services he has rendered science indirectly, by the proofs he gave of the value of his machine as an instrument of research.

There is scarcely one of the physical sciences which is not indebted to the air-pump. Optics employs it to measure the refractive powers of gases. The science of heat has been indebted to it, in the hands of Leslie, Faraday, and others, for great strides of progression. Acoustics by means of it ascertains the laws which regulate the propagation of sound through elastic fluids. In many ways it is essential to the researches of the natural philosopher and physiologist, and it is an essential appendage of every chemist's laboratory. It forms an essential part of the condensing steam-engine, and is employed on the largest scale in the purification of sugar, and in other economical processes. If it has failed in its most gigantic application, that, namely, of the atmospheric railway, Boyle, at least, is not to blame. Had the projectors of that scheme looked back two centuries, and read the philosopher's wailings over the failure even of the best sticking plaster to close the chinks in his receiver, they would have thought twice before they tried to realize their project. When we think of all the air-pump has effected, we feel compelled to retract what we have said against Boyle's earliest and rudest instrument, and to unite with him in calling it the Great Pneumatical Engine.

Had our limits permitted, it would have been pleasant to dwell on Boyle's other achievements as a physical philosopher. We should have tried to show what an active investigator of the laws of heat he was, often mistaken, always ingenious; sometimes successful in bringing to light striking phenomena, and elucidating remarkable laws. He was the first to introduce into Great Britain the famous Florentine weather-glasses, which the short-lived but memorable *Accademia del Cimento* taught Europe how to make. England came thus to be provided with delicate thermometers earlier than countries lying nearer Italy; and a great impetus towards the study of heat was communicated to the natural philosophers of our country. Boyle

took a leading part in prosecuting the subject. He devised some very useful forms of the thermometer, and assisted in discovering a process by which the instrument might be infallibly graduated, so that all thermometers should agree in their indications—that is, should point to the same figure on their scale, when the heat affecting them was the same. He did not, however, perfect a method of graduation. Hooke, Halley, and others, went further than he did, and Newton outstripped them all. The modern thermometer is as much his, as the glass prism.

It would have been pleasant also to have shown how endless his distillations, cohobations, sublimations and fermentations were, and what glimpses he got of great discoveries, which, nevertheless, he missed. He toiled unceasingly beside the huge furnace, which the Hermetic philosophers of his day thought essential to their work, and constructed of dimensions large enough to rival a limekiln, or serve a glasshouse, as may be learned from his letters and folios, by the smiling chemist of the present day, whose crucible-furnace would go into his hat, and his blowpipe into his waistcoat pocket. Boyle called himself the "Sceptical Chymist," but he had a weak side towards alchemy. He was constantly begging, borrowing, or purchasing medical recipes, and much of his time was wasted in the manufacture of specifics. Religious considerations probably precluded him from faith in the alchemist's long sought for elixir of life, which should confer an earthly immortality on mankind. The elixir was the specific of specifics, which made lesser specifics needless; the cure for the one disease, Death, which swallows up all others. Boyle did not believe in such a specific, but there was nothing in Scripture to forbid the belief that the day might come when man's God-given skill should succeed in neutralizing disease, and Health should walk side by side with Life up to the very gates of the tomb. Boyle's furnaces, accordingly, were always at work, concocting elixirs of health, but their ineffectual fires blazed in vain. The dyspeptic, melancholic elixir-maker himself, was a poor specimen of the worth of his specifics, though this was, perhaps, as it should be. The alchemical professors of transmutation never had by any chance a penny in their purses, and the hermetic process always began by the begging of so much base metal which the adept should transmute into silver or gold. Boyle was a staunch believer in transmutation, as he was well entitled to be, for there is no æ

priori objection to its possibility, as there is to the possibility of a self-sustaining perpetual motion, and in his time there appeared many proofs of transmutation having been effected. It may be realized any day. Boyle tried to multiply the precious metals, and the gold showed symptoms at least of coming. He amazed himself, and alarmed Newton, who counselled concealment, by an experiment where gold and mercury being mingled together grew very hot, and the latter seemed going to fix. There was nothing very alarming in the experiment, after all. It was only a costly way of illustrating, what a little gunpowder would have shown better, and a great deal more cheaply, that chemical combination is accompanied by the evolution of heat. Not long before his death, Boyle procured the repeal of a statute of Henry IV., which forbade "the multiplying of gold and silver," so that more successful transmuters than himself might engage in the fixation of mercury, without fear of their lives.

As a naturalist he was indefatigable. He observed for himself, collected specimens, read largely, and carried on an extensive correspondence with every quarter of the globe. Every one was pressed into his service, from the English ambassadors abroad, to the laborers in his gardens, and the sailors he fell in with. It was a transition-age, half credulous, half sceptical, but more the former than the latter, and many of Boyle's correspondents had eyes only for the wonderful. Among his unpublished works is a manuscript record of conversations with sea-captains and pilots. What wonderful things sea-captains behold we know, and how ready they are to charm willing ears with them. Boyle was a very cautious, though inquisitive man, and had a great stock of common sense. He needed it all in estimating the value of the recitals made to him; and we need neither wonder nor blame, if he sometimes stamped as authentic, narrations which, in reality, were half genuine mixtures of inaccurate observations, unintentional deceptions, and deliberate lies. He winnowed the wheat from the chaff, on the whole, very fairly, if we remember how imperfect his winnowing shovel was, and that there was but his solitary one at work. We may compare him, as a critic and methodizer of the natural history of his time, to one of the Californian gold-washers of our own day. Up to his knees in water he stood, provided with one small wooden bowl, of his own making, with which to sift the gold from the sand. Down came the river, bringing grains

of the true metal; brassy pyrites particles, which, to many eyes, looked more metallic than the gold; yellow mica scales glistening brighter than the pyrites; pebbles, gravel, shingles, clay, sand and mud. With wonderful dexterity, everything considered, Boyle contrived to let nearly all but the gold flow on; and if he occasionally mistook grains of the pyrites or mica for the noble metal, let it not be forgotten that his cautious temper made him err on the safe side, and think it better to save a little dross which could afterwards be purged out, than to permit any of the gold to escape.

What Boyle did in Physics proper, in hydrostatics, for example, and in electricity, we must pass by. His discoveries in these would have won a reputation for a less versatile observer. We must notice him, however, as the self-appointed professor of an important art. We have called him already an Amateur Doctor. It would be fairer to style him an Emeritus Physician. Padua or Leyden might have been proud of him, and gave the Doctor's hat to many less accomplished students of medicine. He knew anatomy well, and was often present at dissections. The meagre physiology of his time he had more than mastered, for his air-pump experiments on living animals threw new light on the great functions of respiration and the circulation of the blood. The properties of blood and bone, and of the other secretions and tissues of the body, he made the subjects of repeated analyses. His knowledge of natural history made him familiar with the medicinal virtues of plants and minerals; and his chemical skill, we have seen, was constantly exerted in preparing novel remedies. He amassed an immense collection of empirical recipes, and tried them on himself, on his friends, or, through the physicians he knew, on their patients. It is curious, indeed, to remark his eagerness on this point. Whatever else he and his immense host of correspondents write about, the majority of them have something to say about specifics. Now it is a request that "the incomparable Mr. Boyle" will send them a little of "Ens Veneris." Then it is an announcement from a physician, that he finds "*Aqua Limacum*," (snail-water,) or some other abomination, a powerful remedy. It was a certain way to Boyle's good graces to send him a new recipe, which he acknowledged by presenting the sender in return with one of his choicest formulæ, or a packet or vial of some catholicon, as insect or shell collectors exchange specimens. Ev-

ery one assisted him. William Penn sent him Red Indian cures; Locke gathered plants for him at the due season of the year. Boyle came in the end to be gratuitous consulting physician and apothecary-general to a great section of England. Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians did not hesitate to submit cases to him, and he was a prompt and bold practitioner. In 1665 Oxford gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Physic.

Doctor Boyle's dispensatory was a catalogue of as vile abominations as ever sick man was compelled to swallow. The compilers of the *Pharmacopæias* of his time—for he was not a solitary transgressor—almost seem to have gone on the principle that the more loathsome the source of a remedy, the more potent was it likely to prove. Let invalids of the present day drink with composure their bitterest potions, and be thankful that they are not required, as their forefathers were, to turn cannibals, and masticate powdered human skulls, or the "ashes of a toad burned alive in a new pot." The nature of the subject forbids enlargement on what is an important chapter in the history of science, interesting to the moralist as well as to the physician, and full of humiliating proofs that we are all Clodios. "What we fear of death" makes every other repulsive thing lose its loathsomeness and horror. Life is gladly purchased on the most hateful terms. If any reader thinks we exaggerate, let him turn to Boyle's "Usefulness of Philosophy," which he will find abridged in Shaw's "Boyle," vol. i, p. 94, and read the paragraph at the bottom of the page. If that does not satisfy him, he can read on. He will not read long, without exclaiming, with King Lear, "An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

In the occupations we have described, more than forty years wore away; but before we say anything further concerning Boyle's deeds, it will be well to resume his personal history, which we carried no further than the close of his minority. This may best be effected by going back, for a brief space, to the narrative of Philaretus. The reader who knows it only so far as we have yet abridged it, and who is familiar with the wan, wasted, melancholy countenance, which looks out from the engraved frontispiece of Boyle's works, will find it difficult to connect that mournful face with the commentary on it, which his autobiography supplies. Yet the account is his own, and we have not selected passages which should show him to

disadvantage. Those which we have taken, and others which are passed over, display him rather as an estimable, than an engaging youth. If he faithfully acknowledges his faults, he is no less careful to point out his virtues, and this with a minuteness and complacency not prepossessing.

There were better qualities, however, in Boyle, than those we have yet seen, and they were destined, as well as his weaknesses, to an early ripening. Whilst resident at Geneva, an event occurred, which, as we have already hinted, he was accustomed "to mention as the considerablest of his whole life." To prepare his readers for this occurrence, he tells us, in language quaint, but dignified, that up to the period of its happening, "though his inclinations were ever virtuous, and his life free from scandal, and inoffensive, yet had the piety he was master of already so diverted him from aspiring unto more, that Christ, who long had lain asleep in his conscience, (as he once did in the ship) must now, as then, be waked by a storm." In the dead of night he was roused from his slumbers by the thunders of a fearful tempest. Waking with the alarm that always attends sudden starting from sleep, he gazed in terror at the unceasing flashes of lightning till he "began to imagine them the sallies of that fire that must consume the world." The noise of the heavy rain, and the roaring of the winds, loud enough at times to drown the echo of the thunder, "confirmed him in his apprehension of the day of judgment being at hand, whereupon the consideration of his unpreparedness to welcome it, and the hideousness of being surprised by it in an unfit condition, made him resolve and vow, that if his fears were that night disappointed, all his further additions to his life should be more religiously employed." Boyle does not conceal that "his fear was (and he blushed it was so) the occasion of his resolution of amendment," but he also tells us that "the morning came, and a serener, cloudless sky returned, when he ratified his determination so solemnly that, from that day, he dated his conversion." This happened when he was some fourteen years old. In after life, Boyle's religion was conspicuously free from the recognition of dread of punishment of crime, or the barter of good works for reward, as the grounds of Christian love and obedience. "Piety," he said, "was to be embraced, not so much to gain heaven, as to serve God with."

The piety which one grand natural spectacle awakened, another was first to

shake to its foundations, and then to confirm. Soon after witnessing the thunder-storm, Boyle made some excursions through Dauphiny and the south of France. Whilst at Grenoble, "his curiosity at last led him to those wild mountains, where the first and chiefest of the Carthusian abbeys does stand seated; where the devil, taking advantage of that deep rav-
ing melancholy, so sad a place, his humor, and the strange stories and pictures he found there of Bruno, the father of that order, suggested such strange and hideous distracting doubts of some of the fundamentals of Christianity, that, though his looks did little betray his thoughts, nothing but the forbiddingness of self-despatch hindered his acting it. But after a tedious languishment of many months in this tedious perplexity, at last it pleased God, one day he had received the sacrament, to restore unto him the withdrawn sense of His favor."

In the sketch of Boyle in the "Biographie Universelle," of which Cuvier was one of the writers, allusion is made to the resemblance in cast of mind to Pascal, which Boyle's melancholy showed. It has been no such rare thing, however, among students of physics any more than among men of warm hearts and sensitive imaginations, that Boyle and Pascal should stand alone as displaying it. The "Anatomy of Melancholy" has to do with all sorts of men, but chiefly with those possessed of very limited or very great intellectual gifts. Minds delicately poised are easily thrown off their equilibrium; like fine balances, which weigh to the almost incredible fraction of a grain, and as a consequence are deranged by the presence of a trace of dust in one scale, and would have a set to one side given them by the down of a moth's wing lying in one pan. Delicate balances, also, are easily strained if overloaded; and the same law in great measure regulates the mental weighing of all kinds of truth. Students of the physical sciences are often referred to, as if their studies had no tendency to ruffle the spirits or overtask the intellect. Cowper in one of his letters, referring to the stir which the public ascent of a balloon had occasioned, contrasts his own sadness with the cheerfulness of the philosophers too much occupied and delighted with the outer world to brood much inwardly. Nor can it be questioned, that a relish for the natural sciences prevents that morbid introversion of spirit

which metaphysical speculation, whether of an intellectual or emotional and æsthetical character, tends to encourage, where there is a natural tendency toward inward brooding. But it is the observation of the striking phenomena, not the study of the laws of physical science, that has the enlivening effect. Naturalists of the merely observing and describing class, and experimenters, fond only of showy phenomena and dextrous manipulations, are a cheerful, gregarious race, delighted with a new specimen or a new machine, and happiest when imparting their pleasure to others. But when we rise to the great discoverers and lawgivers in physical science, we find a vein of melancholy as apt to show itself as in impassioned poets, or recluse metaphysicians, or mighty painters and musicians. All the great problems in natural science,—as the nature of heat, of light, of electricity, of gravity,—and still more, all questions connected with life, bring us in the end, and by few steps, face to face with infinity and mystery. Weary nights and days are appointed to him who studies those things. Hope deferred makes the heart sick. Failure saddens and humiliates the spirit, unnerves the intellect, and embitters the temper. Ambition and vanity, pride and the love of power, are in the philosopher's nature as well as in the poet's, and deaden or pervert the love of truth. Brains can be crazed and hearts broken by other disappointments than those which unrequited love occasions; and in the chemist's laboratory, the astronomer's watch-tower, and the mechanic's workshop, despair has found many a victim. And where great genius is found unalloyed, or little debased by the meaner qualities of our common nature, and the love of truth burns as a pure light—the *lumen siccum* which Bacon desired in all philosophers, and which failure or disappointment cannot quench,—the instinctive tendency of the highly gifted spirit will be to include in its grasp more than even it can compass. The intellect then, though free from all emotional bias, may be crushed, as Sampson was, by the very triumph of its own strength. We need not wonder, then, that a certain melancholy, easily deepened, is as consonant to the spirit of a Newton as a Shakspeare, or that it requires but an apparently trifling matter to develop it in either. Boyle's sadness was the fruit partly of his weakness, partly of his strength. He was only some seventeen when it first preyed on him; and the blame of producing it

cannot be ascribed to physical science, in which as yet he was but a slender proficient. Neither, however, could physics cure it, for "never after did these fleeting clouds cease now and then to darken the serenity of his quiet." He plainly had a natural predisposition to gloom, which a weak body and a roving fancy favored; and though his occupations up to his early residence in Geneva were not at all of a melancholy cast, they employed the mind too much, and the body too little, to keep the balance even between them. Boyle had unconsciously, and while yet a youth, adopted the maxim of the friend and chief counsellor of his later years, Archbishop Usher; "it is better to wear out than to rust out." The sword had already, and far too soon, begun to pierce the scabbard.

However much, nevertheless, bodily or mental idiosyncrasy, or both, may have predisposed Boyle to melancholy, yet something more, as he believed himself, was needed to give it the intensity and the direction which it assumed. He referred his despair, as we have seen, to Satanic temptation.

This is not a suitable place or occasion for discussing the Scripture doctrine of evil spirits, and their relation to man. But as biographers, we cannot avoid considering the effect which the belief in such a doctrine, as realized in his own experience, had upon Boyle. For the "clouds came after the rain," and the temptation to disbelief and self-destruction returned at intervals during his whole lifetime, though never with the original severity. This fact supplies us with the key to much which we should in vain seek to unravel by searching through all his lengthened essays on heat and cold, the "Sceptical Chymist," or the account of the Pneumatical Engine.

Whatever hypothesis he held as to the cause of his despondency, he could not but have been greatly affected, for the better or the worse, by so dark a temptation as that which haunted him. To see, like Macbeth, wherever he turned, a dagger thirsting for blood, "the handle towards his hand," was appalling enough; but it was worse still when the point turned as if magnetically toward his heart, and the blood for which it thirsted, was his own. But when he further believed that this "dagger of the mind" was thrust upon him by a fallen angel, as malignant in purpose as mighty in power, to compel him to be the instrument of his own hopeless damnation, his belief, whether a wise or unwise one, could not but greatly

embitter his agony. Yet whatever evil effect such a faith may be supposed to have had on some of the qualities of Boyle's nature, few acquainted with his life will doubt that it put far into the background, or blotted out altogether, many of his weaknesses. The remembrance and revisitings of temptations so fearful, could not but sober any mind, which retained its integrity in spite of their assaults. The applaudings of vanity spontaneously hush themselves, when the reins of self-control are trembling in the hand, and may be dropped from nerveless fingers at any moment, or flung away in despair. The praises of this world have no attraction for one who has lost his hold upon it, and has come against his will under the dominion of the "powers of the world to come." Although the "poor ghost" had been dumb, and there had been no claim of filial obedience upon Hamlet, or purpose of revenge, we should still have heard him say as he turned from the spectral figure,

"Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms and pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there."

One glimpse of the world of spirits introduces a new perspective into that of flesh and blood, and changes the standard by which the value of earthly things is measured. If the dark visitant, however, stole away Boyle's cheerfulness, he took also with him his pride and vanity, and ennobled and dignified his character. How compatible even surrender to a despondency bordering at all times on despair is with the clearest good sense and sustained intellectual effort, Cowper's mournful history sufficiently shows. Boyle, moreover, did not surrender. He believed that he was fighting a great spiritual foe, but he was conscious also that he had prevailed. The mingled weakness and greatness of man which Pascal wondered at and mourned over, appear in nothing more than in such a battle. What can be more humiliating to a man, than to have his individuality (the only thing that really is his) intruded on against his will; the chamber of his secret thoughts, which he would not open to those he loves best, and could not if he would, made free to the most hateful of visitors; the very citadel of Mansoul with its gates flung back upon their hinges, and the daily haunt of evil spirits? There is no humiliation of man's natural pride greater than this. Yet surely there is no arena on

which his God-given greatness is more manifest. That impotent to roll the gates shut again, he should still retain courage to fight against his terrible enemy, and face about and front him, is one of the strangest things in his spiritual history. If in men's battles, the victory is considered great in proportion to the prowess of the vanquished, the Christian militant raises the highest war-cry when he exclaims, "We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers."

Boyle's life was thus pre-eminently what every man's life is, but especially every Christian's, a battle and a fight. Melancholy had marked him for her own before his minority was ended, and he returned to England a grave man at twenty. To serve God and to serve man was now his deliberate and great aim. He did not nurse in secret, and increase by nursing, his sadness, or excuse himself on the score of indifferent health, from the most laborious tasks. It is true that he kept constantly proclaiming himself a valetudinarian or an invalid, and selected the strangest places in his scientific papers for announcing to his readers that he had a distemper in his eyes, a threatening, or a fit of the stone, but all the while he was shaming the most healthy and vigorous of his contemporaries by the number and value of his labors. Time, which so many valetudinarians dawdle away in unnecessary restings and slumbers, Boyle rigidly economized. Tradition reports that in his latter days, when his residence in London, and the fame of his name exposed him to countless unprofitable intrusions, he used on occasion to hang out a board with the curt and peremptory announcement upon it, "Mr. Boyle cannot be spoken with to-day."

For a considerable period after his second return to England, Boyle resided chiefly at Stalbridge. In 1652, and again in 1653, he visited Ireland, and remained in it for a considerable period, chiefly engaged in business arrangements connected with the estates which his father had left him there. His time would have been spent but unpleasantly in that disturbed country, but for the attentions of Dr., afterwards Sir William Petty, celebrated as the founder of the modern science of statics. This accomplished man instructed Boyle in anatomy and physiology. In 1654 the latter returned to England, and took up his abode at Oxford, where, along with Dr. Wallis and others, he kept up the association of ingenious men which afterwards merged into the Royal So-

ciety. It was here, also, that the "great pneumatical engine" was constructed, as already mentioned, in 1658 or 1659.

After the accession of Charles II. he removed to London, and took up his residence with Lady Ranelagh. The king was very courteous to him, and Lord Clarendon urged him to enter into holy orders. Boyle, however, declined acceding to his request, partly because he thought he could serve religion more if it was out of men's power to say of him as they said of the clergy, "that it was their trade, and they were paid for it;" but especially, as Burnet tells us, because he had not felt within himself an inward motion to it by the Holy Ghost." "So solemnly," adds the Bishop of Sarum, "did he judge of sacred matters." In 1665 he was nominated, by the express desire of Charles II., to the provostship of Eton College, then considered a post of great honor and profit; but as it could only be filled by one in orders, he declined it. In 1666 he was brought into great public notice in connection with an Irish gentleman, referred to by Dr. Birch, as "the famous Mr. Valentine Greatraks, the Irish Stroker." He produced marvellous cures by a process of manipulation closely resembling that practised by the animal magnetists of the present day. Greatraks was an honest and honorable man, and Boyle came forward to attest the reality of his cures. The celebrated astronomer, Flamsteed, went to Ireland to be stroked by Greatraks, and was benefitted either by the stroking, or a subsequent attack of sea-sickness, or, as he thought, perhaps by both.

In 1680 the Royal Society elected Boyle its president, but "a great and perhaps peculiar tenderness in point of oaths," led him to scruple about coming under the obligations which, by its charter the president must incur, and he declined accepting an honor of which he was so worthy. He refused, indeed, every dignity that was offered him. Charles II., James II., and William III. enjoyed his society and frequently conversed with him, but he sought no favors from any of them. His brothers being all noblemen, he was several times offered a peerage, but he resolutely refused it, and his reputation has been all the more abiding. Even Lord Orrery, a man certainly worthy of remembrance, is not half so well known out of Great Britain, as his untitled youngest brother. In modest seclusion he carried on his labors, nor did any very remarkable events occur to diversify the proverbially

monotonous life of the philosopher and scholar, till on the 23rd of December, 1691, he lost his sister, Lady Ranelagh, whom for nearly fifty years he had loved with that intense affection which is often seen after the effervescence of youth is past, to unite brothers to their elder sisters. Boyle had but imperfectly realized the greatness of his loss, when it was more than compensated. Before a week was passed, he was restored to his sister. He died on the 30th of December, 1691, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

His character as a natural philosopher may be gathered from what has been stated. He practically ignored all speculation on physics which was of earlier date than Bacon's publications. Aristotle he utterly distrusted, and Des Cartes he would not so much as read. To open his eyes on the outer world, and to read what it taught, with as unbiassed and unfettered a judgment as he could secure, was his great aim. He was a very cautious observer, and was seldom misled when the whole facts came under his own notice, so that he was eye-witness as well as judge of the nature of the information which a phenomenon or experiment furnished. But he was often compelled to deal with other men's alleged facts and observations, and then he went occasionally astray. No later philosopher has described in clearer or more perspicuous language, than Boyle uses, the phenomena he witnessed, the experiments he performed, or the conclusions at which he arrived. Nevertheless, Boyle is intolerably tedious and prolix in all his writings, and often, likewise, very immethodical in his arrangement, and defective in logical precision. He excused himself from systematic discussion of the topics he considered, because the scholastic successors of Aristotle had retarded the progress of science by their refined subtleties and undeviating rigid adherence to false systems, as if the evil had lain, not in the system being baseless, but simply in its being a system. Hence even his "Usefulness of Philosophy," which peculiarly called for the most lucid arrangement and orderly discussion, is an undigested rambling discourse, which, instead of resembling the map which a military engineer or railway surveyor would lay down of a country, can be compared only to such a chart as a naturalist would produce if he marked his course by tracing all the divergings from the main route, into which he was tempted by the winged insects he chased, or the rare plants he turned aside to gather.

Like the naturalist, Boyle wanders aside to tell of spiders that sting through the soles of men's boots, or to enlist his reader's sympathies in the risk of destruction which a new suit of clothes ran from his spilling in the dark, some acid upon them, or to recount the vindication of the usefulness of philosophy which was furnished by his smelling out, still in the dark, a bottle of hartshorn, with which he effaced the stains which the oil of vitriol had produced. Boyle's prolixity has done his reputation great injury. It was quite incurable, for besides his avowed and systematic want of system, his early habits of desultory study had unfitted him for the use of a severe logic. No restraining editor, moreover, limited him to so many sheets or pages, nor did any judicious publisher counsel terseness and condensation. The printer could not frighten so wealthy an author by the vision of his bill, and Boyle, a very Marshal Blücher, with Forwards for his motto, was always in a hurry to be done with what he was at, and on to something else. He acted accordingly, like the Frenchman, who apologized for writing a long letter because he had not time to write a short one. Boyle wrote a long treatise, and then a long preface apologizing for the length of the treatise, which might have been judiciously shortened in the time spent in writing the apology for its want of brevity. Few of the busy moderns, accordingly, have read a tithe of Boyle's six folios; no one probably, within the last hundred and fifty years, but the corrector of the press, at which Birch's edition of his works was printed. His volumes have proved a mausoleum in which his name has been buried, not preserved; like those Egyptian Pyramids, which are so immense, and within so uninviting and inaccessible, that scarcely one man in a century penetrates into their interiors far enough to read the name and the character of the kings whose fame they were raised to commemorate.

Modern writers, however, if they have read little, have not hesitated in many cases to judge summarily, as if they had read all. A tendency has latterly appeared, especially in this country, to speak of Boyle as if he had been greatly overrated, had been too long remembered, had little intrinsic merit, and deserved now to be forgotten. This depreciation of the philosopher is in part the fruit of a reaction against the extravagant praises which his contemporaries and immediate successors bestowed upon him. Those praises, however, are more extravagant in appearance than in reality. A sceptical, critical, practi-

cal age like our own, uses fewer words and more subdued expressions, even when its praise is hearty and sincere, than it was the fashion of our forefathers to employ in paying ordinary compliments. If we make this allowance, we shall find little to deduct from the estimate which was formed from the first of Boyle's genius. The able author of the "Sketch of Boyle," in the "Penny Cyclopædia," has justly observed, that foreigners of the present day are not likely to be biassed in favor of the philosopher by those considerations which may insensibly warp the judgment of his countrymen. The biographer in question, accordingly, refers to M. Libes, author of the *Hist. Phil. des Progrès de la Physique*, Paris, 1810; as devoting a chapter to the consideration of Boyle, in which he dwells on the greatness of his physical discoveries, and the genius which he showed in making them. We may add, that Cuvier has done the same thing in the *Biographie Universelle*. Hoefer, in his *Histoire de la Chimie*, Paris, 1842, discusses in several chapters Boyle's chemical discoveries, and insists on their interest and importance. Professor Hermann Kopp, of Geissen, in his *Geschichte der Chemie*, Brunswick, 1843, gives an admirable abstract, of the same nature, but fuller than Hoefer's, and writes in the most cordial and eulogistic terms of Boyle's merits. In truth, since Europe named the air-pump and its vacuum after Boyle, down to the present day, he has had a high place assigned to him by continental philosophers of every nation. Nor have all his countrymen in later times written disparagingly of him. One of the highest living authorities on the subject has pointed out a merit of Boyle's wholly overlooked both by his eulogists and detractors. Sir William Hamilton (of Edinburgh) has shown that Boyle was one of the first distinctly to indicate the great Catholic division of the properties of body or matter into "primary and secondary." Sir William refers to the "intrinsic importance of Boyle's classification of corporeal qualities, and adds that "they probably suggested to Locke the nomenclature which he has adopted, but, in adopting, has deformed." (Hamilton's edition of the work of Dr. Thomas Reid, note D, p. 833.) After such a testimony from so eminent a logician, metaphysician, and physicist as Sir William Hamilton, we need add nothing further to prove that we are not laboring under a delusion in claiming for Boyle a high and lasting place among men of science. Those who deny this, have not, we believe, read the works they criticise. The

"History of the air-pump," already discussed, warrants the charge. Boyle's prolixity may be an excuse for not reading his papers, but it should at the same time bar all criticism of them. They are dry enough reading at times, but they can be got through; nor need all his works be perused to enable us to perceive the amount of precious ore which lies in the midst of heaps, sometimes hills of dross.

We know no natural philosopher with whom in quality of intellect, and habits of working, Boyle can exactly be compared. We could compound him, however, pretty well out of Dr. Joseph Black and Dr. Priestley. He had the versatility, energy, and unsystematic mode of carrying on researches of the latter. Priestley and Boyle were constantly experimenting on all kinds of things, and made many trials without a definite object, or precise expectation as to the result. Both stood before the oracle, putting endless unconnected and isolated questions to the priestess, anxious for an answer, but without preconception what the answer would be. Boyle, however, paid much more attention to the reply than Priestley did, and understood its meaning a great deal better. Both were equally ingenious in devising experiments, and successful in performing them, but Priestley often totally misunderstood the phenomena he brought to light, and was led completely astray by his own experiments. Boyle resembled Black in the accuracy with which he observed results, in the caution with which he drew conclusions, and the skill with which he interpreted the phenomena he witnessed. He had the energy and versatility of Priestley, and the caution and logic of Black, but he was less versatile than Priestley, and more incautious and less logical than Black.

Boyle, however, was something more than a philosopher. He was a Christian philosopher. Foolish as this world is, it contains many philosophers; wicked as it is, it contains many Christians; but not many Christian philosophers. Boyle was one of the few who, from time to time, are granted to us by a kind Providence to make us wiser and better. He was not a Christian on the Sundays, and a philosopher on the week-days; a Christian over his prayer-book, and a philosopher over his air-pump; a Christian in church, and a philosopher in his laboratory; as too many good and wise men to appearance, altogether, and in reality, too much are. He studied Nature not as a veil hung between man and God, but as the works of Him, without whom "was not anything made that

was made." He worshipped God, not as an "unknown God," such as the Greek philosophers raised an altar to, but as the Living One, the impress of whose finger he had found on every material object he had examined, "whose ways" he better than most men knew "were past finding out," but whose works he had found "all to praise him."

Boyle's religious writings, nevertheless, are, not a few of them, altogether unsuited to the taste of the present day. We should be afraid to put into the hands of a lively youth his "Occasional Reflections," and few devout men of maturer years, at all conscious of the sense of the ludicrous, would venture, we think, to peruse them. Yet an Oxford publisher, as the reader may see from the heading of our article, has chosen those very Reflections, which Swift and Butler parodied, as worthy of republication. We neither wish nor expect for him, many purchasers.

The depth and sincerity of Boyle's piety must not be estimated by the want of good taste which appears in his strictly religious writings, considered as literary productions. His life and his deeds are the best testimonies to his Christianity. Setting his claims as a natural philosopher aside, he has always seemed to us to resemble in many respects a gifted man of our own day. Robert Boyle and William Wilberforce had much in common although a first glance might lead to a very different conclusion. It will be well at once to dispose of the differences between their characters, that the essential likeness in their dispositions and aims, as well as in the events of their history, may distinctly appear.

Wilberforce was a man of singularly sunny and genial temperament; with a temper so sweet that no provocation could ruffle it, and a fancy and eloquence so fascinating, that alike in the drawing-room and in the House of Commons he was listened to with delight by all. Boyle was a grave, melancholic, formal man, whom Cowley and Davenant indeed praise for his wit, but whom Burnet speaks of as having had a certain too precise stiffness of manner even to his friends. He had no gift of speech, but on the other hand was afflicted with a stammer, and by nature he was choleric, and subject, as we have seen, to great fits of depression.

Such differences, however, are but skin deep. The points of resemblance are much more striking than those of difference. Boyle and Wilberforce were alike as the children of wealthy men, not high in rank by hereditary nobility, but meeting on terms of equality with those who boasted most of

ancestral honors. Both were spoiled children, allowed in early life an unwise amount of freedom, and permitted to play with study in a way which they lamented in after life, and the evil effects of which they sought in vain in maturer years to remedy. Both set out on foreign travel, actuated chiefly by the wishes of relatives and the ardor of youthful curiosity. Both underwent, whilst abroad, a great spiritual transformation, which made "all things new" for them, and returned to their own country, still very young men, to devote every energy to the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth. They mingled freely in society, were welcome in every circle, were admired for their gifts and accomplishments, and early in life were famous over Europe, the one as a philosopher, the other as a statesman. Neither of them was what would be called a business man, and both constantly lamented that they had not been trained to habits of closer application, but each contrived, from a strong sense of the value of time, and a deep conviction of duty, to go through, in his own immethodical way, a greater amount of work, than many of the most formal disciples of the red-tape school succeed in accomplishing. Both were indifferent scholars, and had no taste for verbal or philological inquiries, but the belief that the study of the Bible in the original, was the duty of every Christian who could acquire the languages in which it was written, and a persuasion that such study would repay the student, induced each of them to become a proficient in Greek and Hebrew. In recognition of the importance of having the Scriptures translated into every living tongue, and in earnest advocacy of the claim upon the church of Christ to send missions to the heathen, both were alike, and before their age. Their tongues, their pens, their influence with the great, their fortunes and their sympathies, were all flung into the balance, to make the scale preponderate in favor of the claims of the destitute and benighted of mankind upon their brethren. They were alike also—Boyle, however, more than Wilberforce, in the catholicity of their religious opinions. Both were attached but unsectarian members of the church of England, counting it good, but not perfect. Many of their dearest friends, whose Christianity was most exemplary, were dissenters, and they did not confound dissent with schism. The one was the friend of Baxter and Penn, the other of Jay and Clarkson. May such men abound, and break down

"the middle wall of partition" which needlessly separates the true Christians of one denomination from another!

Our sketch is completed. In labors manifold, in the founding of a lecture which should vindicate the claims of Christianity upon mankind,* in liberal gifts to every

* We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure, and its author the justice, of adverting to one of the most recent works which has appeared in connection with the Boyle Lecture, "The Religions of the World," by the Rev. F. Maurice. This treatise is, perhaps, less known in the circles of non-conformity than it deserves to be. The few minds in England that are attentive to the development of our higher theological literature, know Mr. Maurice to be one of the most accomplished writers of the age, in all topics that respect the theory of religious belief, and the relations of Christianity to philosophical systems. The work to which we have referred, more than sustains its high reputation. A less speculative mind might perhaps object to it, too great a fondness for the discovery of system and order in the *disiecta membra* of non-Christian creeds and superstitions, and also a tendency shared by him with the whole school in the Church of England, to which he belongs, to shift the centre of Christianity from the atonement to the incarnation of the Redeemer; but every candid person will be pleased with the spirit of deep and liberal sympathy, in combination with extensive learning, with which he has divined, not less than investigated, the peculiarities of the religions which prevail in *partibus infidelium*, and every Christian will rejoice in his able development of the resources of the gospel as the religion of

benevolent undertaking, in large secret charities to poor scholars, and the destitute of every class, Boyle spent his fortune and his time. He looked forward to death with Christian composure and fortitude, but he trembled as a man. He had a very sensitive body, and was the victim of a cruel disorder, which he feared might rise to such an intensity in his last moments, as to overwhelm his courage and his faith. But it pleased God, as it has often pleased Him, to disappoint the fears of his doubting, yet faithful servant. He had scarcely taken to his bed, before the curtain fell. The agonies which should prove unendurable, were never felt. The bitterness of death was not tasted. The awful tempter who had poisoned the happiness of a long life, quailed before the benignant presence of him who is with his people, even unto the end. Life ebbed away, and its dying murmur uttered only the peaceful sound, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

humanity, which incorporates all that is natural, and sets aside all that is perverse, in other beliefs, and that not by a critical eclecticism, but by a creative inspiration. We willingly pay this tribute to an able scholar, a genial thinker, a liberal divine, who has not been spoiled by the philosophy and vain deceit in which he has been much conversant, and a simple and graceful writer, who amid the current sophistication of the philosophic style has not yet learned to be ashamed of the English language.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE PHANTOM HAND.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Sir Walter Long, of Draycot, was twice married. The first lady was a Pakington, of Worcestershire; the second a Thinne, of Longleat. The second wife persuaded the father to disinherit the son of the first marriage. The clerk of her brother, Sir Egrimond Thinne, sat up to engross the deed. As he wrote, he perceived the shadow of a hand on the parchment. He thought it might be only his fancy, and wrote on. By-and-bye a fine white hand interposed between the parchment and the candle, and he could discern it was a woman's. He refused to engross the deed. It is satisfactory to know that the heir was righted at last.

The winds of drear December were howling near and far;
With snow the hills were whitened, there glimmer'd scarce a star;
The glad hearts of each household around the fire had drawn,
Where sparkled glowing childhood, th' Aurora of life's dawn:

A lonely clerk was writing, swift o'er a parchment scroll,
Till seemed the words before him in inky seas to roll;
Until the street was silent, and cold the hearth-stone grew,
And waned the long-wick'd candle in every wind that blew.

A valiant knight lay dying—a step-dame by his side
 Won him to wrong his first-born—the child of her who died.
 That scroll his goodly birthright gave to a younger son,
 And when 'twas written, signed, and sealed, the step-dame's work was done

Why paused that clerk?—a shadow upon his work was cast,
 A small hand o'er the parchment dimly and swiftly passed.
 He glanced around all doubting, the place was lone and still,
 "Tis weary work," he murmured, "gainst Death to drive the quill."

He wrote on; but the parchment with white light seemed to blaze,
 And lo! from out the centre there sprang a host of rays;
 A hand of wondrous beauty amid the brightness lay,
 The letters paled beneath it—the dark words passed away.

That hand! no pulse was beating beneath its dazzling hue—
 No life-blood's ebb or flowing thrilled in those veins of blue!
 That hand! oh nothing human was e'er so purely fair;
 Hast seen the wild rose blossom float on the summer air?

The light bright foam that rideth upon the billow's crown?
 Beneath the white swan's pinion, know'st thou the tender down?
 So fragile and so spotless, upon its argent bed,
 Unmoved it lay before him, the chill hand of the dead!

The clerk look'd up, beside him there smiled an angel's face,
 A form of human outline, bent with the willow's grace;
 Hast seen the young moon looming amid an earthborn mist?
 Or floating 'neath the waters—a flower the sun hath kissed?

The lustre of the night-queen streams softened thro' the cloud;
 And the bright blush of the flower glows 'neath its watery shroud,
 So vague was she, and shadowy, so dimly, strangely fair,
 A crown of silver lilies gleamed o'er her flowing hair.

Her voice—the young clerk heard it—and with his heart he heard,
 Those tones the founts of being in their deep centre stirred!
 "I am that young child's mother, whom thy swift pen would wrong,
 The angels took me early—earth did not own me long.

The love I bear my first-born was lulled by Death to sleep;
 The bud lies in the dark seed till summer dews shall weep.
 Till summer suns shall wake it clad in triumphant bloom,
 The light of God awaiting, my love slept in the tomb.

Lo! in the dim old chancel in holy trance I lie,
 The lights and shades flit o'er me as days—months—years, pass by—
 The first red glow of morning creeps up the long aisle's gloom,
 The moonbeams glance around me—meet haunters of the tomb!

And nothing warms or chills me—I know no joy or pain—
 'Tis well—full soon pass'd o'er me my lover's bridal-train.
 The young child's guardian angel stood in my grave to-night,
 'Come forth once more,' he whispered, 'to shield thy son's birthright.'

I felt the love within me kindle, and thrill, and glow,
 And through my soul's dim essence its subtle music flow!
 Though not of earth or heaven, poor disembodied wight!
 My love hath burst the barrier that shuts the dead from sight!

Put up thy pen, good writer, and pray on bended knee,
 For one hath stood beside thee, who 'mid the dead is free."
 She smiled, and smiling blended into dim air away—
 At dawn that clerk was praying like one in dire dismay.

And horsemen riding madly, came swearing to the door;
 "The parchments, clerk! ere noonday the knight will be no more."
 "Not all his golden acres where bend the nodding corn;
 Nor merry trout streams gliding from woods that meet the morn;

Not all his dewy pastures, nor goodly kine they feed,
 Should buy from my poor goose-quill that base, unrighteous deed.
 Go back and bid the step-dame and dying knight beware!
 For, lo! the blessed angels are sworn to right the heir."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CLOSING YEARS OF DEAN SWIFT'S LIFE.

"*The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life* ; with an Appendix, containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some remarks on Stella." By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., F.R.C.S. 8vo. Dublin : Hodges & Smith, Grafton-st. 1849.

THIS is a volume of no ordinary interest. To the medical inquirer it gives such details as can be now recovered of cerebral disease, extending over a period of fifty-five years—the particular symptoms described by the sufferer himself—for the most part in confidential letters to intimate friends—that sufferer the most accurate observer of whatever came within his reach, of any man gifted with the same degree of genius that has ever used the English language as a medium of communication, and the man of all others who has, on most subjects, expressed himself with such distinctness, that we do not remember, in any case, a doubt as to the precise meaning of a sentence in his works, although those works are on subjects which actuate and influence the passions, and although he has often written in a dictatorial tone of authority, which of itself provokes resistance, and therefore forces readers into something more than the unquestioning indolence in which we are satisfied to look over most books. Mr. Wilde has given us Swift's own account of Swift's distemper. But the interest of this volume is not to the medical inquirer alone. The relation of intimate friendship in which Swift and Stella lived for some five-and-twenty years, and the mystery thrown over it by a number of idle guesses which have found their way into the biographies of Swift, have led Mr. Wilde to other inquiries, in themselves not unamusing. He has brought together, from obscure and forgotten sources, some of the explanations which were given of parts of Swift's conduct, by persons who had peculiar means of information as to some of the circumstances of the case. Mr. Wilde has given us two portraits of Stella, neither of which had been before engraved ; and the volume is closed by a number of

poems, found in the handwriting of Swift, and some of which are probably of his composition, in an interleaved copy of an old almanac, lent to Mr. Wilde for the purposes of this essay.

The history of this volume is this :—Dr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, writes to Mr. Wilde to learn whether there is any record of Swift's disease known, either to Mr. Wilde or to the readers of the *Dublin Medical Journal*, a work edited by Mr. Wilde. It occurred to Mr. Mackenzie that there might be something preserved on the subject either in the deanery or in Trinity College. The first part of Mr. Wilde's book is a reply to this question, and was originally published in Mr. Wilde's journal.

Of the disease itself, Mr. Wilde gives us Swift's own description :

"Swift, writing to Mrs. Howard, in 1727, thus describes the commencement of his complaint : 'About two hours before you were born' consequently in 1690—'I got my *giddiness* by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time, at Richmond ; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat, about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read—and, there I got my *deafness* ; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together.' Overloading the stomach in the manner described, and catching cold by sitting on a damp, exposed seat, were very apt to produce both these complaints—neither of which, when once established, was likely to be easily removed from a system so nervous, and with a temper so irritable, and a mind so excessively active, as that of Swift's. From this period a disease, which, in all its symptoms and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) *cerebral congestion*, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodic attacks which, year after year, increased in intensity and duration."—pp. 8, 9.

While living in the country, and with his mind comparatively at ease, he made but few complaints. It is probable that his disease gave him but little trouble while at Laracor; but whether it did or not, we have little opportunity of any knowledge, as few of his letters are dated from his parsonage. He had not formed at that time his acquaintanceships and friendships with the great persons, in passages of his letters to whom we find these occasional notices of his health; and Stella and Mrs. Dingley were living in his immediate vicinity, so that there are no letters to them of that date. Swift was a shrewd observer of human nature, and dwelling on his deafness and giddiness to those who suffered from similar ailments, seems to have been a piece of skillful flattery. We have not time to look over the correspondence for the purpose of proving this; but the reader, who turns to his letters to Mrs. Howard, will find instances illustrative of what we mean. In the journal to Stella, we find the following entry—"I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it, and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a deal worse. I dined to day at Lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, *which makes us very fond of each other.*" In another note in the same journal, we find this—"Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper to him in that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, *for fear that he should think that I counterfeited to make my court.*" In one of Swift's letters to Archbishop King, we find him saying—"I have been so extremely ill with an old disorder in my head, that I was unable to write to your grace." And in a letter of King's to him, inadvertently quoted by Mr. Wilde as a letter from Swift to King, we find King complaining, in Swift's temper, of very much the same symptoms as Swift is perpetually describing. In the journal to Stella, we find Swift again recurring to the effect of cordiality being created by identity of suffering—"I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same. Do you know that Madam Stell? Have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife and some others, sirrah?" Mr. Wilde must have looked back almost with envy on the golden harvest of blighted ears that presented itself to the physicians of that auspicious time.

"It is remarkable that several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms somewhat similar to his own. Thus Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germain, Arbuthnot, and others, all suffered from what is popularly termed a "fullness of blood to the head."—p. 37.

Swift's deafness was of the left ear. Towards the close of life, at one time his left eye was fearfully affected. "About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the left Mr. Nichols thought would mortify.

* * * Five persons could scarce hold him for a week from tearing out his eyes." This is Mrs. Whiteway's language, who adds—"He is now free from torture; his eye almost well," thus showing that but one eye suffered. In many passages, where he speaks of tottering, we find nothing to fix the fact of whether the one side was affected more than the other; but this, too, is established by a passage which Mr. Wilde quotes from the journal to Stella—"My left hand is very weak and trembles, but my right side has not been touched." It seems plain then that there was a paralysis of the left side.

It would seem, from several passages, that Swift took too much wine and that he poisoned himself with snuff—"By Doctor Radcliffe's advice, he left off bohea tea, which he had observed to disagree with him frequently before." We suspect, therefore, that in this luxury he had indulged too much.

Mr. Wilde does not think there is any evidence of Swift's being subject to epileptic fits, as is stated by many of his biographers. The mistake, if it be such, he thinks, arises from the frequent recurrence in his letters of "fits of giddiness," &c. The language is equivocal, and we think there is something to be said for the interpretation put upon it by non-medical readers. Take this sentence, for instance—"I dined to-day with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little."

We wish we had room for extracts from this most interesting volume. It is really a wonderful thing to see, after an interval of a century, a scientific man inferring the true character of a disease, that baffled the eminent men of Swift's day:

"In answer to a recommendation of Mr. Pulteney's on the subject of physicians, the Dean in his answer of the 7th of March, 1737, writes: 'I have esteemed many of them as learned and ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty

who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians,* all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow,) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add."—p. 40.

Nothing can be more affecting than the exhibition of gradual decay and deterioration of the instruments by which the mind acts. Insanity, in the proper sense of the word, Mr. Wilde does not regard as having existed in Swift's case. There was the weakness of old age, and the childishness that accompanies it. He would, at times, utter incoherent words and syllables. "But," says Mr. Deane Swift, writing to Lord Orrery, "he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing." There was a long period, we believe of more than a year, in which he was wholly silent, with but one or two recorded interruptions. A negligent servant girl blew out a candle in his chamber, and the smell offended him; she was told by him she was "a nasty slut." A servant man was breaking a large, stubborn coal, and he told him, "That's a stone, you blackguard." On another occasion, not finding words to express something he wished, he exhibited much uneasiness, and said, "I am a fool." When insanity is spoken of, it is not possible to be very accurate, and we suppose that in denying the existence of insanity in this case, Mr. Wilde does not, in reality mean very much more than Hawkeaworth had long ago expressed. "Some intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness, seemed to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended, the powers of his mind." The question is, after all, but one of language. Mr. Wilde has shown, almost to demonstration, that Swift's was organic disease of the brain; and many writers—we believe, among others, Dr. Conolly—would say that in this consisted insanity, calling mere functional disease "mental de-

rangement." In Swift's life and conduct—in his caprice—in his violent passions—in his oddities—even in his vindictive patriotism—in his misanthropy, whether it be regarded as a pretence or a reality—in the morbid delight with which he dwells on disgusting images, we see very distinct traces of incipient disease. We exclude from our consideration, in coming to this conclusion, the language of his epitaph in St. Patrick's Cathedral, breathing resentment—"Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, *abi sacra indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*" We exclude the strange humor exhibited in the half-serious bequests in his will. We exclude a hundred well-authenticated extravagancies of conduct, some of them accompanied with circumstances which could not but be felt as intolerably insulting to his best friends, because all these things are consistent with states of mind, which no one calls by the name of insanity except in metaphorical language, but when conduct, unintelligible on any ordinary principle, exists, and when we have the additional fact of organic disease of the brain, we think it is hypercriticism in Mr. Wilde to fall out with the application of the term insanity, to a case so circumstanced.

An interesting part of Mr. Wilde's book is an account of the examination of the head of Swift, in 1835, by Surgeons Houston and Hamilton. About the middle of the last century, frequent floods of the Poddle river, and the insufficiency of sewers to carry off the superabundant water, occasioned much injury to St. Patrick's Cathedral.* One of the last acts of the Dean was an effort to remedy this; and when he directed that he should be buried in Ireland, he requested that his body should be deposited in any *dry* part of the cathedral. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Wilde, "that the continuance of damp and inundations, in the year 1835, was the cause of his remains being disturbed."

It would be altogether out of the province of this journal to follow Dr. Wilde in his account of the details of the examination. Dr. Houston, describing the head, says—"The bones cannot be regarded as free from indications of previous chronic disease. There are certainly no marks of caries or of fungous growth on any part of the head, but the condition of the cerebral surface of the whole frontal region, is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during lifetime, of diseased action in the adjacent membranes of the brain." Some doubt was for

* "We know of at least eight medical men who attended Swift at different times, viz. Sir Patrick Dun, Drs. Arbuthnot, Radcliffe, Cockburn, Heleham, and Gratien, and Surgeons Nichols and Whiteway." We doubt the fact of Swift's having been attended by Sir Patrick Dun; and do not know on what authority Mr. Wilde's statement of the fact rests.

* Mason's "History of St. Patrick's."

a while entertained of the remains examined by Dr. Houston being those of Swift at all. The phrenologists did not like the head; it did not accord with any of the then theories; but that the head was Swift's, there could be no doubt. Among other proofs is this, that it exhibited the marks of a *post mortem* examination made immediately after his death:

"What the exact recent appearances were we have not been enabled to discover. If they were known to, they have not been handed down by any of Swift's many biographers. We have made diligent search among the newspapers and periodicals of the day, but have not been able to discover anything further than that which is already known, viz., that his head was opened after death, when it was found that his brain was 'loaded with water.' To this may be added the traditions of old Brennan, his servant, who according to Dr. Houston, on the authority of Mr. Maguire, boasted, 'that he himself had been present at the operation, and that he even held the basin in which the brain was placed after its removal from the skull. He told, moreover, that there was brain mixed with water to such an amount as to fill the basin, and by their quantity to call forth expressions of astonishment from the medical gentlemen engaged in the examination.'"

—pp. 60, 61.

Wilde gives a profile view of Swift's cranium from a drawing by Mr. Hamilton, and then tells us:

"In its great length, in the antero-posterior diameter, its low anterior development, prominent frontal sinuses, comparative lowness at the vertex, projecting nasal bones, and large posterior projection, it resembles, in a most extraordinary manner, those skulls of the so-called Celtic aborigines of Northern Europe, of which we have elsewhere given a description, and which are found in the early tumuli of this people throughout Ireland."—p. 62.

The way in which Mr. Wilde, from concurring pieces of evidence, has elicited some of the details of this remarkable case, can scarcely be exhibited without quoting his own language. The following passage remarkably exemplifies his sagacity:

"After the Dean's death, and subsequently to the *post mortem* examination, a plaster mask was taken from his face, and from this a bust was made, which is now in the museum of the University, and which, notwithstanding its possessing much of the cadaverous appearance, is, we are strongly inclined to believe, the best likeness of Swift—during, at least, the last few years of his life—now in existence. The annexed engraving accurately and faithfully represents a profile view

of the right side of this bust, the history of which it is here necessary to relate. This old bust, which has remained in the museum of Trinity College from a period beyond the memory of living man, has been generally believed to be the bust of Swift; but as there was no positive proof of its being so, it has been passed over by all his biographers, except Scott and Monck Mason, the former of whom thus describes it: 'In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a dark plaster bust or cast of Dean Swift. It is an impression taken from the mask applied to the face after death. The expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the left) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain.' He further adds: 'It is engraved for Mr. Barrett's essay;' but if it was, it never appeared, and has never before been published either with or without Barrett's essay.* Sir Walter has greatly exaggerated the amount of contortion which the face exhibits; on the contrary, the expression is remarkably placid, but there is an evident drag in the left side of the mouth, exhibiting a paralysis of the facial muscles of the right side, which, we have reason to believe, existed for some years previous to his death, for we find the same appearance (though much glossed over by the artist,) together with a greater fullness, or plumpness, of the right cheek, shown in a very admirable marble bust of Swift, (probably the last ever taken,) in the possession of Mr. Watkins, the picture-dealer, of this city. Here, then, we have another and a very important and well-marked feature in this very interesting case, brought to light above a hundred years after death. But before we proceed with the evidence adduced by the bust, it becomes necessary to prove its identity, which, until now, could not be done satisfactorily. Upon the back of this cast, and running nearly from ear to ear, we find two lines of writing, greatly defaced, and a part of the upper and middle lines completely obliterated.† This much, however, can still be read:

"Dean Swift, taken off his . . . the night of his burial, and the f . . . one side larger than the other in nature. . . . Opened before. . . . The mould is in pieces.†

"Still this proof was inconclusive; but a deep indentation running nearly parallel with the brow,

* "In Nicholl's edition of Sheridan's *Life and Writings of Swift*, we find a full-face portrait of the Dean, said to have been taken the night after his death. It was this, perhaps, led Sir Walter into the error we have alluded to. Mr. M. Mason supposed, but without adducing any evidence to support his assertion, that the engraving in Sheridan's *Life of Swift* was taken from this bust. We are inclined to believe Mr. Nicholl's statement that the engraving was made from a picture taken after death."

† "We are indebted to Mr. Ball, the able director of the museum of the University, for permission to publish this drawing which was made by Mr. G. Du Noyer, and cut by Mr. Hanlon."

‡ "The original mask remained in the museum, T. O. D., till within a few years ago, when it was accidentally destroyed."

shows us where the calvarium had been sawn, and the pericranium drawn over it subsequently, and this indentation accurately corresponds with the division of the skull found in Swift's coffin, in 1835, thus proving incontestably the identity of both; they also correspond in the breadth, height, and general outline and measurements of the forehead, allowing about three-sixteenths of an inch for the thickness of the integuments. Posteriorly, however, the bust and skull do not correspond; nevertheless this fact does not in any way militate against our argument, but rather tends to strengthen it, for upon a careful examination of the bust, it is at once manifest that all the posterior part is fictitious, and evidently finished out, and modelled in clay, and afterwards the plaster rasped down according to the eye of the artist. It was made in two parts, and the difference in surface between the hinder part and the smooth, polished, anterior portion, at once stamps it as fictitious. There is no ear upon the left side, and that upon the right was evidently taken off the body separately, and afterwards fitted into the bust. That it was a cast from the ear of Swift, the reader has only to look at Lord Orrery's portrait, or any of the busts of the Dean, to be convinced, for Swift's ear was of a very peculiar formation.

"This bust, like the skull, is quite edentulous; the nose slightly turned to the left side, and the left eye much less full and prominent than the right; in fact, it is comparatively *sunken and collapsed* within the orbit. It is well known that Swift had remarkably large, full, and prominent blue eyes. We may, perhaps, account for the hinder portion of the bust being constructed in the manner I have described, by the fact of the Dean having a quantity of long, white hair on the back of his head, which his attendants would not permit to be either removed or injured by taking the mould."—pp. 63–67.

We find Mr. Wilde expressing surprise "that Swift did not become deranged years previously. . . . But that Swift was either mad in middle life, or mad or imbecile in late years, as tried and tested by the meaning and definition of these terms, as laid down by the most esteemed authors, has not been proved." In all this we differ from Mr. Wilde. We think it would be difficult to frame any definition of insanity which would exclude such a case as Swift's. The mere fact of the logical powers still existing in unimpaired vigor, is little to the purpose; for we are not quite sure that one of the characteristics of insanity is not the self-willed and disputative temper that disregards every consideration of time, and place, and circumstance. When there is conduct such as Swift's, and with it organic disease of the brain, we think it approaches to certainty that the two are connected; and from a very early period, we think Swift had

ground enough to predict, as he did predict, the melancholy termination of a disease which we cannot call by any other name than that of insanity. This is, however, after all, a mere question of words. We agree in Mr. Wilde's description of Swift's case, and if the existence of some morbid delusion, irresistibly overbearing reason, be necessary to constitute the notion of insanity, we do not think that any such delusion existed.

Mr. Wilde tells us that there is a general belief that Swift was the first patient in his own hospital, "although," as he adds, "it was not erected for several years after his death." Mr. Wilde refers this popular belief to a careless expression of Lord Orrery's. Speaking of Swift's state after 1742, he says: "His rage increased absolutely to a degree of madness; in this miserable state, he seemed to be appointed as the first proper inhabitant of his own hospital, especially as from an outrageous lunatic he sank afterwards into a quiet speechless idiot, and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation."

We think the fact of Swift's marriage with Stella has been too easily believed. It was first published by Lord Orrery, many years after Swift's death. The evidence on which the report rests has been examined by Mr. Mason in his "History of St. Patrick's," and we cannot but agree in his conclusion that the balance of probabilities is greatly against any ceremony of marriage having ever taken place. Mr. Wilde believes the fact of a marriage, and that on the day of its celebration it was communicated to Swift that both he and Stella were children of Sir William Temple. The circumstances of Swift's birth render the fact of his being Temple's son impossible;* and if there were any object in examining the evidence as to Stella, when the case as to Swift is disposed of, as to her too it is, above measure, unlikely. She and her mother were both brought from Lady Giffard's house to Temple's, and Stella was educated under Lady Temple's care; a fact in itself, perhaps, not inconsistent with the supposition which Mr. Wilde countenances; but assuredly her mother, were the story of her being Temple's mistress true, would not be allowed to reside in the same house with Lady Temple in any capacity whatever. We think if there was any deeper mystery

* "Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665, until his birth in 1667; and Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April, 1666, to January, 1668."—Scott.

in Swift's not marrying than the absorbing passion of saving money, and the fear of the expenses that marriage would bring with it, it most probably was his consciousness of lurking insanity, which he feared to transmit to children. His uncle, Godwin Swift, had died in a state not very different from that in which the last years of Swift's life were passed; and as Mr. Mason reasonably suggests, Swift might have known in his family other instances of the same malady, of which we have now no record.

An interesting document, for the first time published in Mr. Wilde's book, is Stella's will. It is in her maiden name—on our theory, she had no other—but this incident has been laid hold of by Swift's biographers as a proof that she felt impatiently towards him. So far from this, we agree with Mr. Wilde that the will must have been drawn up by Swift himself, or under his immediate directions. In both Swift's will and hers, certain of the bequests are given only during the continuance of the present Established Episcopal Church as the national religion of the kingdom. This alone would, as Mr. Wilde says, point to one author of both wills.

It is quite impossible in a notice of this kind to bring forward all that is new in Mr. Wilde's remarkable book. A very interesting part of it is his criticism on the portraits of Stella. The picture in Mr. Berwick's possession, which Scott believed to be genuine, is disproved by its having brown, not black hair. Mr. Wilde himself gives us two, which have not been before engraved; one a medallion painted on one of the walls at Delville—Delany's residence—which tradition calls a portrait of Stella; another—and this manifestly the picture of a very beautiful woman—engraved as the frontispiece to Mr. Wilde's book, answers every description of Stella, and is confirmed (as far as there can be confirmation of such a kind) by the skull of Stella, as exhibited in 1835. It was in the possession of the Fords of Woodpark, where Stella had been some months in 1723, "where," says Mr. Wilde, "it was probably painted."

"It remained, along with an original picture of Swift, at Woodpark for many years, with an un-

broken thread of tradition attached to it, till it came, with the property and effects of the Ford family, into possession of the Preston family. It now belongs to Mr. Preston of Bellinter, through whose kindness we have been permitted to engrave it. The hair is jet black, the eyes dark to match, the forehead high and expansive, the nose rather prominent, and the features generally regular and well-marked. Notwithstanding that it has not been highly worked by the artist, there is a 'pale cast of thought' and an indescribable expression about this picture, which heightens the interest its historic recollections awaken. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf; and around her bust a blue ribbon, to which a locket appears to be attached; and she wears a white and red rose. It is a very good full-sized oil-painting, and matches one of the Dean, which is likewise preserved in the same family. It may have been painted by Jervas, who was a particular friend of Swift's."—p. 120.

Mr. Wilde's volume closes with a number of political poems, some of them very spirited, which have been found in Swift's handwriting; but as among them are some transcripts from well-known poems of others, it is impossible, from the single circumstance of their being in Swift's handwriting, to infer anything as to the authorship. Many of them are, however, very curious, and some of them may be, and probably are, Swift's.

To the future biographer of Swift this volume will be truly valuable. There is not a page of it that does not supply much that is new. Its great value is, no doubt, the accurate examination of a very singular case of disease, exhibited with such perspicuity of detail, as even to be interesting to readers who would, in ordinary circumstances, lay aside what would seem at first to be a mere professional essay. But in addition to this its great merit, there is the illustration which it throws on every part of Swift's life, and the refutation which it contains of many popular errors. Scott's life of Swift is an exceedingly amusing romance, weaving together whatever he found related of his hero by any one and every one. We, however, agree with Mr. Wilde in thinking Mr. Mason's "Life of Swift" the best that we have. Mr. Wilde's own volume in every point of view in which we can consider it, is a most valuable addition to the literature of his country.

From the North British Review.

CHAUCER.

The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, with Memoir by Sir Harris Nicolas.
Pickering: London. 1845.

THE name of Geoffrey or Geffray Chaucer, has a grateful sound to English ears, and the image which it conjures up, purified by time from every taint of ignoble association, looms large to us through the mists of the five centuries which intervene. We regard it as the "sacra et major imago" of the founder of that goodly fellowship of the gifted, which, since the dawn of civilization, has been the salt and the savor of our English life, and we cherish it, as well we may, with a reverent and pious affection. But what the image of the poet thus gains in grandeur it loses in distinctness, and for our own interest, at all events, it may well be questioned whether this distant and misty reverence is exactly the species of incense which it becomes us to offer to one who, during more than half a century, within the range of our authentic history, was the greatest lay-intelligence in England, and whose life was perhaps as pregnant with consequences to our national development as that of any one man who ever existed in England at all. Would it not be more profitable to us, and perhaps not less acceptable to the shade of him, who was certainly no friend to unreasoning adoration, if we endeavored to form for ourselves something like a definite notion of his character both as a poet and as a man, and thus to place our respect (if such should still remain to us) on the firmer basis of individual knowledge? Is it wise to rest contented with mere hearsay and second-hand information, when the question regards the first in point of time, and, in one department at least, the second in point of excellence of our native poets; or is it meet that those who would blush to be found tripping in the minutest details of classical philology, or of the modern tongues, should unhesitatingly confess, as they but too often do, their ignorance of an author, an acquaintance with whom, apart altogether from his intrinsic merits, is indis-

pensable to a knowledge of the historical development of the language which they speak? Truly the object seems worthy of some slight effort.

In order to deal with the utilitarian spirit which perhaps not improperly influences the choice of the many, in literature as in more vulgar matters, and to fix, as it were, the marketable value of Chaucer, the first question, as it seems to us, which we are bound at once to ask and to answer, is—belongs he to the living or to the dead; does he or does he not speak words of living interest to living men; is he or is he not an integral part of our existing civilization?

The world is old enough to have seen many intellectual as well as political revolutions, and there are eras which boasted probably of no mean culture, irrevocably lost in the darkness of time. They are past, dead even in their effects—at least we can trace no influence which they exercise over our present life. Medietely they may work, as the civilization of Egypt through that of Greece, and it is nothing more than reasonable to suppose that by unseen links the earliest and the latest efforts of intelligence may be bound together; but the Pyramids teach no audible lesson except that of the mutability of human affairs, and the vast Sphinx is as silent as the sand at its base. These, for the present, we may not unfittingly hand over to the investigations of the curious; for although it were rashness to set limits to what learning and industry may yet effect in these darker regions, the popular reader may well be excused from intrusting himself to the labyrinth, till the clew has been found by more adventurous spirits.

But do the sayings and doings of Chaucer thus fall beyond the pale of general interest; does his image thus shrink into the shadowy past? Nothing can be more erroneous than such a supposition, and indeed, so far is his

story from being strange and distant to us, that we believe every one who investigates it for the first time will feel astonished that it should have been possible for any one, in the times of Cressy and of Poitiers, to lead a life in all respects so nearly resembling that of an accomplished and successful civilian at the present day. It may make us think better of the liberality of our ancestors also, when we find that among iron-coated warriors and hooded monks, there was one who was neither a soldier nor a priest who advanced himself to celebrity and fortune, and during a long life under three monarchs enjoyed both honor and wealth by dint of his intellectual gifts and graces alone.

It is an extremely common error, both with vulgar narrators and careless readers, to lay hold of the points of dissimilarity between distant ages and those in which they live, to the almost total exclusion of the often much more important features of resemblance, and this error it is which has so singularly estranged us from the early history of our country. We are told, for instance, that Chaucer lived before the invention of printing, in times of the darkest Popish superstition, when men believed in alchemy and astrology, wore armor, and fought for the most part with bows and arrows; and we immediately form to ourselves the picture of a barbarous and benighted age, and of a quaint and curious, but ignorant and bigoted old man, with whom we of this generation of light can have no species of sympathy or fellowship. We forget, however, that by drawing the picture a little nearer to us we should probably have discovered many objects of far more interesting contemplation in the features of resemblance which lie hidden behind the few fantastic forms of unlikeness which have attracted our eye in the foreground, and that, in short, our superficial glance has been resting upon the rude and barren crags which jut up prominently in the distance, instead of luxuriating in the fertile valleys and sunny fields, which a closer inspection would have revealed to our view. Now, if we would approach the father of our poetry in a spirit of erect and manly, but of respectful inquiry—if we would set about investigating his life and his writings, with the view of discovering not wherein he, in common with every man in Europe of his day, differed from the men of modern times, but wherein he resembled us, not in the unchangeable features of humanity alone, but in the peculiar characteristics of race and of nation—if we would compare with our own

the manners and feelings of our own ancestors, as they move before us in their domestic and familiar intercourse in his graphic delineations, we should not only become reconciled to the character of the poet himself, but we should discover that he lived among a people possessing in the highest degree those distinctive features, that sharp and prominent nationality which distinguishes the present inhabitants of England from every other people. We should discover that same joyous and exuberant reality, that hatred of "humbug" which distinguishes us now, existing alongside of those superstitious observances which we rightly attribute to that distant age, and exhibiting itself, as it has ever since done in England, in a tendency, on the part of all classes of the people, to attack falsehood by the arms of argument and ridicule, rather than by an ebullition of sudden violence, which should peril the advantages of their present position, to risk a positive good for a possible better. We should meet, in the morning of our English life, with that same spirit which now sneers in Punch and wrestles in the Times, awake and busy with Pardoner, and monk, and mendicant, and with all that then was vicious and absurd, and we should perceive, moreover, that then, as now, it was no spirit of indiscriminate destruction—that though it was revolutionary in appearance, it was conservative at heart, and that it consequently acted with perfect consistency in permitting to stand, as we know that it did for two centuries longer, a religious system of the imperfections of which it was perfectly conscious, but the uses of which it also recognized.

Much has been done in later times to approach us to our ancestors, and the gulf which threatened to separate us from them forever, has been bridged over by the adoption of a principle little regarded by the writers of history of the last age.* It has come to be perceived that the importance of an historical fact is often by no means in proportion to its apparent magnitude, and that the trivial occurrences of domestic life, and the usages of familiar intercourse, form very frequently a more accurate measure, both of the genius and culture of a people, than their great public events. It was long forgotten, that although trying situations may call forth striking manifestations of individual or of national peculiarities, it is in the peaceful and

* See remarks on Robertson's Charles V. in Maitland's "Dark Age."

normal condition alone that we can hope to analyze that infinitely complex idea which corresponds to the character of a man or of an age; and that it is only when we behold it at rest and examine it in detail, that we can detect the individual colors which compose the variegated web of human life. In the hurry of a battle, or the confusion of a political revolution; in the panic of a pestilence, or the depression of a famine, men of all races, and in all ages, must manifest many features of resemblance, for this simple reason, that their actions are for the time under the dominion of necessity, or at all events of a few simple and overwhelming emotions; and to prove that their conduct had been similar in such circumstances, would be but to prove that they belonged to the common family of mankind. If their courage or their pusillanimity, their clemency or their cruelty, had been very remarkable, we should then indeed have the broad and general ideas that they were heroes or cowards, that they were men of mercy or men of blood; but as to their position on the intellectual or social scale, we should still be utterly at sea, since a barbarian may be generous, and poets and philosophers have been known who were no heroes. So long as the conduct of an individual is very powerfully influenced by the external circumstances which surround him at the time, it forms but a rude and general index to his character; and it is only when his actions proceed from the unfettered dictates of his reason or of his caprice, that its light becomes a clear and trusty guide. If we had heard the orders of Harold to his nobles, and known every circumstance of his conduct, and even every thought which passed through his mind during the battle of Hastings, we might have judged perhaps of the talents of the general, or even of the determination and energy of the man, but we should have known less of the civilization either of him or of his age, than if we had conversed with him, as he buckled on his spurs for the battle, or had played the eaves-dropper, when, in days of careless joy, he lingered by the side of the swan-necked Edith. Of all the days of Harold's life, perhaps the least instructive in this respect would have been that of the battle of Hastings.

Since the days of the learned and laborious Tyrwhitt, and the loving and enthusiastic but injudicious Godwin, numerous have been the attempts to bring us once again face to face with the father of our poetry. We have had "Chaucer Modernized," "Tales from Chau-

cer," "Riches of Chaucer," "Selections from Chaucer," with notes and illustrations and biographies without end, and to little good end or purpose either, so far as we can judge. They have failed one and all, for this good and simple reason, that they satisfied the requirements of no class of readers. Tiresome to the indolent, for whom they were intended, they in vain endeavored to rival with them the attractions of the slightest novel of the day; useless to the vain-glorious, for it was impossible to boast of such an acquaintance with the poet as they conveyed, and to the better class of readers, the learned and serious, not holding out even the promise of satisfaction, they fell, as might have been anticipated, nearly still-born from the press.* Possessing neither brilliancy nor depth, they came within the category of that species of easy writing which, according to Sheridan, is hard reading.

A work of far higher merit, though of far humbler pretension, is one which, under the title of "Pictures of English Life," with accompanying selections from the Canterbury Tales, appeared some time ago in that best of all popular series, "Knight's Weekly Volume." Its author, Mr. Saunders, is entitled to the praise of having succeeded, in one little book, in doing what Godwin attempted and failed to do in two large ones, viz: in transporting us from the England of the 19th back into the England of the 14th century; in forcing us not only to acknowledge, but to *feel* our kindred with our ancestors; that blood is indeed thicker than water, and that between the English then, and the English now, there is more real community than be-

* To "those ornaments of this civilized age, and patterns to the civilized world, the ingenuous, intelligent, well-informed, and artless young women of England," to whom it seems Mr. Cowden Clarke gallantly dedicates his labors, they may, and we hope have been useful, though from what we have ourselves occasionally observed in these same ingenuous and artless young ladies, we must beg leave to doubt whether such a profession was the most effectual means which might have been adopted to propitiate their favor. We believe that a professed ladies' writer, like a professed ladies' man, rarely meets with the gratitude to which he may naturally conceive himself entitled, and his productions, we fear, will run some small risk of being classed with that gratification to which a popular proverb has likened a saltless egg. That there are many passages in old Dan Chaucer unsuited for the eyes or ears of juvenile gentleness we most readily grant, and these we think Mr. Clarke ought quietly and unostentatiously to have omitted from a publication of the kind which he meditated.

tween the English and any other living people. He has succeeded, too, in preserving the vigorous and masculine, the honest and downright spirit of the great original, and the coarseness by which these marvellous tales are occasionally (and considering the time at which they were written, inevitably) disfigured, he has gently put aside, by passing over in silence the passages in which it occurs; he has taken, in short, the poet's own oft-repeated advice to "turne over the leef, and chese another tale," the only sensible course in such circumstances.

But of all the later Chaucerian labors, the most important unquestionably, though perhaps not the most attractive, is the Memoir by the late lamented Sir Harris Nicolas, appended to Pickering's edition of the poet. Sir Harris, who belonged, as is well known, to the incredulous, as Godwin did to the credulous school of antiquarians, proceeded by personal inspection of the sources, to verify, or to refute the mass of so-called facts out of which, with the frequent aid of his own too fertile imagination, that latter enthusiast had contrived to weave what he was pleased to denominate his "Life of Chaucer." Rejecting altogether the aid of conjecture, in which poor Godwin had so freely indulged, he determined to give us "a Life of the poet founded on documentary evidence instead of imagination;" and it will be gratifying to those who, in spite of the secret misgivings with which they must often have been visited, have striven to believe in the existence of the first of our hero-men-of-letters, as Godwin had depicted him, when they learn that from this dry and rigid detail of documentary evidence, this great spirit of the 14th century comes out more than ever in the light of a great and revered and even prosperous man.

For the benefit of those of our readers whose curiosity with regard to the poet may exceed their relish for documentary detail, and also in order that we may have an opportunity of commenting upon the errors into which that universal incredulity, which he very properly adopted as the rule of his conduct, seems occasionally to have led Sir Harris Nicolas, we shall recount, as briefly as we can, the substance of what may now be considered as finally discovered regarding the life and social position of Chaucer.

Over the birth and early life of our father poet, a cloud of mystery hangs, which, as yet, has defied the industry of his biographers. All that can be asserted with safety is, that he was born about the year 1328—that he

was of Norman descent—that his parents were persons in easy circumstances—and that his youth was spent in the city of London. In support of the assertion that he was of Norman race, besides the form of the name itself, which is decidedly Norman, we have the very important fact, which Sir Harris Nicolas has overlooked, of its occurring in two different copies of "Battel Abbey Roll," or list of persons of note who came over to England in the train of the Conqueror.* The name seems never to have become a common one, and it is therefore extremely probable that, by the father's side, the poet was descended from the person there mentioned. But the period of more than two centuries and a half, which had elapsed between the battle of Hastings and the birth of the poet, is far too extensive to warrant us in tracing any portion, either of his individual character,† or of his fortune, to the circumstance of his Norman origin. His ancestors had no doubt intermarried with the Saxon population among whom they lived, and it is highly probable that the blood which flowed in the veins of the poet, like that of the English people generally, was much more Saxon than Norman. At the period of Chaucer's birth, the prejudices of race had already in a great measure given way to the more generous feeling of national pride, and before his death, the work of amalgamation, which time and a community of interests had begun, was completed by the community of antipathies which sprung up as the only permanent good fruits of the French wars of Edward III. and of his son. The only benefit which Chaucer could have derived from the Norman origin of his family, must have been a certain odor of gentility, which we know then adhered to those who bore a Norman name, and this he was altogether too sensible a man to value highly. "Straw for your gentillesse," was probably his own sentiment as well as that of his host; he was a man and an Englishman, and that was quite sufficient for his purpose. It is not improbable that our ignorance with

* *Vide* Stow's Chron. in the last edition of Fuller's Church History, p. 105. The name also occurs in another mentioned by Fuller, as lately in the possession of Thomas Serwin, Esq.

† The personal appearance of the poet, in so far as it goes, is in favor of a Norman descent. His features, which, even in old age, would seem to have been remarkably handsome, are prominent, and the nose has that slightly aquiline form which we are accustomed to consider as the Norman type, probably for no better reason than because it belonged to the Conqueror.

regard to his origin arises in a great measure from the circumstance of his pedigree having occupied a very much smaller portion of his thoughts, than was usually the case with men of his time. It was neither a subject of self-gratulation nor of self-abasement; he was neither proud of it nor ashamed of it; and therefore it is, that although he is very open and communicative with regard to the circumstances of his life generally, it never once occurs to him to say anything of the manner in which he was ushered into the world.

That his parents were persons in easy, if not affluent circumstances, may be safely inferred from the fact, that he certainly received a most excellent education. There is no trace of his ever having been intended for the Church, and yet there is no department of knowledge which was then cultivated, with which he does not exhibit an intimate and apparently an old standing familiarity.

Whatever may have been the place of Chaucer's birth, whether it was the city of London, or the county of Kent, which we shall afterwards see that he represented in Parliament, and with which there are many reasons to suppose that he was connected, there seems little doubt that he received the early part of his education in London. The fact, however, is by no means undisputed. The chief argument in its favor is derived from a passage in "The Testament of Love," which is adduced by Godwin, and most of Chaucer's biographers, as completely establishing the point; whilst by Sir Harris Nicolas it is with equal confidence rejected, as proving nothing at all. The "Testament of Love" is an allegorical piece, composed in imitation of the celebrated work of Boethius, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*; but in which the part of "*Philosophy*" is supplied by "*Love*," who, in a female form, appears to converse with and console her "*Norie*," or *alumnus*. The question in dispute among the biographers is, as to how far this "*Norie*," this terrestrial interlocutor, may with safety be regarded as the poet himself; and whether the circumstances mentioned must be held to form part of the allegory, or may be construed as having reference to actual occurrences? That Godwin, with his habitual rashness, has endeavored to make out a great deal too much, and that he has converted an imaginary island, in which the interlocutor is imprisoned by the allegorical personages, "*Luste*," "*Thought*," and "*Will*," into the Tower of London, in which he conceives the poet to be confined by the

opponents of John of Gaunt, is beyond dispute; still it by no means follows, that because Godwin has made an absurd blunder with regard to one passage, no part of the book shall be held to have a personal reference to the poet; or that, because Chaucer does *not mean* the "Tower of London," when he speaks of an "allegorical island," therefore he *does mean* an "allegorical island" when he speaks of the "city of London." The passage itself is so pointed, that we cannot think of torturing it into any other than its natural sense. "Also the Citey of London, that is to me so dere, and swete, in whiche I was forth growen, and more kindly love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth, as every kindly creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendure, and to wilne reste and pece in that stede to abide." The context is no doubt very obscure, but there is nothing in it, so far as we can see, which forbids the application of these words to the individual situation of Chaucer; and we are further confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that in the work of Boethius, the author continually speaks through the mouth of the terrestrial interlocutor. The probabilities, therefore, in our opinion, are in favor of the direct construction, and consequently of Chaucer's having been, if not born, at least "forth growen," in London, though we should scarcely have expected to find them giving rise to the chapter on his "Schoolboy Amusements," which we find in Godwin.

Each of the English universities lays claim to Chaucer as a pupil, with about equal success. That he must have studied at one of them is certain, for there then existed no other means of procuring the instruction which he possessed; and the method of solving the mystery, at which Sir H. Nicolas scouts, viz: by supposing that he was at both, seems to us by no means so absurd as he imagines. We know that it was then very common for celebrated teachers, both in England and on the Continent, to collect around them audiences drawn from every corner of Europe, and the students were a migratory population, who remained at any one university no longer than was requisite to attend on the instructions of him whose fame had brought them thither. Leland, the English antiquary of the sixteenth century, who asserts that Chaucer was at Oxford, was a member of both universities, and Chaucer seems to indicate a favor for the custom where he says, that "Sondry scoles maken subtil clerkes." The English uni-

versities had not then, and did not assume till long afterwards, that peculiar character which now belongs to them. They resembled the universities of Paris and Bologna then, and of Germany and Scotland now; and we know that the custom of residing at two, or even three universities, is very frequent at the present day, both on the Continent of Europe and in Scotland.

It is also asserted, on still more doubtful authority, that Chaucer studied the law; and an amusing anecdote is told by Spight, of his having been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street, whilst he was a member of the Inner Temple. We are further told that he travelled in France for his instruction. But with reference to all these assertions, the question will naturally arise, whether they were not brought forward by their authors, in order to account for the acquirements of which the poet was no doubt possessed when he first comes within the range of historical vision. If a man knows French well, as he seems to have done, it is no doubt highly probable that he may have been partially educated in France; but it is not a sufficient ground upon which to assert that such has actually been the case, since the fact would be equally well accounted for by his mother having been a French woman, or a hundred other accidental circumstances.

All that can be positively affirmed of Chaucer, up to the year 1359, when he was in the army which invaded France, and when, according to the date which is usually given to his birth, he must have been 31 years of age, is that he received the best education which could be obtained at the time, and that he probably was intended for a learned profession, since his studies would not otherwise have been carried so far at a time when learning was so rarely cultivated by laymen for its own sake.

The account which we possess of his first and only military service, is contained in a deposition which he himself gave on the 15th October 1387, as a witness for Sir Richard le Scrope, in defense of his right to the arms "azure a bend or" against the claim of Sir R. Grosvenor. Chaucer was then attending upon the Parliament, as knight of the shire for the county of Kent. His deposition, which is extremely curious, we shall insert for the amusement of our readers.

"Geffray Chaucere, Esquier, del age de xl. ans et plus, armez par xxvij. ans, produit par la partie de Mons. Richard Lescrope, jurrez et examinez :

"Demandez, si les armez dazure ove une bende dor appartaignent, ou deivent appartaigner, au dit Mons. Richard du droit et de heritage, dist,

"Que oil, qar il lez ad ven estre armez en Fraunce devant la ville de Retters, et Mons. Henry Lescrope armoz en mesmes les armez ove un label blanc et a baner, et le dit Mons. Richard armez en les entiers armez d'azure ove une bende dor, et issint il lez vist armer partout le dit viage, tanque le dit Geffrey estoit pris :

"Demandez, par quei il sciet que les ditz armez appartaignent au dit Mons. Richard, dist,

"Que par oy dire des veu Chivalers et Esquiers," &c. &c.

The following anecdote is curious :

"Qil estoit une foitz en Friday Strete en Londres, com il alast en la rewe il vist pendant hors un novell signe faitz dez diz armez, et demandast quele herbergerie ceo estoit qui avoit pendu hors certez armez du Scrop, et un autr luy respondist et dit, Neny!, seigneur, ils ne sount myz penduz hors pour les armez de Scrope, ne depeynte la pour cez armez, mes ils sount depeynte et mys la por une Chivaleir del Counte de Chestre, que homme appell Mons. Robert Grovenor; et ceo fuist les primer faitz que oonges il oiait parler de Mons. Robert Grovenor ou de cez auncestres, ou de ascun autre portant le nom de Grovenor."

It would be extremely interesting to know in what capacity Chaucer actually served in this memorable expedition. The term "armed" by no means sets the question at rest, for he says that he was armed for twenty-seven years, during which time we know that he filled a succession of civil offices, and never once acted in the capacity of a soldier. It applies also to the time of giving the deposition, when he was certainly altogether a civilian. Perhaps it referred merely to the rank of esquire, which he then possibly for the first time assumed, or obtained. Strongly confirmatory as it seems to us of the view that Chaucer was attached to the army of Edward in a civil capacity, is the circumstance that the next mention we have of him is in the situation of one of the "Valets of the King's Chamber," or "Valet of the King's Household," as the office is elsewhere called; and on 20th June 1367, the King grants him, by the designation of "dilectus Valettus noster," in consideration of his former and future services, an annual salary of twenty marks for life, or until he should be otherwise provided for. From 1360 to 1367 no entry of any payment to him appears on the Issue Roll of the Exchequer, so that he probably held during that time no recognized public office;

but the mention of his former services evidently implies a previous connection with the Court, and nothing is more likely than that they may have stretched back to the date of the expedition. His being taken prisoner, of course proves nothing, for this might have befallen a civil as well as a military servant of the king, though it is very possible that the captivity which he suffered may have been reckoned among his services; and that its duration may account for some portion of the time during which, after once appearing, he again escapes from our sight. His appearance at Court in a situation which, as Sir H. Nicolas says, "was always filled by gentlemen," at a time when the requisite of birth was more indispensable than even now to Court preferment, is also favorable to the opinion that he was from the first of gentle blood, and that, though he gave himself little trouble about the matter, there were others who read the "Battel Abbey Roll" in his behalf.

Chaucer's marriage is probably to be ascribed to the period at which we have now arrived. His wife was Philippa Roet, one of the "demoiselles," or ladies in attendance on the queen, and the eldest daughter of Sir Payne Roet, a native of Hainault, and king of arms of Guienne. She was also the sister of Katherine, the widow of Sir Hugh Swynford, who at one time was the mistress, and afterwards became the wife, of John of Gaunt. This, like most of the other facts of Chaucer's life, has been the subject of dispute, but we may now regard it as finally set at rest, by the investigations of Sir Harris Nicolas. The exact period of his marriage is not mentioned, but it must have taken place before the 12th of September, 1366, since on that day a pension of ten marks annually, for life, was granted to "*Philippa Chaucer una Domicellarum Camere Philippæ Reginæ Angliæ.*" Chaucer's wife was, therefore, a *Domicella* before he was, or at least is known to have been, a *Valetus*, and it is not improbable that this connection with her may have led to his procuring that office. Philippa, after her marriage with the poet, continued in the service of the queen, and at Christmas, 1368, she is mentioned as one of the persons of the royal household to whom robes were ordered to be given. Her name occurs along with those of twelve other "demoiselles," eight "sous demoiselles," and several "veilleresses" of the queen's chamber, and among these latter is Philippa Pycard, the person whom several of the biographers suppose to have been the wife of Chaucer. There is reason to be-

lieve that Sir Payne Roet came to England in the retinue of Queen Philippa, in 1328, and it is therefore probable that his daughter entered the royal household at an early period of life. We have no means of ascertaining her age when she was united to the poet, but unless the marriage took place some time before the pension was assigned to her, her husband must then have been at least thirty-five, and as it is not likely that she was much older, we may conclude that she was born after her father's arrival in England.

After the queen's death, in 1369, Philippa Chaucer was attached to the person of Constance of Castile, Duchess of Lancaster, the second consort of John of Gaunt, to whose children, by his first alliance, her younger sister, Katherine, Lady Swynford, was then governess. Like her husband, she seems to have enjoyed the favor of "the great duke," for, before August, 1372, he had given her a pension of £10 per annum, which was commuted, in June, 1374, for an annuity of the same amount to her and her husband for life, "in consideration of the good services which they had rendered to the duke, to his duchess, and to the late queen, his mother." In 1382 the Duke of Lancaster presented her with a silver-gilt cup and cover, as a new-year's gift, and the record of this donation shows that she was then one of the three ladies in attendance on the duchess, the others being Lady Sanche Blount and Lady Blanche de Trumington.

Such is pretty nearly all that has been discovered of her who shared the joys and the sorrows of Chaucer, and who, as we shall see, was the mother of his children. We would gladly know more, but on this, as on many other occasions, we must feel grateful for knowledge which, though meagre in itself, so considerably exceeds that which we possess of the private history of a greater poet than he, and one who lived so much nearer to our time. Of Shakspeare's wife, the name of "Anne Hathaway" is nearly all which his biographers are privileged to record.*

* As regards Chaucer's relation to the gentler sex in general, there is one passage in his writings which deserves to be noticed. In the Prologue to the "Rime of Sire Thopas," the host, when speaking of the poet, says:

• "This were a popet in an arme to embrace
For any woman, small and faire of face."

And from this, which was the opinion of himself, by a man not remarkable for vanity, taken in conjunction with what we know of his marriage, it may be inferred with little danger of error, that fortune,

We have now to contemplate Chaucer in an altogether different capacity, and in one which has very generally, though not very reasonably, been supposed to be inconsistent with the character of a poet. We have seen him a student and a courtier. We are now to behold him immersed in affairs—a man of business. On the 20th June, 1370, he obtained the usual letters of protection, in order that he might go abroad in the service of the king. This, so far as we know, was the first of Chaucer's foreign missions: the object of it has not been ascertained; but he must have discharged his duties to the satisfaction of his sovereign, for his services were soon again called in requisition, and he was sent into foreign parts *at least seven times** in the public service. The second of these missions is the most celebrated, from his referring to an anecdote supposed to be connected with it in the *Canterbury Tales*. The commission for this embassy was dated on the 12th November, 1372, and Chaucer being then one of the king's esquires, was joined in it with James Pronam and John de Mari, citizens of Genoa, for the purpose of choosing some port in England where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment. It seems that he went to Florence, as well as Genoa, for on his return, in February, 1374, he received a payment at the Exchequer for his expenses while on the king's service at these places. Godwin, and several of the other biographers assert, that on this occasion he visited Petrarch at Padua, and obtained from him, then and there, the pathetic tale of *Griselda*. The anecdote, which, if true, would be highly interesting, unfortunately rests upon no higher authority than the possibility that such a meeting may have taken place, and the supposed allusion to it in the following lines in the Prologue to the Clerk's Tale:

"I wol you tell a tale, which that I
Learned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As preved by his wordes and his werk.
He is now ded, and nailed in his cheste,
I pray to God so yeve his soule rest.
Fraunceis Petrark, the lauret poete,
Highte this clerk, whos retorike swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie."

If Chaucer had not appeared in his own

along with her other favors, dealt to him no stinted share of womanly affection, and that, in common with most of those who have been greatly gifted, he had the still more enviable privilege of being greatly beloved.

* Some say nine times.

person as one of the characters in the *Pilgrimage*, and recited one of the tales, there would then have been very strong reasons for identifying his character with that of the clerk of Oxenford, and the internal evidence in favor of this interesting meeting might have sufficed to supply the deficiency of external proof. As it is, however, notwithstanding the fact of Chaucer's having actually been at Florence while Petrarch was at Arqua, (for the discovery of which we are indebted to Sir Harris Nicolas, and which, if it had been known to Godwin, would have been pounced upon as a positive windfall,) we cannot regard the story in a higher light than that in which Sir Harris puts it when he says, that "until accident brings some hitherto undiscovered document to light, it must remain among the many doubtful circumstances in the lives of eminent men which their admirers wish to believe true, but for which their biographers ought to require surer evidence than what Godwin calls 'coincidences which furnish a basis of historical probability.'"

Our space does not permit us to enumerate the subsequent diplomatic services of the poet. They were all of them, however, on affairs of importance, and frequently of secrecy, which renders it difficult to trace their object, or even to ascertain their number, as on these occasions neither commissions nor letters of protection were given, and the fact of their having taken place is only ascertained by payments to Chaucer from the Exchequer for services rendered "*in secretis negotiis domini regis*." One, however, is mentioned by Froissart, in which Chaucer was joined in February, 1377, with Sir Guichard d'Angle (afterwards Earl of Huntingdon) and Sir Richard Sturry, to negotiate a secret treaty for the marriage of Richard, Prince of Wales, with Mary, daughter of the king of France. On most of these occasions, as on that to which we have just alluded, he was associated with persons of more exalted rank—a circumstance which has led Saunders to form the very natural conjecture that he was in truth the working man of the embassy, and acted in the capacity of what would now be called *charge d'affaires*.*

But another and much more prosaic occupation engaged the attention of the poet

* It is worthy of remark, that in 1378, when he was sent to Lombardy, Chaucer appointed his friend and brother poet *Gower*, along with a certain Richard Forrester, to represent him in any legal proceedings which might be instituted in his absence.

when in England. On the 8th June, 1374, shortly after his return from his first mission to Italy, he was appointed Comptroller of the Customs, and Subsidy of "Wools, Skins, and tanned Hides," in the port of London, and this office he continued to hold for twelve years, though he was bound to write the rolls of his office with his own hand, to be continually present, and to perform his duties personally and not by deputy, excepting of course the occasions on which he was sent abroad in the king's service. On the 8th of May, 1382, he was farther appointed Comptroller of the Petty Customs in the port of London, but the duties of this latter office he was permitted to discharge either in person or by sufficient deputy, and on the 17th of the following February he was accordingly permitted to appoint a permanent deputy. It is amusing to remark, in connection with Chaucer's first appointment to the Customs, that about the same time he received a grant of a pitcher of wine daily for life, to be received in the port of London by the hands of the king's butler. Perhaps his royal master may have been of opinion that after a day spent in those "rekenynges," of which he gently insinuates his aversion in his House of Fame, a "cup of sack" would be no unwelcome refreshment to a poet.

But though we may imagine that the kindness of his sovereign may have been called into exercise on this occasion, by a sense of the uninteresting nature of the poet's occupations, we can by no means join with Tyrwhitt in his lamentation for the genius of Chaucer, when struggling against the petrifying effect of these custom-house accounts. We believe, on the contrary, that much of that peculiarly healthy and normal character which belongs to Chaucer's mind, as exhibited in his poetry, is to be attributed to his having taken so large a share in the actual business of the world. To procure the means of living in ease and affluence by the exercise of moderate, though regular application, has seldom a deteriorating effect on the mind of any man, and the time which was engrossed by these occupations was probably saved from his passing amusements and his gossiping friends, rather than taken from that which would have been devoted to posterity. The Excise has been charged with more than its own share in the destruction of Robert Burns, and the India House may claim the merit of having saved Charles Lamb from the heaviest of human afflictions. We regard it as a proof at once of the

"manysidedness" of Chaucer's mental endowments, and of the thorough manliness of his character, that whilst he acted as the spiritual exponent of his age—whilst he felt and responded to the highest of earthly vocations—he was at the same time both able and willing to discharge, and did actually discharge, long and assiduously, the ordinary duties of an English citizen. Nor is the instance a solitary one among the greatest poets. Milton was Latin secretary to Cromwell, and took an active share in all the events of his time; Shakspeare realized a fortune by his "Globe Theatre;" Goethe was prime minister to the Duke of Weimar; and if Shelley, Byron, and Keats, and the rest of our morbid poets, had been forced to think a little more of other people and a little less of themselves, there would probably have been less of that fretful repining and subjective mewling by which they have disgraced both themselves and their calling.

Towards the end of 1386, Chaucer ceased to hold his offices in the Customs, and great has been the ingenuity which his biographers have exhibited in accounting for his supposed dismissal. Godwin, who never leaves anything unexplained, discovered, as he says, from passages in the "Testament of Love," or more properly speaking invented, a very ingenious and romantic story of his having taken part in the dispute between the Court and the citizens of London, respecting the election of a certain mayor of the name of John of Northampton; of his having fled to Zealand; of his there having acted with great liberality to his fellow-exiles; of the persons who had charge of his affairs in his absence having betrayed their trust and reduced him to poverty; of his having betrayed his confederates in return, in order to get out of the Tower of London, in which it seems he was imprisoned on his return, and a great many circumstances of a similar description, which, though highly creditable to the inventor, would not probably be greatly to the edification of our readers. The whole of this mass of "historical probabilities" is now blown in the air by the discovery, that, during the whole time of his supposed exile, Chaucer was quietly discharging his custom-house duties in London, and drawing his salaries; and that, at the very time when he is supposed to have been lying a prisoner in the Tower of London, he was sitting as knight of the shire for the county of Kent, in the Parliament at Westminster! The discovery is of course a notable one, and Sir Harris Nicolas glorifies himself accordingly. But

the odd part of the business is, that although he has thus pulled down the whole of the superincumbent mass of rubbish which Godwin had built upon the theory of the dismissal, he still continues to be haunted by the theory itself. Why does it never occur to him, that if Chaucer became a member of Parliament on the 1st October, and ceased to be Comptroller of the Customs on the 1st December, the two events may possibly have been connected, and that the resignation of the comptrollership may have been occasioned by its duties being incompatible with those of a member of Parliament? The explanation seems so natural, that one wonders why it should have failed to suggest itself. But what, then, became of the theory of the dismissal? It went by the board of course; and this Sir Harris would by no means permit, for he (in common with Godwin, strange to tell) was determined that Chaucer should be poor at one period of his life; and the present seemed a favorable opportunity for commencing his misfortunes. We are told, accordingly, that although the accession of Richard II. had been favorable to him at first, from the power which it placed in the hands of his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, the tide had now turned against him, and that he had become obnoxious to the Duke of Gloucester, who had then risen into power. For this there is just as little proof as for the exile to Zealand. It is very possible that a change of ministers may have led to the poet's retirement from his offices in the customs, and a similar circumstance may have induced him voluntarily to assign his pensions—a transaction which has been held as a sure indication of his being in pecuniary difficulties. In any view of this matter, the facts seem to us by no means necessarily to infer poverty; they are equally explicable on the supposition of his having attained to such affluence as to render it no longer indispensable that he should discharge the functions of laborious offices; and, however improbable it may be that a poet should be industrious, if we have the industry proved, as in the case before us, we think the supposition of its having been followed by its usual concomitant of easy circumstances, even in his case, ceases to be extravagant. The death of his wife, moreover, which seems to have taken place in 1387, by adding the element of domestic affliction to the other inducements to retirement which must always have weighed with a man of letters, renders the voluntary withdrawal of Chaucer from public affairs, at this period of his life,

still more intelligible. We are confirmed in our opinion, moreover, by the fact, that he never again held any public office the duties of which he was called to perform in person. In 1389, when the young king Richard II. assumed the reins of government, and the poet's patron, John of Gaunt, and his son, the Earl of Derby, (afterwards King Henry IV.) came into power, he was appointed to the valuable office of clerk of the king's works at the palace of Westminster and the other royal residences, but his duties he was permitted to discharge by deputy, and, even if he had not, they were probably more to his taste than those of comptroller of customs. This situation Chaucer held for two years; and the cause of his resignation, or dismissal, as in the former case, is unknown. For a short time he seems to have had no other pension than that which he derived from the Duke of Lancaster, and his wages as one of the king's esquires. But on the 28th February, 1394, he again obtained a grant from the king of £20 for life; and this fact, taken in connection with the powerful friendships which we know he possessed, and the very recent period at which, as clerk of the works, he must have been very well off, renders it, to our thinking, rather a hasty conclusion on the part of his biographers, that he must have been in great want of money, merely because he seems, once or twice, to have anticipated his pension at the exchequer. The truth of the matter probably is, that he made the exchequer serve him in some measure as a banker—that he treated the pension as an account-current, upon which he drew as he found occasion for his ordinary expenses; and this view we think is confirmed by the fact, that he allowed it to lie after the term of payment, nearly as often as he drew it in advance. On the whole, we conceive that the attempt to make Chaucer a martyr to the world's forgetfulness of men of genius, has not very well prospered in the hands of his biographers; and we think it not unlikely, that the phantom of poverty with which they have insisted on marring his fortunes, may have been conjured up by that which overshadowed their own. On this subject Sir Harris Nicolas is quite as pathetic as Godwin; and the similarity of his fate, which we have recently had occasion to deplore, with that which so long pressed upon the indiscreet but gifted author of *Caleb Williams*, may not improbably have brought about this solitary coincidence. Nor are we at all shaken in our opinion on this subject by Chaucer's address "to his Emptie Purse," which has been re-

lied on as an additional proof of his poverty. It is manifestly a sportive production, written for the purpose of bringing his claims for an increase to his pensions in a light and graceful manner before the young king, Henry IV., the son of his patron, John of Gaunt, and with whom, be it remembered, he was then nearly connected by marriage; and in these circumstances the expressions, "I am sorrie now that ye be light," "be heavy againe," &c., seem to us nothing more than what we daily hear from persons in very easy circumstances. They might be brought forward as a proof of his avarice, quite as well as of his poverty. But if he was needy, he seems not to have been an unsuccessful suitor, for we know that within four days after Henry came to the throne, and probably the very day that he received the verses in question, he doubled the poet's pension, and on the 15th of October of the preceding year, just at the time when his supposed penury must have been at its height, he obtained, in addition to his daily pitcher, another grant of a tun of wine every year during his life, "in the port of London, from the king's chief butler or his deputy."* If he had been so "rascally poor" as his biographers would make him, one would think that the *pitcher*† daily ought to have been sufficient for his consumption in the article of wine. That Chaucer was extravagant, or at least that he possessed those expensive tastes which so frequently accompany intellectual refinement, is extremely probable, and if such were the case, it is not unlikely that his purse was occasionally "lighter" than was consistent with his habits; but we rejoice to think that there is no reason for quarrelling with the buxom age in which he lived, on the score of his having been subjected to actual want, and so far are we from wishing to claim for him the glories of pecuniary martyrdom, that we confess to regarding with some degree of pleasure, the many indications of wealth and comfort with which at every stage of life we find him surrounded. We remember that Knox had "his pipe of Bordeaux in that old Edinburgh house of his," and we remember also the flagon of Einbecker beer, which the kind hands of Duke Erich proffered to Doctor Martin Luther, on his exit from the *Saale* at Worms, and the gratitude with which he drank it;

and neither the one nor the other of these hero-priests is one whit the less heroic in our eyes from his hearty enjoyment of the good things which Providence sent him. We have every reason to believe that the father of our poets was considerably more fortunate in external circumstances than either of the Reformers, and we have no reason to doubt that his enjoyments were tempered with the same kindly and pious spirit.

But Chaucer was not destined long to enjoy the bounty of his new sovereign, for he died at the mature age of 72, on the 15th October, 1400, only one year subsequent to the grants which we have last mentioned. He died in the vicinity of Westminster, in a house which, on the Christmas Eve preceding, he had rented from a monk of the name of Robert Humodesworth. Whether London was then the place of his habitual residence, whether he possessed, as has been said, the castle and manor of Donington, in Berkshire, or passed the latter part of his life at a favorite retreat at Woodstock, cannot now be, or at all events has not yet been, ascertained with certainty, though considerably greater industry has been bestowed upon the inquiry than in the eyes of many it may seem to merit.

In his family Chaucer was not less fortunate than in the other circumstances of his life, and his name was preserved in honor among the living by his eldest son, Thomas Chaucer, who externally was a more important personage than even the poet himself. In the reign of Richard II., while his father yet lived, he had held the office of king's chief butler, and a grant of twenty marks a year had also been given to him. Under Henry IV. he held many lucrative and honorable appointments; he represented Oxfordshire in eight Parliaments, commencing with the year 1402, and coming down to 1429, and in 1414 he was chosen speaker of the Commons in the Parliament that met at Westminster, on Monday after the octaves of St. Martin. Thomas Chaucer married Matilda, the second daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Burghersh, with whom he acquired large estates in Oxfordshire, and in many other counties, and latterly he seems to have been very wealthy, since he is rated after his death, in the list which was prepared of those of whom it was proposed to borrow money for carrying on the French war, at a much larger sum than any other person except the Bishops of Exeter and Ely, the Dean of Lincoln, and Sir John Cornwall. He served with the king in France with a retinue of twelve

* It is instructive on this subject to remark that a few months subsequent to this grant, if not at the very time, the king's chief butler was none other than the poet's own son, Thomas Chaucer.

† A pitcher of wine is supposed to have amounted to four bottles.

men-at-arms, and thirty-seven archers, and he was present at the battle of Agincourt. Like his father, he seems also to have had a talent for diplomacy, for he was frequently employed as an ambassador during the reigns of Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI.

Thomas Chaucer had only one child, Alice Chaucer, who married for the third time, in 1430, William de la Pole, Earl, and afterwards Duke of Suffolk, who was attainted and beheaded in 1450. By him she had three children, the eldest of whom, John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, married the Princess Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of King Edward IV., by whom he had a numerous family, the eldest of whom, John de la Pole, was declared by Richard III. heir-apparent to the throne, in the event of the Prince of Wales dying without issue; so that for some time, as Sir Harris Nicolas remarks, there was a great probability of the poet's great-grandson succeeding to the crown. But the Earl of Lincoln (for such he had been created in his father's lifetime) was killed in the not very glorious battle of Stoke, in 1487, and in his person the family of Chaucer was extinguished, thus suffering the fate which strangely enough seems to impend over the families of all our poets.

Besides his son Thomas, Chaucer probably had a daughter and also a sister of the name of Elizabeth, since two persons bearing the name of Elizabeth Chaucer became nuns, one in the Abbey of Berking in Essex, and the other in the priory of St. Helen's, London, in such circumstances as to lead to the supposition that they were connected with the poet.

But of all his children, the most interesting, because apparently the best beloved, is "lytel Lowys," for whose instruction he compiled, and to whom he dedicated his "conclusions of the Astrolabe" in a style so quaint, so tender, and withal so instructive with reference both to his own character and to the time, that though intended for no other purpose than to facilitate the studies of a child of ten years old, it has become to us one of the most interesting of his works.

The object of the treatise is to reduce to a simpler form the rules for the use of this instrument, which till the invention of the quadrant, was invariably used both in astronomy and navigation, and to present them in English to his son, instead of the Latin in which it was then the custom to teach them, "for latine ne canst thou nat yet but smale, my litel sonne." It is "compowned," as he tells us, "after the latitude of Oxenforde,"

where it is probable that "lytel Lowys" was then at school, and where his father had evidently perceived with delight the opening of powers which we have reason to believe were not destined to arrive at maturity. With a mixture of fondness and of pride which is touching, he says, "I perceive by certain evidences, thyne abylyte to lerne scyences, touching nombres, and proportions, and also well consider I thy besye prayer in especyal to lerne the tretyse of the astrolabye." The conclusion of the dedication is also well worthy of note, both for the quaint modesty with which he lays aside all pretension to scientific originality, and for the patriotic enthusiasm with which he speaks of the English language:

"Now wol I pray mekely every person discrete, that redeth or heareth this litel treatise to have my rude entending excused, and my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The firste cause is, for that curious endityng and harde sentences is ful hevvy at once, for such a childe to lerne. And the seconde cause is this, that sothely me semeth better to writen unto a child twice a good sentence, than he foriete in ones. And Lowis, if it so be that I shewe the in my lith Englishe, as true conclusions touching this mater, and not only as trewe but as many and subtil conclusions, as bene yshewed in latin, in any comon treatise of the astrolabye, conne me the more thanke, and praye God save the kinge, that is lorde of this langage, and all that him faith beareth, and obeith everich in his degre, the more and the lasse. But consydre thwell, that I ne usurpe not to have founden this werke of my labor or of mine engin. I nam but a leude compilatour of the laboure of old astrologiens, and have it translated in myn Englishe only for thy doctrine, and with this swerde shall I sleue envy."

This little tribute of paternal love on the part of our poet, is indeed remarkable in many ways, and if we consider the time at which it was written, when universality of knowledge was of much less easy attainment than in our day, and bear in mind further, that it was the fruit of the leisure hours of one, who besides his literary labors, which were neither few nor small, was as we have seen a courtier, a diplomatist, and a man of business, it will hold as such a prominent place among the curiosities of literature. Of its bearing in another point of view, we shall have to speak in a subsequent page.

We have now concluded what we conceived it needful to say of the external position of Chaucer, and of his varied career, and it will probably be admitted that we have in some measure fulfilled the promise with which we commenced the recital. We have

called from the fourteenth century as a witness to its manners, one who neither in his occupations, nor in his fortunes, differed greatly from hundreds of the best class of Englishmen of the present time, and whose story, in its external aspect, might be told of many under the reign of Queen Victoria, as well as under that of King Edward III. Are we to conclude from this, that Chaucer was a solitary and isolated character, plucked as it were by anticipation from the realm of the future, and sent as a spectator for our behoof into the halls of our ancestors? or are we to accept him as a specimen of the man of his time, at the expense of foregoing all our preconceived opinions with reference to the character of the fourteenth century? On either hypothesis we should be equally in error; solitary and isolated he certainly was not, for with all that was acted, and all that was thought, he was entwined; in his life and in his character he was the expression of his time; but neither was he an average specimen, for he was its highest expression; we do not say that he was before his time, for though the phrase is often used with reference to those whose development surpasses that of their contemporaries not in kind but in degree, we do not think that it is rightly so used, and if there was any one of that day to whom in its proper significance we might apply it, it would be to Wycliffe, and not to Chaucer. Chaucer did not anticipate the future, but he comprehended the present, he was a "seer" of what was, not of what was to be. He was the "clear and conscious" man of his time. In his opinions there was nothing which others did not feel, but what they felt unconsciously he thought and expressed, and what to them was a vapor, to him was a form. There was no antagonism between him and his age, and hence the popularity which we know that he enjoyed. In taking this view of the matter, it may be thought that we give up all pretension on the part of our poet, to the highest—the prophetic part of the poetic character. We answer that we are not here to discuss the question, as to whether the proper function of the poet is to express the age in which he lives, or to shadow forth an age which is to follow. We state the fact as we conceive it to be, and so important do we regard it in order to a just appreciation of the character and influence of Chaucer, that we shall take the liberty of illustrating it by tracing it out, as well as we may, first in his philosophy, and then in his religion.

For this purpose it is not necessary that

we should speak at length of his metaphysical creed, for the philosophy of Aristotle was still all-prevalent; and there is abundant proof in many parts of his writings, that Chaucer, like the rest of the learned of his day, was brought up at the feet of the Staggyrte, and that he read it with the light which the schoolmen afforded. It is probable also that the study was a very favorite one with him; that he "hadde unto logic long ygo," and that in this, as in many other respects, he painted his own character in that of the "Clerk of Oxenford," when he says, that

"him was liever han at his bed's head
A twenty bookes cloth'd in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robës rich, or fiddle, or psaltry."

But there is no reason to think that in this department Chaucer ever assumed a higher position than that of a recipient. In none of his works that have come down to us does he deal with the pure intelligence; and, indeed, from his whole character, it is obvious that his interest in the concrete was so intense as scarcely to admit of his lingering long in the regions of metaphysical or logical abstraction. The part of our nature with which he was concerned, and upon which it was his vocation to act, was precisely that which the logician excludes from his view; as a poet, he had to deal with man not as he thinks merely, but as he feels and acts; with his passions and affections even more than with his intelligence; and hence his devotion to ethical studies.

Of the manner in which he studied, and endeavored to elaborate this latter department of mental philosophy, we are fortunately enabled to judge with considerable precision. In early life he translated the celebrated work of Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophiæ;" a book more remarkable for its fortunes than even for its merits. Composed in prison, when accused of the crime of having "hoped for the restoration of Roman liberty," by him whom Gibbon has characterized as "the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for their countryman," it formed, as it were, the connecting link between the classical and the Christian world; and the labor of translation which Chaucer performed had already occupied the leisure of Alfred, and was yet to engage that of Elizabeth. Though Boethius was a Christian, and his quarrel with Theodoric is supposed to have arisen from a treatise which he published

during his consulship, in 522, in which he maintained the doctrine of the Unity of the Trinity, in opposition to the Arian tenets of his master, the arguments by which he seems to have consoled himself for the loss of his greatness, and to have prepared himself for the death which he soon after suffered, are deduced from the doctrines of Plato, of Aristotle, and, above all, of Zeno, rather than from those of Christ and his disciples; and if the book is to be regarded in a higher light than that of a philosophical pastime, by which he sought to relieve the tedium of captivity, it must be viewed as the production of one in whom the character of the heathen philosopher preponderated over that of the Christian martyr. It possesses, however, much of the calm and dignified beauty which the ancients shed over their natural religion. In many passages we feel as if we were reading a Latin translation of one of the Dialogues of Plato, or had stumbled, by accident, on an unknown passage of one of Cicero's philosophical treatises: but the freshness is gone; the clearness and precision is wanting; the style is verbose, and the argument inconsequent; and we arrive at last at the conclusion, that the author intended it as an imitation of those writings, with which we know, from his early studies, that he must have been conversant. Be this as it may, the work enjoyed a popularity, and exerted an influence over the better minds of the Middle Ages, beyond that of any other writing—a circumstance which will hardly astonish us if we remember that, to most of those by whom it was so eagerly read, the sources from which it was derived were unknown; and that it was consequently in its pages that they first became acquainted with the flattering doctrine, that man, by the exercise of reason, becomes superior to the dominion of fortune. The singular destiny which attended the philosophy of the Stoics is worthy of remark, as illustrating the influence which Boethius exerted on the Middle Age. Wherever their tenets appear, it is continually as a vain protest against existing corruption—feeble for present good, but full of power and of meaning for a time which is soon to follow. When Zeno first promulgated his doctrines, they were addressed to Greece, distracted by scepticism, and enervated by Epicureanism, and the apostle of virtue taught in vain. Greece was past recovery, but the rival which was to supplant her listened with eagerness to the lessons to which she was deaf; and the stern philosophy of the porch found an expression in the energy

and simplicity of Roman life. During the youth and vigor of the Republic, Stoicism was peculiarly the philosophy of Rome, recognized in theory and illustrated in practice; and it was not till virtue herself had departed, under the relaxing and deadening influence of the Empire, that it ceased to be regarded. But here, as in Greece, when corruption and effeminacy had reached their culminating point, it reappeared in the shape of a warning spirit; and though the words of Boethius, like those of Zeno, fell unheeded on the ears of his countrymen, they found, like his, an audience among a people who flourished on the ruins of those to whom they were originally addressed. It has been said that Zeno had a presentiment of the stern simplicity of Rome, and with equal truth it might be said, that Boethius had a presentiment of the romantic and truth-loving devotion of the Middle Ages.

But though Chaucer inherited the ethical code of Boethius, he was not contented with the character of a simple inheritor. He endeavored to adapt what he found in a Roman dress, or in Roman tatters, to the uses and modes of thinking of his countrymen; and hence, in the curious treatise which is called his "Testament of Love," we have a complete embodiment of the practical philosophy of the chivalrous ages. The book is obscure and perplexing, in the highest degree; full of quaint allegory, digressions, and repetitions; totally devoid of system; distressingly verbose, and still more distressingly long, so as almost to set at defiance the puny efforts of modern perseverance; still it evidently contains much that is important, and, if thoroughly read, we are satisfied, would reveal in its details many very interesting views, hitherto overlooked, of the habits of thinking which then prevailed. The main features which distinguish it from the work of Boethius, and which stamp it as a production of the Middle Age, are easily seized. The place of philosophy, the celestial consoler, is supplied by "*Love*," a being whom we must in nowise confound either with the heathen goddess or, as some have done, with the divine love of the Christian religion. She is neither more nor less than the embodiment of an abstract idea, which formed the central point of the whole system of chivalry; and her substitution for the philosophy or reason of Boethius is very characteristic of a state of society in which the affections and passions, rather than the intelligence, were the motive principles. The "*Love*" of Chaucer is a complete generalization, altogether indepen-

dent of individual object, and the consolation which she proffers to her votary is that of enlisting in his favor the special guardian, the "Margarite" who is supposed to watch over his individual fortunes. The "Margarite" seems to correspond to the chivalrous idea of the "Lady love," in its purest sense, when its reference to an individual was by no means indispensable, but when it signified rather the "love of woman," the highest object of the knight's ambition. Under the protection of this guardian spirit, the lover is represented as altogether sheltered from the caprices of Fortune; and in her name he has a dose of rather frigid comfort administered to him, greatly resembling that which Boethius receives at the hand of Philosophy. Such is the general idea of the book, and it is a noble idea, embracing the very essence of society as it existed then, and presenting a much deeper view of that singular institution of chivalry than is usually to be met with in the writers either of that or of later times. Of the imperfections of its execution we have already spoken, perhaps more strongly than we ought, but when placed side by side with the treatise of Boethius, from which it is professedly imitated, its inferiority as a work of art is very apparent. The one may very aptly be compared to a bright, sunny day, in the end of October, when much of the richness of vegetation still lingers, though its vitality be gone; whilst the other resembles an arid day in March, when, through the biting east winds of our northern spring, we with difficulty distinguish the germs of life which are soon to burst forth into luxuriant summer.

We have said that in his religion, as well as in his philosophy, Chaucer was the expression of his time. Though it is well known that, both by his interests and his sympathies, he was all along united with the reforming party in the Church, we fear that we cannot claim for him the epithet of a reformer, in the sense in which it unquestionably belongs to Wycliffe. From his early translation of the "Roman de la Rose," up to the crowning efforts of his genius, in the Canterbury Tales, the corruptions of the clergy were, no doubt, the unceasing objects of his satire; and the baneful influence which their vices exercised, on the civil as well as the religious society of the time, called forth continually his pathetic and, we doubt not, his sincere lamentations. The biographer of Wycliffe has well remarked, that "few are the evils, either in Church or in the state of society, to which the censure of Wycliffe was applied, which may not be found as the subject

of satire or complaint in the poems of Chaucer." Still, we must repeat, he was no "thorough-going" reformer. Perhaps he was not bold enough; perhaps, with Erasmus, whose conduct in this respect was open to the same reproach, he would have said, "non omnes ad martyriam satis habent roboris; vereor autem, ne, si quid incidit tumultus, Petrum sim imitaturus." We incline, however, to the opinion, that the position which Chaucer held with reference to the Reformers was consistent with the honest sentiments of his heart, notwithstanding the suspicion of interestedness to which it is manifestly exposed, from its coincidence with that of his great friend and patron, John of Gaunt. He felt, as England and Europe felt at the time, that the hour for the downfall of the priesthood had not yet arrived; that they still had a part to play, and functions to discharge in the history of the world, which, in spite of their corruptions, they would discharge, better or worse, and which could not with safety be intrusted to any other body of men which then existed. They were still the custodiers of nearly all the learning of the age, and it was in their community alone that civilization, as yet, had found a secure and permanent resting-place; for the class of non-clerical men of letters to which he himself belonged was far too insignificant to undertake the task of preserving even secular knowledge. Though the clergy were indolent, their efforts, when they did exert themselves, were so much more in accordance with his own views of what was worthy of rational endeavor, than those of the fighting and gasconading laymen of his day, that Chaucer, along with the scorn which he so unhesitatingly expressed for individual members of the body, had probably anything but a hostile feeling towards them as a class. Above all, Chaucer was a cheerful, hopeful man. Some one has said that he was the "gayest and most cheerful writer of our language," and certain it is that the natural bent of his mind led him to view the sunny rather than the shady side of human affairs. He had nothing of the stern and uncompromising genius of a true reformer; humor and sarcasm are the characteristics of his satire; and for the scorching indignation of Juvenal, or the still more lofty reproof of Tacitus, we should search in vain in his pages. His temper was too gentle for condemnation, too hopeful for despair. Such shameless charlatans as the "Pardoner" he no doubt exposes most unmercifully.

"His wallet lay before him in his lappe,
Bret ful of pardon come from Rome, al hote."

And again—

"He had a crois of laton full of stones,
 And in a glass he hadde pigges bones."

But even here his love for the ludicrous continually breaks forth, and the description excites our laughter where it ought to excite our indignation.

"A vois he hadde, as small as hath a gote,
 No berde hadde he, ne never non should have,
 As smothe it was as it was newe shave."

This is not the manner in which Wycliffe spoke of such men as the Pardoner. Still we by no means admit that Chaucer was either a dishonest or a frivolous man. He used against corruption such weapons as he possessed, and such as, viewing the matter through the medium of his own hopeful and sanguine temper, he conceived to be needful; for there is every reason to suppose that he did not regard the amendment of the existing ecclesiastical system as hopeless, and consequently that he scarcely approved in his heart of the extreme measures which Wycliffe recommended.

In judging of the conduct of persons in the situation which Chaucer stood with reference to the Reformers, we are often guilty of injustice by taking it for granted that the question presented itself to them in the same pure and simple form in which it comes before us. We bring together the arguments which we imagine must have been used, which, to our minds are so convincing, and which we know ultimately prevailed, and we wonder that a person of common honesty, or common understanding, could have resisted their force. But whilst we thus marshal the victorious arguments which now alone have possession of the field, we forget that the question must then have been complicated by a thousand considerations and sympathies, the strength of which we are now incapable of measuring. To England at the time, the proposed reformation was indeed a vexed question, nor did the views of the Reformers possess, as is frequently supposed, the force which novelty gives to startling revelations. For more than a century before Chaucer's time, the opposition to the corruptions of the Church had been the cause of much bloodshed in the neighboring nations, and in his own land they had already been attacked by writers of every class. The satirical ballads which go under the name of Walter Mapes,

and the so-called "political songs" of England, in Latin, Anglo-Norman, and English, were in everybody's mouth; the "Malverne hilles" had already been the scene of the "ploughman's vision," and we have mentioned Chaucer's own early translation of the "Roman de la Rose." All of these works, and others which could be mentioned, and many which are forgotten, derived their point from the state of feeling which then existed with reference to the clergy, including of course the monastic orders. As a question simply, it cannot be doubted that the subject was very familiar to Chaucer's mind; and it is perhaps in its very familiarity, as a question, that we are to look for the cause of its never having assumed a more definite form.

In this respect, the poet occupies unquestionably a much less lofty position than the heroic and devoted Rector of Lutterworth, but his conduct is still altogether consistent with the character which we have assigned him as the man of the present. The indecision under which he labored was the characteristic of the time; and two centuries more were required before words were finally ripened into deeds, and the dreams of Wycliffe obtained their fulfilment.

It has been conjectured, on very probable grounds, that Chaucer enjoyed the personal friendship of the Reformer, and the Lutterworth rector is by many supposed to have been the original of "the poure persone of a toun." To us it seems that this character of pure and simple piety is intended rather as an embodiment of Wycliffe's favorite idea of "a good preaching priest," than as a sketch of the stalwart proportions of the Reformer himself. We doubt not that among his flock at Lutterworth, Wycliffe was in his own person the brightest example of the character which Chaucer has so beautifully touched when he says—

"Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
 In sickness and in mischief to visite
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught."

But the father of the Reformation was something more than "a good preaching priest," and in the "poor parson" we find nothing of the grandeur of him who stood alone before the Oxford Convocation, like Luther at Worms; or who, when the six-

teen doctors from the four orders of friars came to console him on what they thought and hoped was his death-bed, and to exhort him to renounce his errors, greeted him after a fashion which still more forcibly reminds us of the sturdy German. The anecdote is so characteristic, that we shall give it in the words of his biographer. The Reformer, reduced to the last stage of weakness, listened, we are told, silent and motionless to the address which the doctors delivered—"he then beckoned his servants to raise him in his bed; and, fixing his eyes on the persons assembled, summoned all his remaining strength, as he exclaimed aloud—'*I shall not die, but live; and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars.*'"

Though the fact has never been positively ascertained, the mutual connection of Chaucer and of Wycliffe with the Duke of Lancaster renders it highly probable that they were personal friends; and if such was the case, it is pleasing to reflect that the gentle piety of the country rector was even more highly appreciated by the poet, than the grander qualities of the intrepid Reformer; and if they met at all, there can be little doubt that their friendship must have been cemented by their thus coming together on the common ground of religious feeling.

There is yet one other point of view in which Chaucer was peculiarly the expression of his time—we mean as an Englishman. During the century which preceded his birth, the English character and language had been steadily evolving themselves from those antagonistic elements which, since the battle of Hastings, had divided men scarcely differing in race—the great original Saxon had now at length absorbed the Norman element which, till then, had floated on its surface, and the English nationality and English tongue had assumed the character of complete and finished existences. But we should greatly deceive ourselves if we regarded either the one or the other as entirely the product of the thirteenth century, for though then, and not till then, they assumed that modified and complex form in which we possess them now, they had never at any period of our history ceased from the land, in so far as the language is concerned, the error of the writers of Tyrwhitt's school, who spoke of it as a new compound substance, formed as it were by pouring the two simple elements of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman into the same vessel, and stirring them together, has been entirely refuted by modern scholars. The English language is now ad-

mitted, on all hands, to have developed itself spontaneously out of the Anglo-Saxon which preceded it; and though we cannot go so far with the reactionary party as to say that it would probably have been in all respects such as we find it, if the Norman Conquest had never taken place,* we conceive it to be established beyond the reach of farther controversy, that very few grammatical changes are to be attributed to that event. These we believe to have been the result of that tendency towards simplification which has been pointed out as forming the law of development of all human speech,† and which may be observed in the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian, as compared with the old Norse, or in the French, Italian, and Spanish, as compared with the Latin, quite as well as in the English as compared with the Anglo-Saxon. The rule that as languages become modern they substitute prepositions and auxiliary verbs for cases and tenses, is now admitted to be nearly universal, and the flec-tional changes which the English tongue has undergone, are sufficiently accounted for on this general principle, and would have taken place independently of foreign admixture.

But it is for flec-tional changes alone that this principle will account, and when we come to the introduction of foreign roots we are driven to seek for causes from without. Now that we have in the English a Roman element, forming, after the Saxon substratum, by far the most important portion of the language, and that we have this element in so much greater degree than the other Gothic languages, German, Danish, Swedish, &c., as to render its introduction from direct contact with the Latin either of the first, or Roman, or of the second, or scholastic period, impossible, we hold to be clear, and it is equally clear that we have the phenomenon exhibiting itself shortly after an historical event which must have brought us in contact with a people who spoke a Romanized language, and such being the case, we confess, for our own part, that we are totally unable to separate the two facts, or to consider the one in any other light than as the cause of the other. The English language unfettered, and very probably (in its structure at all events) unaffected by the Norman, developed itself forth, but it did so in a proximity so close, and in the midst of a contact so continual, as to render it impossible that it should have borrowed nothing from so inti-

* Hallam, Middle Ages.

† Latham's English Language.

mate a fellowship. There was no amalgamation, properly so called; there was not even, except to a very limited extent, (in words, for example, in *tion*,) a direct adoption; the Saxon element asserted its privileges everywhere, and even on what it borrowed from the Norman it immediately stamped its characteristic forms. The manner in which this adaptation took place is well pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt, though he has failed to recognize its philological importance. "Accorder, souffrir, recevoir, descendre," he says, "were regularly changed into accorden, suffren, receivein, descenden." Everywhere we see the impress of the Saxon mint on the Norman ore.

But in proof of the direct influence of the Conquest upon the language to this limited extent, it is also important to remark that subsequent to the age of Chaucer, and what has been called the period of the middle English, when the process of absorption may be considered as completed, we have no further addition of foreign words, except such as can be directly traced to accidental sources. We had no more Conquests, and consequently our language underwent no further change, except that of the natural development of a Gothic tongue. That the original process was one of absorption, and not of amalgamation, in the sense in which we have used the terms, is also clearly established by the fact that the further development had been entirely in the Gothic direction, whereas if the two elements of Saxon and Norman had been in anything like equal power, we might have looked for a development now in the one direction and now in the other.

Such being the view which we take of the formation of the English language, it will not be difficult to characterize the speech which Chaucer employed. In its form it was the Saxon of Edward the Confessor, with such flexional modifications as three centuries of further development had effected; and in its substance it had superadded to the great Saxon substratum, such Norman words as the contact of three centuries had gradually introduced.

Chaucer's language was therefore the language of his time. Of all the errors into which Godwin and his school have fallen, the most absurd is that of asserting that Chaucer at the age of eighteen, when a student at Cambridge, having maturely considered the prospect of his own future celebrity, coolly set himself down to compose his "Court of Love" in English, as the language which was most likely in future to be that of

his country, and in order to the proper accomplishment of his task, that he vigorously applied himself to purify and refine that hitherto barbarous tongue. However it may tell for the glory of Chaucer, the truth of the matter unquestionably is, that he took the language as he found it, in its most modern form of course; for he was in this as in other respects of the progressive party of his day, and insensibly he contributed what one mind might do in one generation towards its development. As to his merit in preferring it to the Norman French, all that we have to say is, that though it is highly probable that he knew that language sufficiently to have used it for the purpose of poetical composition if he had chosen, that fact is by no means certain, and that he regarded it at all events in the light of a foreign tongue is clear on his own showing. "Let then clerkes enditen in Latin, for they have the propertie of science, and the knowing of that facultie; and lette Frenchmen in their French also enditen their queint termes, for it is kindly to their mouthes, and let us shewe our fantasies in such wordes as we learneden of our dames tongue."

It were needless to occupy the small space which remains to us by insisting further on this point. The theory of that sorrowful interregnum between Anglo-Saxon and English, when our ancestors are said to have spoken a chaotic and Babylonish jargon, incapable of being turned to intellectual uses, is now happily abandoned by all our scholars, and we have the Anglo-Saxon, the semi-Saxon, the old, the middle, and the modern English; each shading gradually and naturally into the other. From the reign of Henry III. up to Chaucer's time, we have a series of political and satirical songs and poems in the vernacular tongue;* and so far from the native language having been prohibited by the earlier Norman kings, we know that from the Conquest till the reign of Henry II., it was invariably employed by them in their charters, when it made way, not for French,

* The first verse of the song against the King of Alemaigne, temp. Henry III., does not differ much from the language of Chaucer.

"Sitteth alle stille ant herkneþ to me;
The Kyn of Alemaigne, bi mi leauté (by my loyalty)
Thritti thousand pound askede he
For to make the pees in the countré."

Political Songs of England, from the reign of John to that of Edward II., edited for the Camden Society, by Thomas Wright, Esq.

but for Latin.* We have thus at last recovered the missing link, and we have now to thank modern industry for the unbroken chain which binds together our speech and that of our ancestors.

Our space does not permit us to dwell at any length on the poetical merits of Chaucer, and, indeed, our intention from the first has been to supply our readers with such information as might induce them to peruse his works, rather than to save them the trouble of perusal, by furnishing them with opinions ready made. But a few observations before parting, for the purpose of fixing, in some measure, the rank that he is entitled to hold among our poets, we cannot deny ourselves. We do not venture to equal him to the two greatest of them. With Milton, indeed, he can in nowise be compared, for the difference in kind is so absolute as to render it impossible to measure the degree; and by Shakespeare he is unquestionably surpassed in his own walk. The divine instinct of the Swan of Avon he did not possess, and hence his characterization is broad and common as compared with his. But here our admission of inferiority must end. As a poet of character—and as such chiefly he must be viewed—we believe him to come nearer to Shakespeare than any other writer in our language. There is the same vigor in all that he portrays, the same tone of health belongs to it. When Carlyle said that Sir Walter Scott was the healthiest man that ever was, he ought to have added, “after Chaucer.” We believe that no writer ever was so healthy as Chaucer; and we dwell on this characteristic with the greater pleasure, that it seems to us proof of the thoroughly good constitution with which our English life began. Even where he comes in contact with grossness and immorality, they never seem to taint him, or to jaundice his vision. They are ludicrous or hateful, and as such he represents them freely and unshrinkingly; but there is no morbid gloating over impurity, or lingering around vice. There is nothing French about him, neither has he any kindred with such writers as those of Charles the Second’s time, or with the Swifts, and Sternes, and Byrons of later days. He is not very scrupulous about words, but there is no mistaking his opinion; and the question as to whether his weight is to be thrown into the balance in behalf of virtue or of vice is never doubtful. “If he is a coarse moralist,” said Mr. Wordsworth, “he is still a great one.”

* Codex Diplomaticus.

Chaucer is essentially the poet of man. Brought from the first among his fellows, and discharging to the last the duties of a citizen, he wandered not—nor wished to wander in solitary places. His poetry is that of reality, and an elysium which he sought not in the clouds, he found abundantly in human sympathies. We have spoken of his cheerfulness, and the best description which we can give of him, as he appears in his works, is, that in all respects he is a cheerful, gregarious being, not ashamed to confess himself satisfied with the world in which God has placed him, and with those with whom he has seen fit to people it. There is no affectation of *tadium vite* about him; he does not think himself too good for the world, nor the world too bad for him. Though there is much that he fain would mend, he is still by no means disgusted with matters as they stand, and gladly and thankfully extracts the sweets of a present existence.

The masculine air of his delineations is what strikes us most. His characters are large and strong, and stand out with an almost superfluous fullness of form, which often reminds us of Rubens’ pictures; but he is more tender, he has more feeling, and his gentler characters are touched with exquisite delicacy. The “Chapeau de Paille” will bear no comparison with the tender Prioress that “was cleped Madame Eglantine,” of whose womanly heart we have the following picture:

“She was so charitable and so pitous
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.”

The Prioress’s Tale is one of the happiest examples of the pathetic, in which Chaucer was so great a master, and there is a depth and earnestness of feeling about it, and others of the class to which it belongs, which we should scarcely expect in the writings of one usually so gay as Chaucer. There is so much gentle grief which pervades every part of it, that the reader is insensibly led into the feelings of the poor widow who

“Wailthe al that night
After hire litel childe, and he came nought;”

and if we compare it with the common version of the story which appears in the Percy Reliques, under the title of the “Jew’s Daughter,” we shall see to how great an extent it is indebted for its beauty to Chaucer’s genius. If any one should doubt the versa-

tility of Chaucer, and should be tempted to regard him in the light of a mere humorist, let him peruse the Prioress's Tale, and consider her character along with those of Constance, the patient Grisilde, and others of the same class in the serious tales. In these touching delineations, the poet whom we had known, the man of mirth, vanishes from our sight, and in his place we have a character made up of the finest sympathies, and regulated by sincere and humble piety.

Another characteristic of Chaucer as a poet, is his love for external nature. His poems seem everywhere strewed with flowers, and wherever we go we encounter the breezes of spring. The image of "Freshe May" is continually recurring, the very word has a charm for him, and in the Shipman's Tale we find it used as a woman's name. The description of Emilie in the garden, in the commencement of the Knight's Tale, though probably familiar to many of our readers, is so beautiful in itself, and so completely illustrates Chaucer's best style as a poet, that we shall insert it at length, slightly modernizing the spelling. Palamon and Arcite are looking down upon her from the prison.

"Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once in a morrow of May,
That Emilie, that fairer was to seen,
Than is the lilly upon his stalké green,
And fresher than the May with flowerés new,
(For with the rosé colour strove her hew,
I n'ote which was the finer of them two.)
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight,
For May will have no sluggardy a-night.
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And sayth, 'Arise and do thine observance.'
This maketh Emilie have remembrance

To do honour to May, and for to rise
Yclothed was she freshe for to devise.
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yardé long I guess.
And in the garden at the sun uprist,
She walketh up and down where as her list.
She gathereth flowers, partly white and red,
To make a subtile garland for her head;
And as an angel heavenly she sung."

In many respects it seems to us that Chaucer resembles Göthe more than any of the poets of our own country. He has the same mental completeness and consequent versatility which distinguish the German; the same love of reality; the same clearness and cheerfulness; and, in seeming contradiction to this latter characteristic, the same preference for grief over the other passions, in his poetical delineations. In minor respects, he also resembles him; and in one, not unimportant, as marking a similarity of mental organization, that, namely, of betaking himself at the close of a long life spent in literature and affairs, to the study of the physical sciences, as if here alone the mental craving for the positive could find satisfaction. We would willingly follow the comparison farther, but we must at length reluctantly bid adieu to what has indeed been to us a labor of love; and we do so in the hope that we may not be the only gainers from our communings with the poet; that, notwithstanding the imperfections of our work, the double blessing of charity may be extended to it, in consideration of the object with which it was undertaken, and that it may be the means of introducing some of our readers to the more intimate fellowship of him whom Dr. Johnson refused to recognize as a poet; but in the "footing of whose feet" Edmund Spenser was not ashamed to tread as an humble disciple.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

HER Majesty is, undoubtedly, among the most accomplished ladies in her dominions. She is mistress of the modern languages, in which she expresses herself with grace and fluency. Her love of music developed itself at a very early age; she plays with taste and expression on several instruments, and has inherited her royal grandfather's (George the Third) predilection for the organ. She is said to evince a decided preference for Italian music, and takes delight in the compositions of Beethoven and Mozart. Her voice is *mezzo*

soprano. The Queen's talents for drawing are so remarkable, that one of her masters, before her accession to the throne, when speaking of his royal pupil, said: "The Princess Victoria would have made the best female artist of the age if she had not been born to wear a crown." She writes a very fair hand, free, bold and legible. She is also an excellent arithmetician, and examines accounts with the ease of a financier. In her private expenditure, Her Majesty is both economical and generous.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

SAYING AND DOING.

THE post-house at Oberhausberg had just been thrown into confusion by the arrival of a travelling carriage on its way from Saverna to Strasburg. Master Töpfer, the innkeeper, was running hither and thither, giving orders to his servants and postilions, whilst the carriage, which stood before the door of the courtyard, was surrounded by a group of children and idlers, who amused themselves by passing their remarks on the new-comer and his handsome equipage. Amongst the lookers-on might have been especially remarked one man with a keen, quick eye and sunburnt countenance, whose Provençal accent contrasted strongly with the language of the other spectators. M. Bardanou was, in fact, a native of the south. Chance alone had led him to Oberhausberg, where he had set up, exactly opposite the inn, a hair-dresser's shop, on the blue window-shutters of which were inscribed, in words which we may translate, "Hair-cutting and shaving done here at *all* prices;" and "Shaving performed after the fashion of Marseilles."

Mingling among the inquisitive group of idlers who had gathered around the door of the inn, the hair-dresser bore his part in the general conversation, in a species of German which we can best describe by saying that it was the Alsatian dialect spoken with a strong Provençal accent.

"Have *you* seen the traveller, Monsieur Bardanou?" inquired an old woman, whose basket, laden with thread, needles, and laces, designated her trade as pedler.

"Of course I have, Mother Hartmann," replied the hair-dresser; "he is a very grand-looking man, but I have some doubts as to his brains—more money than wit, I suspect."

Now Bardanou was critic-general of the neighborhood, and had a fancy for saying ill-natured things, merely to show his cleverness; for it always looks clever to find fault.

"Hold your tongue, Bardanou; he is a baron!" interrupted a merry laughing voice.

Bardanou looked around, and perceived the goddaughter of Master Töpfer, who had just made her appearance at the door of the inn. "A baron!" he repeated; "who told you that, Nicette?"

"The tall footman who accompanies him," replied the young girl. "He declared that Monsieur le Baron could not dine in the common eating-room, and that he must have everything carried up to the large balconied sitting-room."

The gossips raised their heads: the room of which Nicette spoke was directly above them, and the window was open, but the closed curtains prevented the indulgence of idle curiosity.

"So it is in that room you have laid the cover for him?" inquired Mother Hartmann, pointing to the balconied apartment.

"No, I did not lay it," replied the young girl. "Monsieur le Baron did not choose to have anything to say either to our porcelain ware or our crystal glasses. He always carries about with him a service of plate; and I have just seen his valet taking it out of an ebony chest."

A murmur of surprise and admiration arose amongst the crowd; the Provençal alone shrugged his shoulders. "That is to say that Monsieur le Baron cannot either eat or drink like other Christians," he ironically rejoined: "he must have a room to himself and a service of plate! The great King Solomon might well say, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.'"

"Come now, Bardanou, you are again going to speak ill of your neighbor," interrupted Nicette with a smile.

"Of my neighbor!" repeated the hair-dresser. "And do you call this baron, then, my neighbor? I know him well enough already: your great man! he is like all the nobles whom we see passing this way. Did you hear how he called to his valet, who had stayed behind to speak to Master Töpfer? Depend upon it that baron is a regular tyrant."

"Ah! what makes you say that, Bardanou?" exclaimed Nicette. "I hope you may be mistaken! Do you know what is bringing him into the Duchy of Baden?"

"Not at all."

"His servant told me," replied Nicette, lowering her voice: "he is going to be married."

"To be married!"

"Yes; to the richest heiress in the country, a widow"—

"With whom doubtless he is not acquainted."

"I know nothing about that."

"You may be sure he is not acquainted with her. Those kind of people marry, as one carries on commerce, by a correspondence: they only think of satisfying their avarice."

"Hold your tongue, Bardanou," exclaimed Nicette, impatiently; "you are always ready to think evil of others without knowing them."

"And I generally think worse of them when I do know them," added the southern.

"You know, however, very well, that *all* the world do not marry for the sake of enriching themselves," replied the young girl, slightly coloring and turning away: "there are yet some to be found who only consult their feelings."

"Like me, for instance," added Bardanou gaily, as he took her hand and drew her towards him.

"That has nothing to say to it," hastily replied the young maiden.

"Pardon me, though, but it has," exclaimed the Provençal. "You know very well, Nicette, that *I* am no seeker after wealth, and that I do not admire you one whit the less because Master Töpfer has declared that he cannot give you any portion. But then I am an original, my dear; as your godfather says, a philosopher. I have ideas upon all these matters which are quite different from those of other people. And so surely my blood boils when I see men like your fine baron there, in whose hands fortune is only an instrument of vanity, tyranny, and avarice, and I cannot help thinking that if I were in their place, I should do more credit to the arrangements of Providence."

"That remains to be proved, Monsieur Bardanou," observed the old pedler woman; "fortune alters characters strangely sometimes."

"When one has no solid principles," exclaimed the Provençal; "when one allows one's self to be driven about like a shuttlecock by every passing wind. But I know my own mind, and how things ought to be, Mother Hartmann: I have a philosophy of my own. If I were to become rich in a single moment now, you see I should no more be changed by it than the church clock. You would always see me as just, as disinterested, and as friendly as I am now."

Bardanou was interrupted in this imaginary catalogue of his own virtues, by the

appearance at the door of the hotel of the identical traveller who had given rise to the above conversation. He was a man of about forty years of age, stout, somewhat bald, and whose heavy features would have revealed his German descent, even if his strong accent had allowed of the slightest doubt remaining on the subject. But notwithstanding this, his clear blue eye burned with intelligence; and prejudice alone could have prompted the judgment which the hair-dresser had so hastily passed upon him. The baron bowed in a courteous manner to the group assembled around the door, and said with a cheerful smile—"A pretty spot, gentlemen; a pretty spot, and a fine day too!" Those whom he addressed contented themselves with returning his salutation, but made no reply. The German appeared, however, to be in nowise disconcerted by this silence. "I hope," he continued, still smiling, "that the country here is fruitful, and the people happy?"

"When contentment dwells within, one can be happy anywhere," sententiously replied Bardanou.

The baron nodded assent. "The sentiment, sir, which you have now expressed, is one of deep import," he replied, in a tone of deference; "and I trust that this remark is the fruit of your own experience: he who understands so well the secret of happiness, ought himself to possess it."

"I make the best of my position," said Bardanou. "I never complain, Monsieur le Baron, seeing that when one sows complaints, one seldom reaps anything but discouragements. I cut hair, shave beards, and dress fronts, and live in hopes of some lucky chance turning up."

"And so it will," said the baron; "be sure it will come: fate has not imitated the example of your government; it has not abolished its lottery, and a good number is always to be hoped for."

"*Apropos* to lottery tickets; we have two of them," exclaimed Nicette. "What if we were to gain the château!"

"A château!" exclaimed the stranger, becoming suddenly attentive.

"Yes; with lands and forests," added Bardanou. "There was a travelling clerk who came here about three months ago from Frankfort to sell the lottery tickets, and Nicette persuaded me to take one."

"Do you mean by any chance the domain of Rovembourg?"

"Indeed I cannot tell, for I know nothing about it. I neither looked at the name nor

the number; but doubtless I have it all written down here."

The hair-dresser took out an old pocket-book, and drew from it a prospectus and a lottery ticket. "That is the very name," he said, when he had glanced at the paper. "Domain of Rovembourg, situated about two miles from Badenwiller, at the entrance of the Black Forest. The prize was to be drawn on the 20th July."

"And it *has* been drawn," the stranger quietly replied.

"And do you know which it is?"

"Yes; 66."

Bardanou looked at his ticket, and became deadly pale. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and repeated in an anxious tone, "66! Did you say 66?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then the domain of Rovembourg is mine!" cried the hair-dresser, almost beside himself with delight.

"Yours!" repeated the baron with surprise.

"Look, only look! I have No. 66!"

He held up his ticket triumphantly, showing it to all the neighbors. The stranger's countenance changed, and he approached hastily; but when he had looked at the number, he seemed again at ease, and was evidently on the point of speaking, when suddenly he stopped, as if a thought had flashed across his mind, and looking at Bardanou with that air of good-natured archness which seemed habitual to him, he bowed in token of congratulation.

The news of Bardanou's good fortune spread quickly through the village, and he was quickly followed to his shop by a host of neighbors, who almost overwhelmed him with their congratulations. The Provençal bore this marvellous change at first pretty well; the only difference at all perceptible was, that his voice was somewhat louder than ordinary, and his affability was more dignified. The *hair-dresser* was evidently becoming transformed into the *grand seigneur*. His first step in his new character was to send for the village notary, who strongly recommended him to proceed immediately to Rovembourg. Bardanou readily assented to this proposal, and requested Master Töpfer to prepare his best post-chaise and finest horses for the journey, at the same time inviting him and Nicette to accompany him, as well as the notary, whose services would be required on the occasion. As the carriage rolled on towards its destination, Bardanou felt more and more the certainty of his bliss,

and his mind began gradually to lose its equilibrium. At the last inn at which the party stopped on the road he complained of everything: the linen was coarse, the dishes chipped, the knives and forks not fit for a gentleman to use.

At length the dark avenue of pines leading to the château of Rovembourg appeared above the horizon, and towering amidst them arose the pointed turrets of the château itself. Nicette uttered cries of admiration at the sight of the meadows, so richly spangled with flowers; the notary seemed occupied in calculating, half aloud, the income which the woods and fields would bring in; and Master Töpfer was in ecstasies at seeing the fine horses which were galloping about in the pasturages: Bardanou alone was silent. When the turrets of Rovembourg first met his eyes, a new anxiety took possession of his mind. The acquisition of a title now seemed to him a necessary appendage to his new possessions; without it, Monsieur Bardanou would never be anything more than a wealthy plebeian. The reflections of the hair-dresser had reached their culminating point when his equipage drew up at the gate of the château. Nicette proposed that they should get out; but Bardanou was resolved to enter his new dwelling in style. They must wait till the porter, who was absent, should return to open the gate for the post-chaise to enter the court-yard amidst the cracking of whips and the tingling of the bells. Bardanou had learned from the porter that the family man-of-business was not expected from Frankfort for a couple of days, but that Madame de Randoux, niece of the former proprietor, was in the château. This lady soon made her appearance on the steps, where she received the Provençal with all the ready grace of an accomplished woman of the world, and at the same time with all the simple friendliness of a *bourgeoise*. Madame de Randoux was a widow of about twenty-five years of age, with a pleasing rather than handsome countenance, with elegant manners, and her conversation full of interest. She was equally courteous to the companions of Bardanou as to himself, and led the whole party into a rich saloon adorned in the style of Louis XIV. Here the hair-dresser found the baron, who had preceded them by some hours, and whom the widow presented to him as an old friend. Refreshments were served, and Bardanou did full justice to them, with a certain ease of manner which showed that he felt he was only partaking of his own. Madame de Ran-

doux afterwards proposed that they should visit the demesne, and ordered horses to her carriage, inviting Nicette and the baron to accompany them. Her offer was joyfully accepted; and Bardanou expressed himself tolerably well satisfied with the property, talked of improvements, embellishments, &c.; and ended by declaring that he wished to make Rovembourg a truly princely residence.

As they drove round the place, Madame de Randoux gaily expressed her approbation of his plans; the baron gave his assent in a more reserved manner. Bardanou began to suspect that he was jealous of him, and made up his mind that he would by no means spare so unworthy a feeling. Consequently he continued to affect the airs of a grand seigneur, complained of the roads, the bad state of the fences, and the negligence of the foresters. Nicette continually interrupted him by pleading some excuse for those concerned; but Bardanou, who thought that a systematic course of complaint gave a certain air of dignity, stopped her mouth by an injunction not to interfere about matters which were above her comprehension, and the frightened girl dared not say another word upon the subject. On their return to the castle things were still worse. The *cidévant* hair-dresser found the furniture poor, the attendance inefficient. When the hour of repose drew on, he was conducted to the finest apartment of the castle, where an alcoved bed had been prepared for him. The walls were hung with portraits representing the successive lords of the castle. Bardanou saluted them with a respect amounting almost to veneration, such as he would have felt for his ancestors. In fact he was almost beginning to feel himself the legitimate descendant of the House of Rovembourg. It was late in the night before he fell asleep; and then in dreams he saw himself at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden, his breast covered with crosses and ribbons. When he awoke, the day was already far advanced. He was about to rise in haste, when he suddenly remembered that it was not suitable for a man of his quality to dress himself without assistance. He rung for the valet-de-chambre, who immediately appeared, and began to perform all the duties of the toilet, according to the established rules of etiquette. Bardanou, who was not willing to appear ignorant of the habits of a seigneur, bore the whole operation patiently; only, when it came to the hair-dressing part of the arrangement, the remembrance of his former trade overcame his sense of dignity, and snatching

the comb out of the hands of his German valet, he gave him a practical lesson on the *coiffure* of a gentleman. At length, his toilet being completed, he went down to the garden, where he perceived Madame de Randoux, who was returning from a morning walk. The young widow was dressed in an elegant *négligée*, and wore on her head one of the Black Forest hats, whose wide brim reached to her shoulders. She advanced, holding in her hand a little bouquet of wild flowers, and singing, half aloud an old Swabian melody. Bardanou hastened forward to salute her, and kissed her hands, as he had seen it done at the theatre. The pretty widow received him very graciously, and gave him an account of her ramble through the adjoining copse. In the course of her conversation Madame de Randoux gave him to understand that she was deeply grieved at her uncle having consented before his death to dispose by lottery of Rovembourg, which had hitherto been an heir-loom in their family. The 200,000 florins which this speculation added to her dowry was far from appearing to her a sufficient recompense for her loss. She would infinitely rather *sacrifice* 20,000 florins out of her *own* fortune to enter again into the possession of Rovembourg and its dependencies.

Bardanou understood that this statement of her wishes was meant as an indirect hint to himself; but he had already acquired too great a taste for playing the part of lord of the manor, to be willing to exchange his newly-acquired privilege for a sum of money.

He replied to Madame de Randoux with a smile, that although Rovembourg had changed proprietors, it was not the less entirely at her service, and that he hoped she would continue to dispose of it as freely as she had hitherto done. The widow bowed with a graceful but impatient air.

"I see you do not choose to understand me," she said with a smile: "you wish *me* to be your guest at Rovembourg, whilst I rather desire you to be mine."

"Of what consequence is it which is the host," gallantly observed the Provençal, "provided only you feel yourself at home?"

"At home!" gaily replied Madame de Randoux: "you would be well punished if I were to take you at your word."

"How so, madame?"

"Because a stranger is always in the way with a newly-married couple."

Bardanou made a movement of surprise.

"Pardon me," she added; "perhaps, it is

a secret; but Mademoiselle Nicette has been the first to betray it."

"Why, really," exclaimed the hair-dresser, somewhat embarrassed, "it was as yet only a project"—

"Which there is now nothing to prevent you from putting in execution?"

"That is true."

"And I think that Mademoiselle Nicette would remind you, if it were necessary, of your engagement; for she would find it difficult to replace you, Monsieur de Bardanou?"

The hair-dresser bowed, coloring with joy. It was the first time that this glorious little word (which designated him as noble) had been added to his name. At this moment Madame de Randoux appeared to him radiant with beauty.

"The end of the whole matter is," continued she, "that I must abandon all hope of ever again returning to my beloved Rovembourg; and yet Heaven knows how much I would have sacrificed to retain it. What would you say, Monsieur Bardanou, if I were to own to you that I was on the point of sacrificing the whole happiness of my future life to this one object?"

The Provençal felt almost bewildered, and could only stammer out a few disjointed sentences.

"Yes," resumed the widow, as if she were replying to his unuttered thoughts, "the happiness of my whole life. You have seen the Baron de Robach—the gentleman whose arrival here preceded yours by a few hours?"

Bardanou replied in the affirmative.

"Well, he is an old family friend, who has always been much attached to me, and who even seemed somewhat annoyed at my union with Monsieur Randoux. Since my widowhood, he has rendered me many services, and has repeatedly made me an offer of his hand; but liberty was sweet to me; I shrunk from the thought of a second marriage, and constantly refused him. At length, however, when Rovembourg was put up to lottery, he perceived my distress at the prospect of leaving it, and playfully urged me to marry him if he won the château. I consented to do so; and he consequently took tickets to the amount of 50,000 florins. Until the day of drawing I feared his being the winner; but now I am foolish enough to regret its having passed into other hands, and feel as if I should hardly have purchased it too dearly, even at the price of my hand."

A sudden thought flashed across Bardanou's mind: he saw his fortune tripled, his position in life established—it was a second

prize in the lottery—it would be madness not to take advantage of such an opportunity. He ventured, at first tremblingly, then with more confidence, to hint his wishes to the widow. She listened to him with hesitation, but apparently not altogether with indifference. Intoxicated by the visions of greatness which floated before his mind, he forgot the attachment of the innkeeper's daughter, and the ties which bound them together. He hastened into the château, and sought Nicette; but he did not seem to consider himself called upon even to offer any justification of his conduct.

Forgetting all that had passed between them, he spoke to Nicette as to a protégée whose happiness he would gladly insure. He had no desire to be the only one to profit by the happy chance which had enriched him; he was resolved to give her a liberal portion, and to provide for the happy man whom she might select as her partner for life. The poor young girl listened at first with perplexity; but by degrees, as Bardanou continued speaking, light broke in upon her mind, and with it came a grief so poignant, that she was totally unprepared for it. Still she was silent. With quivering lips and tearful eyes she listened patiently to all the fine promises of the Provençal; and when he had finished, she calmly rose and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going, Nicette?" inquired Bardanou, startled by her silence.

"I am going to return home with my godfather," was her only reply.

"And why must you go so soon?" continued the hair-dresser.

Nicette made no reply, but she left the room. Bardanou felt heavy at heart. However he might seek to blind himself, the silent reproaches of conscience made themselves heard within, and his feelings protested against the casuistry of his reasoning. He rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty strides, vainly striving to recover his wonted calmness. Each moment he grew sadder and more discontented. It seemed a relief to him when he remembered, all on a sudden, that he had not yet tasted any food. He rung the bell; but when the footman appeared, he informed him that every one in the house had already breakfasted. Bardanou, who only wanted some pretext to vent his ill-humor, expressed his displeasure at not having been duly summoned to the morning repast. The footman replied that Monsieur le Baron had given him no orders on the subject. This was the signal for an explo-

sion of anger on the part of our Provençal friend.

"The baron!" he exclaimed. "And since when, may I ask, sir, have you learnt that you must await the commands of the baron to attend on me? Which is master here—he or I? To whom does Rovembourg belong?"

"I know nothing about it as yet," the footman brusquely replied.

"Ah, so you know nothing about it!" repeated Bardanou exasperated. "Well, then, I will soon teach you to know, you black-guard. Leave this place; leave it directly, and never venture to let me set eyes on you again."

The footman was about to make some reply, but the baron, who entered at that moment, made a sign to him, and he retired.

"You treat this poor fellow very roughly, Monsieur Bardanou," said he, closing the door behind him.

"I shall treat him in whatever way I choose," proudly replied the Provençal; "and I think I have some ground for astonishment that any one should venture to give orders here besides myself."

"In the first place," politely replied the baron, "I would beg of you to observe that, as executor of the former proprietor of Rovembourg, the administration of the affairs of the château was placed in my hands until the arrival of the new possessor."

"And I would beg of *you* to observe," remarked the hair-dresser, "that the new possessor is here."

"And from thence you come to the conclusion"—

"That every one should be master in his own house."

The baron bowed. "Incontestably so," he replied. "It only remains to be seen in *whose* house we are."

"In whose house?" repeated the astonished Bardanou. "Surely, Monsieur de Robach cannot pretend ignorance on that head, since it was he who first informed me what number drew the prize?"

"I remember it perfectly."

"And most probably you have not forgotten either that this number was 66; and that here it is, Monsieur le Baron, in my possession."

The latter bent forward to look at the ticket which the hair-dresser presented for his inspection. "Pardon me," said he, "but I think Monsieur Bardanou has made a slight mistake."

"How so?"

"I fancy that he has not noticed that on his ticket the dots precede the ciphers instead of following them."

"Well, and what of that?"

"Only that Monsieur Bardanou has unfortunately read his number upside down, and that this number is 99!"

"99!" repeated the terrified hair-dresser. "What are you saying? But then what of 66?"

"Here it is," replied the baron, showing another ticket.

"What! yours?"

"Yes; the authenticity of the ticket has been recognized by the administration at Frankfort itself; all the formalities have been gone through; here is the deed which places me in full possession of the demesne of Rovembourg."

He handed to the Provençal a paper covered with stamps, seals, and signatures. Bardanou tried to peruse it, but a cloud obscured his sight; his whole frame trembled with emotion; he was obliged to sit down. The fall had been as sudden as the previous elevation, and he felt his strength failing him. However, when the first moment of bewilderment had passed away, he started up; his depression was succeeded by anger and doubt. He looked the baron full in the face. "Then you deceived me at Oberhausberg?" he exclaimed.

"Say rather that I left you undisturbed in your error," replied M. de Robach.

"It was treacherous and cruel," interrupted Bardanou.

"No," interposed the baron, quietly; "only a chastisement and a lesson. Seated in the balcony of the hotel, behind a curtain which concealed me, I heard you pronouncing judgment on me without knowing me, and accusing the rich in general of vanity, tyranny, ingratitude, and cupidity, and boasting that you would not yourself fall into these errors if fortune were to favor you in your turn. A curious chance led you to suppose that your desire was actually accomplished. I wished to see whether your principles were as strong as you believed them to be, and therefore suffered the illusion to continue."

"And so, then, it *was* a delusion after all?" repeated Bardanou, in a tone of despair, whilst he kept his eyes fixed upon the ticket.

"Yes," replied M. de Robach, more seriously; "but what is *not* an illusion, is the line of conduct you have pursued from the moment in which you imagined yourself to

be the proprietor of Rovembourg. Since yesterday, tell me, I pray you, which of us has shown himself the most full of pride? Which has been most imperious and hard towards his inferiors? In which of us did Madame de Randoux's position awaken feelings of cupidity? And by whom has Nicette been cast off with cold ingratitude because she was poor?" The hair-dresser hung down his head, overwhelmed with shame. "You now see," continued the baron, "that one must learn to be more indulgent towards others, and more distrustful of one's self. All men bear within themselves the germs of the same weaknesses, but different positions may develop them under different forms. You must learn to excuse the rich man when he forgets himself so far as to become hardened by prosperity; and he must forgive his poorer brother if adversity sometimes sours his temper, and excites in him feelings of envy or ill-will. The best means of improving the different classes of society is, not by opposing them to each other, but by seeking to enlighten each according to its respective needs."

"And it was to convey to me this lesson that Monsieur le Baron has exposed me to this reverse of fortune?" bitterly exclaimed Bardonau. "He has been pleased to make me a subject for his observations; he desired to perform an experiment upon living flesh and blood, without disturbing himself about the results to which such an essay might lead."

"Pardon me, Monsieur Bardonau," said M. de Robach; "Madame de Randoux, who bore a part in this mystification, has already

repaired the misery you might have brought upon yourself; and the best proof of her success is, that here she is, bringing you back Nicette."

The god-daughter of old Töpfer made her appearance at this moment with the widow. The latter had found no difficulty in consoling the simple girl by persuading her that Bardonau's rupture with her was only a trial of her love, that the demesne of Rovembourg did not belong to him, and that he loved her better than ever. Nicette believed everything that was told her; and the Provençal, ashamed of his conduct, received her with a tenderness so full of humility, that it affected her even to tears. Whilst this explanation was taking place, the baron was speaking to Master Töpfer, and inducing him to consent to the marriage of Nicette, whom he expressed his intention to portion with a dowry of 8000 florins.

The newly betrothed couple set off the same evening on their return to Oberhausberg, where their marriage was duly celebrated about a month later. The lesson he had received, proved of essential service to Bardonau, without, however, altogether curing him of his disposition to criticise. He was still at times disposed to give way to violent declamation against the rich and the powerful; but at such moments the thought of Rovembourg would suddenly flash across his mind, and at the remembrance of his own weakness, he became more lenient in his judgment of others, and would cheerfully return to the duties of his appointed station.

TAXATION.

WALTER Savage Landor has addressed the following letter on this subject to the *London Examiner*:—"It is not only in war there are panics; there are panics in peaceful fields. A rumor is now abroad that our taxes are to be increased; and men begin to ask, in *what direction?* and *who are to be the sufferers?* If there are to be new taxes, they will press in all directions, and there are few who will not be sufferers; but the fear of such an event is idle and ungrounded. Even those who benefit by the taxes would draw back from such an apparition. They would see the insecurity of all their property, whatever form it might take,

and to whatever quarter it might seem to tend. Agriculture bears at present the greater part of the burden, and is resolved to bear no more. Commerce is crippled and impotent. To enforce more taxes, even supposing the Parliament so corrupt or so short-sighted as to vote them, would require an accession to our military establishment. Napoleon in Russia employed the greater part of his cavalry in collecting provisions for his army. They did collect a small quantity of provisions, just enough for themselves and their horses; but they were cut to pieces in their retreat. Will history give lessons to children, and never to men?"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

THE most interesting epoch in Lord Nelson's life was undoubtedly, both in its duration and details, his connection with the court of Naples. Bastia, St. Vincent's, Copenhagen, the Nile, and a host of other names stand out with a meteoric light, only eclipsed by the ever-memorable Trafalgar. But the friendly support given by the British Admiral to an imbecile and corrupt monarchy, the inglorious attempt on the part of the boastful Neapolitans—of all nations the least warlike—to throw off the yoke of the French, the evasions and restorations of the royal family, the gradual subjugation of England's bravest officer to the wiles and enchantments of the climate and society, and the influence of the attachment there formed upon his subsequent acts and whole career, impart an interest to this portion of his life, that is, in certain points of view, unequalled by any other.

The whole of these transactions stand forth now in their true light as a wasteful expenditure of treasure, talent, courage, and blood, and as especially in every one respect unworthy of a great nation. "No circumstances," says Southey, "could be more unfavorable to the best interests of Europe, than those which placed England in strict alliance with the superannuated and abominable governments of the continent. The subjects of those governments who wished for freedom thus became enemies to England, and dupes and agents of France. They looked to their own grinding grievances, and did not see the danger with which the liberties of the world were threatened. England, on the other hand, saw the danger in its true magnitude, but was blind to these grievances, and found herself compelled to support systems which had formerly been equally the object of her abhorrence and contempt."

The consequence was inevitable failure, yet persistence on our part in a false step once taken. When Jerome Buonaparte was King of Naples, £300,000 sterling was paid to the Sicilian court in yearly subsidy, until the character of the English nation suffered

from so enormous an expenditure upon Neapolitan spies and Calabrian homicides, and a catastrophe was brought about, by the forcible removal from Sicily, by her long-tried friends—the British—of Queen Maria Caroline, daughter of Maria Theresa, and with Lady Hamilton, head of the whole offending. Strangely similar was the fate of two of the handsomest and most intriguing women of the day. An obscure death to the one, a friendless and penniless death-bed to the other!

Lord Nelson first visited Naples in 1793, when he was despatched thither by Lord Hood. Mr. Pettigrew speaks in the following terms of the gallant admiral's first acquaintanceship with the king and court, and with Sir William Hamilton, the British minister.

"The king and the court were lavish in their praises of the English—the saviours of Italy,' as they were called. The king paid Nelson the most marked attention, and intrusted to him 'the handsomest letter that can be penned, in his own hand,' to Lord Hood, and offered 6000 troops to assist in the preservation of Toulon. Here, too, Nelson first saw Lady Hamilton, who afterwards exercised such remarkable influence over him, and which extended to the last moments of his existence. As the principal part of the correspondence from 1798 to that lamented time will form the chief portion of novelty offered by these volumes, and to which the present pages may be considered as preparatory and essential to complete the series of events which distinguished the career of this illustrious hero, it will not be out of place, nor uninteresting, to insert the account (which, however, it must be recollected, was written under the eye of Lady Hamilton) of the manner and the circumstances under which he was introduced to her:—"Sir William, on returning home, after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man, who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man that England ever produced. I know it from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in

the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Nelson is stated to have been equally impressed with Sir William Hamilton's merits: "You are," he said, "a man after my own heart; you do business in my own way; I am now only captain, but if I live, I will be at the top of the tree." To Mrs. Nelson he thus simply notices Lady H.: "Lady Hamilton has been wonderfully kind and good to Josiah. She is a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honor to the station to which she is raised."

"Thus began," says Southey, who relates the same anecdote, "that acquaintance which ended in the destruction of Nelson's happiness."

Nelson did not return to Naples till after the battle of the Nile, and never was any hero, on his return from victory, welcomed with more heartfelt joy. It is only by extracts from the correspondence of the time, that any idea can be formed of the enthusiasm excited in the breasts both of the queen and of Lady Hamilton, in favor of the hero.

On the 22nd of September, Nelson arrived at Naples. The king came out three leagues to meet him, and was preceded by Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Nelson has himself recorded the circumstances of this remarkable interview in a letter to lady Nelson. He says:

"I must endeavor to convey to you something of what passed; but if it were so affecting to those who were only united to me by bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything which is most dear to me in this world? Sir William and Lady Hamilton came out to sea, attended by numerous boats with emblems, &c. They, my most respectable friends, had nearly been laid up and seriously ill; first from anxiety, and then from joy. It was imprudently told Lady Hamilton in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead, and is not yet perfectly recovered from severe bruises. Alongside came my honored friends; the scene in the boat was terribly affecting; up flew her ladyship, and exclaiming, "Oh God! is it possible?" she fell into my arm more dead than alive. Tears, however, soon set matters to rights; when alongside came the king. The scene was, in its way, as interesting; he took me by the hand, calling me his "deliverer and preserver," with every other expression of kindness. In short, all Naples calls me "Nostro Liberatore;" my greeting from the lower classes was truly affecting. I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady Hamilton; she is one of the very best women in this world; she is an honor to her sex. Her kindness, with Sir William's, to me, is more than I can express: I am in their house, and I may now tell you, it required all the kindness of my friends to set me up. Lady Hamilton intends writing to you.

May God Almighty bless you, and give us, in due time, a happy meeting."

Human nature is of a compound, not of simple character. Even love is mostly commingled with other feelings. Respect, friendship, affections, and sympathies founded upon a variety of incidental circumstances play their part in the great passion of life. It is even well-known that piety can be accessory to love. Lady Hamilton's first feelings towards Nelson were evidently those of regard for him as a brave and clever man, and those feelings were enhanced by a great enthusiasm in the cause of the Queen of Naples, and no small amount of true patriotism. The most beautiful woman of her time, she was also gifted with remarkable talent, quick apprehension, and exceedingly warm and ardent feelings. Her anxiety in the cause had already manifested itself in the most unmistakable manner, in obtaining from the Queen of Naples an order for the fleet to victual and water, which at the very moment had been publicly refused to the minister for fear of breaking with France. Mr. Pettigrew enters at length into this question in his appendix, as one of the undoubted claims which Lady Hamilton perished without ever seeing acknowledged, by a little grateful government. There is no doubt that Nelson always avowed that but for that assistance he could not have gone in pursuit of the French fleet, nor would the battle of the Nile ever have been fought.

The feeling experienced by Lady Hamilton, on hearing of the victory gained by a friend for whom she had exerted herself, even to bending on her knees—suppliant before the queen—and the emotions experienced on beholding the wounded and suffering hero, were of too strong a nature to be trimmed to the formality ordained by a strict social etiquette. The previous career of this remarkable woman was no less opposed to such subjugation of the inclinations. Lady Hamilton became Lord Nelson's nurse; admiration of the hero, the most friendly anxiety for his welfare, and a tender solicitude for his recovery, were hence all commingled to produce an affection of a warmer kind.

On the other hand Lord Nelson's fine principles and manly intellect abhorred the profligacy and corruption of the court of Naples. His designation of the country in a letter to Earl St. Vincent dated the 30th of September, 1798, has been handed down to posterity in every life written of the hero. The devotedness, however, of Sir William

and Lady Hamilton reconciled him to his detention there.

Mr. Pettigrew is at some pains to show that that unfortunate passion which was destined to have so much influence upon Nelson's subsequent conduct, had no existence till this period. If so, it certainly gained rapidly in strength upon the excitement of success; or how can we explain the conduct of Captain Josiah Nisbett, his step-son, at the *fete* given by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, on the birth-day of Nelson, September 29, 1798, seven days after Nelson's arrival at Naples, and in which Captain Nisbett appears to have been goaded to such an extreme indignation, and to have conducted himself with so much violence, that Captain Troubridge and another officer were under the necessity of removing him from the room. It remained for Lady Hamilton to effect a reconciliation, under the plea of accidental inebriety.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the charms both of person and intellect that belonged to this most fascinating woman. One portion of her very remarkable life had been devoted to exhibiting herself as perfect model of health and beauty. Romney, the Royal Academician, equally fascinated by the powers of her mind and the symmetry of her form, selected her as the subject of many of his most esteemed paintings.

No regular attempt, however, at the cultivation of Emma's powers was made till she was already somewhat advanced in life, when, under the tuition of proper instructors, she rapidly attained great perfection. Under the guidance of Sir William Hamilton—a man of taste and learning—and residing in a land so favored as Italy, she had many further opportunities of improving herself, and she not only maintained the most confidential intercourse with the Queen of Naples, but the friendship that existed between the queen and the minister's wife was of the most ardent character.

"Young and beautiful," says Mr. Pettigrew, "with a knowledge of the world derived under circumstances, and attended by consequences anything but agreeable to reflect upon, or calculated to excite satisfaction—versed in its most seductive fascinations, and intellectually gifted with taste for the fine arts, and with powers for the most effectual display of grace and beauty—enthusiastic in her devotion to noble and generous acts, and sensibly alive to the honor and glory of her country, it is not surprising that Nelson should have felt the power of her influence. Simple in his manners, and pure in his nature—warm and generous in his feelings—unskilled in

the arts of the world—and, by his professional engagements, unaccustomed to any but the most limited society, it is not extraordinary that he should have fallen under the blandishments of a syren."

The French ambassador having urged strongly upon the Neapolitan court their breach of faith in supplying the British fleet at Syracuse, contrary to treaty, Lady Hamilton availed herself at this juncture, whilst the court was flushed with joy at the victory of the Nile, to exercise her influence still further on the queen, and to urge upon her the rash scheme of breaking altogether with the French. The queen, who had been obliged to cede to the necessity of receiving an envoy from that nation which was tinged with the blood of her sister, her brother-in-law, and her nephew, failed not to enter, in the most lively manner, into these proposals, and communicated them to the king. Nelson himself must, however, take his share of blame (if it can be so called where all the blame attaches itself to the cowardice and incapability of the Neapolitans) in these untoward transactions; for it appears that there was much hesitation on the occasion, as, on the 14th of November, Nelson writes to Earl Spencer that he had been present at the deliberations with the king, General Mack, and Sir John Acton, and that a disposition appeared to exist, in consequence of want of assurance of support from the Emperor of Austria, to wait until the French had made further aggressions. Nelson boldly told the king, "either to advance, trusting to God for his blessing on a just cause, to die with *l'épée à la main*, or remain quiet and be kicked out of *your* kingdoms."

An army of 35,000 men was raised and marched from St. Germain under the command of General Mack, the king himself accompanying it. Nelson always entertained an unfavorable opinion of this General Mack. "General Mack," he says, "cannot move without five carriages. I have formed an opinion. I heartily pray I may be mistaken."—*Letter to Earl Spencer*. At a Neapolitan review, the general manœuvred his troops so cleverly, that in directing the operations of a feigned fight, his own troops became surrounded by those of the enemy. Nelson, who observed this, immediately exclaimed, "This fellow does not understand his business."

Nelson effected an important diversion by sea at the same time that General Mack advanced to the encounter by land. He sailed on the 22d of November, with a small

squadron, in company with the Portuguese squadron, having 5123 Neapolitan troops on board. On this day, the 22d of November, he addressed one of his characteristic laconic notes to Lady Hamilton.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"Not being able to get our anchor out of the ground, allow me to say on paper that I am your and Sir William's affectionate friend. May God Almighty bless and protect you both, is the fervent prayer of your

NELSON.

"Thursday, noon."

In connection with the Neapolitan general, Nelson summoned the town of Leghorn, and it surrendered. Possession of it was immediately taken, and also of the fortress.

Nelson left Leghorn on the 30th, and returned to Naples on the 5th of December. It is almost needless to add, that once the gallant admiral away, and the Neapolitans left to themselves, they were ignominiously defeated. The position of the country from that moment became critical. The news of the defeat of the royal army produced riotous proceedings at Naples, and some murders were the consequence. The royal family took alarm, and it became necessary to concert measures for their safety. Nelson's feelings at the time exhibited a curious jumble of indignation at the cowardly and treacherous conduct of the Neapolitans, of personal resolution and defiance, and yet of secret pleasure at being able to relieve and to protect those already so dear to him. On the 17th of December, he wrote to his Excellency, Spencer Smith, at Constantinople:

"I have had the charge of the Two Sicilies entrusted to me, and things are come to that pitch that I do not know that the whole royal family, with 3000 Neapolitan *émigrés*, will not be under the protection of the king's flag this night."

On the following day he wrote to Earl Spencer:

"There is an old saying, that 'when things are at the worst they must mend.' Now, the mind of man cannot fancy things worse than they are here; but, thank God, my health is better, my mind never firmer, and my heart in the right trim to comfort, relieve, and protect those who it is my duty to afford assistance to."

It is unquestionable, however, that the very person whom Nelson most longed to protect, was also the chief agent through whose instrumentality the measures devised for the safety of the royal family were carried into

effect, and that at much peril and great sacrifices. A hurried letter of Lady Hamilton to Lord Nelson, says Mr. Pettigrew, is now before me. It runs thus:

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I have this moment received a letter from my adorable queen. She is arrived with the king. She has much to do to persuade him, but he approves of all our projects. She is worn out with fatigue. To-morrow I will send you her letter. God bless you!

Yours, sincerely."

No signature, but in Lady Hamilton's handwriting.

In a letter addressed to the Earl St. Vincent, the original of which is in the Admiralty, Nelson gives several particulars relating to the escape of the royal family:

The embarkation of the royal family, &c., was safely effected, he says, chiefly by the correspondence carried on between the queen and Lady Hamilton—a correspondence which caused no suspicion, as letters had been daily passing between them for a considerable time. Neither Lord Nelson nor Sir William Hamilton appeared at court, as their movements were minutely watched by the Jacobins. By night Lady Hamilton received the jewels and property of the queen and royal family, in value, it is said, amounting to full £2,500,000 sterling. Southey says: "Lady Hamilton, like a heroine of romance, explored, with no little danger, a subterraneous passage leading from the palace to the sea-side: through this passage the royal treasures, the choicest pieces of painting and sculpture, and other property to the amount of two millions and a half, were conveyed to the shore, and stowed safely on board the English ships."

To effect, however, the safe departure of the royal family, together with the property which had thus been conveyed on board the ships, it is obvious, as before said, many sacrifices must have been necessarily made. The ambassador was obliged to abandon his house, together with all the valuables it contained, nor was he able to convey away a single article. The private property of Sir William and Lady Hamilton was voluntarily left to prevent discovery of the proceeding, and this, Lady Hamilton estimated at £9000 on her own account, and not less than £30,000 on that of Sir William. To show the caution and secrecy required in thus getting away, Lady Hamilton says:

"I had, on the night of our embarkation, to attend the party given by Kelim Effendi, who was

sent by the Grand Signior to Naples, to present Nelson with the Cheloung, or Plume of Triumph. I had to steal from the party, leaving our carriages and equipage waiting at his house, and in about fifteen minutes to be at my post, where it was my task to conduct the royal family through the subterraneous passage, to Nelson's boats, by that moment waiting for us on the shore. The season for this voyage was extremely hazardous, and our miraculous preservation is recorded by the admiral upon our arrival at Palermo."

The *Vanguard* sailed on the 24th of December with their Sicilian majesties and family, the ambassadors and suite, and many of the Neapolitan nobility on board, followed by the *Archimedes*, a Neapolitan 74, the *Sannite* corvette, and about twenty sail of merchantmen, laden with fugitives and their effects. The next day, one of the royal children, the Prince Albert, was taken ill, in the morning, and died in Lady Hamilton's arms.

The *Vanguard* arrived at Palermo on the 26th, and at 5 o'clock, A. M., Lord Nelson attended the queen and princesses on shore. Earl St. Vincent addressed Lady Hamilton upon this occasion as follows :

"Rosia House, Gibraltar,
"17th January, 1799.

"MY DEAR LADY HAMILTON,

"I shall never cease to admire the magnanimous conduct of your royal friend and self during the late severe trials at Naples, and during your short voyage to Palermo. The page of history will be greatly enriched by the introduction of this scene in it ; for the greatness of both your minds, and the firmness and ability shown in the most critical situation that ever two human beings were placed in, surpasses all that we read of. May Heaven have in store blessings for you both ! Base, indeed, must be the Briton who will not sacrifice the last drop of his blood for the preservation of two such exalted characters.

"God bless you, my dear madam, and enable you to persevere in the comfort and support of the great and amiable queen, your friend, to whom I beg you will pay my most dutiful and respectful homage, and rest assured of the most lasting regard and esteem of your ladyship's

"Truly affectionate
"ST. VINCENT."

Lord Nelson wrote also upon the occasion of losing his *protégé*, but in a different tone :

"To tell you how dreary and uncomfortable the *Vanguard* appears, is only telling you what it is to go from the pleasantest society to a solitary cell ; or, from the dearest friends to no friends. I am now perfectly the *great man*—not a creature near me. From my heart I wish myself the little man again !"

Nelson, shortly after this, transferred his flag to the *Bellerophon* ; next, on his promotion to rear-admiral of the red, to the *Culloden*, and then to the *Foudroyant*. It was in this last ship that he sailed with the hereditary prince and Sir William and Lady Hamilton back from Palermo to Naples. It was also on this occasion that occurred the execution of Francisco Caracciolo, concerning which a great deal more has been said than the case deserves. The man was a traitor to his king and to his country, and he died the death of a traitor.

Sir William Hamilton having been superseded and succeeded in his post as minister at Naples, early in 1800, Sir William and Lady Hamilton accompanied Lord Nelson in the *Foudroyant* from Palermo to Syracuse, and thence to Naples. This was in the latter end of April and beginning of May. The voyage was passed with great festivity, and Lady Hamilton's birth-day, April 26th, was celebrated by music and singing. Sir Edward Berry and Miss Knight, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, were the poet laureates of the occasion ; but, according to Mr. Pettigrew, the gallant Nelson could also make sacrifices to the muses.

It is to this period that Mr. Pettigrew traces, with considerable *vraisemblance*, the intimacy from which sprang Horatio, born between the 29th and 31st of January, 1801, in Piccadilly. Sir William and Lady Hamilton not only accompanied Lord Nelson to Malta, but, as is well known, they all returned to England together, by Vienna and Hamburgh to Yarmouth. Lady Nelson, who had been informed by her son, Captain Nisbett, of the progress of events in the Mediterranean, did not go to Yarmouth to meet her husband—a reception which Mr. Pettigrew contrasts forcibly with that given by Lady Hamilton to Nelson on his return from the Nile ; and he thinks that Lady Nelson acted unadvisedly. It is difficult, however, to imagine how she could have acted otherwise, so long as Lady Hamilton was in company with her husband.

The results of this connection were, however, as is generally the case, lamentable to all parties concerned. A separation between Lord and Lady Nelson soon became inevitable, although decided by the pet of a moment. The feigned name of Thomson, under which Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton corresponded at the period of the birth of Horatio, and which has given rise to so many misapprehensions, is well explained away by Mr. Pettigrew. Sir William Hamil-

ton died two years afterwards; and we are enabled, through the kindness of Dr. G. F. Collier, to quote from his collection an unpublished note, formerly in the possession of the Chevalier Wolf, Esq., Consul for Denmark in this country, and addressed to George Matcham, Esq., of Ashford Lodge, who married Nelson's youngest sister, his "dear Kate," as he always called her, and which shows that the victor's conscience was sharply aroused by the circumstance.

"April 6th, 1803.

"MY DEAR MR. MATCHAM,

"Our dear Sir William left this world this morning, at ten minutes past ten, in Lady Hamilton's arms, without a struggle, without a sigh. Dear Lady Hamilton is suffering very much on the occasion, and I certainly have a *twist*. War or peace seems as undecided as ever. Kind love to my sister, and

"Believe me, affectionately yours,

"NELSON and BRONTE."

Lord Nelson made his connection with Lady Hamilton a subject of history, by naming her, and his child Horatio, in a codicil to his will on the day of his death, and leaving them as a testamentary bequest to his country; but Lady Hamilton was deprived of the advantages of this codicil in her favor, by Lord Nelson's brother holding it back until a public grant had been made solely in favor of his surviving legitimate relatives; and the unfortunate lady was equally unlucky in her public claims upon the country and government, yet which claims were of the most undeniable character, and most ungratefully neglected. This once beautiful and intellectual woman, who had been the charm of every one she came in contact with, ultimately died at Calais, on the 15th of January, 1815, in great distress, and without a friend to soothe the anguish of her last moments. Mr. Pettigrew gives the following sad account of her decease, as related to him by Mrs. Hunter, of Brighton:

This excellent lady tells me, that at the time Lady Hamilton was at Calais, she was also there superintending the education of her son at the academy of Mr. Mills. She resided in the "Grande Place," and became acquainted with Monsieur de Rheims, the English interpreter, who persuaded Mrs. Hunter to take up her residence with him in his château, which was visited by many English. When Lady Hamilton fled to Calais, Monsieur de Rheims gave to her one of his small houses to live in. It was very badly furnished. Mrs. Hunter was in the habit of or-

dering meat daily at a butcher's for a favorite little dog, and on one of these occasions was met by Monsieur de Rheims, who followed her, exclaiming, "Ah! Madame, ah! Madame! I know you to be good to the English; there is a lady here would be glad of the worst bit of meat you provide for your dog." When questioned as to who the lady was, and promising that she should not want for anything, he declined telling, saying that she was too proud to see any one; besides, he had promised her secrecy. Mrs. Hunter begged him to provide her with everything she required, wine, &c., as if coming from himself, and she would pay for it. This he did for some time, until she became very ill, when he pressed her to see the lady that had been so kind to her; and upon hearing that her benefactress was not a person of title, she consented, saw her, thanked her, and blessed her. A few days after she ceased to live. This lady, describes her to me as exceedingly beautiful even in death. She was anxious to have her interred according to English custom, for which, however, she was only laughed at, and poor Emma was put into a deal box without any inscription. All that this good lady states she was permitted to do was, to make a kind of pall out of her black silk petticoat, stitched on a white curtain. Not an English Protestant clergyman was to be found in all Calais, or its vicinity; and so distressed was this lady to find some one to read the burial service over her remains, that she went to an Irish half-pay officer in the Rue du Havre, whose wife was a well-informed Irish lady. He was absent at the time, but, being sent for, most kindly went and read the service over the body. Lady Hamilton, according to the register of deaths preserved in the Town Hall, died in a house situate in the Rue Française, and was buried in a piece of ground in a spot just outside the town, formerly called the Gardens of the Duchess of Kingston, which had been consecrated, and was used as a public cemetery till 1816. This ground, which had neither wall nor fence to protect it, was some years since converted into a timber-yard, and no traces of the graves now remain. Mrs. Hunter wished to have placed a head or footstone, but was refused. She, therefore, placed a piece of wood in the shape, as she describes it to me, of a battledore, handle downwards, on which was inscribed, "Emma Hamilton, England's Friend." This was speedily removed—another placed, and also removed; and the good lady was at length threatened to be shot by the sentinel if she persisted in those offices of charity. A small tombstone was, however, afterwards placed there and was existing in 1833. Upon it, according to a little "Guide to Calais," compiled by an Englishman, was inscribed:—

. QUÆ
. CALESIE
VIA IN GALLICA VOCATA
ET IN DOMO. C. VI. ORBIT
DIE XV MENSIS JANUARIJ A. D. MDCCCXV.
ÆTATIS SUÆ LI.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

VERY few books have been published in France since the late revolution. Newspapers and pamphlets, in which the questions of the day are angrily debated, have been the only intellectual food of our neighbors, and the republic of letters seems to have been completely awed into silence by the unexpected appearance of her stern political sister with the Phrygian cap and uncompromising level. Pamphlets, bought for a few pence, and read in as many minutes, are as much as the Republic of 1848 can afford; her citizens have neither time nor money for the more substantial productions of literature. Only four works of any importance have made their appearance within the last few months, though it must be allowed that these form complete exceptions to the remark we have just made. Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*, St. Beuve's continuation of the *History of Port-Royal*, Lamartine's *Raphael*, and the Duc de Noailles' *Life of Madame de Maintenon*, have no connection whatever with the feelings which at present agitate French society, and throw no light on the questions, upon the solution of which its very existence seems to depend. They must appear to France like vestiges of a by-gone literary world, relics of the days before the revolutionary flood, when men and books lived longer, and authors had time to be painstaking, and readers had leisure to be patient. Monsieur de Noailles' book, especially, is a literary anachronism. There is something anti-republican in the very appearance of the work. Its lordly and marvelously well-printed volumes are just such as one would expect to see figuring in a catalogue of "royal and noble authors," or issuing from the amateur press of a Walpole. Surely this panegyric of Louis XIV., of the sovereign whom Goethe designates as "the Man-Monarch," and who is styled by Leibnitz, "the most kingly of all kings," was not written since the last members of his family became exiles from Republican France; M. de Noailles did not take his pen

off the page where he had been transcribing Bossuet's opinion on the divine right of kings, to write a vote for the Constituent Assembly; and his proof-sheets were not corrected with the roar of the cannon of June in his ears. No! these sober, well-written pages, full of patient research and careful analysis, were the offspring of more peaceful times, and were to have made their appearance under the monarchy; not, indeed, such a monarchy as M. de Noailles has taken delight in painting, but at any rate a *régime* under which his skillful, and at times eloquent, defense of Madame de Maintenon would have been appreciated. As it is, this picture of a society so firmly established presented to the view of France in the present day is curious enough. This description of the power of Louis XIV., venerated almost to adoration, forms a strange contrast with the precarious authorities of the scarce recognized Republic. The Duc de Noailles was, perhaps, the person of all others best fitted for the task he has undertaken. He was one of the most distinguished orators of the late Chamber of Peers, where he was ever a firm, though moderate, supporter of monarchical principles; descended from a niece of Madame de Maintenon, he has inherited the Château de Maintenon, and possesses, in the archives of his family, many valuable documents relative to his fair grand-aunt, of whom he is the chivalrous champion. His is a labor of love, ably and reverently accomplished. The following lines may serve as a specimen of his mode of treating the most delicate part of his subject:

"The virtue of a woman is never a seemly subject of discussion. Even those women who have been most calumniated, if properly alive to the conscious dignity of their sex, will, on so delicate a subject, think silence preferable to controversy, though this latter should furnish proofs in their favor. Praise, even, is an offense. Madame de Maintenon herself would certainly have forbidden me to reply to the outrageous libels by which she has been attacked."

This is, perhaps, more chivalrous than satisfactory; but M. de Noailles is not always so reserved, and his volumes throw light on many obscure points of his heroine's life and character. Strange to say, Madame de Maintenon is still to many persons a mysterious personage, an historical enigma. Was she a saint or a hypocrite? the last favorite of the Versailles harem, or the lawful, though unrecognized, wife of the most powerful monarch in Europe? Her letters, from which the most accurate estimate of her character might have been formed, have been given to the world in the mutilated edition published by La Beaumelle; and the general opinion of her has been derived chiefly from Protestant writers, who erroneously attributed to her influence the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or from the *Memoirs* of the too caustic St. Simon. Even La Beaumelle's *Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon*, which sent their author to the Bastille, can scarcely be depended on, so much of romance is there mixed up with truth.

The world, too, is never indulgent towards those whose tardy elevation has only brought them into notice when the charm of youth is past. Madame de Maintenon has never been young in the eyes of posterity. The lovely Françoise d'Aubigné, the witty wife of the poet Scarron, is merged in the austere founder of St. Cyr, the imposing devotee presiding over the gloomy court of Louis XIV. in his latter years. In our injustice we are even inclined to attribute to her influence the alteration which took place in the monarch himself, and which increasing years and declining glory might sufficiently explain. We unconsciously visit on Madame de Maintenon the change which transformed the chivalrous and ardent lover of Mademoiselle de Lavallière into a cold and selfish bigot, as though his old age had been but a reflexion of that of his staid mistress; a contagion which he might have escaped in more cheerful company. But we will let Madame de Maintenon's historian speak for himself:

"We have never known Madame de Maintenon otherwise than old, in her sad-colored gown and coif; rigid and austere, domineering over a court which had become as serious as herself, and bearing, not only the weight of years, but that of the king's and her own *ennui*. Her best-known portrait by Mignard, which represents her at the age of sixty, in the character of Saint Frances the Roman, bears an expression which, though noble and dignified, is saddened and morose, and

has tended to impress her in that light on our imagination. No reflex of her youth softens to our eyes the furrows of her more advanced age; for that to be the case one should have known her young. Fortunate, indeed, are those whose image is handed down to posterity in the garb of youth and beauty. Posterity is ever disposed to judge them leniently."

M. de Noailles has adopted the best method of counteracting this unfavorable impression, by affixing to his work a portrait of Madame de Maintenon (we should say Madame Scarron) at the age of twenty-four. No arguments could have made half so many converts to the cause he defends, as this charming portrait, exquisitely engraved by Mercurj, from a miniature by Petitot. The rounded shoulder, upon which the gown is lightly clasped, is not that of a prude; the sparkling eye, full of feeling and vivacity, is not that of the narrow-minded bigot that some historians have painted. From the very first sight of that portrait we became the declared partisans of Madame de Maintenon. The testimony of her contemporaries is unanimous as to her easy wit, clear judgment, and the irresistible charm of her conversation. Madame de Sevigné, a good judge in these matters, describes her as "good, handsome, and unaffected;" and adds, "One can talk and laugh pleasantly with her." Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who would have scorned to write, save under the veil of allegory, describing her as the fair Lyriamne, says, "Her wit seemed exactly fitted to her beauty." Louis XIV. never wearied of her conversation, though accustomed to the wit and lively intercourse of the brilliant Montespan; and this latter, her rival, in spite of the promptings of jealousy, found an almost unaccountable pleasure in her society. Ninon de l'Enclos, who was no friend to pedantry or affectation, bears testimony to her great powers of pleasing. When we consider this concert of praise from the best judges of the day, it seems difficult to account for the prejudice which posterity has conceived against her, and in order to do so, we are obliged to keep in mind that such a position as hers creates for a favorite innumerable enemies. We must remember the enmity of the Duke of Orleans, (afterwards Regent,) who attributed his disgrace to her influence; the hatred of the Protestants, whom she had renounced; of the Jansenists and Quietists, whom she had equally offended; the jealousy of the princes, and still more of the princesses of the blood, who smarted under her rather sharp rebukes,

and reluctantly submitted to her severe authority. All these enmities, and the calumnies to which they gave rise, have been chronicled in the writings of La Fare, St. Simon, and of the Bavarian princess who married the Dauphin, and too readily believed. We are apt to suppose that the king must have been circumvented, and his natural judgment warped by religious scruples, before he could decide on marrying, at the age of forty-seven, a woman three years older than himself. But Time deals not with an equal hand to all. Madame de Maintenon was still handsome, and, as we have said, possessed intellectual charms, against which even half a century is powerless.

Tradition relates that Charlemagne had a beloved mistress so dear to him, that when she died no power could separate him from her dead body. Bishops and archbishops assembled to discover what potent spell had thus bewitched the powerful emperor, and lo! beneath the tongue of the deceased beauty was found a small pearl—and there lay the charm! We have always considered this legend as typical of that persuasive eloquence by which many enchantresses have ruled since the days of Charlemagne. May not the pearl which enslaves even kings have descended to Madame de Maintenon, as the throne of Charlemagne did to Louis XIV.?

The book before us is as much a history of the reign of Louis XIV. as the life of Madame de Maintenon. The author has evidently been drawn on by his subject, and although Madame de Maintenon is the principal personage, around her are grouped her most illustrious contemporaries, and the chief events of the reign in which she figured so prominently are somewhat partially, perhaps, but always ably related.

The Dutch war, the state of the literary world, the quarrels of the rival religious sects, the legitimization of the king's children, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are all cleverly treated. On this latter question, we must be allowed to differ in some degree from the author. We are willing to admit, that at the period of the Revocation both Protestants and Catholics in other countries were equally intolerant; that liberty of conscience was not recognized generally in principle; that the laws passed in England, even at a later period, against Catholics, were quite as stringent as any of those of Louis XIV. against the Protestants; but this was no excuse for a Prince who was retracing the steps which his predecessors had taken towards religious liberty. He was

revoking a liberal concession, for which France had been ripe nearly ninety years before. He had the example of Henri IV. before his eyes; and his minister, Louvois, needed only to imitate the chancellor L'Hospital, who had preceded him by a century. We therefore think that M. de Noailles has not blamed with sufficient severity the religious persecutions, both avowed and covert, which disgraced the latter years of this reign; nor can we admit that they were as generally approved by the country at large as he would wish us to believe. Many Catholics protested against the violent means resorted to in order to obtain conversions; nor were the clergy themselves unanimous in their approbation. Be that as it may, we have in these volumes an able and concise history of the Protestant political party in France, as impartial as an enlightened but zealous Catholic can write it. In these matters, it is difficult to steer clear of both indifference and intolerance, and it is sad to think that there is much truth in the following remarks—

“It is a fact that men's ideas of toleration have ever depended, to a certain extent, on the place that religion occupies in their minds. Perfect Christianity, as well as civilization, make it incumbent on all men; but toleration is far easier to unbelievers, and they can bear with any religion, who are pretty nearly indifferent to all. We cannot boast with reason of the tolerant spirit of the present day as of a moral progress, unless it be united with the fervent faith of our forefathers. It should be remarked, that the tolerance which Rousseau and Voltaire taught, and for which they and the other Deists of the last century have been so much extolled, was in fact merely indifference to religious matters, taking its rise in incredulity.”

That the Due de Noailles is disposed to render justice to individual Protestants, as well as Catholics, is sufficiently proved by the many pages he devotes to the life of Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon's grandfather. This staunch old Huguenot is a good type of the men of his day, and although most of the particulars recorded of him are taken from his curious autobiography, the compilation is well and pleasantly made.

His adventurous life while in the service of Henri IV., to whom he was recommended as “a man who found nothing too hot, or too cold;” his duels, his narrow escapes, his religious controversies, his poetry, his pious and resigned death-bed, form a strange picture. We find him at one time disputing

against the Bishop of Evreux, at a public conference held in 1600, in presence of Henri IV. and his court; and he boasts that his arguments so perplexed the prelate "that large drops fell from his forehead on the manuscript of St. Chrysostom which he held." The subject of the controversy was the authority of the Popes; and D'Aubigné, not satisfied with his triumph, composed a Latin treatise, *De Dissidiis Patrum*, in support of his opinion. In the midst of a court, he never swerved from the rigid inflexibility of his religious tenets, and did not even spare his royal master when he thought that a statement of the truth might recall him to a sense of his duty. Soon after the abjuration of Henri, an attempt to assassinate him was made by Jean Chatel, and the knife having slightly wounded him on the lip, the uncompromising Huguenot, D'Aubigné, seized the opportunity of apostrophizing him in these words—"Sire, as yet you have renounced God only with your lips, and he is content to pierce them; should you one day renounce Him with your heart, He will surely pierce the heart." Another anecdote will show that, if D'Aubigné had the merit of frankness, his royal master possessed the far rarer quality of listening good-naturedly to the most unpleasant truths. The poor King of Navarre, who writes to Sully "that his shirts are all torn, his doublet out at elbow, and that he is glad to dine and sup with his friends right and left," could not afford to be very generous to his followers, and in consequence we find D'Aubigné often complaining of his master's parsimony. On one occasion, when he slept with his friend Laforce, in a closet adjoining the king's bed-room, he gave vent to his usual grumblings, and among other things said—"Laforce, our master is a niggardly hunk, (*un ladre vert*), and the most ungrateful mortal on earth." "What do you say?" inquired Laforce, who was getting drowsy. Upon which the king, who had overheard the conversation from his bed, called out, "He says I am a niggardly hunk, and the most ungrateful mortal on earth." Henry was not a whit less friendly to his squire on the morrow, but truth compels us to add that he gave him not one stiver the more after this lesson. From these anecdotes, the reader will see that the author is justified in writing of D'Aubigné—

"No character can give a better idea of the superabundant life and energy which animated the whole sixteenth century. He was, in turn, warrior, historian, poet, theologian, a controversialist,

even when required, ever ready to lay down the sword for the pen. He was, likewise, a true type of those rough Huguenot nobles, who, with their helmets on and sword in hand, remained in their proud independence, unflinching in their faith, and inflexible in their hatred of Popery. Even towards Henri IV. he continued to act the part of those great malecontents, the Frondeurs of the Valois court, who censured everything, would always speak their mind, or withdraw suddenly from court to have recourse to arms. Under the firm hand of Cardinal Richelieu this description of character was gradually moderated, and finally, in the submissive court of Louis XIV., became extinct in the person of the secret and mute Frondeur St. Simon, whose dissembled spleen was vented in his voluminous and long unknown memoirs."

Strictly speaking, neither the life of D'Aubigné, nor that of his scapegrace son, are necessary introductions to a history of Madame de Maintenon. They had no direct influence over her destiny; she neither inherited the virtues of her grandfather nor the vices of her father; and we suspect that M. de Noailles has been glad to use them as vehicles for exhibiting royalty in one of its most popular personifications, Henri IV. His sentiments, for which there is no name even in the French language, are those which we term "loyalty;" and he dwells with pleasure on the contrast between the two kings, Henri IV. and Louis XIV., each being in his way the glory of the French monarchy. The king-errant, winning his kingdom at the sword's point, excites the admiration of the author as much as the "Grand Monarque," raising his country to its highest pitch of glory and power.

But to return to the D'Aubignés. The severest trial of the old Huguenot, harder to bear than prison or exile, was the conduct of his only son, whom he consigns to rebuke in his memoirs by the following sentence of condemnation—"As God does not entail his grace on flesh and blood, so my eldest son, Constant D'Aubigné, in no way resembled his father, although I had taken all possible pains with his education." And, in truth, this Constant D'Aubigné was a sad character. We find him in England, thanks to his name, admitted to the secret councils of the Protestant party there, and revealing to the French government the projected expedition for the relief of La Rochelle. This conduct, which drew upon him his father's malediction, procured him favor at court, an advantageous marriage with a Catholic, and the restitution of certain confiscated lands which had formerly belonged to his family. But

Constant D'Aubigné was a man who could not be reclaimed even by prosperity. The ill-gotten fortune was soon squandered, and about five years after his first act of treachery he was once more busily employed in treasonable intrigues. This time his negotiations were with the English government, and were, in consequence, viewed far differently by the French court. D'Aubigné was first imprisoned at Bordeaux, then transferred to Niort; and it was in the *conciergerie*, or gaol of that town, that little Françoise, his daughter, the future Madame de Maintenon, was born, in 1635. Six years' confinement having been considered a sufficient expiation of his misdeeds, Constant D'Aubigné was released by the intercession and through the interest of his wife; and wisely judging that he was most likely to prosper where he was least known, he set sail for Martinique with his family. A fortune was soon made, and as quickly lost at the gambling-table; and D'Aubigné was but too happy to obtain an inferior military post to keep his family from starvation. In this humble situation, at the very moment when he appeared likely to reform, death closed his troubled career, and his widow returned to France, in the faint hope of saving a pittance out of the wreck of their shattered fortunes. The trials of Madame D'Aubigné had not been of the kind that soften the heart, and under the ungentle hand of misfortune she had grown rigid and austere. Little Françoise was brought up carefully, but somewhat sternly; and we are told that some of her first reading lessons were taken in Plutarch! How far these early studies influenced her future conduct it would be difficult to say, but it may be, that in reading of the illustrious dead, she first imbibed that ardent desire for public esteem which was the great spring of all her actions. To be well thought of, well spoken of, and well written of, was the object of her whole life. For the good opinion of men, she would cheerfully have sacrificed happiness as well as pleasure.

We are involuntarily reminded, that in the following century another young girl, who was one day to be known as Madame Roland, also made Plutarch her favorite study; and in her, too, we discover the same intense love of applause. At first sight the parallel seems strange; the two destinies were so diverse, that we can scarcely trace the analogy that existed in many points of character between them; yet the ardent Girondist and the calm believer in divine right, were both under the dominion of the same ruling

passion. Madame de Maintenon's first object was public esteem; Madame Roland, in more troublous times, aspired higher, and sought admiration. Both trampled love under foot, and retained in the midst of corruption their unspotted reputation. In periods of unrivalled intellectual splendor they were each surrounded by the most distinguished men of their day, who sought inspiration from their counsels. Virtue, differently understood, was the aim of both; but with both it was likewise the means by which fame was to be won.

Madame D'Aubigné, we have said, was a Catholic; but on several occasions, when she was obliged to leave Paris, her little daughter had been confided to the care of Madame de Villette, her aunt, who had instructed her in the Reformed faith, of which her grandfather had been so zealous a champion. The child, who for the first time in her life saw herself kindly treated, was well disposed to receive the lessons of an affectionate teacher; and even in after days, when the religious tenets thus tenderly inculcated were gradually giving way under other influences, she never forgot the gentle teaching of her early creed; and, when pressed to abjure, would often say, "I will believe what you wish, provided that you do not require me to believe that my aunt De Villette will be damned." Little Françoise was soon to be transferred to a rougher school. Conversions were already the order of the day; and a more distant relation, but a strict Catholic, Madame de Neuillant, obtained an order from the court to take charge of the young heretic. She was one of those who think that people should be thrust into the right way, and not allured to it; and whatever care she may have taken of the soul of her young charge, she appears to have treated the body rather roughly. The future wife of Louis XIV. was subjected to every humiliation, and employed in the most degrading offices. In one of her letters we read, in allusion to this period of her life, "I governed the poultry-yard, and it was there my reign commenced." As might have been expected, her childish faith grew strong under persecution; and neither her mother's entreaties nor Madame de Neuillant's threats could obtain her abjuration. All violent means proving ineffectual, she was placed in the convent of the Ursulines in Paris, where gentler methods were resorted to. No outward conformity was required of her; on Fridays and Saturdays she was even allowed meat, and no apparent efforts were made to

obtain her abjuration; but none of the milder arts of persuasion and kindness were omitted, and in a few months Mademoiselle D'Aubigné was once more, and for ever, a Catholic.

Her first appearance in Parisian society was very transient, and only admitted of her being introduced with her mother into a few circles, and amongst others at Scarron's. In all minds she left a remembrance of her youth, beauty, and modesty; but on none did she make so strong an impression as on the poor poet whose wife she was destined to be. When on the death of her mother, which occurred soon after at Niort, their native town, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was left to poverty and loneliness, Scarron recollected and wrote to the little girl, whom he remembered to have seen enter his drawing-room six months before in a scanty provincial dress, with her gown much too short, and who, on that occasion, he adds, "began to cry, I know not why." Scarron must have been little skilled in the mysteries of a heart of fifteen not to know that no better reason than that said scanty and short gown need be found to account for tears in those dark eyes, which would have sparkled with delight at their own beauty if the odious provincial dress had not obscured it. But this was not the only mark of interest that Scarron showed the "fair Indian," as she was called by the fanciful and ungeographical wits of the day, in consequence of her residence in Martinique during her childhood. When she once more returned to Paris under the humiliating protection of Madame de Neuillant, Scarron, from his slender means, offered her the sum required to enable her to escape from the thralldom by entering a convent. It was only on her refusal that he presumed to propose marriage with himself as an alternative, though this, he says, "was a great poetical license on his part." Mademoiselle d'Aubigné's choice was not long doubtful, and, as she herself said afterwards, "she much preferred marrying him to a convent."

We have always thought that biographers have considered too exclusively the burlesque side of Scarron's character, and have scarcely done justice to the strength of mind which must have been required to bear sickness and poverty with unalterable cheerfulness. That man must have been more than a mere grotesque buffoon, who could not only preserve the free use of all his faculties of mind during intense bodily suffering, but could even make those very sufferings a theme for his talents and a stepping-stone to fame. His contemporary Balzac was, perhaps, justi-

fied in writing, in one of those innumerable letters that earned for him the title of the "Grand Epistolier," that Scarron was a living protest against the weakness of human nature, and that he surpassed Hercules or Prometheus of fable, or even Job of patient memory; for "these said, it is true, very fine things in their torments, but were never facetious. Antiquity shows, and I have read of examples, where *Pain* spoke wisely, or even eloquently, but never joyously as in this case; and there had never been seen till now a mind that could dance a saraband in a paralytic body."

M. de Noailles has almost imparted dignity to the character of Scarron, and well explained his situation in the world. We are apt to suppose that the wife of a poor, crippled, burlesque poet, could play but an obscure part in the brilliant society of that day, especially when we remember that the only income of the pair was derived from an irregularly paid pension and Scarron's literary labors, which he facetiously termed his "marquise of *Quinet*," from the name of his publisher. But Scarron was not a man of low birth; he was descended from a family of honorable magistrates; and even had not this been the case, his talents, which were well suited to the taste of his day, would have brought his wife into notice. At that time men of letters were beginning to shake off the patronage of the great, which had so long debased, while it appeared to foster their genius, and to acquire that social influence which, once founded, was destined steadily to increase, until at the latter end of the eighteenth century it extended to an almost absolute sway. Then, indeed, not only French society, but all the nations of Europe were to be convulsed by theories, traced by pens scarcely more intellectually powerful, and certainly not more independent by nature, than those which under Louis XIV. gloried in writing the eulogies of princes, or in rhyming petitions for pensions. Some fifty years before Mademoiselle d'Aubigné became the wife of Scarron, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the foundation (if we may use the word) of polite society in France had been laid at the Hôtel Rambouillet. In that society a double tendency might be distinctly traced; there was among a select few a reform in manners, and in general an extraordinary movement in men's minds, with a gradual spread of literary taste. Madame de Rambouillet was the first *grande dame* of the *ancien régime*, and her drawing-room the first of those all-

powerful *salons* of Paris, which have reigned from thenceforward in uninterrupted succession to the present day. The history of these *salons*, if some hand could be found delicate enough to write it, would be the history of the most real though occult influences which have regulated the destinies of France.

But the course of reform never yet ran smooth; and the early part of the seventeenth century offered strange contrasts. There was a struggle between the license of the preceding age, and the general tendency which we have just pointed out; indeed, a hidden under-current of corruption may be said to have run through even the comparatively decorous reign of Louis XIV., to reappear under the Regency; as some diseases which seem to be extinct during a period of public health are, nevertheless, obscurely perpetuated in our hospitals, to burst forth with renewed virulence when circumstances favor their spread. Still the influence of improved taste was sure though slow, and when Mademoiselle d'Aubigné married about 1652—the century of corruption, of which Brantôme and Tallemant des Réaux have left the records, from Francis I. and his profligate successors, down to Louis XIII., had passed away—the ladies who wrote the six thousand love-letters that Basompierre boasts of having burned on the eve of entering the Bastille, had grown old and steady; the novel of D'Urfé, *L'Astrée*, had introduced a new and sentimental passion in love; in a word, the reign of decorum, if not of virtue, had been inaugurated.

Any sketch, however slight, of the society which met at the Hôtel Rambouillet, or of the coterie of the *Précieuses*, to which it gave birth, would draw us far beyond our limits. This is too attractive ground, and as we glance at the thick volumes lying on our table, we are reminded of the danger which attends such excursions. We will only say, that the Hôtel Rambouillet, linked with, though independent of, the court, was the first neutral ground where courtiers and authors met on equal terms. There might be seen all that was most illustrious in France, by birth, situation, or mind; the Princess of Condé and the Duchess of Longueville, the Duke of Enghien and the Prince de Conti, mingling familiarly with the wits of the day. During a period of about half a century, all the literary men of France, (those whose fame is now forgotten, as well as those whose fame will be immortal,) had figured there in turn, from old Malherbe, down to

young Bossuet, who preached at the age of twelve. Some of these, not indeed the most illustrious, seemed to have used their newly acquired equality rather freely; and the Duke of Enghien is reported to have said of Voiture, the great favorite of this distinguished circle, and proportionably familiar and easy—"Indeed, if Voiture were of our condition he would be unbearable!"

We have said, that it would be difficult within the limits of this article to follow M. de Noailles through all the subjects that he treats; and we should not even allude to his chapter on the Fronde, if it did not contain some of the best pages of his book. He traces a most able parallel between the aristocracy of France and that of England. The latter he represents as continually allied with the people against the encroachments of royalty; while the former, far more powerful at the outset, had to struggle against the continual though unavowed league of the sovereign and the nation, who considered the independent and oppressive nobles as a common adversary. Successive monarchs had prepared the subjugation of the French nobility which Louis XIV. accomplished. From thenceforward the aristocracy was definitively conquered, and politically annulled, for the benefit of all-powerful royalty. But if the French nobles failed in the political object which those of England attained, they, at least, cast by arms an immortal splendor on the history of their country, and, devoting themselves to war, undertook to die when required, for the defense or aggrandizement of France.

"This military spirit was perpetuated in the French aristocracy, and became its distinctive feature. Ever ready to obey the first summons to arms; to leave all else for glory; and to ruin themselves for the service of the state, the French nobles have been the same even to the end—whether we see them by their intrepidity driving back the English at Fontenoy, or retiring, proud and contented, to their manors, with the cross of St. Louis and a threadbare doublet. But the sovereign and independent existence of the French aristocracy at its origin, gave it a position and importance which that of England had not. The Duc de Rohan, in his travels, was quite surprised at the inferior situation of the English nobles. 'They pay taxes,' he exclaims with surprise, 'and are not masters of their vassals as we are at home!' In France the aristocracy had a feeling of proud independence; a habit of patronage and clientship; a consciousness of superiority and privileges; and, above all, a certain grandeur of manners and a taste for perilous adventure, which make it stand out in bold relief on our annals, and whose last tumultuous effort expired at

the Fronde. The two countries we have compared had then both reached a critical period, and were both attaining almost at the same time the result of the long labor which had taken place in each in a contrary direction. But in the midst of the comedy which was going on here, we scarcely noticed the terrible tragedy which, under Charles I., was enacted at our very gates; and while England passed on to liberty with an austere brow, France threw herself smiling into the arms of despotism. The Fronde was, in fact, merely a last day granted to the ambition of the great nobles; from thenceforward all movement stops, all ambition becomes mute, all pretensions are relinquished; and, at a given signal, every one in silence takes his place behind the great king, to march in order in the stately procession, at whose head the imposing and magnificent monarch progresses through the age, to the admiration of his contemporaries and of posterity."

Madame Scarron was not for some time to play any part in this sumptuous pageantry. When Scarron died, she was once more left to struggle with poverty, and would have been reduced to entire destitution, had not the interest of her friends obtained for her the continuation of her husband's pension on the queen-mother's private purse. She spent the first years of her widowhood in that same Ursuline convent in which she had been brought up; and on her slender income she always managed, says Mademoiselle d'Aumale, (who was the constant companion of her latter years,) "to live respectably, to be neatly shod, and to burn wax lights." She led a simple but not a retired life, and mixed much in company. We find her at the Hôtel d'Albret and the Hôtel Richelieu, two of the most important houses of the day, and much sought after in both. It appears to be at this time that she first began gradually to discard the mixed society (Ninon and others) that she had frequented as the wife of Scarron.

But Fortune seemed determined to do her best to break down that proud spirit, or to ruffle the serenity of that self-possessed mind. The death of the queen-mother deprived Madame Scarron of all resources, and reduced her to the humiliating necessity of applying to friends. After many disappointments, she had at last made up her mind to accompany the Princess of Nemours, who was going to Portugal to marry Alphonso VI., king of that country. Strange to say, it was Madame de Montespan who interfered to prevent her departure, little dreaming that she was detaining her future rival. She herself undertook to present the widow Scarron's petition to the king; and

whether it was that the hand that presented it made it more acceptable, or from respect to the queen-mother's memory, it is certain that it was immediately acceded to, and the pension continued by the king. From that time Madame de Montespan never entirely lost sight of the widow; and when, a few years later, a confidential person was required to educate the king's and her own illegitimate children, her choice fell on Madame Scarron. This latter only accepted the charge as concerning the king's children, and on condition that the offer should proceed from him, and not from Madame de Montespan. A singular scruple, which gives a good idea of the partial laws of morality then existing! Louis XIV. had not at that time lost all shame; Monsieur de Montespan was troublesome, and during three years Madame Scarron and her young charges lived mysteriously concealed in a magnificent house in one of the most retired quarters of Paris. The king often visited his children in secret; and the attractive conversation of their governess soon conquered the prejudice that he had at first conceived against her, and which made him ironically speak of her to Madame de Montespan as "your *bel-esprit*." It was only at the latter end of 1673, that the three children of Madame de Montespan were legitimized, presented to the queen, and definitely installed at court with their governess. Madame Scarron was then nearly forty. The courtiers, by an instinct of flattery, felt that the memory of Scarron should now be kept in the background; and when on one occasion the king styled her Madame de Maintenon, from the name of an estate which his bounty had enabled her to purchase, the fashion was immediately adopted; and the name of the poor poet ceased to startle the echoes of Versailles. It seemed as though the wish expressed in his epitaph had been fulfilled, and that he had been left to his first long night of repose.*

From that time Madame de Maintenon's history is the history of the court, with all its intrigues and all its jealousies! She had taken on a chain which she was not to lay down until the death of Louis XIV. delivered her from her grandeur; she was to expiate the pride which had been the mainspring

* Scarron wrote the following epitaph for himself:

Passants, ne faites pas de bruit,
De crainte que je ne m'éveille;
Car voilà la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

of all her actions by *ennui* such as has rarely fallen to the lot of any human being. We shall not dwell on this part of her life; contemporary memoirs have made the jealous *hauteur* of Madame de Montespan, the transient reign of the fair Fontanges, and the steadily increasing favor of Madame de Maintenon, familiar as the gossip of the present day. We all fancy that we have seen the wilful and capricious Montespan driving her little filigree-coach round her splendid apartments of Versailles, and letting the six white mice which were harnessed to it nibble her fair hands. We do not think, besides, that M. de Noailles has well treated this part of his subject. A lighter hand than his—a feminine pen we should say—would be required to trace those courtly quarrels which gave the *Grand Monarque* more trouble to appease than the government of all his dominions.

The king's marriage with Madame de Maintenon is no longer a subject of doubt in most minds, although no proofs of it are extant. We had hoped that M. de Noailles might have furnished us with new documents, but beyond giving some plausible reasons for fixing the date at 1685, instead of 1683, according to St. Simon, he has added nothing to our stock of information.

It is at this crowning point, at this very summit of her elevation, that the author leaves his heroine, giving us the promise of another volume shortly. This, we suppose, will contain the history of the foundation of St. Cyr, and of the latter years of the remarkable woman whose life we have just sketched.

As we take our leave of the age of Louis XIV. and write the word St. Cyr, we are reminded of the wish expressed by its charitable foundress, when, in remembrance of her own neglected childhood, she established that asylum for the indigent daughters of the nobility: "I wish," she said, "that St. Cyr may last as long as France, and France as long as the world!" The world is there, and France, too, full of life, notwithstanding her revolutions; but St. Cyr is gone, and with it the monarchy of Louis XIV.! When in 1793, all religious communities were dissolved, and the pupils and teachers of St. Cyr dispersed, there was one person there, and one only, who had known Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. Her name was Madame de la Bastide. Among the pupils, too, there was a young girl named Marianne

Buonaparte, who had been admitted by an ordonnance of Louis XVI. after satisfactorily proving one hundred and forty years of *noblesse*. In the archives of the department of Seine-et-Oise at Versailles, may still be seen a letter full of bad spelling, signed "Buonaparte." In this letter the future emperor not only claims his sister, but also applies for the allowance of twenty sous per league, which was granted by the revolutionary government to all the pupils to allow them to regain their home. Mdlle. Buonaparte's home being far distant, at Ajaccio, entitled her to a sum of three hundred and fifty francs, which she accordingly received.

Few persons will lay down these volumes without having conceived a more favorable opinion of Madame de Maintenon than any of her other historians had succeeded in creating; but we do not think that M. de Noailles has been equally successful in his apology of Louis XIV. His egotism, his self-adoration, stand out on every page; nor do we think that the *Memoirs*,* of which M. de Noailles has very satisfactorily proved the authenticity, are likely to give us a more favorable view of his character. Certain passages are quoted that seem to have been written expressly to render us more lenient to the follies and delusions of our own time. For instance:

"All that lies within the limits of our kingdom, of whatsoever nature it may be, belongs to us in the same degree, and should be equally valuable in our eyes. The monies in our private purse, the sums in the hands of our treasurers, and those we leave in circulation among our people, should all be husbanded with equal care."

On another occasion he says to his son:

"You must, first of all, be convinced, my son, that kings are absolute lords, and have naturally the free disposal of all the goods possessed by the clergy as well as by the laity, to use them at all times with economy; that is to say, for the general wants of the State."

When we reflect that this same royal Communist was the man who said that he was the State—*l'Etat, c'est moi!*—we can form a fair estimate of those good old times. Ah, Monsieur le Duc! maxims such as these would almost reconcile one to MM. Proudhon and Pierre Leroux!

* Œuvres de Louis XIV. Paris, 1806.

From the Quarterly Review.

LAYARD'S DISCOVERIES IN NINEVEH.

Nineveh, and its Remains. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D.C.L. 2 vols. London. 1848.

WE opened Mr. Layard's volumes, eager to resume our researches into the antiquities of those almost pre-historic cities, Nineveh and her vassals, which seem to have surrounded her on nearly every side; to assist in the disinterment of the palaces of the mythic Nimrod, Ninus, and Semiramis, which had perished from the face of the earth before the days of the later Hebrew prophets, and which, after a slumber of between two and three thousand years, are for the first time brought again to light in the nineteenth century. Our interest had been deepened by the sight of the few specimens of Mr. Layard's treasures which had then been placed in the British Museum; still more by the Khorsabad sculptures sent to Paris by Monsieur Botta. Till within the last two months only the smaller bas-reliefs from Nimroud had reached England. Since that time a second portion has arrived, including the black marble obelisk. These articles, by the negligence or unwarrantable curiosity (we are unwilling to use stronger terms) of persons at Bombay, have suffered considerable damage, though by no means to the extent represented in the public journals. Some of the smaller ones, particularly those of glass, having been carelessly repacked, were found broken to atoms; some, "including the most valuable specimens," (these are Mr. Layard's words,) were missing, it is to be hoped not purloined by some over-tempted collector. Meantime the larger and more massive pieces are still reposing on the mud-beach of Bassora. We trust that, even in these economic days, means will be found to transport them immediately to England, with positive orders to treat them with greater respect at Bombay. These (the huge lion and bull) we expect to turn out by far the most remarkable and characteristic specimens of Assyrian art. We judge by those at Paris, where there are some, especially one colossal figure, which,

though temporarily stowed away in a small room on the ground-floor in the Louvre, impressed us with a strange gigantic majesty, a daringness of conception, which was in no way debased by the barbaric rudeness of the execution, and on the other hand enhanced by its singular symbolic attributes. It is that kind of statue which it takes away one's breath to gaze on.

We found, therefore, not without some slight feeling of disappointment, or rather of impatience, that although we were speedily to commence our operations in disinterring these mysterious palaces, we were to be interrupted by the negotiations, and intrigues, and difficulties, which embarrassed all Mr. Layard's proceedings; and then, before much had been accomplished, carried away to accompany Mr. Layard in excursions in the neighborhood, and indeed to some distance from the scene of his labors; we were to wander among the wild tribes of various manners, and still more various creeds, which people the districts to the west and north-west of the Tigris. But our impatience rapidly disappeared in such stirring and amusing companionship. We found in Mr. Layard not merely an industrious and persevering discoverer in this new field of antiquities, but an eastern traveller, distinguished we may say beyond almost all others, by the freshness, vigor, and simplicity of his narrative; by an extraordinary familiarity with the habits and manners of these wild tribes, which might seem almost intuitive, but is, we soon perceive, the result of long and intimate acquaintance, and perfect command of the language. No one has shown in an equal degree the power of adapting himself at once and completely, without surrendering the acknowledged superiority of the Frank, to the ordinary life of the Asiatic. Mr. Layard, without effort, teaches us more, and in a more light and picturesque manner, even than D'Arvieux; he seems as

trustworthy, though far more lively and dramatic than Burckhardt. It is hardly too much to say that the history of the excavations and revelations, of his management of the Turkish rulers, of the wild chiefs whom the intelligence of his strange proceedings brought around him, of the laboring Arabs and Chaldeans whom he employed in his works, and the removal of the sculptures, with their embarkation on the Tigris, is as interesting as the discoveries themselves; while during the necessary suspension of his toil among the ruins, we are content to follow him into the villages of Mohammedans, Nestorian Christians, and Devil-worshippers, as if these were the sole or primary objects of his travels.

Mr. Layard must excuse us if we acknowledge that he has irresistibly awakened our curiosity as to his own early history. How is it that a young Englishman has gained this peculiar power of ruling and wielding for his own purposes the intractable Asiatic mind; how has he learned to be firm and resolute, yielding and conciliatory, always at the right time; to be liberal where he should be, and to withhold his bounty when demanded by a powerful marauder under the civil name of a gift; to resist the temptation of courting mistimed or misplaced popularity, yet to attach to himself all whose attachment could be valuable or useful; to parry deceit by courteous phrases, to out-hyperbolize oriental flattery—without any of the meanness of falsehood; to show that he fully understood these trickeries of oriental adulation—without giving offense; quietly to maintain and to enforce respect for European, for English truth, honesty, and justice; to be the friend of the oppressed without being the declared enemy of the oppressor? All this implies a large experience, as well as a happy aptitude for assuming foreign habits; long usage as well as intuitive sagacity. We are inclined therefore to think that if Mr. Layard had chosen to begin the history of his adventures some time before the first notion of making researches on the Assyrian plains had dawned upon his mind (in 1839–40), at all events before he commenced his actual operations in 1845, he might have given us some features of Asiatic life in other quarters not less curious, original, and instructive than those which transpire in the course of his present proceedings. His papers on the sites of certain ancient cities in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, show that he has travelled far and seen much beyond the course the Tigris; and

passages in the present work occasionally betray that the wandering tribes now introduced to our knowledge are not the first with whom Mr. Layard has lived on intimate terms, with whom he has thrown off all but the open and honorable character of the Frank, and kept up that acknowledged intellectual superiority, which, when not insolently or arbitrarily proclaimed, is sure to meet with its proper homage. We read, for instance, (p. 89,) after the description of a large tribe breaking up when migrating to new pastures: "The scene caused in me feelings of melancholy, for it recalled many hours, perhaps unprofitably, though certainly happily spent; and many friends, some who now sighed in captivity for the joyous freedom which those wandering hordes enjoyed; others who had perished in its defense." In another place (p. 168) we find old habits, either of throwing the jerid, or of mingling in more serious frays, "making him forget his dignity, and join in this mimic war with his own attendants and some Kurdish horsemen." We notice these things as explaining as well as guarantying the truth, and so justifying our perfect reliance on the account of the mastery which Mr. Layard acquired over the Arab mind. These hours, if our readers are disposed to appreciate as highly as we do the value of his Assyrian discoveries, were not spent unprofitably, because, by the experience which they gave, by the skill thus acquired, Mr. Layard has been able to achieve what few Europeans under the same circumstances could have achieved; to persuade these unruly children of the desert to labor hard and with the utmost cheerfulness is his and our service, and all for their own good. He made them feel at once that they were engaged in the service of an employer, whose object was not wring the utmost toil out of their weary frames, and then wrest away the price of their labors; that it was his purpose, besides the fair payment of their wages, to promote in every manner their happiness and improvement.

We must, however, wait patiently for whatever Mr. Layard may by and by be encouraged to give us of the details of his own earlier life in the East, content, meantime, with taking him up at the period to which these volumes distinctly refer. A former journey into the regions about the Tigris had awakened in his mind the strongest desire to make researches among the vast and mysterious mounds, those barrows, it might seem, of great cities, which rose in so

many quarters, and which appeared not to have been violated by the scrutinizing hand of man for centuries beyond centuries. He had already surveyed the remains of more modern nations, on whom, nevertheless, we are accustomed to look as of remote antiquity. The emotions kindled by the strong contrast between the aspect of Grecian ruins and that of the shapeless sepulchres of the Eastern cities, are described in the following impressive passage :

“ Were the traveller to cross the Euphrates to seek for such ruins in Mesopotamia and Chaldea as he had left behind him in Asia Minor or Syria, his search would be vain. The graceful column rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander ; the gradines of the amphitheatre covering the gentle slope, and overlooking the dark blue waters of a lake-like bay ; the richly carved cornice or capital half hidden by the luxuriant herbage ; are replaced by the stern, shapeless mound rising like a hill from the scorched plain, the fragments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brickwork occasionally laid bare by the winter rains. He has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruins before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilization, or of their arts ; their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures, the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating ; desolation meets desolation ; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder, for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thought and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec, or the theatres of Ionia.”—vol. i, pp. 6, 7.

The success of M. Botta in his researches at Khorsabad, roused still further the generous emulation of Mr. Layard. But he must have continued to brood over the vain yearnings of his antiquarian ambition, and to suppress his baffled curiosity, had it not happened that the English ambassador at Constantinople observed and apprehended the energetic character and abilities of his young countryman, and entirely at his own hazard placed funds at his disposal, which would enable him at least to carry on to some extent these tempting researches. Mr. Layard gratefully and properly recalls to the remembrance of the country the great debt of gratitude which it owes to that ac-

complished minister, for proceeding in many instances far beyond the bounds of his commission—for being ever ready to risk his private resources, in order to secure for England such treasures as the marbles of Halicarnassus—and now the remains of a city which had perished, perhaps, long before Halicarnassus was in being. The whole affair attests strongly the generosity, influence, and prudence of Sir Stratford Canning, and shows how well the British Court is represented at the Ottoman Porte.

Thus unexpectedly furnished with funds, but, through the jealousy of certain parties, whose proceedings he contrasts with the enlightened and liberal spirit of M. Botta, obliged to act with great caution and secrecy, Mr. Layard lost no time in setting forth on his coveted mission. He arrived on the banks of the Tigris in October, 1845. We do not propose to follow him in every step of his progress. Our design is to notice briefly the difficulties which he had to encounter, and the opponents with whom he had to deal ; to set him fairly to work, and then follow him for a time as the Eastern traveller, rather than as the discoverer of ancient Nineveh ; and in the later portion of our article to give a summary account of the extent and value of his discoveries, with some examination of his theories as to the ancient Assyrian history, its successive empires and dynasties ; to inquire what we have actually gained for Asiatic history and for the progress of mankind ; how far a way is opened to still further investigations into the language, character, habits, civilization of the race of Assur ; of the great people who preceded the rise and fall of Babylon ; who were the first traditionary conquerors of Western Asia ; who appear at the height of power, probably under one of their later dynasties, in the biblical histories ; are denounced in the fullness of their pride and glory by two at least of the ancient seers of Israel, Isaiah and Nahum ; and described as utterly razed from the earth by another (Ezekiel), probably an eye-witness of their total desolation.

The first question with Mr. Layard was the place of his operations ; of this he seems to have entertained little doubt. The vast plain of level débris, broken by huge mounds, which spreads from the bank of the Tigris opposite Mosul, had long been called by tradition the site of Nineveh. But all excavations there had been nearly unproductive—the objects discovered from time to time, neither valuable nor exciting to further toil.

M. Botta had totally failed in his attempts in that quarter. But Mr. Layard's interest had been already powerfully directed to another quarter, at Nimroud, at about five hours' distance by the winding river.

"As I descended the Tigris on a raft, I again saw the ruins of Nimroud, and had a better opportunity of examining them. It was evening as we approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows, which stretched around it, were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined wedges of the cuneiform character. Did not these remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence. A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them; its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current; but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab, who guided my small raft, gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this unusual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopotamia, which were undertaken to insure a constant supply of water to the innumerable canals, spreading like network over the surrounding country, and which, even in the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connection between the dam and the city built by Athur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us—of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammum Ali—and of the histories and fate of the kings of a primitive race, still the favorite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Baghdad."—pp. 7-9.

Still there seems no doubt from Mr. Layard's subsequent and successful excavation in the mound of Kouyunjik—one of the

mounds opposite to Mosul—as well as those made by him at Nimroud, and by M. Botta at Khorsabad, that each or all of these places, and others adjacent or intermediate, where the same great mounds appear, were, if not parts of one vast city, the successive localities occupied or comprehended by *Nineveh* under its successive dynasties. As (though unquestionably in a very much more extensive period of time) Babylon, Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Bagdad, succeeded each other on sites at no considerable distance, so as to be loosely described as the same city; in like manner, from that imperial caprice which seems almost to be a characteristic of great eastern sovereigns, each proud of being the founder of his own capital, the temples or palaces which it is manifest stood on every one of these sites, differing as they apparently do in age, and to a certain extent in the character of their art, may each have been the *Nineveh* of its day, the chief dwelling-place and centre of worship of the kings and of the gods of Assyria; and so no one of these being absolutely destroyed, but deserted only, and, if we may so speak, gone out of fashion, this aggregate of cities—this cluster of almost conterminous capitals—may have then gone by the proverbial name, the City of Three Days' Journey, just like Thebes of the Hundred Gates; or the poetic hyperbole of the Book of Jonah may be taken to the strict letter, and the prophet's first day's slow and interrupted pilgrimage through the streets may not have led him to the palace of the king. In this conjecture, which occurred to us on reading the earlier part of this work, we rejoice to find that we have anticipated the conclusion of Mr. Layard. The hypothesis, in fact, seems to us the only one that can account for the vast number of magnificent edifices which unquestionably existed within a circuit too extensive for a single city, but not for a capital, which has thus grown up out of many cities.

But from the old Assyrian monarchs—the Nimrods or the Sardanapali—we must descend at once to modern Pashas. Mr. Layard broke ground at Nimroud under unfavorable auspices. The ruling representative of the Sublime Porte required his most dextrous management. This worthy personage, Mohammed Pasha, was commonly known as Keritli Oglu, that is, the son of the Cretan; he seems fully to have answered to the description of that race by the old Greek poet, to whom St. Paul has given the sanction of his authority—

Κρήτες ἄνι ψύδραι, κἀνα θήρια, γὰρ τρεῖς ἄγγυα.

This last phrase has, as will appear, its peculiar force—it expresses admirably “tooth money”—

“The appearance of his Excellency was not prepossessing, but it matched his temper and conduct. Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by the small-pox, uncouth in gestures, and harsh in voice. His fame had reached the seat of his government before him. On the road he had revived many good old customs and impositions which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parassi*—or a compensation in money, levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the *sever and tear of his teeth* in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants. On entering Mosul, he had induced several of the principal aghas who had fled from the town on his approach, to return to their homes; and, having made a formal display of oaths and protestations, cut their throats, to show how much his word could be depended upon.”—pp. 19, 20.

Mr. Layard was too prudent to demand permission at once to commence his operations, for other reasons rather than any anticipated difficulties on the part of the governor. The Cretan, no doubt, would have hugged himself with delight at the facility with which he should possess himself of the gold and precious marketable treasures which the cunning Frank, pretending to be seized with an unaccountable passion for disinterring old stones, no doubt hoped to discover and to carry off. This view of Mr. Layard's object was shared by others—indeed we may say by all. Awad, the Sheikh of the Jehesh, who inhabited the village near Nimroud, and was the first, and, from his familiarity with the ruins, the most useful of Mr. Layard's fellow-laborers—

“Could scarcely persuade himself that the researches were limited to mere stones. He carefully collected all the scattered fragments of gold-leaf he could find in the rubbish; and calling me aside in a mysterious and confidential fashion, produced them wrapped up in a piece of dingy paper. ‘O, Bey,’ said he, ‘Wallah! your books are right, and the Franks know that which is hid from the true believer. Here is the gold, sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to those Arabs, for they are asses, and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the Pasha.’ The Sheikh was much surprised, and equally disappointed, when I generously presented him with the treasures he had collected, and all such as he might hereafter discover. He

left me, muttering ‘Yia Rabbi!’ and other pious ejaculations, and lost in conjectures as to the meaning of these strange proceedings.”—p. 30.

No sooner had Mr. Layard succeeded in organizing and bringing into discipline the laborers of different races and religions, all of whom willingly enlisted in his service, than other important personages of Mosul—the Cadi and the Ulemas, the magistrates and the clergy—who were not disposed to surrender their share in the treasure-trove—their tribute and their tithe—and were besides full of orthodox Mussulman hatred and jealousy of the Frank, began their intrigues to stop his proceedings. With his usual promptitude, Mr. Layard galloped off to Mosul. His excellency the Cretan expressed the most sovereign contempt for the cadi. “Does that ill-conditioned fellow think that he has Sheriff Pasha” (his immediate predecessor) “to deal with, that he must be planning a riot in the town? When I was at Sivas the Ulema tried to excite the people because I encroached upon a burying-ground. But I made them eat dust, Wallah! I took every grave-stone, and built up the castle walls with them?” The Pasha pretended to know nothing of the excavations; but subsequently thinking to detect the astute Frank, “he pulled out of his writing-tray a scrap of paper as dingy as that produced by Awad, in which was also preserved an almost invisible particle of gold-leaf.” This had been sent him by an officer set to watch the proceedings at Nimroud. Mr. Layard at once suggested that an agent should be appointed to receive all the precious metals discovered, on behalf of his excellency. Affairs upon this went on smoothly for some days—chamber after chamber, sculpture after sculpture was coming to light—when orders arrived to stop further work. Again Mr. Layard rode off to Mosul. The Cretan disclaimed all his own orders—professed the utmost good-will. Mr. Layard returned—and at night arrived more stringent orders to Daoud Agha, then “Commander of the Irregulars” encamped in the neighborhood:

“Surprised at this inconsistency, I returned to Mosul early next day, and again called upon the Pasha. ‘It was with deep regret,’ said he, ‘I learned, after your departure yesterday, that the mound in which you are digging had been used as a burying-ground by Mussulmans, and was covered with their graves; now you are aware that by the law it is forbidden to disturb a tomb, and the cadi and mufi have already made representations to me on the subject.’ ‘In the first place,’ replied I, ‘being pretty well acquainted

with the mound, I can state that no graves have been disturbed; in the second, after the wise and firm *politica* which your excellency exhibited at Sivas, grave-stones would present no difficulty. Please God, the *cadi* and *mufi* have profited by the lesson which your Excellency gave to the ill-mannered *ulema* of that city.' 'In Sivas,' returned he, immediately understanding my meaning, 'I had Mussulmen to deal with, and there was *tanzimat*, but here we have only Kurds and Arabs, and Wallah! they are beasts. No, I cannot allow you to proceed; you are my dearest and most intimate friend: if anything happens to you, what grief should I not suffer! your life is more valuable than old stones; besides, the responsibility would fall upon my head.' Finding that the Pasha had resolved to interrupt my proceedings, I pretended to acquiesce in his answer, and requested that a *cawass* of his own might be sent with me to Nimroud, as I wished to draw the sculptures and copy the inscriptions which had already been uncovered. To this he consented, and ordered an officer to accompany me. Before leaving Mosul, I learned with regret from what quarter the opposition to my proceedings chiefly came."—pp. 44, 45.

But how came the tombstones there?

"Daoud Agha confessed to me on our way that he had received orders to make graves on the mound, and that his troops had been employed for two nights in bringing stones from distant villages for that purpose. 'We have destroyed more real tombs of the true believers,' said he, 'in making sham ones, than you could have defiled between the Zab and Selamiyah. We have killed our horses and ourselves in carrying those accursed stones.'"—p. 46.

Mr. Layard afterwards, during his excavations, did come on some real graves; but as he was enabled to convince the Arabs, by an elaborate argument, that, since the feet were not turned to Mecca, they could not be the tombs of true believers, their removal, which was conducted with great care, gave no offense to the pious Mussulmen. By and by—fortunately for Mr. Layard and for his researches, no less than for the inhabitants of Mosul and its neighborhood—Keritli Oglu was recalled, and the province was committed to the more equitable rule of Ismail Pasha. But even Ismail, though of the new school, was at first so beset by the *ulema* and the other Frank-haters, that he requested Mr. Layard to suspend his operations for a time.

The next disturbance, after he had resumed his work, was caused by a great event in the discovery. We cannot lay this before our readers in other words than those of Mr. Layard:

"On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman and was returning to the

mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them, 'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God;' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

"I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

"While I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree: this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred."—pp. 65-67

The commotion excited by this apparition, which gave rise to still more active opposition from the religious authorities of Mosul, induced Ismail Pasha to advise Mr. Layard to proceed with greater caution. Other reasons concurred with this friendly admonition. Mr. Layard, therefore, gradually discontinued his operations, and having carefully earthed up the discoveries already made, and leaving only two men to proceed on work marked out for them, determined to await an answer to a communication which he had addressed to Constantinople, and in the mean time to extend his acquaintance with the dominant Arab tribes in the vicinity, and to pursue his antiquarian researches by visiting, for the second time, the celebrated ruins of Al Hather.

This first excursion of Mr. Layard led him only among the Kurdish tribes. This we pass over, though it describes many amusing and characteristic points in their manners. On his return to resume his labors under more favorable auspices, he ventured to give an entertainment—a ball and supper—close by the ruins of Nimroud, to the various Arab chiefs of the district, with their followers, male and female, and the Christian gentlemen and ladies of Mosul, who were all eager to see these wonderful discoveries. The ladies were glad for once to be without the walls of their houses, where, it seems, they are generally cooped up with Mohammedan jealousy. Mr. Rassam, the English consul, who was throughout the faithful and intelligent friend of Mr. Layard, his assistant in his researches and the companion of some of his excursions—Mrs. Rassam, the French consul and his wife, were of the party. “White pavilions, borrowed from the Pasha, had been pitched near the river on a broad lawn still carpeted with flowers. These were for the ladies and for the reception of the sheikhs. Black tents were provided for some of the guests, the attendants, and the kitchen.” Arabs watched the horses; an open space was left for dancing and other amusements. The great man of the feast was Abd-ur-rahman, sheikh of the Abu-Salman, who appeared in his most magnificent dress, and was received with befitting solemnity and noise. Then came the other sheikhs with their ladies humbly on foot; then the wife and daughter of Abd-ur-rahman on mares, surrounded by their slaves and hand-maidens. They were entertained with a repast, ladylike and cooling, of sweetmeats, halwa, parched peas, and lettuces. The more vigorous appetites of the men, and of

the less exclusive ladies, were stayed by fourteen sheep, roasted and boiled; from which, we are sorry to say, that the men first most ungallantly helped themselves, and then passed on the fragments to the females. The influence of Mr. Rassam persuaded some of the women to join in the Arab dance; but these figurantes preserved somewhat too rigid propriety; though their motions were not without grace, they persisted in wrapping themselves in their coarse cloaks. Sword-dances followed, which wound up the performers to such a pitch of excitement that it was necessary to replace their swords by stout staves, wherewith they were allowed full Irish license of belaboring each other till they were tired. Then came the buffoons, the constant amusement of the Eastern and of all half-civilized tribes. All passed off, it would seem, with exemplary decorum; the grave old Arab chief was the only one whose tender feelings were noticeably awakened. At the banquet which he gave in return the next day, the women, uncontrolled by the presence of another tribe, entered more fully into the amusement, and danced with greater animation. The sheikh challenged Mr. Layard to join in the dance, which he was too courtly to refuse; and went whirling round, in a *corps de ballet*, consisting of 500 warriors and Arab women. But that was probably a device of the sheikh to drown his rising passion. “The conqueror of his heart was the wife of the French consul.” His admiration of her beauty exceeded all bounds;

“And when he had ceased dancing, he sat gazing upon her from a corner of the tent—‘Wallah,’ he whispered to me, ‘she is the sister of the Sun! What would you have more beautiful than that? Had I a thousand purses, I would give them all for such a wife. See! her eyes are like the eyes of my mare, her hair is as bitumen, and her complexion resembles the finest Busrah dates. Any one would die for a Houri like that.’ The Sheikh was almost justified in his admiration.”—p. 121.

A still more favorable revolution in the government of Mosul had in the mean time taken place. Hafiz Pasha, who succeeded Ismail, being promoted, the province had been sold to Tahyar Pasha, “a venerable old man, bland and polished in his manners, courteous to Europeans, and well-informed on subjects connected with the literature and history of the country. He was a perfect specimen of the Turkish gentleman of the old school, of whom few are now left in Turkey.” Few indeed there are who have not been corrupted by Frank intercourse,

and have not dwindled in demeanor and manners by adopting European habits, as they have in personal appearance by the European garb. How is the whole race dwarfed down from the tall, broad, magnificent, terrible, and turbaned Turks—who affrighted Christendom with their strength and prowess, and of yore enforced our youthful awe in the cuts of Sir Paul Rycaut's edition of old Knolles—into the shabby, short, slim, shuffling, Jew-pedlar-like, and most unalarming Moslemin, who now appear in our streets, and, we regret to hear, in Constantinople, in half Frankish and half Oriental costume! Tahyar Pasha took up Mr. Layard with the utmost zeal, and only appointed an officer to protect and assist, rather than to watch his proceedings. Of this cawass, Ibrahim by name, Mr. Layard speaks in high terms as to his intelligence and even his honesty. Besides this, our indefatigable ambassador had forwarded an imperial rescript from Constantinople, which not merely gave the full sanction of the Sultan for the prosecution of the researches, but allowed Mr. Layard to secure for his country the possession of all these remarkable monuments of ancient Assyria.

His proceedings were, however, again interrupted for a time by a more unmitigable adversary than the untractable pasha or the bigot ulema—the heat. He was first driven for refuge into the underground chambers, where the inhabitants of Mosul screen themselves from the summer sun; his health then forced him to seek a cooler climate, and he set forth on his second expedition, to the mountains of Tiary, inhabited by the Chaldean or Nestorian Christians. This second expedition, though the interest is of a very melancholy cast, introduces us to scenes of much greater natural beauty, and to a much more remarkable people than the Kurdish clans, among which he travelled during his first ride from the Tigris.

The Chaldean Christians (the appellation Nestorians, though sometimes used in their intercourse with Europeans, is disclaimed both by priests and people) are the remnant of that great Oriental church which, driven away by the persecution of the Byzantine emperors after the triumph of Cyril and the condemnation of Nestorius, took refuge under the protection of the Persian kings, and maintained its ground under the early Mohammedan sovereigns. Instead of continuing the controversial war, in which it had been worsted, it turned its face eastward, and undertook the nobler office of disseminat-

ing Christianity to the uttermost parts of the world. Mr. Layard has dwelt at somewhat disproportionate length on the early history of the Nestorians. His account is highly creditable to his research and accuracy, but is more diffuse than necessary for a book of travels, not full enough for a chapter of ecclesiastical history. The oriental bishops had, in fact, a strong predisposition to Nestorianism, in that wide-spread aversion to matter, as the evil principle, which characterized all their Christian conceptions. Hence their jealous reluctance to acknowledge that the manhood (the material manhood) could be admitted into God; their preference of the tenet, that the Godhead, in its pure and unmingled essence, dwelt in the manhood: hence their rejection, that which made them more especially odious to the orthodox, of the term "Mother of God;" as implying that a mortal and material being had given birth to more than the material and mortal part of the divine Redeemer. The "mother of the Christ" was the utmost term which they would use. The great teachers of the Syrian school, Diodorus of Tarsus, and Theodore of Mopsuestia, were, in truth, the parents of Nestorianism; and when their opinions were proclaimed by a prelate of the high station of the patriarch of Constantinople, it might be expected that large numbers would enlist under his banner. The proceedings of the Council of Ephesus—in which the armed soldiery and the turbulent populace had as much to do with the decisions as the arguments of Cyril and his theologians—and the harsh and violent character of Cyril himself, were unhappily less calculated to persuade, or conciliate, or overawe, than to harden opposition into stubborn and persevering fanaticism. While, then, it was expelled, or oppressed, or persecuted throughout the Byzantine empire, Nestorianism was the dominant creed beyond the pale of the Roman dominion. The patriarch of Baghdad, to which city the metropolitan throne was removed under the Mohammedan dynasty, counted as his suffragans, bishops in every province in the East, with congregations more or less numerous and flourishing, from the Euphrates and Tigris to India, Tartary, and China. The history of these spiritual conquests (this is a subject of regret rather than wonder) is extremely obscure; but there seems no doubt that they had made strong, and, to a certain extent, successful efforts to Christianize some of the great Mongol sovereigns in the vast steppes of Upper Asia; and, had their success been

more complete, might thus have somewhat mitigated the terrors of those terrible irruptions which, century after century, desolated the civilized world. It was the conquest of Tamerlane which gave the fatal blow to those outposts of Christianity in great part of the remoter East. In China we have no knowledge that any survivors of those converts who set up the well-known inscription at Siganfu, still maintain their Christian creed. The St. Thomas Christians of India have become mostly Jacobites or Monophysites.

The Chaldean Christians, therefore, of these regions are almost the only representatives of those once flourishing and widely disseminated churches. They are singularly interesting, not merely from their antiquity, but as faithful representatives of the creed (they admit that of Nicea in all its fullness) of the popular worship, and church government of the Eastern churches at the time of the Nestorian schism. Of the worship of images, of purgatory, of extreme Mariolatry, of the supremacy of the pope, of the absolute celibacy of the whole clergy, these more primitive Christians knew nothing. These doctrines were yet, as Mr. Newman might say, undeveloped; in fact, formed no part of the common Christianity. Even here the Chaldeans of the plains have mostly yielded to the incessant, busy, and, it must be added, unscrupulous attempts of the Roman Catholics, who set up a rival patriarch in connection with the Church of Rome. The end, and, in many cases, the means adopted to work these conversions, are equally lamentable. The end appears to be the lining the walls of the churches with wretched prints, more particularly such as represent the "Iddio Bambino," the article most obnoxious to the old Nestorian creed; and the introduction of that ceremonial which, when splendid with genuine pomp and gold, is doubtless solemn and impressive, but, when poor, and shabby, and tinsel, contrasts still more unfavorably with the simpler, more earnest, less ambitious worship of the old Nestorians. The means to enforce proselytism are still less creditable to the persuasive powers of the teachers. They scruple not to call in the civil power to their aid—that civil power being the Mohammedan *cadi*, or any other unbelieving officer whose intervention may be procured by money or intrigue. Dr. Grant, of whom we shall presently speak, mentions of his own knowledge one man whom the impartial Moslem attempted to *bastinado* into a Catholic. Mr. Layard, on whose judgment and impartiality we have

more reliance, confirms the melancholy truth as to this system of enforcing the unity of the church.

Mr. Layard was present at the Chaldean service in the mountains—where he witnessed the administration, by two priests in white surplices, of the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, of which all partook, children as well as men and women. The impression on his mind was very favorable.

"I could not but contrast these simple and primitive rites with the senseless mummerly and degrading forms adopted by the converted Chaldeans of the plains—the unadorned and imageless walls, with the hideous pictures and monstrous deformities which disfigure the churches at Mosul."—p. 201.

The genuine type, in short, of the Chaldean Christians was now only to be seen among the mountaineers; a people of simple manners, great industry, inhabiting villages environed with fruit trees of many kinds, cultivating the mountain side in terraces; extremely devout, but without fanaticism; fondly attached to their churches and to their priests. The latter seemed quite worthy of the general respect and love—blameless and affectionate men; some of them not without learning, though, of course, as the priesthood of a rude people, with only the refinement which springs from Christian gentleness and oriental courtesy.

But alas! this faithful few has, within these last three or four years, been reduced to a still more scanty remnant! All their villages except one, Zaweetha, whose smiling and highly cultivated domain sadly showed the desolation of the rest, have been wasted by a ruthless chieftain, Beder Khan Beg. The inhabitants—some unresisting, some having made a brave resistance—have been massacred by thousands, their children carried off and sold as slaves. There is something connected with this melancholy history of the desolation of these valleys, which Mr. Layard, with praiseworthy tenderness, is anxious to conceal; it is, he acknowledges, a subject too painful to contemplate. Some of our readers may have read a publication on these Nestorian Chaldeans by Dr. Grant, an American missionary physician. The main object of Dr. Grant's book was to prove these Christians the lost ten tribes of Israel. This notion might be so far grounded, that many families among these races may be descended from those Jews whom we know, from the Epistle of St. James, and from other good authorities, to have been

settled in all these regions from the borders of Armenia as far as the Propontis; Jews of all tribes and families; some no doubt lineally sprung from those transported by the kings of Assyria to these regions. We know from the New Testament, as well as from the famous Epistle of Pliny, and from other quarters, how widely Christianity was disseminated from the earliest times throughout this whole range of country; and doubtless Israelites of all tribes may have been numbered among these first converts. This concession, however, we fear, would not have satisfied Dr. Grant, or his believers, if he has left any believers. Dr. Grant had fully made up his mind that they are the genuine, unmingled, lost Ten Tribes, which, be it observed, were only supposed, by late tradition, to be kept together, shut up, and secluded in some remote quarter of the world. But enough of this. From several incidental hints we are forced into the melancholy conclusion that this American mission was in some degree connected with the fatal end of these happy communities, for whose welfare these zealous men had devoted themselves in the most self-denying spirit of love. That they were excellent men, with the purest and best intentions, no one can doubt; self-expatriated from their homes, perhaps on the peaceful shores of the Hudson or the Delaware, and from all the freedom and comforts of their native land; of most of them the remains are at rest in the cemeteries of Mosul. Dr. Grant himself fell a victim to a fever, caught during his kind and unremitting care of some of the victims who escaped the massacre. But it is too probable, that the very Christian zeal which brought these missionaries into this remote field of labor, mingled with the jealousy of everything foreign and Frank among these fierce tribes, aroused the dormant fanaticism of the Mohammedans. Mr. Layard acknowledges the want of judgment with which the missionaries chose a strong and commanding hill-top for the position of their buildings and school-house. It looked as designed for a fortress, hereafter to enslave the land; it was so well placed, and of such natural strength, as to become by-and-by such a fortress in the hands of a predatory chieftain. Beder Khan Beg was urged, not only by his own fierce and rapacious character, but by a fanatic sheikh, to carry out the principles of the Koran, (and quotations strong and emphatic enough abound in certain chapters of that book,) by exterminating the unbelievers. He had shown his re-

ligious sincerity by massacring, in 1843, in cold blood, nearly 10,000 persons, and had carried away as slaves a great number of girls and children. One of these murder-preaching sheikhs, we should not forget to notice, was seen by Mr. Layard at Kuremi; he enjoyed a great reputation for miracles and sanctity throughout Kurdistan.

"He was seated in the [wan, or open chamber of a very neat house; built, kept in repair, and continually whitewashed by the inhabitants of the place. A beard, white as snow, fell almost to his waist; and he wore a turban, and a long gown of spotless white linen. He is almost blind, and sat rocking himself to and fro, fingering his rosary. He keeps a perpetual Ramazan, never eating between dawn and sunset. On a slab, near him, was a row of water-jugs of every form, ready for use when the sun went down."—p. 227.

His son, Sheikh Tahar, was the legitimate heir of his fame for holiness, wonder-working, and ferocious fanaticism. He was accustomed, when he entered Mosul, to throw a veil over his face, that his sight might not be polluted by Christians and other impurities in the city. This man was at the ear of Beder Khan, urging him to resume his inhuman devastations.

Mr. Layard arrived in the country after the first dreadful invasion which had wasted the villages of the Tyari; everywhere he was received with the fondest enthusiasm; the notion of his high rank only saved him, or rather, as we gather from his sly language, prevented him, to his disappointment, from sharing in the pleasing peril of being smothered in the embraces of the grateful girls. This they only ventured to do to his companion, the brother of the consul. For even here, it is gratifying to find that English influence had been exerted in the better cause of humanity, as it had been before in the cause of knowledge. Sir Stratford Canning had prevailed on the Porte to send a Commissioner to Kurdistan to persuade Beder Khan to give up his prisoners; he had himself advanced even more potent arguments for their release—large sums of ransom-money from his own pocket. Mr. Rassam, too, the English Consul, had clothed and maintained, at his own expense, not only the Nestorian patriarch, who had taken refuge in Mosul, but many hundred Chaldeans who had escaped from the mountains. Mr. Layard therefore was welcomed with universal joy; his own kind treatment of the Chaldeans, whom he had employed in his works, had no doubt increased his popularity.

The whole account of his intercourse with the priests and with the people is of singular interest; though with one fatal drawback, the presentiment which we cannot but feel while we read his pages, a presentiment sadly realized at the close of this chapter, that even then their cup of misery was not full. The cruel Mohammedan was only waiting to wreak his fanatic fury on Tkhoma, a wild but romantic district, which he had as yet spared. Such a deep-rooted jealousy and hatred of their Christian neighbors seemed to have possessed not Beder Khan alone, but some other of the Kurdish chiefs, that Mr. Layard himself was in great danger—a danger which, being as much superior to foolhardiness as to fear, he escaped by his judgment and promptitude, and by showing himself as crafty, when necessary, as his most cunning foes. But after Mr. Layard's departure the storm burst on the happy but devoted Tkhoma. "The inhabitants made some resistance; an indiscriminate massacre took place; the women were brought before the chief, and murdered in cold blood." The principal villages were destroyed; the churches pulled down. Nearly half the population perished; among them one of the Meleks, or princes, and the good priest, Kasha Budæa; the last, except Kasha Kana, of the pious and learned Nestorian clergy. Even after the tardy justice of the Porte was put forth to crush this remorseless barbarian—justice which was content, probably mollified by some golden arguments, with a sentence of exile to Candia—the locust devoured what the canker-worm had spared. Nur Ullah Bey, whom we remember Dr. Grant visiting in his castle of Jula Merk, and unhappily, as it turns out, restoring to health, fell on the few survivors who returned to their villages and put them to the torture to discover their concealed treasures. Many died; the rest fled to Persia. "This flourishing district," sadly concludes Mr. Layard, "was thus destroyed; and it will be long ere its cottages rise from their ruins, and the fruits of patient toil again clothe the sides of the valleys." (p. 239.)

The third expedition of Mr. Layard led him among a still more remarkable people, perhaps in their origin not only much older than the Nestorian form of Christianity, but even than Christianity itself. He is admitted into the rites, almost into the inmost sanctuary, of that singular race, who bear the ill-omened name of Devil-worshippers. He is the first European, we believe, who has received almost unreserved communication

as to the nature of their tenets; though, probably, from the ignorance of the Yezidis themselves, he has by no means solved the problem either of the date or the primal source of their curious doctrines. How extraordinary the vitality even of the wildest and strangest forms of religious belief! Here are tribes, proscribed for centuries, almost perhaps for thousands of years, under the name most odious to all other religious creeds—hated and persecuted by the Christians, as, if not guilty of an older and more wicked belief, at least infected by the most detested heresy, Manicheism; trampled upon, hunted down, driven from place to place by the Mussulmen, as being of those idolaters, the *people without a Book*, towards whom the Koran itself justifies or commands implacable enmity. Against the Yezidis, even in the present day, the Moslem rulers most religiously fulfill the precepts of their Scripture—making razzias among them, massacring the males, carrying off the women, especially the female children, into their harems. That fanatic persecution, which accidental circumstances suddenly and fatally kindled against the Chaldean Christians, had been the wretched lot, time out of mind, of the Yezidis. Towards the Christians the Koran contained more merciful texts; towards the Devil-worshippers none. Yet here are they subsisting in the nineteenth century—flourishing tribes, industrious tribes, cleanly beyond most Asiatics—not found in one district alone, but scattered over a wide circuit, (some have lately taken refuge from Mohammedan persecution under the Russian government in Georgia,) celebrating publicly their religious rites—with their sacred places and sacred orders—and with the unviolated tombs of their sheikhs, their groves, and their temples. The manners of these tribes are full of the frank, courteous, hospitable freedom of Asiatics; they are resolute soldiers in self-defense; and, at least, not more given, in their best days, to marauding habits than their neighbors, and only goaded to them by the most cruel and unprovoked persecution. Their morals, as far as transpires in Mr. Layard's trustworthy account, are much above those of the tribes around them; they are grateful for kindness, and by no means, at least as far as Mr. Layard experienced, and we may add some earlier travellers, jealously uncommunicative with Franks. Their secret rites, as witnessed by Mr. Layard, are by no means those midnight orgies which have earned for them the epithet of "Che-regh Sonderan"—the extinguishers of lights.

The imputation of revolting practices implied in this appealation is as little justified, in all probability, as the same charges advanced by the heathens against the primitive Christians, by the orthodox Christians almost indiscriminately against the Gnostic and Manichean sects. It is the same charge which all religions have incurred, which have been obliged to shroud their ceremonies, for fear of persecution, in night or in secrecy. Fantastic as these rites of the Devil-worshippers may be, and, instead of calm and sober worship, maddening to the utmost physical excitement, they are, as far as we can know, perfectly innocent. If dangerous, considering into what, according to some of the Fathers, the Agapæ had degenerated in the third and fourth centuries—considering the Jumpers, Shakers, and Revivals of modern days—considering what has been ascribed to some Mohammedan sects—at all events, if the worst has been now and then true, there may be grave doubt in many minds as to the right of throwing the first stone.

Mr. Layard's invitation to the Festival of the Yezidis was another act of gratitude, arising out of English humanity. The Cretan Pasha had endeavored—not from religious zeal, but in hope of plunder and exaction—to get the head or chief priest of the tribe into his power. "Sheikh Nasr had time to escape the plot against him, and to substitute in his place the second in authority, who was carried a prisoner to the town." The heroic substitute, in his devotion to his chief, bore torture and imprisonment. He was released by the intervention of Mr. Rassam, who advanced a considerable sum on the faith of the Yezidis, and this sum was punctually repaid by them when they had reaped their harvest. The Yezidis were of course in as great delight at the recall of Keritli Oglou as the rest of the province. Mr. Rassam was unable to attend a solemn festival, when the disciples of their religion from the most distant quarters were to meet at their great holy place, the tomb of Sheikh Adi—a mysterious personage, whose history, the period of his life, his title to saintly reverence, have now become an inexplicable myth. Mr. Layard was more lucky. He was received by Hussein, the chief, a youth of remarkable beauty, rich dress, and courteous manners. After breakfast, he was left to his siesta, which was broken by a shrill cry of rejoicing from the women's tents. The sheikh himself announced the joyful tidings of the birth of an heir, which had just taken place—an event which he ascribed to the good fortune

attendant on the stranger's visit. The sheikh and the whole tribe entreated him to bestow a name on the infant. "Notwithstanding," says Mr. Layard, "my respect and esteem for the Yezidis, I could not but admit that there were some doubts as to the propriety of their tenets and form of worship; and I was naturally anxious to ascertain the amount of responsibility which I might incur in standing godfather to a Devil-worshipper's baby." Nothing more being meant than the choice of a name, (baptism, one of their rites, it seems, is performed by immersion, at a later period,) Mr. Layard, with his usual tact, suggested the name of the babe's grandfather, Ali Bey, who was held in high reverence in the tribe. The next day the festival began. Even Mr. Layard's practised eye may have been somewhat dazzled by the singularity and beauty of the scene, or rather the succession of scenes which he has described with such grace and liveliness. The contrast of this cool, shady valley, in which stood the tomb of Sheikh Adi—the religious buildings which surrounded it—its groves and its fresh and flowing waters—with the sultry cellars of Mosul, and the burning plains of Nimroud—may have heightened his powers of enjoyment. The cordiality of his reception opened his heart; but the living nature of the picture is the best guaranty for the artist's fidelity:

"I sat till nearly mid-day with the assembly, at the door of the tomb. Sheikh Nasr then rose, and I followed him into the outer court, which was filled by a busy crowd of pilgrims. In the recesses and on the ground were spread the stores of the travelling merchants, who, on such occasion, repair to the valley. Many-colored handkerchiefs and cotton stuffs hung from the branches of the trees; dried figs from the Sinjar, raisins from Amadiyah, dates from Busrah, and walnuts from the mountains, were displayed in heaps upon the pavement. Around these tempting treasures were gathered groups of boys and young girls. Men and women were engaged on all sides in animated conversation, and the hum of human voices was heard through the valley. All respectfully saluted the sheikh, and made way for us as we approached. We issued from the precincts of the principal building, and seated ourselves on the edge of a fountain built by the roadside, and at the end of the avenue of trees leading into the tomb. The slabs surrounding the basin are to some extent looked upon as sacred; and at this time only Sheikh Nasr, Hussein Bey, and myself were permitted to place ourselves upon them. Even on other occasions the Yezidis are unwilling to see them polluted by Mussulmans, who usually chose this spot, well adapted for repose, to spread their carpets. The water of the foun-

tain is carefully preserved from impurities, and is drunk by those who congregate in the valley. Women were now hastening to and fro with their pitchers, and making merry as they waited their turn to dip them into the reservoir. The principal sheikhs and cawals sat in a circle round the spring, and listened to the music of pipes and tambourines.

"I never beheld a more picturesque or animated scene. Long lines of pilgrims toiled up the avenue. There was the swarthy inhabitant of the Sinjar, with his long black locks, his piercing eye and regular features—his white robes floating in the wind, and his unwieldy matchlock thrown over his shoulder. Then followed the more wealthy families of the Kochers—the wandering tribes who live in tents in the plains, and among the hills of ancient Adiabene; the men in gay jackets and variegated turbans, with fantastic arms in their girdles; the women richly clad in silk antaris; their hair braided in many tresses, falling down their backs, and adorned with wild flowers; their foreheads almost concealed by gold and silver coins; and huge strings of glass beads, coins, and engraved stones hanging round their necks. Next would appear a poverty-stricken family from a village of the Mosul district; the women clad in white, pale and care-worn, bending under the weight of their children; the men urging on the heavily laden donkey. Similar groups descended from the hills. Repeated discharges of fire-arms, and a well-known signal, announced to those below the arrival of every new party."—pp. 283-285.

In the midst of this occurred a characteristic and amusing incident, which, for a time, marred the general mirth, and threatened to interrupt the kindly feeling between the Yezidis and the stranger. The dances had begun—

"Every place from which a sight could be obtained of the dancers, was occupied by curious spectators. Even the branches above our heads were bending under the clusters of boys, who had discovered that, from them, they could get a full view of what was going on below. The manoeuvres of one of these urchins gave rise to a somewhat amusing incident, which illustrates the singular superstitions of this sect. He had forced himself to the very end of a weak bough, which was immediately above me, and threatened every moment to break under the weight. As I looked up I saw the impending danger, and made an effort, by an appeal to the chief, to avert it. "If that young *sheit*—" I exclaimed, about to use an epithet, generally given in the East to such adventurous youths; I checked myself immediately; but it was already too late; half the dreaded word had escaped. The effect was instantaneous; a look of horror seized those who were near enough to overhear me; it was quickly communicated to those beyond. The pleasant smile, which usually played upon the fine features of the young boy, gave way to a serious and

angry expression. I lamented that I had thus unwillingly wounded the feelings of my hosts, and was at a loss to know how I could make atonement for my indiscretion—doubting whether an apology to the Evil principle or to the chief was expected. I endeavored, however, to make them understand, without venturing upon any observations which might have brought me into greater difficulties, that I regretted what had passed; but it was some time ere the group resumed their composure, and indulged in their previous merriment."—p. 286.

We must make room for the night-scene—and for Mr. Layard's certificate of its perfect innocence:

"As night advanced, those who had assembled—they must now have amounted to nearly five thousand persons—lighted torches, which they carried with them as they wandered through the forest. The effect was magical; the varied groups could be faintly distinguished through the darkness; men hurrying to and fro; women, with their children, seated on the house-tops; and crowds gathering round the pedlars, who exposed their wares for sale in the court-yard. Thousands of lights were reflected in the fountains and streams, glimmered amongst the foliage of the trees, and danced in the distance. As I was gazing on this extraordinary scene, the hum of human voices was suddenly hushed, and a strain, solemn and melancholy, arose in the valley. It resembled some majestic chant which years before I had listened to in the cathedral of a distant land. Music so pathetic and so sweet I had never before heard in the East. The voices of men and women were blended in harmony with the soft notes of many flutes. At measured intervals the song was broken by the loud crash of cymbals and tambourines; and those who were without the precincts of the tomb then joined in the melody.

"The same slow and solemn strain, occasionally varied in the melody, lasted for nearly an hour; a part of it was called 'Makam Azerat Esau,' or the Song of the Angel Jesus. It was sung by the sheikhs, the cawals, and the women; and occasionally by those without. I could not catch the words; nor could I prevail upon any of those present to repeat them to me. They were in Arabic; and, as few of the Yezidis can speak or pronounce that language, they were not intelligible even to the experienced ear of Hodja Toma, who accompanied me. The tambourines, which were struck simultaneously, only interrupted at intervals the song of the priests. As the time quickened, they broke in more frequently. The chant gradually gave way to a lively melody, which, increasing in measure, was finally lost in a confusion of sounds. The tambourines were beaten with extraordinary energy; the flutes poured forth a rapid flood of notes; the voices were raised to their highest pitch; the men, outside, joined in the cry; whilst the women made the rocks resound with their shrill *tahlehl*. The musicians, giving way to the excitement, threw

their instruments into the air, and strained their limbs into every contortion, until they fell exhausted to the ground. I never heard a more frightful yell than that which rose in the valley. It was midnight. The time and place were well suited to the occasion; and I gazed with wonder upon the extraordinary scene around me. Thus were probably celebrated, ages ago, the mysterious rites of the Corybantes when they met in some consecrated grove. I did not marvel that such wild ceremonies had given rise to those stories of unhallowed rites and obscene mysteries which have rendered the name of Yezidi an abomination in the East. Notwithstanding the uncontrollable excitement which appeared to prevail amongst all present, there were no indecent gestures or unseemly ceremonies. When the musicians and singers were exhausted, the noise suddenly died away; the various groups resumed their previous cheerfulness, and again wandered through the valley, or seated themselves under the trees.

"So far from Sheikh Adi being the scene of the orgies attributed to the Yezidis, the whole valley is held sacred; and no acts, such as the Jewish law has declared to be impure, are permitted within the sacred precincts. No other than the high-priest and the chiefs of the sect are buried near the tomb. Many pilgrims take off their shoes on approaching it, and go barefooted as long as they remain in its vicinity."—pp. 290–293.

It is this strange and awful reverence for the Evil principle which is the peculiar tenet in the creed, and has given its odious name to this ancient and singular people. With them and old Lear alone the "Prince of Darkness is a gentleman." They will not endure the profane use of any word which sounds like *Sheitan*, or Satan; and they have the same aversion—some slight touch of which might perhaps not be unbecoming in the followers of a more true and holy faith—to the Arabic words for a *curse* and *accursed*. Satan, in their theory, which approaches that of Origen, is the chief of the angelic host, now suffering punishment for rebellion against the Divine will—but to be hereafter admitted to pardon and restored to his high estate. He is called Melek Taous, King Peacock; or Melek el Kout, the mighty angel. The peacock, according to one account, is the symbol as well as the appellative of this ineffable being—no unfitting emblem of pride. Manicheism naturally suggests itself as the source of this awe for the Evil principle; but the Satan of the Yezidis seems to be the fallen archangel of the later Hebrew belief, rather than the Zoroastrian and Persian Ahriman, the eternal rival and equal of Ormuzd; he is no impersonation of Darkness as opposed to Light. The Yezidis seem to have

none of the speculative hostility to Matter, as the eternal principle of Evil, which is the groundwork of Manicheism, as it had been of all the Gnostic creeds. Nor is the Evil principle the equal antagonist of the Good. In all other respects their creed seems to be a wild and incoherent fusion of various tenets, either borrowed from or forced upon them by other dominant religions around them. Mr. Layard supposes the groundwork to be Sabianism, yet he does not describe them as paying especial reverence to the heavenly bodies, except perhaps to the Sun, under the name of Sheikh Shems. They have a temple and oxen dedicated to that luminary; and kiss the place where his first beams fall. This, however, is pure Zoroastrianism—(we ought to note that the researches in Nineveh are in favor of the Chaldean origin of that mysterious personage and his faith.) They worship towards the rising sun, and turn the feet of their dead to that Kubleh. They have the same reverence for fire—a still more peculiar mark of the Persian creed; they hold the color blue in abomination; "are fond of white linen, and in the cleanliness of their habits and their frequent ablutions, they also resemble the Sabæans." They reverence the Old Testament almost with Jewish zeal, (a tenet absolutely inconsistent with Manicheism;) they receive, but with less reverence, the Gospel and the Korân. Their notion of our Saviour is the Mohammedan, except that he was an angel, not a prophet; with the Korân, they take the Docetic view of his person, and deny the reality of his sufferings. Their habits have nothing of the asceticism of the Manichean sects; they do not even keep the Mohammedan Ramazan; they fast three days only at the commencement of the year, and even that is not of necessary obligation. Wednesday is their holiday, on which the more devout fast; but it is not kept with the rigor of a Sabbath. Under their Great Sheikh they have a hierarchy of four orders, and these offices are hereditary, and descend to females. They are—I. The Pirs, or saints, who lead a holy life, intercede for the people, and are supposed to cure diseases and insanity.—II. The Sheikhs, dressed in white, with a band of red and yellow, perform the chief functions of the ceremonial, take charge of the offerings, and vend the relics.—III. The Cawals are the itinerant preachers, who go round to teach the doctrines of the sect, chant the hymns, and play on the flute and tambourine. IV. The Fakirs, dressed in coarse dark cloth, perform the menial offices.

We regret to say that the schoolmaster forms no part of the hierarchy. It is considered unawful to learn to read or write. This legally established ignorance may well make us despair of ever solving the mystery as to the origin of the Yezidis. The only chance would be by obtaining the sacred volume of their traditions, their hymns, and religious ceremonial. It is in Arabic, but carefully concealed from the sight and touch of the profane. It might indeed, after all, be hardly more satisfactory than the perplexing Codex Nasireus, the sacred book of the Sabæan Christians, or so-called Christians of St. John.

We return to Nimroud.—Our limited space forces us to compress into a brief summary our account of the actual discoveries on this prolific mound. But we strongly recommend our reader to follow Mr. Layard himself in the successive steps of his operation; to catch, as almost the coldest and most unimaginative will do, the infection of his zeal, to enter into his anxieties and his hopes; to behold chamber after chamber, hall after hall, unfold themselves as it were from the bosom of the earth, and assume shape, dimensions, height; to watch the reliefs which line the walls gradually disclosing their forms; as the rubbish clears away, the siege and the battle and the hunting-piece becoming more and more distinct; the king rearing more manifestly his lofty tiara, and displaying his undoubted symbol of royalty; the attitude of the priest proclaiming his office, sometimes his form and features, his imperfect and effeminate manhood; the walls of the besieged cities rearing their battlements; the combatants grappling in mortal struggle; the horses curvetting; the long procession stretching out slab after slab, with the trophies of victory or the offering of devotion; above all, the huge symbolic animals, the bulls or lions, sometimes slowly struggling into light in their natural forms, sometimes developing their human heads; their outspread wings; their downward parts—in their gigantic but just proportions—heaving off, it might seem, the encumbering earth. So in Milton's noble descriptions, if we add only the broad-horned bull to the lion and the stag—

“Now half appeared

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The leopard, and the tiger—as the mole,
Rising—the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks; the swift stag, from under ground,
Bore up his branching head.”—*P. Lost*, vii. 263.

We can conceive indeed of nothing more stirring, more absorbing, than, once certainly in the right track, to work away in these mines of ancient remains; to follow the lode, not after vulgar copper or iron, or even more precious metals, but after the images of the kings of ancient days, the records and pictures of victories—of empires almost pre-historic; to uncover the monumental inscriptions, in almost the oldest written characters, which at least have in our own day partially surrendered their secrets to the inquisitive industry and sagacity of our Lassens and Rawlinsons; to disinter an Asiatic Pompeii, not a small, if elegant, provincial town, buried in the days of the Flavian Cæsars, but the life, the wars, the banquets, the state, the religion of the capital city of old Assyria; the great temple in which reigned and perhaps were worshipped sovereigns contemporaneous with the elder Pharaohs, and whose names had reached the Greeks only by vague and uncertain tradition.

Mr. Layard's sagacity acquired before long a knowledge of the right mode of working these antiquarian quarries. The confident certainty with which he at last proceeded, the sort of divination which he seemed to possess, that intuitive magical rod which pointed to hidden curiosities, was no less amazing to his perplexed fellow-laborers, than his motive in consuming so much cost and time in what appeared such unprofitable labors. This simple plan of discovery at which Mr. Layard at length arrived, the knowledge of which may spare great waste of trouble and money in future researches, was grounded on the system invariably adopted, probably enforced on the founders of the larger Assyrian edifices by the circumstances and nature of their country. The low level plains on which they built their cities compelled them to give artificial elevation, both for strength and security, that they might be seen afar off and command the adjacent region. A great pavement, usually of unburnt brick, was first laid down, commensurate with the design, on a mass of brickwork thirty or forty feet high; on this pavement rose the palace or temple, with all its hall or chambers. The first object then, in these researches, was to pierce down to this foundation platform, (to penetrate deeper was vain and lost labor,) and, having reached its level, to work onwards in any direction along its surface till the walls crossed the way; then to follow the wall till broken by gates or openings which led into other galleries or chambers. The gates of the more important chambers were usually designated by a pair

of gigantic figures—bulls, lions, or of composite forms—the colossal warders of these vast halls. The gates or doors, if there were gates or doors, being of some less durable material, had entirely perished. This knowledge, however, of the fundamental principle of Assyrian architecture was gained only by observation and experience. It was employed in Mr. Layard's later excavations in the huge mound of Kouyunjik; in the plain beyond the Tigris, opposite Mosul; and in that of Kalah Shergat; in all of which he was eminently, if not equally, successful. It might have saved M. Botta, if it had been known from the first, much toil; and even Mr. Layard, in the researches which he made at Khorsabad, after it had been abandoned by the French. Even at Nimroud, at the first period of his excavations, when he was eager without delay to avail himself of Sir Stratford Canning's liberality, this base of operations had not been discovered; the researches were less regular and systematic, guided by the external appearance of the mound, and the first indications of the tops of the walls, which seemed to invite the pickaxe and spade. Mr. Layard's original Arab guide, an intelligent man, well acquainted with the mound, pointed out a fragment of alabaster, cropping out, in geological phrase, above the soil. On digging down it appeared part of a large slab; but the first chamber, the wall of which was partly faced by this slab, was more perplexing than satisfactory. As yet there were neither bas-reliefs nor inscriptions; and it was evident that this chamber had been opened before—as it appeared in the memory of living man, and from a modern inscription, by a late pasha in search of materials for tombstones. But steady perseverance—and skill, which, by such a man as Mr. Layard, was rapidly acquired—soon penetrated deeper and deeper into the unknown and inviolate; till the three great edifices of different ages, adorned by sculptures of different character—one at the northwest corner, one in the centre, one to the southeast—revealed to the light of day the Nineveh perhaps of Ninus and Semiramis, of Salmaneser and Sennacherib, of Esarhadon and Sardanapalus.

Mr. Layard has rendered us great assistance in his own summary of the final result of his operations. He has given (and we are inclined to pardon the repetition, from the more perfect distinctness with which we have been enabled to accompany him,) first a topographic account, with constant references to his plans, and then a picturesque

view of the mound, into which we descend, and behold his laborers—Arabs and Chaldeans, Mohammedans and Christians—working together in the utmost harmony, in all their wild attitudes, with their fantastic gestures and dissonant cries. We range with him through the whole circuit—pass from hall to hall—contemplate the lions at the gates, the sculptures on the walls—explore the rubbish for smaller articles of curiosity.

Before Christmas, 1846, Mr. Layard had only opened eight chambers. The intelligence of funds placed at his disposal through the Trustees of the British Museum enabled him to proceed on a more vigorous plan and on a more extensive scale. Before he closed his work eight-and-twenty of these halls and galleries had come to light; and, with the assistance of his plans, we can trace the whole groundwork of the edifice. By his clever picture-writing, assisted, too, by many cuts executed with great skill by Mr. George Scharf, we are enabled to see the several parts of the mound, from a shapeless heap of rubbish covered with vegetation—a grassy hill of vast size but inexplicable shape—become gradually an assemblage of ruins, in which the walls, roofless indeed, but mostly erect, stand up before us. The chambers expand, many of them at first dazzling with rich colors, which faded unfortunately on their exposure to light; and faced with sculptured slabs. We understand the whole construction and arrangement, if not extent, of an Assyrian palace-temple.

The palace on the northeastern corner of the mound, which Mr. Layard considers the most ancient of the Ninevite buildings, had evidently been the most magnificent edifice, displayed the more regular construction, was adorned with the finest sculptures, and covered with the most curious inscriptions. To this we shall return. But there were appearances which came to light, during the operations about the centre of the mound, even still more surprising. There was a kind of succession in the strata of remains, which, without demanding the incalculable periods of our geologists, showed an antiquity which may well perplex the historical inquirer. Above the buried remains of the Ninevite palace, some people—a people by every indication of great antiquity—had formed their burial-place. The excavators had to dig *through* a layer of tombs, to displace the remains of the dead, which they did with great care. The tombs were not the hastily-piled sepulchres of a roving tribe—they were regularly formed of bricks

carefully joined, but without mortar; some covered with slabs of alabaster; others were large earthen sarcophagi covered with slabs. Parts of a skeleton, and some of the bones, appeared entire on opening one of the tombs, but crumbled into dust on the attempt to remove them. In the first of these tombs were likewise found vases of reddish clay and beads, and small ornaments belonging to a necklace. Besides, there was a cylinder representing a king in his chariot hunting the wild bull, a copper ornament, two silver bracelets, and a pin for the hair. It seemed that the body must have been that of a female. In other tombs were found vases of green pottery, copper mirrors, lustral spoons, and various ornaments. The whole of these ornaments were, in their character and form, *Egyptian*. *Five feet below this cemetery* appeared the remains of a building—but of a building in ruins. The walls, of unbaked bricks could still be traced; but the slabs which had lined them, covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, had been detached from the walls, with the manifest intention of removing them to some other place—it should seem of employing them for some neighboring building. Mr. Layard asserts, and we think on solid grounds, that these slabs were invariably, according to the practice of Assyrian art, sculptured after they had been set up. And here, in a space of fifty feet square, cleared by the removal of about twenty tombs, above one hundred slabs were exposed to view, packed in rows, one against the other, as slabs in a stone-cutter's yard, or as leaves of a gigantic book. Every slab was sculptured; and as they were placed in a regular series, according to the subjects upon them, it was evident that they had been moved, in the order in which they stood from their original positions against the walls of sun-dried bricks, and had been left as found, preparatory to their removal elsewhere. Mr. Layard had little doubt, therefore, that this central building had been destroyed to supply materials for the temple or palace at the southwest corner. The sculptures closely resembled those actually found in that edifice; and *there* also appeared slabs with the reliefs turned towards the wall. He was compelled to the strange but unavoidable conclusion that some considerable time even after this removal, in the accumulated earth and rubbish, now stirred again for the first time nineteen centuries after Christ, was the burial-place of a people seemingly Egyptian, or in some degree Egyptianized in manners and arts—closely allied, or assimilated at least, to

that now well-known race, with whom, in their own monuments, we have become familiar to the most minute household ornaments and attire. The catacomb of one age must be pierced, to arrive at the palace or temple of another: one generation makes its graves, seemingly unconscious that far below are the dwellings of a generation much more ancient of course, and forgotten. Mr. Layard modestly contents himself with suggesting the questions—What race occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces? At what period were these tombs made? What antiquity does their presence assign to the buildings beneath them? One thing seems clear—that they are neither Persian nor Greek; they belong to an anterior period, when there was a close connection between the inhabitants of this part of Assyria and Egypt. These problems must yet await their answer, and can only be answered if the inscriptions—as yet but indistinctly read, and, if interpreted at all, still more indistinctly interpreted—shall render up their secrets.

But they naturally lead to the more simple, yet no less important problem, which is started by the whole work of Mr. Layard:—What is the result of these singular discoveries? What light do they throw on the history of mankind; on the origin, early development, and progress of human civilization? How far has the great empire of Assyria, from a vast and vague Oriental tradition, an imposing and mysterious myth, become a reality? How far are we able to fill up its dim and uninterrupted annals? The only trustworthy history of Assyria, up to this time, has been that of its close; from this—of which a proximate date can be assigned—we must ascend (in such history the upward is the only intelligible course) into its more cloudy antiquity. We know, as near as possible, the period at which Nineveh and her sovereigns disappeared from the face of the earth. Mr. Layard, we think, takes unnecessary pains to prove this absolute and total destruction of Nineveh and the Assyrian cities. It is quite impossible that within the range of history, after the fall of Babylon and the rise of the great Persian monarchy, any large capital can have arisen unnoticed, or any powerful sovereigns ruled, on the shores of the Tigris. There can be no reasonable doubt that all these ruins—those of Khorsabad, Kouyunjik, Kalah Shergat, as well as Nimroud, belong to the Assyrian Nineveh, of which the fall is described as an historic fact, which, if he

had not witnessed, had made an awful impression on the mind of man in his day, by the Prophet Ezekiel—Ezekiel, who lived on the banks of the Chebar, one of the affluents of the Tigris. The prophet cites it as a terrible and notorious admonitory example to the haughty kings of Egypt, (ch. xxxi.) The date of the fall of Nineveh is brought even to a closer point. In Isaiah it is the Assyrian who is subduing Western Asia. Jeremiah knows no great eastern power but the Chaldean king of Babylon. The date which can be made out from the account in Herodotus of the conquest of Ninus, or Nineveh, by Cyaxares, the Mede, singularly coincides with this period; and, in a word, chronologists cannot be far wrong in fixing the year 606 B. C. for the final extinction of the empire of Assyria. The latest dynasty of the Assyrians is familiar to us in the biblical histories. The names of Tiglath Pileser, Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon are known as having enveloped the kingdom of Israel in their western conquests, and as having menaced Jerusalem. These, Mr. Layard seems to conclude, are the kings who built Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and the later Nimroud palaces, whose victories are commemorated in the later sculptures; and at all events those sculptures are singularly illustrative of the campaigns thus incidentally or more fully described in the Hebrew writings. That some of those western conquests, either predicted or historically related by the Chroniclers or Prophets are recorded on these very slabs, is by no means improbable. There has been an attempt, indeed, to identify one conquered people with the Jews; for this we think no sufficient proof or argument is offered; but the prisoners—men, women, and children—who are led away into bondage from the captive cities, *may* doubtless represent, among others, some of those who were carried off from their native homes in Palestine to Halab, and Hamath, and Gozar. The identical Rab-Saris, the chief eunuch—perhaps the Rab-Shakeh, the chief cup-bearer—who were sent to denounce war against Jerusalem, *may possibly* be seen in some of the long processions. The Rab-Saris is perpetually found as the prime-minister, the vizier, or representative of the monarch. But the most remarkable identification of the western conquests of Assyria with those of prophetic history is on certain slabs which commemorate the siege and subjugation of maritime fortresses. In the earlier sculptures boats appear, such as are now used in the Tigris and Euphrates;

there is one ferrying over a royal chariot, with swimmers around it, supported on bladders, as at the present day. On the later reliefs of Kouyunjik are vessels apparently not belonging to the Assyrians, (who never, probably, became a maritime people,) but to the cities they were besieging. They are shown to be sea-vessels by the somewhat clumsy but significant device of sea-fish swimming about them; but are the same in shape and construction—and that a very peculiar construction—with vessels found on coins of the early Persian monarchy, and those of Sidon of a much later period. The cities besieged, it is no rash conclusion, may therefore be Tyre or Sidon, or some of the other flourishing mercantile towns on that coast.

But what learn we of that other dynasty which—high above that which began with Pul and ended in the fall of Nineveh (see vol. ii., pp. 381, &c.)—commencing with Ninus and Semiramis, is said to have endured for 1360 years, and closed with Sardanapalus? What learn we of those more primeval Assyrian monarchs, the builders of Nineveh and of the older Babylon? Concerning this royal race, all which has come down to us is through the Greeks, and those mostly late compilers, though they occasionally cite earlier vouchers. The whole of this is so vague, wild, and unreal, as to make us suspect more than the usual proverbial mendacity of Grecian history. These elder Assyrian sovereigns, their achievements, their edifices, loom dimly through the haze of impenetrable antiquity, and might seem to owe their grandeur in a great degree to their remoteness.

Mr. Layard devotes many pages to the fragments or traditions of history concerning this earlier empire. He has collected these with much industry from all quarters, but has appealed to them with too little discrimination. Considering the age, the active and adventurous life of Mr. Layard, his scholarship is of so much higher order than we had a right to expect; his judgment is so rarely led astray by the temptations of his exciting theme, that we would speak with most respectful tenderness of his adherence to the old usage (an usage, we regret to say, still countenanced by some of our most distinguished scholars and chronologists) of heaping together, with the more valuable authorities, passages from the most obscure and worthless writers concerning subjects on which they could not but be profoundly ignorant, or from writers of better name,

where their authority can have no weight. In his Introduction, it is singular that he promises to be as severe and judicious as we would require; his conclusions are simple, sound, and just, while the unfeigned modesty of his language, the excuses which he urges of bad health as well as overwhelming occupation, cannot but strongly prepossess us in his favor. But in the body of his work he has neglected somewhat too much that rigid historical criticism, without which it is impossible to distinguish fact from fable, mythic legend from historic truth. Surely, for instance, we are now far beyond the authority of Pliny and the poet Lucan, as to the inventors of written characters. We know that the Greeks generally supposed their own to be derived from the Phœnician; and it was natural that they should esteem their teachers the primary discoverers of letters; but of what weight is that Greek opinion as to the question itself?

As, however, this early Assyrian history must be forced, by these discoveries, on the attention even of the general reader, it may be worth the pains to examine its real amount and value. When Herodotus wrote, the great empire of Babylon had entirely swallowed up, and, as it seems, totally obscured the more ancient kingdom of Assyria. Semiramis is introduced only as having ruled in Babylon; Nineveh is hardly more than once or twice distinctly, and that incidentally, mentioned—once as having been included in the conquests of the Babylonian queen Nitocris—and again in the Median history, as having fallen under the victorious arms of Cyaxares. In another passage Herodotus speaks, as it were accidentally, of the Assyrians, as having ruled Upper Asia for 520 years. It seems absolutely impossible to limit the whole empire of Assyria to this narrow period. This sentence, therefore, probably refers to the rule of some particular Assyrian dynasty, or some period when their empire was at its height as to power and extent, (Herod. i. 95.)*

* We agree with those modern critics who do not believe that Herodotus ever wrote an Assyrian history. This work was unknown to any writer of antiquity. Mr. Layard is wrong when he says, in his Introduction, that "Aristotle, de Anim. viii. 18, mentions *having seen it*." Aristotle merely mentions a fact in natural history, of which a certain author was ignorant—for that author in his account of the taking of Nineveh describes an eagle drinking. But the name of that author in the best MSS. is 'Ησίοδος—which reading is retained by Bekker; and, however it may seem more probable that Herodotus should have described the taking of Nin-

Almost the whole of the Ninevite history, therefore, is found in the compilation of Diodorus Siculus, and is avowedly transcribed from that of Ctesias—with some few additions from other less trustworthy authorities. What, then, is this history? A full and particular account only of the first and most remote ancestors of this race of Ninus and Semiramis; and of the last of the dynasty, Sardanapalus. There is nothing, except perhaps the enormous numbers of their forces, absolutely incredible in the campaigns and conquests of Ninus; nothing more surprising than in those attributed to Sesostris, or even to modern conquerors, Zengis or Tamerlane. In the history of Semiramis, Diodorus endeavors to discriminate the mythic from the historical; the supernatural and religious from the real. Eastern annals, however, or even western, may furnish examples of women of inferior birth becoming by their beauty and fascinations, first the wives of powerful satraps or viziers, afterwards of doting monarchs; now assuming the reins of empire in their husbands' name, then in their own; carrying on long and perpetual wars; conducting remote campaigns, and founding magnificent cities. We see no reason to doubt, *a priori*, though the vastness of her works may be heightened and in a great degree fabulous, that Semiramis may have built the primeval Babylon, waged war in India, or even been the first to employ Rabsares in her great offices of state. She may even have furnished a precedent for that lawless and prodigal plan of indulging her own passions without endangering her power, which acquired for a late imperial female the

even than Hesiod, yet, even if so, there is nothing to show that Aristotle did not cite from memory, or copy from some other less accurate writer. The two passages in Herodotus, where he speaks of his 'Ἀσσύριοι λόγοι, and his ἑτέροι λόγοι (l. c. 106, and 184), by no means show that he ever fulfilled his intention, if he had such intention, of writing a separate Assyrian history. There is a slight inaccuracy in the article Herodotus, in the excellent Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, edited by Dr. W. Smith. It is the long line of Babylonian kings, not the taking of Nineveh, which Herodotus promises (c. 184) to relate in *other discourses or books*. It is in c. 106 that he says, "How they (the Medes) took Nineveh, I will describe in other books," (ἐν ἑτέροις λόγοις.) It is by no means impossible that Herodotus may have designed either to be more full on the history of Assyria in his great work, or may have projected another, and abandoned either design from want of materials. Such a book, by such an author, if written, could hardly have perished entirely, and escaped all later compilers.

name of the Northern Semiramis. Let us grant, then, that there may be some historic ground for the actual being of Ninus and Semiramis. We say not whether Diodorus or Ctesias had any foundation for the definite period of 1360 years (so we read in our edition, Wesseling's, of Diodorus, not 1306, as stated by some chronologists) which they assign to this dynasty. But what follows in Diodorus—no doubt in Ctesias—these accounts of the campaigns, conquests, build-ings of Ninus and Semiramis? How are these annals, so splendidly begun, and with so many historic particulars, continued? By a total blank of thirty generations! Of the 1360 years assigned to the dynasty, more than a thousand were, as we are informed, altogether barren of events worthy of record. From Ninyas, the son of Semiramis, the first of that character, a race of Rois Fainéants succeeded—without doing any one great achievement or suffering any one memorable revolution. The plain and glaring truth is, that later ages knew nothing whatever about the period; as no one knew what was done, the complacent later historians determined that nothing was done. We should have made an exception; there is one single so-called historic fact, one event recorded, which, as coming from a Greek historian, is no less strange than suspicious—it is the mission by the Assyrian king Teutames, of Memnon, at the head of a powerful force, 20,000 foot and 200 chariots, to his vassal, King Priam, during the siege of Troy. And Ctesias would persuade us that he read this in the *royal archives*! What archives? Ctesias of Cnidos was, as is well known, a contemporary of Xenophon, and employed as a physician at the court of Persia. It is marvellous, surely, how this fragment, and this fragment alone, not only of ante-Persian, but of ante-Babylonian history, should find its way among the records of the house of Darius. We dwell on this the more because it is one of those cases in which Mr. Layard has betrayed some want of discrimination. We will not quite say that he relates it as if persuaded of its credibility, though in a note he somewhat gravely rebukes the blunder of Virgil in making Memnon a black. With Mr. Grote we must take the freedom of abandoning the whole story to "the Legend of Troy," and we know not why the cyclic Æthiopis, from which no doubt Virgil borrowed his black Memnon, is not quite as good history as this strange passage of the Cnidian physician. It may be uncourteous, but it is tempting to speculate,

whether Ctesias invented the fable, either, as a court flatterer, to prove the ancient title of the great Eastern sovereigns to the allegiance of the kings of Asia Minor; or as a patriotic Greek, to boast of the total defeat of the first great Eastern host which encountered the Greeks in those regions.

From Ninus and Semiramis, with this one resting-place, Diodorus leaps to Sardanapalus. His account of that luxurious sultan is too well known; but there is certainly this very singular circumstance, that the act of Sardanapalus, in making his palace his own gorgeous funeral pyre, and burying himself upon it, is also attributed to the king who was overthrown by Cyaxares. More than one of the great palaces, that of Khorsabad, and one at Nimroud, were manifestly destroyed by fire; but of the earliest, the north-western at Nimroud, there is no appearance that it was destroyed by that element, the agency of which it would be impossible not to discover even in these long-interred ruins.

This chasm of above 1000 years, which Diodorus has left in the Assyrian history, is filled up with a barren list of names, by the Christian chronologists, by Eusebius and Syncellus, who frequently differ in the number and the names of the kings. We know not whether they took, either directly or through later writers, from Ctesias, the names which Diodorus suppressed as unworthy of record, or drew them from some other, perhaps more questionable source. The biblical records, which we must remember do not assert themselves to be the history of the world, but of one particular race, afford no information; yet neither is their silence to be considered as any valid objection. A mighty empire may have existed on the Tigris, as it certainly existed in Egypt, after Abraham, and long before Abraham, but would by no means necessarily find its place in the annals of the race of Abraham.

What then, if at this period of the world we should recover history which has perished from the memory of man since the fall of Nineveh, history of which the Greeks, perhaps the Persians, were altogether ignorant? It is difficult to doubt that much which is historical is wrapped up in the long inscriptions that accompany every siege or battle-piece; assign his proper name to every king; and contain within their hidden character a succession of kings, with their most memorable achievements. There then are the records, the archives of Nineveh; and many of these of great length are now secured from further destruction. They have been copied

with the utmost care; and transferred from the perishable stone or alabaster to printed pages, which the careful philologist may study at his leisure in his own chamber, and with all the aids of learning. But they are not only in a character, if known at all, (for Major Rawlinson's is the Persian, not Assyrian alphabet,) as yet imperfectly known: a character which, no doubt, varied so considerably with the different races which employed it, that to read it to good purpose on the stones of Nimroud, may almost require a new discovery as felicitous as that of Grotefend, Lassen, and Rawlinson. That the Assyrians, as the oldest people who had attained to any degree of civilization, should have been the inventors of this cuneiform, arrow-headed or wedge-shaped writing, is in itself highly probable; and their form of letters would be, as accordingly Mr. Layard actually asserts that it is, the most simple and least complicated. But beyond this there is the further difficulty; we have not merely to decipher the character, but to discover and interpret the language. This is the great problem which must test the sagacity of foreign and English scholars, the Lassens and Bournoufs of the continent, our own Rawlinsons, Birches, and Layards. There is every probability that it will turn out, if ever clearly deciphered, a Semitic language; but even on this point there is as yet no absolute certainty.

On the progress made in the deciphering this arrow-headed writing, though not unwatchful of its extent, at present we must decline to enter, and for obvious reasons; want of space, and consequent inability to make the subject intelligible to the ordinary reader. We are anxiously awaiting too the communication of Major Rawlinson's latest and mature views, his ultimate judgment on the Assyrian character and language. This we know at present only from rumor and from casual hints in Mr. Layard's volumes. But having acknowledged our full trust, as far as its general truth, in Major Rawlinson's interpretation of the great tri-charactered or trilingual inscription of Bisutun, and looking with anxious expectation for the details of his announced discovery of the annals of the Ninevite kings, we can only express our most friendly solicitude that the students in this difficult inquiry may not imperil their science by crude or hasty conclusions. Mr. Layard mentions one very happy mutual testimony furnished by the interpreters of Egyptian and of cuneiform writing. The same name, expressed in the parallel columns of a bilingual

inscription, in hieroglyphics and arrow-headed characters, was read off, (without any communication between the parties,) the arrow-headed from Major Rawlinson's alphabet, the hieroglyphic by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, as "Artaxerxes." But it is discouraging, as to the Assyrian cuneiform, to find such sentences as these in Mr. Layard's book: "Letters differing widely in their forms, and evidently the most opposite in their phonetic powers, are interchangeable. The shortest name may be written in a variety of ways:—*every character in it may be changed.*" (Vol. ii. p. 190.) We do not mean to assert that the principles of these variations may not hereafter be discovered, and their laws laid down by long and patient philological investigation, and by analogy with other languages; but we must think that caution becomes more and more imperative; that every step must be secured before another can be made in advance. We must, moreover, plead guilty to some misgivings, when we find a particular character with the force of the letter N assigned to it by Mr. Layard; while another zealous student—whose able, though, we must be permitted to say, somewhat confused, papers demand a closer examination than we have been able to bestow upon them, but who is acknowledged at all hands to have developed the system of numerals with success—while Dr. Hincks is convinced it is either the name, or an abbreviation of the name of Athur, the kingdom of Assyria. All to which Mr. Layard has aspired in the present work, is the detection of certain names of kings, following each other in regular order on different tablets, and so growing into a genealogy of several successive monarchs, designated by certain characters, which signify "the son of," and combining other proofs that they belong to a continuous series. But it is hardly fair upon the ordinary reader for Mr. Layard to print these lines of inscription from different slabs, which are to be considered equivalent to, and explanatory of, each other in cuneiform characters alone. He ought to have told us in plain English or Roman letters, the names which he thus read. Even the philologist, who has paid some attention to the system, may be almost equally at a loss; as Major Rawlinson's alphabet is not applicable to the Assyrian cuneiform and no other alphabet has as yet, we believe, been found to test the readings on these monuments.

But even if these sullen and obstinate inscriptions refuse to yield up their secret

treasures of knowledge; if we are baffled by the recondite language, owning no manifest analogy with any of the known languages, ancient or modern, of Western Asia; if we are doomed to gaze upon them in unintelligent wonder, as men did so many ages before the days of Young and Champollion, on the sealed hieroglyphics of Egypt; if we get no farther than to make our barren lists of names, (curious indeed, if confirmed by those in the chronologists, yet of very limited interests,) still we cannot but think this sudden reintegration, as it were, of the great half-fabulous empire of Assyria, one of the most singular adventures, so to speak, of antiquarian research. Though we may not be able, as the Chevalier Bunsen aspires to do for Egypt, to assign the place of Ninevite Assyria in the history of mankind and of civilization, yet it is a surprising event to receive, on a sudden, such unanswerable evidence of her power, wealth, greatness, luxury, and skill in manufactures and arts; of the extent of her conquests, and of course in a more imperfect and indistinct manner, the character of her social life and of her religion.

Our conclusions do not differ from those of Mr. Layard, as to the vast antiquity of the Assyrian empire. The total and acknowledged ignorance of Ctesias as to the events of any reign anterior to Sardanapalus, of course greatly shakes our faith in his authentic knowledge as to the length of those reigns, and altogether as to the period of 1360 years from Ninus to Sardanapalus. We are so much of the new school as to venture some doubts, notwithstanding our own admissions, whether Ninus himself be a myth or real personage, the impersonated tribe, or city, or empire, like Dorus and Ion, and Hellen and the Egyptian Menes, or the actual father of a dynasty and the builder of the capital; and to this conclusion Mr. Layard himself seems to have come in his Introduction, which, like most introductions, has clearly been the last part written. Semiramis, as we have said, has more of an historical character, though surrounded, no doubt magnified, by the haze of legend. But Mr. Layard's argument we think decisive as to the general question.

"There is no reason why we should not assign to Assyria the same remote antiquity we claim for Egypt. The monuments of Egypt prove that she did not stand alone in civilization and power. At the earliest period we find her contending with enemies already nearly, if not fully, as powerful as herself; and amongst the spoil of Asia, and

the articles of tribute brought by subdued nations from the northeast, are vases as elegant in shape, stuffs as rich in texture, and chariots as well adapted to war as her own. It is not improbable that she herself was indebted to the nations of Western Asia for the introduction of arts in which they excelled, and that many things in common use were brought from the banks of the Tigris. In fact, to reject the notion of the existence of an independent kingdom in Assyria, at the very earliest period, would be almost to question whether the country were inhabited; which would be directly in opposition to the united testimony of Scripture and tradition. A doubt may be entertained as to the dynasties and the extent of the empire, but not as to its existence; that it was not peopled by mere wandering tribes appears to be proved by the frequent mention of expeditions against Naharaina, (Mesopotamia,) on the earliest monuments of Egypt, and the nature of the spoil brought from the country."—pp. 225, 226.

It is this reciprocal light thrown upon each other by the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments which, in a broad and general way, seems the unanswerable guaranty for their historic authority. Taking at its lowest the certainty of the system of hieroglyphic interpretation, besides this, Egypt displays to us the living and intelligible sculptures in all her older buildings, (which are yet much younger than the pyramids.) These it is impossible to suppose the creations of fantastic artists, the records of imaginary combats, sieges and conquests. The peculiarities of dress, form, and feature, so carefully and minutely preserved, must mean to indicate real and well-known tribes brought into subjection, and yielding spoil or tribute to their Pharaonic masters; the scribes who, with a singular correspondence, both in the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, are taking note of the number of heads presented to the conquering monarchs, must be commemorating actual victims, not amusing their kings with fictitious scenes of cold-blooded murder. The spoils are in many cases the undoubted products, the animals, the beasts and birds of foreign lands, no capricious inventions or symbolic creatures, but of well-known shape and kind. There can be no doubt that the Egyptian annals, up to a period not yet ascertained, are thus graphically represented on the walls of the temples and cemeteries. If there flourished a great line or lines of sovereigns, long before Abraham, in the valley of the Nile, a civilized people, a peculiar religion, a potent hierarchy—why not a dynasty or dynasties, a people as far advanced in civilization on the shores of the Tigris? Nowhere should we expect

to find the first mighty empires, the first great cities, so probably as in the rich agricultural districts on the shores of the Nile, the Euphrates, or Tigris. If such empires co-existed, they would naturally be connected by commerce, or opposed in war. Throughout almost the whole of real ancient history, biblical as well as profane, some great Asiatic kingdom and some great Egyptian kingdom are striving for the mastery. Palestine and Syria are perpetually the Flanders of the war between the two continents. For a long period after the final settlement of the Israelites in Canaan, their annals are vague and fragmentary; not even a complete and continuous history of the Jews themselves, still less of the conterminous nations. During the great period of the Hebrew monarchy, that of David and Solomon, the kings of Judah may be imagined as holding the balance, perhaps keeping the peace, between the rival empires. But during all the later and more disastrous period, the Jewish kings are alternately compelled into alliances, or suffer invasion from these hostile powers. On one side Nineveh and Babylon, on the other No-amoun (Thebes) or Memphis, claim their allegiance or invade their territory. The conquest of Egypt, by the Persians, closed for a time the rivalry, which broke out again between the successors of Alexander; when the Antiochi and Ptolemies renewed the strife till both were crushed by Rome. But for how many ages before this contest for supremacy had been going on, who shall presume to declare? It will surely be time to limit these ante-Mosaic or ante-Abrahamic centuries by biblical chronology, when the true and authoritative chronology of the Bible shall have been settled between the conflicting statements of the Hebrew text, as it stands at present, the Samaritan, the Septuagint, and Josephus, (which last, from one passage in St. Paul, appears to have been the received system of our Saviour's time;) when there shall be a full agreement among the one hundred and twenty writers, great part of them Christian scholars and divines, some of the highest names for piety and biblical learning, whom Dr. Hales quotes as assigning their discordant dates, differing by some thousands of years, to the creation and the deluge—yet almost all these professing to build their system on the Scriptures.

That during these evolving centuries the empire of Assyria should suffer great change; that dynasty should dispossess dynasty; that the throne should be occupied by sovereigns

of different descent, even of different race; that the founder or the more powerful emperor of a new dynasty should enlarge, extend, create a new suburban capital—or build a new palace, a new temple, above the ruins of the old; that like monarchs, ancient and modern, they should take a pride in surveying the works of their own hands, the monuments of their own power, wealth, and luxury—(Is not this the great Nineveh or Babylon which I have built?)—all this is in the ordinary course of human affairs, more particularly in the old eastern world. The change described by Mr. Layard as evinced by the sculptures in the buildings which belong to the more ancient, and those ascribed to the later dynasty—a change in dress, habits, arms, perhaps in religious usage—above all in the style of art which, singularly enough, degenerates in the later period:—this is rather to be expected, than a cause of wonder. The marvel is that the curious antiquarianism of man, thousands of years after, should be sagacious enough to detect the signs of such revolutions. At one period, far from the earliest, Assyrian art and Assyrian life appear to Egyptianize, as if the city had been subdued and occupied during some Egyptian conquest; and yet keen and practised observers, like Mr. Birch, profess to discover distinctions between genuine and native Egyptian work and that wrought in a foreign land under Egyptian influence. Such is the case with some of the curious, and, we must add, exquisitely finished ivories,* which are obviously Egyptian in subject and in form, but yet with some remarkable peculiarities of their own. Into these details it is impossible for us to enter, but we will briefly state the general conjectural conclusions at which Mr. Layard and Mr. Birch appear to have arrived. The great period of Egyptian influence, whether by connexion, commerce, or domination, was during the dynasties from the eighteenth to the twenty-second of the Egyptian kings; a period which we may loosely indicate by saying that it would include the reign of King Solomon in Judea. To

*As to these ivories, there is a very interesting story. When they reached this country to every appearance they seemed about to crumble into dust. The keen eye of modern science instantly detected the cause of decay. "Boil them in a preparation of gelatine;" it is that constituent part of the ivory which has perished. It was done; and the ivories are as hard and firm as when first carved; they may last another thousand years or two. The merit of this suggestion is contested, we hear, by the Dean of Westminster and Professor Owen; it may very probably have occurred to both resourceful minds.

this period *may* possibly belong those perplexing tombs in which the Egyptian ornaments are chiefly found, and which cover the remains of the northwestern, central, and southeastern palaces of Nimroud. How long before this period reigned the builders and rulers of these long-buried palaces, seems now the great question. The far older and more perfect sculptures of these palaces clearly prove a dynasty of wide-ruling, wide-conquering sovereigns. But, while the student of Egyptian antiquities has been able to make out the names of the many nations subdued by the Egyptian arms, during the reigns of the Rhamseses—and there is a striking variety of complexion, feature, dress, arms, as well as peculiarity in the spoils from their lands—according to Mr. Layard, in most of these Ninevite reliefs there are only two races or peoples which can be clearly discriminated; and neither of these can be assigned, by any marked characteristics of form, countenance, arms, or dress, to any particular age or country. *Various* countries are, however, designated; cities situated by the shores of two rivers—and cities on one stream; mountain cities girt with forests—and cities on plains, amid groves of palm-trees. But incomparably the most curious of those treasures which Mr. Layard has deposited in the British Museum is the obelisk of black marble, without doubt belonging to the earlier Assyrian monarchy, which clearly commemorates transactions in the further East, apparently in India. Among other trophies, this shows the Bactrian camel with two humps, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and many apes or monkeys. The mind is led back as by force to the Indian campaigns, at least of Semiramis. Even if these are only the offerings of respect from foreign kingdoms, not the spoil or tribute of conquered and subject realms, they imply a wide extent of fame and power; and this obelisk Mr. Layard is disposed to consider as among the very oldest, if not the oldest, of the Assyrian remains.

Until the complete publication of Mr. Layard's great work on the monuments of Nineveh, we shall not be in full possession of all the curious information conveyed by the disinterred sculptures as to the policy, the religion, the buildings, arms, arts, dresses, furniture, vessels of the ancient Assyrians. But it is surprising how much may be collected by patient and sagacious examination on all these points; and how clearly the whole is placed before us in the lively concluding chapters of Mr. Layard's present

book, illustrated as it is with a profusion of clever wood-cuts. Oriental monuments disclose but little of the manners of the people, (we have no painted tombs with all the pursuits of common life, like those of Egypt;) they are monarchical or rather autocratic; we see the king, and a royal personage he is, not more distinguished by the signs and attributes of royalty, the splendor of dress and of arms, than by his superior stature and majesty. Though sometimes offering to the gods, he is to his subject-eunuchs and cup-bearers, to his soldiers and to his captives, a representative of the Godhead upon earth.

"The residence of the king," writes Mr. Layard in his chapter on the religion of Assyria, "was probably at the same time the temple; and that he himself was either supposed to be invested with divine attributes, or was looked upon as a type of the Supreme Deity, is shown by the sculptures. The winged figures, even that with the head of the eagle, minister to him. All his acts, whether in war or peace, appear to have been connected with the national religion, and were believed to be under the special protection and superintendence of the deity. When he is represented in battle, the winged figure in the circle hovers about his head, bends the bow against his enemies, or assumes his attitude of triumph. His contests with the lion and other formidable animals not only show his prowess and skill, but typify at the same time his superior strength and wisdom. Whether he has overcome his enemies or the wild beasts, he pours out a libation from the sacred cup, attended by his courtiers, and by the winged figures. The embroideries upon his robes and upon those of his attendants, have all mythic meanings. Even his weapons, bracelets, and armlets are adorned with the forms of sacred animals, the lion, bull, or duck. In architectural decorations, the same religious influence is evident. The fir, or pine cone, and the honeysuckle, are constantly repeated. They form friezes, the capitals of columns, and the fringes of hangings. Chairs, tables, and couches, are adorned with the heads and feet of the bull, the lion, and the ram, all sacred animals."—pp. 473-4

This chapter on the religion of Assyria, though of necessity peculiarly vague and conjectural, leads, on the whole, to the conclusion that between the earliest and latest dynasties a great change had taken place. In the earliest sculptures, the dominant religion appears a simple Sabianism, a worship of the heavenly bodies, either as themselves the deities, or peculiarly indwelt by the deity. But this religion gives place to another, much more nearly resembling the Dual-worship of later times. It should seem, therefore, that we are to bring back that mysterious mythic religious founder, Zoroaster, from Bactria to the shores of the Tigris

and Euphrates, and to consider this region as the birthplace of that fire worship which assumed its most perfect form under the Persian kings; for of this Zoroastrian faith there appear in the later works many undoubted indications. But the great outward characteristic of the religion, as it appears on the monuments, is the worship of those singular composite animals, human-headed lions, &c., symbolic no doubt in their different parts of certain divine attributes. The sphinxes are evidently later, and of the Egyptian period. But this discussion, too, we are compelled to decline.

The most unexpected part of this discovery unquestionably has been that Assyria had, at the earliest period, a style of art of its own. We mean not of architecture: in that we should have expected all that is vast, spacious, colossal; even the fables, if they are altogether fables, of the buildings of Ninus and Semiramis would imply edifices which overawed neighboring nations, and left a perpetual tradition of their magnitude and grandeur. Assyrian architecture, like Babylonian, took, as is always the case, its character from the nature of the country, and the material employed. All, as we have seen, was artificial; the mound on which stood the city, the walls, the palace. But the unlimited command of brick earth would allow the platform and the buildings to be spread out to any extent. They had not rocks to hew into temples. These, in Egypt and elsewhere, were the types and models of later edifices, when the builders had to draw the ponderous stones from quarries, either in the neighborhood or from some distance. The earth itself was the unfailing material; and its use, and the enormous extent to which it was hardened into walls, platforms, palaces, temples, hanging gardens, lived long in the poetry of the west, as in Ovid's allusion to the "muri coctiles" of Semiramis. Much earlier the prophet Nahum, when he menaces Nineveh with ruin, among other taunting sentences, utters this: "Draw thee waters for the siege, fortify thy strongholds; go into clay, and tread the mortar; make strong the brick-kiln." (Nahum iii, 14.) The unmeasured extent of the cities so built, and their burying themselves, when overthrown, in their own rubbish, and becoming these shapeless mounds, is exactly what we might expect; and with these wrecks, these mountains of brick rubble, travellers have long been familiar on the plains of Babylonia.

Nor are we much surprised to find that luxurious Nineveh already attired itself in

rich Babylonian garments, which for splendor of hues and fineness of woof were proverbial from the times of the earliest Hebrew writers to the most sumptuous days of Rome; nor that their furniture, vases, utensils, should exhibit graceful forms; that their chambers should be painted with borders of elegant design and brilliant coloring. But that they should have their own school of sculpture; that their palace or temple walls should be lined with reliefs, which show at least some very high artistic powers, was certainly, notwithstanding the precedent of the Egyptian battle-pieces and religious ceremonies, the last thing which we should have dreamed of finding in the edifices of ancient Assyria. Their sculpture, by every appearance, was indigenous, original, taken from Assyrian life, representing Assyrian form and costume; it does not Egyptianize till a comparatively late period. It is doubtless the parent of Persian art, as exhibited at Persepolis and elsewhere. But while we speak of its real artistic power, we are anxious to give no exaggerated estimate of its value as sculpture. It is well to prepare the visitors to the Ninevite Gallery at the Museum for what they must not expect, as for what they may. The secret of true majesty and true beauty was reserved for Greece; majesty, irrespective of magnitude—beauty which ventured to reveal the whole form of man. The Assyrian is high art, but it is still barbaric art; not merely is it ignorant of perspective, often of proportion; it allows itself very strange devices to suggest its own meaning, the most whimsical accessories to tell its story. Its aim and object is historic and religious; addressed to a people who still dwelt on symbolic forms, and were yet far from the exquisite anthropomorphism of Greece; it is not ideal, nor, in the higher sense, imaginative. The impressions which it sought to create, and which even now it does create, are awe at its boldness, size, strength, massiveness, gorgeousness. It is by gigantic dimensions that it intimates power; by a stern sedateness of countenance and splendor of dress, kingly majesty. The lofty tiara adds to the solemn dignity of the human head; the draperies, hard in outline, mere layers of alabaster instead of folds, are worked into a kind of network of embroidery. It is at the same time singularly true, and absolutely untrue; it does not, on some of the reliefs, give more than two fore legs to a pair of horses in a chariot; there is no gradation in size; and yet there is a spirit and freedom in its outline, a force and energy

in its forms, a skill in grouping, which ventures on some of the boldest attitudes into which the figure of the warrior can be thrown; it has that which is to sculpture what action, according to Demosthenes, was to oratory, *life*. It is, in its better period, perhaps more real in its animal than in its human forms; some horses' heads are extremely fine. It is orientally jealous of revealing the female form; women are seen on the battlements, tearing their hair, or carried away captive, but with none of that exposure, which, whatever may be its effect as to decency, adds so much to the grace of sculpture. Those who are content with spirit, animation, force, will regard these specimens of art, of such immemorial antiquity, not only with curiosity, but with admiration; those who will yield themselves up to the impressions produced by colossal forms, as suggesting great audacity of conception and of execution, will look with eagerness for the arrival of Mr. Layard's larger cargo. All who feel an interest in the history of art will be disposed to study with care and attention this new chapter in that book, unfolded so suddenly and so contrary to expectation.

We cannot close without once more congratulating Mr. Layard on his success as a writer, as well as a discoverer; we repeat, that taking this only as a book of travels, we have read none for a long time more entertaining and instructive. In his dissertations he is full and copious, without being tedious; his style is plain, vigorous, and particularly unaffected; it is the natural language of a strong mind, fully master of its subject, and warmed and enlivened, without being inflated or kindled into rhapsody by the enthusiasm, without which he would never have conceived or achieved his wonderful task.

DR. ROBINSON'S LETTER.

[A very splendid reprint of the above work has been issued by Mr. G. P. Putnam, New York, which, with the most liberal regard for its interest and value, copies all the illustrative engravings, plans, maps, &c., of the London edition, and is in every respect most elegantly executed. In beauty and finish, it fully equals the London copy, and is sold at a greatly reduced price. American readers will derive an additional proof of the great importance of the discoveries so eloquently detailed in these volumes, by the following letter of Rev. Dr. Robinson, the celebrated Orientalist and traveller, whose competency to judge is not surpassed, we suppose, by any

living scholar. Mr. Putnam's enterprise and liberality in reproducing the work in such elegant style, is worthy both of praise and patronage.—*Eclectic Mag.*]

In this general progress the nineteenth century stands pre-eminent. In physical science, the brilliant discoveries of Davy and others have changed the whole face of chemistry. The steam-engine, though in a measure earlier perfected, has first in our day been applied with its mighty energies to navigation, to locomotion on land, and (not least) to the printing-press. The fitting sunbeam has been grasped, and made to do man's bidding in place of the painter's pencil. And although Franklin tamed the lightning, yet not until yesterday has its instantaneous flash been made the vehicle of language; thus, in the transmission of thought, annihilating space and time. The last forty years likewise bear witness to the exploration of many lands of ancient renown; and our present exact and full acquaintance with the regions and monuments of Greece and Egypt, of Asia Minor and the Holy Land, is the result of the awakened activity, coupled with the enlarged facilities, of the nineteenth century. In all these discoveries and observations, it is not too much to say, that our country has borne at least her proportionate part.

There is another aspect. For very many centuries the hoary monuments of Egypt—its temples, its obelisks, its tombs—have presented to the eye of the beholder strange forms of sculpture and of language; the import of which none could tell. The wild valleys of Sinai, too, exhibited upon their rocky sides the unknown writing of a former people; whose name and existence none could trace. Among the ruined halls and palaces of Persepolis, and on the rock-hewn tablets of the surrounding regions, long inscriptions in forgotten characters seemed to enroll the deeds and conquests of mighty sovereigns; but none could read the record. Thanks to the skill and persevering zeal of scholars of the nineteenth century, the keys of these locked up treasures have been found; and the records have mostly been read. The monuments of Egypt, her paintings and her hieroglyphics, mute for so many ages, have at length spoken out; and now our knowledge of this ancient people is scarcely less accurate and extensive than our acquaintance with the classic lands of Greece and Rome. The unknown characters upon the rocks of Sinai have been deciphered; but the meagre

contents leave us still in darkness as to their origin and purpose. The cuneiform or arrow-headed inscriptions of the Persian monuments and tablets have yielded up their mysteries, unfolding historical data of high importance; thus illustrating and confirming the few and sometimes isolated facts preserved to us in the Scriptures and other ancient writings. Of all the works, in which the progress and results of these discoveries have been made known, not one has been reproduced or made generally accessible in this country. The scholar who would become acquainted with them and make them his own, must still have recourse to the Old World.

The work of Mr. Layard brings before us still another step of progress. Here we have to do, not with hoary ruins that have borne the brunt of centuries in the presence of the world, but with a resurrection of the monuments themselves. It is the disentombing of temple-palaces from the sepulchre of ages; the recovery of the metropolis of a powerful nation from the long night of oblivion. Nineveh, the great city "of three days' journey," that was "laid waste and there was none to bemoan her," whose greatness sank when that of Rome had just begun to rise, now stands forth again to testify to her own splendor, and to the civilization, and power, and magnificence of the Assyrian Empire. This may be said, thus far, to be the crowning historical discovery of the nineteenth century. But the century as yet is only half elapsed.

Nineveh was destroyed in the year 606 before Christ; less than 150 years after Rome was founded. Her latest monuments, therefore, date back not less than five-and-twenty centuries; while the foundation of her earliest is lost in an unknown antiquity. When the ten thousand Greeks marched over this plain in their celebrated retreat (400 B. C.) they found in one part a ruined city called Larissa; and in connection with it, Xenophon, their leader and historian, describes what is now the pyramid of Nimroud. But he heard not the name of Nineveh; it was already forgotten on its site; though it appears again in the later Greek and Roman writers. Even at that time the widely extended walls and ramparts of Nineveh had perished; and mounds, covering magnificent palaces, alone remained at the extremities of the ancient city, or in its vicinity, much as at the present day.

Of the site of Nineveh there is scarcely a further mention, beyond the brief notices of Benjamin of Tudela and Abulfeda, until

Niebuhr saw it and described its mounds nearly a century ago. In 1820, Mr. Rich visited the spot; he obtained a few square sun-dried bricks with inscriptions, and some other slight remains; and we can all remember the profound impression made upon the public mind, even by these cursory memorials of Nineveh and Babylon.

We first hear of Mr. Layard in 1840; when, after having in the preceding year travelled with a single companion through all Syria, we find him in company with Mr. Ainsworth visiting the mounds of Kalah Shergat, and the ruins of el-Hather, the ancient Hatra in the desert. As he afterwards floated down the Tigris from Mosul to Baghdad; and passed, some sixteen miles below Mosul, the great mound of Nimroud, the most important of all; he formed the purpose of exploring at some future time these singular remains; and he subsequently called the attention of M. Botta, the French Consul at Mosul, to this particular spot. Meantime the latter began, in 1843, to excavate the mound of Kouyunjik, opposite Mosul; but soon transferred his labors to Khorsabad, a mound and village twelve miles northeast of Mosul, at the foot of the Kurdish mountains. Here M. Botta's efforts were crowned with success; and Mr. Layard gracefully acknowledges, that "to him is due the honor of having found the first Assyrian monument." His excavations were continued through 1844; and the results have been given to the world in a magnificent series of engravings, published at the expense of the French government. But most important as are these memorials, they are nevertheless surpassed in extent and antiquity by those found by Mr. Layard in the larger and more ancient edifices exhumed at Nimroud.

The volumes of Mr. Layard contain an account of the labors carried on by him at Nimroud from November, 1845, until April, 1847; and also of the less extensive excavations made at Kalah Shergat and Kouyunjik. It has been truly said, that the narrative is like a romance. In its incidents and descriptions it does indeed remind one continually of an Arabian tale of wonders and genii. The style is simple and direct, without ornament and without effort; yet lively, vigorous, and graphic. Many difficulties did he have to encounter with Pashas and Sheikhs, Cadis and Ulemas, with Arabs of the plain and Chaldeans of the mountains, in moulding them for the accomplishment of his great purpose. These are often amusing,

and are described with effect. In this way the work presents us with a better insight into oriental character and manners and customs, than is often to be found in volumes expressly devoted to these topics. The energy, skill, and perseverance everywhere displayed by Mr. Layard, as also his singular tact and judgment in the management of the Arabs, are worthy of all praise. This is probably the first instance in which so many of this wild and excitable race, these sons of the desert, have been for so long a time brought under the influence of a single Frank, and led to follow regular and protracted labor.

In the latter portion of the second volume Mr. Layard gives a summary view of the results of his investigations, and of their bearing upon the history of the Assyrians. The monuments are yet too few to furnish full illustration; but they make us in many respects better acquainted with that powerful people, than all the accounts we have heretofore possessed. We may hope that Mr. Layard will yet be spared to prosecute like researches throughout the Assyrian and Mesopotamian plains, teeming as they do with similar mounds; and that the time will come, when all the monuments of those regions shall be laid open and deciphered.

Besides the specimens of beautiful glass, and the pulley, found at Nimroud, an unexpected discovery is that of the *arch*. The importance of this rests, not so much perhaps in the mere circumstance of a single small vaulted chamber, as in the fact brought out by Mr. Layard, that "arched gateways are continually represented in the bas-reliefs." It follows that the arch was well known before the Jewish exile, and at least

seven or eight centuries before the time of Herod. Diodorus Siculus also relates, that the tunnel from the Euphrates at Babylon, ascribed to Semiramis, was vaulted. (Hist. ii. 9.) All this serves to remove the difficulty, still felt by some, in respect to the antiquity of the vaults yet existing under the site of the temple at Jerusalem.

During the progress of the excavations, Mr. Layard made various excursions into the adjacent regions. On the west of the Tigris he visited el-Hather with a large party from Mosul; and at another time the mountain of Sinjar, a seat of the Yezidis, in company with the Pasha and his military retinue. The accounts of both these journeys are full of incident, comprising alike the foray and treachery of the nomadic Bedouin, and the deadly fray and pillage of the Turk. On the east of the Tigris, in the border of the Kurdish mountains, he paid a visit to the chief of the Yezidis, and was present at the yearly festival in honor of their great saint. On another occasion, he extended his journey into the mountains among the Nestorians; travelled through the district of the Ti-yari, still lying desolate after the recent massacre, and passed into that of Tkhoma just before it was in like manner destroyed. Here, too, the narrative is exceedingly interesting; though there is less of new information. The chapter on the history and doctrines of the Nestorian Christians is hardly in its place.

Such being the general character of Mr. Layard's volumes, I cannot but rejoice that they are to be made accessible to our reading public; nor can I doubt that every reader will feel himself rewarded and profited by the perusal.

I LOVE NOT NOW!

TAKE from me all thou once didst give—
Thy smiles and tears—thy sighs—*that* vow—
Nor longer in my bosom live;
I loved thee once—I love not now!
'Tis better in this wretched hour,
To fling from memory ev'ry trace—
Each shadow of thy broken power,
And all memorials fond erase!

Haply, in after times, the wrong
Thy fickle speech hath done to me
May strike thy soul, as, borne along,
Thou gaily sailest o'er life's sea;—
And then, amidst the wreck of love,
That will thy sinking hope surround,
Some long-forgotten thought may move
Thy fluttering heart with grief profound!

INAUGURATION OF MR. MACAULAY AS LORD RECTOR OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

ON Wednesday, the 21st ult., the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay was installed Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in the Common-hall of the college. The principal professors, and several strangers, including Lord Belhaven, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, &c., were present. The galleries were filled by ladies. The new Lord Rector spoke as follows:—

“My first duty, gentlemen, is to return to you my thanks for the honor which you have conferred on me. You well know that it was wholly unsolicited; and I can assure you that it was wholly unexpected. I may add, that if I had been invited to become a candidate for your suffrages, I should respectfully have declined the invitation. My predecessor, whom I am so happy to be able to call my friend, declared from this place, last year, in language which well became him, that he should not have voluntarily come forward to displace so eminent a statesman as Lord John Russell. I can, with equal truth, affirm that I should not have voluntarily come forward to displace so eminent a gentleman, and so accomplished a scholar, as Colonel Mure. But Colonel Mure felt last year that it was not for him, and I now feel that it is not for me, to question the propriety of your decision on a point of which, by the constitution of your body, you are the judges. I therefore gratefully accept the office to which I have been called, fully purposing to use whatever powers belong to it with a single view to the welfare and credit of your society. I am not using a mere phrase of course, when I say that the feelings with which I bear a part in the ceremony of this day are such as I find it difficult to utter in words. I do not think it strange that when that great master of eloquence, Edmund Burke, stood where I now stand, he faltered, and remained mute. Doubtless the multitude of thoughts which rushed into his mind was such as even he could not easily arrange or express. In truth, there are few spectacles more striking or affecting than that which a great historical place of education presents on a solemn public day. There is something strangely interesting in the contrast between the venerable antiquity of the

body, and the fresh and ardent youth of the great majority of the members. Recollections and hopes crowd upon us together. The past and future are at once brought close to us. Our thoughts wander back to the time when the foundations of this ancient building were laid, and forward to the time when those whom it is our office to guide and to teach will be the guides and teachers of our posterity. On the present occasion we may, with peculiar propriety, give such thoughts their course. For it has chanced that my magistracy has fallen in a great secular epoch. This is the four hundredth year of the existence of your University. (Cheers.) At such jubilees as these—jubilees of which no individual sees more than one—it is natural, and it is good, that a society like this, a society which survives all the transitory parts of which it is composed—a society which has a corporate existence and a perpetual succession, should review its annals; should retrace the stages of its growth from infancy to maturity, and should try to find, in the experience of generations which have passed away, lessons which may be profitable to generations yet unborn.

“The retrospect is full of interest and instruction. Perhaps it may be doubted whether, since the Christian era, there has been any point of time more important to the highest interests of mankind than that at which the existence of your University commenced. It was the moment of a great destruction and of a great creation. Your society was instituted just before the empire of the East perished; that strange empire, which, dragging on a languid life through the great age of darkness, connected together the two great ages of light; that empire which, adding nothing to our stores of knowledge, and producing not one man great in letters, in science, or in art, yet preserved, in the midst of barbarism, those master-pieces of Attic genius which the highest minds still contemplate, and long will contemplate, with admiring despair. And, at that very time, while the fanatical Moslem were plundering the churches and palaces of Constantinople, breaking in pieces Grecian sculpture, and giving to the flames piles of Grecian elo-

quence, a few humble German artisans, who little knew that they were calling into existence a power far mightier than that of the victorious Sultan, were busied in cutting and setting the first types. The University came into existence just in time to see the last trace of the Roman Empire disappear, and to see the earliest printed book. At this conjuncture—a conjuncture of unrivalled interest in the history of letters—a man, never to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters, held the highest place in Europe. Our just attachment to that Protestant faith to which our country owes so much must not prevent us from paying the tribute which, on this occasion, and in this place, justice and gratitude demand, to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the revivers of learning, Pope Nicholas the Fifth. He had sprung from the common people; but his abilities and his erudition had early attracted the notice of the great. He had studied much and travelled far. He had visited Britain, which, in wealth and refinement, was, to his native Tuscany, what the back settlements of America now are to Britain. He had lived with the merchant princes of Florence, those men who first ennobled trade by making trade the ally of philosophy, of eloquence, and of taste. It was he who, under the protection of the munificent and discerning Cosmo, arrayed the first public library that modern Europe possessed. From privacy your founder rose to a throne; but on the throne he never forgot the studies which had been his delight in privacy. He was the centre of an illustrious group, composed partly of the last great scholars of Greece, and partly of the first great scholars of Italy, Theodore Gaza and George of Trebizond, Bessarion and Tilelfo, Marsilio Ficino and Poggio Bracciolini. By him was founded the Vatican library, then, and long after, the most precious and the most extensive collection of books in the world. By him were carefully preserved the most valuable intellectual treasures which had been snatched from the wreck of the Byzantine empire. His agents were to be found everywhere—in the bazaars of the furthest East—in the monasteries of the furthest West—purchasing or copying worm-eaten parchments, on which were traced words worthy of immortality. Under his patronage were prepared accurate Latin versions of many precious remains of Greek poets and philosophers.

“But no department of literature owes so much to him as history. By him were in-

troduced to the knowledge of Western Europe two great and unrivalled models of historical composition, the work of Herodotus and the work of Thucydides. By him, too, our ancestors were first made acquainted with the graceful and lucid simplicity of Xenophon, and with the manly good sense of Polybius. It was while he was occupied with cares like these, that his attention was called to the intellectual wants of this region—a region now swarming with population, rich with culture, and resounding with the clang of machinery—a region which now sends forth fleets laden with its admirable fabrics to lands of which in his days no geographer had ever heard—then a wild, a poor, a half-barbarous tract, lying in the utmost verge of the known world. He gave his sanction to the plan of establishing a University at Glasgow, and bestowed on the seat of learning all the privileges which belonged to the University of Bologna. I can conceive that a pitying smile passed over his face as he named Bologna and Glasgow together. At Bologna he had long studied. No spot in the world had been more favored by nature or by art. The surrounding country was a fruitful and sunny country, a country of corn-fields and vineyards. In the city, the house of Bentivoglio bore rule—a house which vied with the Medici in taste and magnificence—which has left to posterity noble palaces and temples, and which gave a splendid patronage to arts and letters. Glasgow he just knew to be poor; a small, rude town, and, as he would have thought, not likely ever to be otherwise; for the soil, compared with the rich country at the foot of the Apennines, was barren, and the climate was such that an Italian shuddered at the thought of it. But it is not on the fertility of the soil—it is not on the mildness of the atmosphere—that the prosperity of nations depends. (Cheers.) Slavery and superstition can make Campania a land of beggars, and can change the plain of Enna into a desert. Nor is it beyond the power of human intelligence and energy, developed by civil and spiritual freedom, to turn sterile rocks and pestilential marshes into cities and gardens. Enlightened as your founder was, he little knew that he himself was a chief agent in a great revolution—physical and moral, political and religious—in a revolution destined to make the last first and the first last, in a revolution destined to invert the relative positions of that of Glasgow and Bologna. We cannot, I think, better employ a few minutes than in reviewing the stages of this change in human affairs. The review

shall be short. Indeed, I cannot do better than pass rapidly from century to century. Look at the world, then, a hundred years after the seal of Nicholas had been affixed to the instrument which called your college into existence. We find Europe, we find Scotland especially, in the agonies of that great revolution which we emphatically call the Reformation. The liberal patronage which Nicholas, and men like Nicholas, had given to learning, and of which the establishment of this seat of learning is not the least remarkable instance, had produced an effect which they had never contemplated. Ignorance was the talisman on which their power depended, and that talisman they had themselves broken. They had called in knowledge as a handmaid to decorate superstition, and their error produced its natural effect. I need not tell you what a part the votaries of classical learning, and especially of Greek learning, the Humanists, as they were then called, bore in the great movement against spiritual tyranny. In a Scotch university I need hardly mention the names of Knox, of Buchanan, of Melville, of Maitland, of Lethington. (Applause.)

"They formed, in fact, the vanguard of that movement. Every one of the chief Reformers—I do not at this moment remember a single exception—was a Humanist. Every eminent Humanist in the north of Europe was, according to the measure of his uprightness and courage, a Reformer. In truth, minds daily nourished with the best literature of Greece and Rome, necessarily grew too strong to be trammelled by the cobwebs of the scholastic divinity; and the influence of such minds was now rapidly felt by the whole community, for the invention of printing had brought books within the reach even of yeomen and of artisans. From the Mediterranean to the Frozen Sea, therefore, the public mind was everywhere in a ferment, and nowhere was the ferment greater than in Scotland. It was in the midst of martyrdoms and proscriptions, in the midst of a war between power and truth, that the first century of the existence of your university closed. Pass another hundred years, and we are in the midst of another revolution. The war between Popery and Protestantism had, in this island, been terminated by the victory of Protestantism; but from that war another war had sprung—the war between Prelacy and Puritanism. The hostile religious sects were allied, intermingled, confounded with hostile political parties. The monarchical element of the constitution was

an object of almost exclusive devotion to the Prelatist. The popular element of the constitution was especially dear to the Puritan. At length an appeal was made to the sword. Puritanism triumphed; but Puritanism was already divided against itself. Independency and Republicanism were on one side; Presbyterianism and Limited Monarchy on the other. It was in the very darkest part of that dark time—it was in the midst of battles, sieges, and executions—it was when the whole world was still aghast at the awful spectacle of a British king standing before a judgment-seat, and laying his neck on a block—it was when the mangled remains of the Duke of Hamilton had just been laid in the tomb of his house—it was when the head of the Marquis of Montrose had just been fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, that your university completed her second century. A hundred years more, and we have at length reached the beginning of a happier period.

"Our civil and religious liberties had indeed been bought with a fearful price. But they had been bought; the price had been paid; the last battle had been fought on British ground; the last black scaffold had been set up on Tower Hill. The evil days were over. A bright and tranquil century—a century of religious toleration, of domestic peace, of temperate freedom, of equal justice—was beginning. The century is now closing. When we compare it with any equally long period in the history of any other great society, we shall find abundant cause for thankfulness to the Giver of all good; nor is there any place in the whole kingdom better fitted to excite this feeling than the place where we are now assembled; for in the whole kingdom we shall find no district in which the progress of trade, of manufactures, of wealth, and of the arts of life, has been more rapid than in Clydesdale. Your university has partaken largely of the prosperity of this city and of the surrounding region. The security, the tranquillity, the liberty, which have been propitious to the industry of the merchant and of the manufacturer, have been also propitious to the industry of the scholar. To the last century belong most of the names of which you justly boast. The time would fail me if I attempted to do justice to the memory of all the illustrious men who, during that period, taught or learned wisdom within these ancient walls—geometricians, anatomists, jurists, philologists, metaphysicians, poets—Simpson and Hunter, Miller and Young, Reid

and Stewart; Campbell—(cheers)—whose coffin was lately borne to a grave in that renowned transept which contains the dust of Chaucer, of Spencer, and of Dryden; Black, whose discoveries form an era in the history of chemical science; Adam Smith, the greatest of all the masters of political science; James Watt, who perhaps did more than any single man has done since the "New Atlantis" of Bacon was written, to accomplish that glorious prophesy. We now speak the language of humility when we say that the University of Glasgow need not fear a comparison with the University of Bologna.

"Another secular period is now about to commence. There is no lack of alarmists, who will tell you that it is about to commence under evil auspices. But from me you must expect no such gloomy prognostications. I am too much used to them to be scared by them. Ever since I began to make observations on the state of my country, I have been seeing nothing but growth, and I have been hearing of nothing but decay. The more I contemplate our noble institutions, the more convinced I am that they are sound at heart—that they have nothing of age but its dignity, and that their strength is still the strength of youth. The hurricane which has recently overthrown so much that was great and that seemed durable, has only proved their solidity. They still stand, august and immovable, while dynasties and churches are lying in heaps of ruin all around us. I see no reason to doubt that, by the blessing of God on a wise and temperate policy, a policy of which the principle is to preserve what is good by reforming what is evil, our civil institutions may be preserved unimpaired to a late posterity, and that, under the shade of our civil institutions, our academical institutions may long continue to flourish. I trust, therefore, that when a hundred years more have run out, this ancient college will still continue to deserve well of our country and of mankind. I trust that the installation of 1949 will be attended by a still greater assembly of students than I have the happiness now to see before me. That assemblage, indeed, may not meet in the place where we have met. These venerable halls may have disappeared. My successor may speak to your successors in a more stately edifice, in an edifice which, even among the magnificent buildings of the future Glasgow, will still be admired as a fine specimen of the architecture which flourished in the days of the good Queen Victoria. (Cheers.) But though the site

and the walls may be new, the spirit of the institution will, I hope, be still the same. My successor will, I hope, be able to boast that the fifth century of the university has been even more glorious than the fourth. He will be able to vindicate that boast by citing a long list of eminent men, great masters of experimental science, of ancient learning, of our native eloquence, ornaments of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar. He will, I hope, mention with high honor some of my young friends who now hear me; and he will, I also hope, be able to add that their talents and learning were not wasted on selfish or ignoble objects, but were employed to promote the physical and moral good of their species, to extend the empire of man over the material world, to defend the cause of civil and religious liberty against tyrants and bigots, and to defend the cause of virtue and order against the enemies of all divine and human laws. (Cheers.) I have now given utterance to a part, and a part only, of the recollections and anticipations of which on this solemn occasion my mind is full. I again thank you for the honor you have bestowed on me, and I assure you that while I live I shall never cease to take a deep interest in the welfare and fame of the body with which, by your kindness, I have this day become connected."

MACAULAY'S RETIREMENT FROM POLITICAL LIFE.

Mr. Macaulay has proclaimed his intention of withdrawing from political life. The occasion of his making this announcement was presented by the tender of the freedom of the city from the citizens of Glasgow, on the 22d of last month.

After the usual complimentary speeches had been made, and the necessary formalities had been complied with, Mr. Macaulay presented himself to the people, by whom he was received amidst the most enthusiastic applause and the waving of handkerchiefs, which lasted several minutes.

The speaker then proceeded:

"I thank you, my Lord Provost—gentlemen, I thank you from my heart for this great honor. I may, I hope, extend my thanks further—extend them to that constituent body, of which I believe you are, upon this occasion, the expositors—and which has received me here in a manner which has made an impression never to be effaced from my mind." Alluding to the box containing the document, verifying his admission as a free-

man, he continued: "This box, my lord, I shall prize as long as I live, and when I am gone, it will be appreciated by those who are dearest to me, as a proof that, in the course of an active and chequered life, both political and literary, I succeeded in gaining the esteem and good will of the people of one of the greatest and most enlightened cities in the British empire. My political life, my lord, has closed. The feelings which contention and rivalry naturally called forth, and from which I do not pretend to have been exempted, have had time to cool down. I can look now upon the events in which I bore a part, as calmly, I think, as on the events of the past century. I can do that justice now to honorable opponents, which perhaps, in moments of conflict, I might have refused to them.

"I believe I can judge as impartially of my own career, as I can judge of the career of another man. I acknowledge great errors and deficiencies, but I have nothing to acknowledge inconsistent with rectitude of intention and independence of spirit. (Great applause.) My conscience bears me this testimony, that I have honestly desired the happiness, the prosperity, and the greatness of my country; that my course, right or wrong, was never determined by any selfish or sordid motive; and that in troubled times, and through many vicissitudes of fortune, in power and out of power, through popularity and unpopularity, I have been faithful to one set of opinions, and to one set of friends. I see no reason to doubt that these friends were well chosen, or that these opinions were in the main correct.

"The path of duty appeared to me to be between two dangerous extremes—extremes which I shall call equally dangerous, seeing that each of them inevitably conducts society to the other. I cannot accuse myself of having ever deviated far towards either. I cannot accuse myself of having ever been untrue, either to the cause of civil and religious liberty, or to the cause of property and law. I reflect with pleasure that I bore a part in some of those reforms which corrected great abuses, and removed just discontents. I reflect with equal pleasure, that I never stooped to the part of a demagogue, and never feared to confront what seemed to me to be an unreasonable clamor. I never in time of distress incited my countrymen to demand of any government, to which I was opposed, miracles—that which I well knew no government could perform; nor did I seek even the redress of grievances, which it was the duty

of a government to redress by any other than strictly peaceful and legal means.

"Such were the principles upon which I acted, and such would have been my principles still. The events which have lately changed the face of Europe, have only confirmed my views of what public duty requires. These events are full of important lessons, both to the governors and the governed; and he learns only half the lesson they ought to teach, who sees in them only a warning against tyranny on the one hand, and anarchy on the other. The great lesson which these events teach us, is that tyranny and anarchy are inseparably connected; that each is the parent, and each is the offspring of the other. The lesson which they teach is this—that old institutions have no more deadly enemy than the bigot who refuses to adjust them to a new state of society; nor do they teach us less clearly this lesson, that the sovereignty of the mob leads by no long or circuitous path to the sovereignty of the sword. (Cheers.) I bless God that my country has escaped both these errors.

"Those statesmen who, eighteen years before, proposed to transfer to this great city, and to cities like this, a political power which but belonged to hamlets which contained only a few scores of inhabitants, or to old walls with no inhabitants at all—those statesmen, and I may include myself among them, were then called anarchists and revolutionists; but let those who so called us, now say whether we are not the true and the far-sighted friends of order?—(Great cheering.) Let those who so called us, now say how would they have wished to encounter the tempest of last spring with the abuses of Old Sarum and Gatton to defend—with Glasgow only represented in name, and Manchester and Leeds not even in name. We then were not only the true friends of liberty, but the true friends of order; and in the same manner aided by all the vigorous exertions by which the government (aided by patriotic magistrates and honest men) put down a year ago, those marauders who wished to subvert all society—these exertions, I say, were of inestimable service, not only to the cause of order, but also to the cause of true liberty.

"But I am now speaking the sentiments of a private man. I have quitted politics—I quitted them without one feeling of resentment, without one feeling of regret, and betook myself to pursuits for which my temper and my tastes, I believe, fitted me better. I would not willingly believe that in

ceasing to be a politician I relinquish altogether the power of rendering any service to my country. I hope it may still be in my power to teach lessons which may be profitable to those who still remain on the busy stage which I have left. (Hear, hear.) I hope that it may still be in my power so faithfully, without fear or malignity, to represent the merits and faults of hostile sects and factions, as to teach a common lesson of charity to all. I hope it will be in my power to inspire, at least, some of my countrymen with love and reverence for those free and noble institutions to which Britain owes her greatness, and from which, I trust, she is not destined soon to descend. (Great cheering.)

"I shall now, encouraged by your approbation, resume with alacrity a task, under the magnitude and importance of which I have sometimes felt my mind ready to sink. I thank you again, most cordially, for your kindness. I value, as it deserves, the honor of being enrolled in your number. I have seen, with delight and with pride, the extent, the grandeur, the beauty, and the opulence of this noble city—a city which I may now call mine. (Cheering.) With every wish for the prosperity, the peace, and the honor of our fair and majestic Glasgow, I now bid you, my kind friends and fellow-citizens, a most respectful farewell."

The honorable gentleman resumed his seat amidst the most enthusiastic plaudits.

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

BY REV. DR. CROLY.

I WAS in the hand of God ;
Borne upon the rushing gale,
On a visioned mount I trod,
Gazing o'er a boundless vale—
Far as eye could glance, 'twas spread
With the remnants of the dead.

Sons of the Captivity,
Prince and peasant, warrior, slave,
There lay naked to the sky—
"Tw'as a ruined Nation's grave ;
Death sat on his loneliest throne
In that wilderness of bone.

Morn arose and twilight fell,
Still the bones lay bleached and bare :
Midnight brought the panther's yell
Bounding through his human lair,
Till above the World of Clay
Ages seemed to wear away.

On my spirit came a sound
Like the gush of desert springs,
Bursting o'er the burning ground—
"Prophet of the King of Kings,
Shall not Israel live again !—
Shall not these dry bones be men ?"

Then I stood, and prophesied.
"Come together, bone to bone."
Sudden as the stormy tide,

Thick as leaves by tempests strown,
Heaving o'er the mighty vale,
Shook the remnants cold and pale !

Flesh to flesh was clinging now ;
There was seen the warrior limb,
There was seen the princely brow—
But the stately eye was dim ;
Mailed in steel, or robed in gold,
All was corpse-like, all was cold.

Then the voice was heard once more—
"Prophet, call the winds of Heaven !"
As along the threshing-floor
Chaff before the gale is driven,
At the blast, with shout and clang,
On their feet the myriads sprang !

Flashed to heaven the visioned shield,
Whirlwind-axe, and lightning sword,
Crushing on a bloody field
Syria's chariots, Egypt's horde,
Till on Zion's summit shone
Israel's Angel-guarded Throne.

Then, the vision swept away,
Thunders rolled o'er Earth and Heaven,
Like the thunders of the day
When Earth's pillars shall be riven.
Hear I not the rushing wings !
Art Thou coming ! King of Kings !

From Hogg's Instructor.

BRIEF NOTES OF A BRIEF JOURNEY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

ON Tuesday evening, the 12th of December, 1848, we started from the city of Dundee for London. We had been engaged to deliver a lecture, in behalf of the Early Closing Movement Society, in Exeter Hall, on the evening of the 14th, and to keep this solemn *tryste*, we hied accordingly. On Wednesday, at ten morning, we found ourselves in the express train for London, and by eleven at night we entered, private as pestilence, that illustrious city. It is an awful and overpowering thing to enter a great city at night, when the hypocrisy of the day is hushed, and when its real voice of sin, sorrow, joy, and desperation, rises to heaven, like the incense of some dark and dreadful sacrifice. Wordsworth has magnified the morning city, "when all that might heart is lying still;" but finer far to us is the throbbing of its wild liberated evening heart, which seems the mitigated voice of the entire universe, and which, of all melodies—not excluding that of the impatient winds, and the deep sombre ocean billows—is at once the mightiest and the most melting—less the voice of London than of London's *soul*.

The next day was occupied in rest from the fatigues of our journey, and in receiving calls from various respected friends, till came the inexorable hour of eight, when we had to appear in Exeter Hall. We went, certainly without much fear or trembling on the one hand, and without much exulting and bounding hope on the other, entertaining neither the Baptist Noel nor the Macaulay view of its verdict—regarding the voice of its thousands neither as the "bray of asses," nor as the "*vox Dei*," but simply as the sound, sincere for the moment, of a vast, motley, mixed collection of all classes, ranks, and intellects, subjected to one fire of impulse, or to one frost of formality or indifference. Without dwelling egotistically on our reception, we may simply say that it was hearty and the audience large. There is a frankness and fullness of response in a London audience. When there are points

to be seen, they see them instantly, and applaud them with generous enthusiasm. There is less hesitation, less looking round to see what certain judges are thinking or how they are looking; more of instant and eager reception than in Scotland. It is the difference between pouring water through the *stroup* and through the *lid* of a kettle. Nor do we deem Scottish praise one whit more valuable when it does come—one clap is generally as good or as bad as another. We have found the same passages tell, and the same fail in telling, upon audiences in Dundee, Perth, Paisley, Glasgow, Liverpool, and London. The difference only was, that in some of those places the effect was swifter and more decided. The good thing, like a stamped letter, is free of the whole kingdom; the bad thing sinks alike in all atmospheres.

The object which we pleaded is certainly one of the most important in our age. Its society in London is pushing it with great energy and tact. It owes much, too, to the zeal, urbanity, and activity of the secretary, Mr. J. Lilwall. It has recently adopted the plan of public lectures, to raise, if possible, a fund of £1000 for the promotion of its benevolent object. Several distinguished men are already engaged. We cordially wish its general cause and special plans of prosecuting it all prosperity.

On the day succeeding our lecture, we repaired to the British Museum, where we had been invited by a gentleman connected with it, for the purpose of showing us certain curiosities which are not usually seen by strangers. We saw, besides various private collections of insects, fishes, &c., the original of Magna Charta, the original bull of Pope Leo X., conferring the title of Defensor Fidei on Henry VIII., Luther's German Bible in folio, a magnificent, gold-lettered copy of Magna Charta, &c., and a variety of aged MSS., including a copy of the Epistles of Ignatius, on which Mr. Curaton, one of the officials of the place, has founded of late a formidable attack on Puseyism. The library

at once, through its vastness, overwhelms, and, through the tide of human life which is poured into it, enlivens and encourages us. "The harvest is plenteous," but the multitude of readers convinces us that the laborers are *not* few.

Hurrying through it, our friend introduced us to honest old Hartwell Horne, whose broad hat, grey locks, and mild inquisitive visage seemed to constitute him the genius of the place. Peace to him, his noble motives, his heavy compilations, and his harmless vanity! He is one of the most agreeable and worthy of that race of bookworms, who form a pleasing dream amid the great encompassing drama of human life, of which, and its progress, change, and restless speculation, they know little more than do the boards of their shelves.

We now saw perhaps the greatest curiosity in the place. It was a letter of Charles Dickens's, "by which hangs" the following tale: Mr. Adam White, of the Museum (in the insect department), has for some time past busied himself in organizing a subscription for the erection of a monument to Cowper, in Westminster Abbey. He restricts subscriptions to five shillings as the maximum. Among many others, Wordsworth has warmly patronized the scheme, and written some noble letters on the subject, which we saw. Mr. Dickens was applied to. His reply stated, first, that he could not subscribe, because there were poets superior to Cowper excluded from the abbey; and, secondly, because the abbey was not free to the public. Now, in the first place, Poet's Corner, where, of course, the monument would be erected, *is* free to the public. But, secondly, would Mr. Dickens refresh our memories as to what omitted poets or prose writers are superior to Cowper? Who are these great unknowns? Byron alone we look upon as Cowper's peer. But Byron's exclusion is justified, not only by his gross personal licentiousness, but by the misanthropy of his spirit, and the systematic attempt he made to overthrow the morality and religion of his country. Fitter he for the fiery tombs of Dante's "Inferno," than for the society of the meek and mighty dead in Westminster Abbey. It was a mere and contemptible evasion this on the part of Master Dickens. In fact, we much doubt if he be capable of sympathizing with the high moral tone, the manly energy, and the prophetic fury of William Cowper. But, as he can certainly relish "John Gilpin," and must sympathize with "Puss and Tiny,"

and is thoroughly able to understand the famous punning letters in the "Correspondence," he was, we think, bound in gratitude to have contributed his crown and his name to the object. No matter, "Expostulation" and the "Task" shall be read after "Pickwick" and "Dombey" are forgotten. Dickens is but a "cricket on the hearth;" Cowper was an eagle of God: and not Westminster Abbey itself, but the world, is, and shall be, a fitting monument to his memory. Dickens has tickled fancies; Cowper has saved souls. Even in humor and geniality, qualities undoubtedly possessed by Dickens, we regard Cowper as quite his match. In learning, genius, earnestness, and strength, there is of course no comparison. Should any of our readers wish to know more of, or to contribute to this truly national object, Mr. Adam White, British Museum, Bloomsbury, London, will supply all needful information.

The next day nothing remarkable occurred. On Sabbath (we hate the English nickname, Sunday, worse far than Tully for the full round Cicero,) the 17th, we set out in what proved a hopeless chase after Henry Melville, who, we understood, was to preach that morning in Southwark. Without vastly admiring the sermons of that gentleman, we had interest enough to wish to know by experience what was the charm which produced such unbounded admiration in the public. We were, however, disappointed. He did not preach in the chapel to which we were directed, and we were too late to seek him successfully in others. In the evening we preached to a crowded house in Mr. Binney's church. Mr. Binney we have already described in the INSTRUCTOR. We met him repeatedly in private, and relished exceedingly his frankness, his geniality, his freedom from cant, the everlasting activity of his mind, and the generous impetuosity of his heart. His congregation is the largest in the City, and one of the most interesting. It consists mainly of young, inquisitive, intelligent men. As you preach, you feel a breath of intellect rising up around you, which at once awes and nerves you. To be understood is far better than to be blindly admired. The true anatomist has no higher wish than after death to be well anatomized. So the preacher ought to feel the censure of some, when candid and sincere, to be better than the giddy applause of the multitude.

Next day, we called on Dr. Croly. We found him very much the character we had expected. He is bluff, strong, robust,

both in body and mind. His talk is rich, strong, easy, betraying both the man of the world and the poet. His manner is courteous, frank, and with just the slightest particle of pomp. The gentleman, the scholar, the poet, and the Christian, are combined in Dr. Croly in almost equal proportions. Perhaps there is a tinge of narrowness in his notions and feelings. Few can, alas! be years within the circle of a pulpit without feeling either irksome confinement or unnatural reconciliation to its imprisoning limits. It ought not so to be, and it shall not be so always. The pulpit must expand, and become less of an egg-cup and more of an arena. Dr. Croly has, besides, the air of a disappointed man. When his "Paris in 1815" appeared, it was hailed with a tumult of applause. High hopes were entertained of his success. It was whispered that men in high places had their eyes fixed on him, and that not even the term "bishop" would measure his advancement. But these fair hopes were doomed to be disappointed. It was found, we suppose, by the dispensers of patronage, that Dr. Croly had a mind and a will, and ran in a rut of his own. Meek must be the horses which compose the state stud. Croly would have been a Pegasus in harness, and might have wrought wild work at times with his trammels.

The author of "Salathiel" is meditating a second series of that noble work, carrying down the hero through various scenes in the ages of modern history, which cannot fail to be intensely interesting. What a grand panoramic view could be given at the close, of the winding up of the drama of all things, by a hand so firm, so pious, and so powerful, as Dr. Croly's!

On the evening of this day we spent some pleasant hours in the house of the Rev. Robert Phillip, the well-known author of the "Lives of Bunyan and Whitfield," whose kindness we shall not soon forget. Here, besides our excellent host and Mr. Binney, we met with Dr. Harris of Cheshunt College. We have seldom enjoyed a pleasanter evening. Our host had met much with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and his anecdotes of them were fresh and racy. We learned, for the first time, the melancholy fact that Miss Wordsworth is affected of late with a mental malady. Alas! for the noble girl who once traversed the Highlands with her brother, who "stepped westward" with him along the evening shores of Loch Katrine, attracted whither they knew not by the glowing west and the blue mountains; and

who, reclining in the Highland hut, saw the stars shining in through the rents in the roof. A gentleman who lately visited Rydal Mount, on entering the premises was startled at hearing a female voice shrieking out, "My brother! my brother! Where is my brother?" This was her voice; and need we say that instantly a gloom dropped down over all the beauties of the unrivalled landscape, and that in sorrow and sickness of heart he turned away.

Dr. Harris is a younger man than we had expected, and one of the most delightful persons, certainly, we have ever met. He is unaffected, frank, facetious, at times playful as a child, and always lively and intelligent. You would never guess that he possessed the equivocal honor of being a doctor of divinity, or the superior distinction of being the most popular of Christian authors. He is above all airs and pretenses—a genuine truth-seeker, as well as a beautiful artist. We are persuaded that, admirable as are many of his treatises, he is destined to do something of a more solid, unique, and enduring structure. He *should* do so, for his own planetary system of powers have for many years found their solar centre in Coleridge, and we cannot conceive an abler or more luminous interpreter of that "great teacher's" religious aspect than he would make.

Tuesday, the 19th, was perhaps, on the whole, the finest of our London days. At the close of our first lecture we received a letter from Mary Howitt, requesting us to call on her. We did so; unfortunately we found her husband out, but enjoyed our visit exceedingly notwithstanding. Mary Howitt is the least in the world of an authoress. She is a mild, middle-aged, intelligent, and lady-like English matron, who is fine-looking, and has made a narrow escape from being beautiful. She dresses not like a Quakeress, but like a lady; her manners are gently dignified; her conversation interesting and fluent. Gifted with true genius, surrounded by an amiable and accomplished family, and united to a husband of rare talent, she has been enabled from such sources to drink defiance to misfortune, and to retain a moon-like complacency amid the clouds which have of late clothed her path. She spoke with great delight of Scotland, and hoped that circumstances would yet permit her to pass a part of each year amid its romantic scenery. Altogether, she came up to our ideal of the author of "Marian's Pilgrimage." By the way, we read, some

time ago, a wretched critique upon that poem in "Macphail's Magazine," which passed over that beautiful creation loathsome and innocuous as a snail over a rosebud. Worst of all, it was written by a man who has in him a nobler element than venom, and a higher insight than malice.

From Mary Howitt's we repaired to Leigh Hunt's. We found him rather poorly in health and spirits, but with the old genial nature shining out through dullness and decay. We talked much of religion. He told us that Hazlitt once confessed to him that he had *never thought on* that subject at all. Hunt *has*, and, we think, is beginning to think rightly. He started when we said that the difference between Shelley and Christianity was, that while the one said, "Love is God," the other inverted it into "God is love." He owned that the remark was just. Of Shelley he spoke with much tenderness. When he was expelled from Oxford, he ran away to Southey, who did not and who could not understand him. It was leaping from the frying-pan into the fire. Coleridge heard of it, and asked, "Why did he *not come to me*?" Would to God *he had* at that crisis found a Christian teacher somewhat wiser than the Oxford conclave of learned fools, and at what Christian teacher's feet could Shelley have sat with such advantage as at the feet of that "mighty poet and subtle-souled psychologist," whom he afterwards commemorated, but whom he never met? Hunt told us, too, that Shelley was justified by the *laws of his college* in propounding his extraordinary theses. The choice of the subject only was outrageous—an outrage which was soon, cruelly, and long revenged.

In the evening we repaired to Thomas Carlyle's. We expected to have had the company of Thomas Binney, who had engaged to go along with us. Indeed, we had smiled for weeks at the thought of a Scottish parson forming the connecting link between the most popular preacher and the most powerful writer in London. But, unfortunately, he was prevented. We went however, alone, and enjoyed the visit as keenly as before. Carlyle's talk was not, to be sure, "of bullocks." It was principally concerning three men that he spoke—Chalmers, Irving, and Brougham. The broad benignity, the catholicity, the rugged heaven which Chalmers carried about with him in his face and nature, are very dear to Carlyle. He is to him the last of the Christians. Toward Irving his feelings are yet warmer and

tenderer. His errors seem to him the blunders of some glorious child, or say rather the mistakes of some superior being shot athwart the sphere of earth, but never fully naturalized to its cold, meagre climate, its hollow customs, and its ill-defined laws. He told us that Irving, upon his death-bed, regretted bitterly that he had not seen and consulted, and followed *his* advice more frequently. This is as yet Carlyle's highest praise. That a being like Edward Irving, always detained on earth by a tie so slender—on the brink of eternity, and in the almost vision of that face and form which had so long haunted his dreams, should pause and give a smile so cordial, and a wave of the hand so gracious, to one who, "according to the way which men call *heresy*," was worshipping the God of his fathers—is equal to an inscription upon a world-statue to one of the greatest heroes as well as hero-worshippers in our time.

Carlyle's invective sometimes seems the foul spittle of some angry god. It is a wild lashing rain from *above*, like Isaiah in his wrath. And what a torrent he did pour upon the head of Henry Brougham, "who had changed his soul into a burdy-gurdy fit for any tune," and all whose faculties had run to "tongue!" In such talk the evening wore away, and we were compelled reluctantly to leave.

The next day we met at breakfast, in the house of the amiable and admirable John Young, of Albion Chapel, with a very remarkable man, Caleb Morris, certainly one of the acutest as well as pleasantest ministers we ever encountered. Dr. Morrison, editor of the "Evangelical Magazine," we had met for a few minutes before, and liked him so much as keenly to regret that we did not see him at full length.

In the evening, after enjoying the kind hospitalities of the celebrated Alexander Fletcher, we lectured in his chapel on the "Christian Bearings of Astronomy." At the close we were much gratified by the sight of the dear old Dr. Leifchild, who had once visited our father in Comrie, and who fondly imagined (nor did we disturb the dream) that we were (years before our birth) the little boy he saw running about that low-roofed, uncarpeted, but ever dear parlor. Dr. L. is a man of a wide intellect and a warm heart. The next morning we left at half-past nine, reached Edinburgh at eleven, p.m., spent the night pleasantly with Samuel Brown, and at nine next evening found ourselves at home.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[It is the Editor's purpose to select from the reviews of the leading British literary authorities such passages as briefly express the writer's estimate of those works which are of interest to American readers.]

The Western World; Travels in the United States in 1845-7. By ALLEX MACKAY, Esq. 3 vols.

Since Mr. James Stuart's publication, we have seen nothing on America so temperate, impartial, and sensible, as this later view of that, since then, much changed and much advanced country; now containing so much general intelligence, and political and statistical information. The author is an advocate for free trade, but his opinions do not seem to be warped in other respects by his ideas on this subject. He takes his stand at New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and other salient points, and thence surveys the commerce, politics, legislation, social system, and progress all around, from the centre as it were, to the farthest circumference of the several circles. The method is very effective, whatever difference of judgment may be formed on the arguments.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Miscellaneous Writings of Pascal. From the new French Edition of M. P. Faugère. With Introduction and Notes by G. Pearce, Esq.

Could we have more of Solomon, or old Montaigne, or Bacon, how rejoiced we should be; and it is hardly with a less cordial welcome that we greet a publication which presents us with so much that is new, in addition to the revival of much of acknowledged excellence, in the writings of Pascal. It is a book of wisdom and morality, and intellectual cultivation. 1. Letters; 2. Science; 3. Human Passion; 4. 5. Mental Training; 6. Happy Thoughts; 7. Conversations on many interesting topics; and 8, 9, 10. Religious Subjects. Such are the varied contents of this most pleasing and instructive volume, than which one more profitable for family, or social, or individual reading could scarcely be taken up for week-day or Sabbath.—*Literary Gazette.*

Mardi; and a Voyage Thither. By Herman Melville. Author of "Typee" and "Omoo." 3 vols.

On opening this strange book, the reader will be at once struck by the affectation of its style, in which are mingled many madnesses. Some pages emulate the Eccles' vein of the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy;" not a few paragraphs indicate that the author has been drinking at the well of "English bewitched," of which Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Emerson are the priests. Here and there, in the midst of a most frantic romance, occur dry little digressions, showing the magician anxious half to medicine, half to bamboozle his readers, after the manner of "The Doctor." In other passages of his voyage, where something very shrewd has been intended, we find nothing more poignant than the rapid philosophy of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's "Monikins." If this book be meant as a pleasantry, the mirth has been oddly left out—if as an allegory, the key of the casket is "buried in ocean deep"—if as a romance, it fails from tediousness—if as a prose-poem, it is chargeable with puerility. Among the hundred people who will take it up, lured by their remembrances of "Typee," ninety readers will drop off at the end of the first volume; and the remaining nine will become so weary of the hero when, for the seventh time, he is assaulted by the three pursuing *Ducesas*,

who pelt him with symbolical flowers, that they will throw down his chronicle ere the end of its second is reached—with Mr. Burchell's monosyllable by way of comment.—*Athenæum.*

Orators of the American Revolution. By E. L. Magoon.—The Orators of the American Revolution—some of them really notable men in their day, and one or two likely to be long remembered for their exciting eloquence—deserved better treatment than they have received from the hands of Mr. Magoon. What offense can any of these respectable individuals have been guilty of towards him, that he should bespatter them with such hyperbolic and unmeaning praise? The work has no value whatever. Neither in its material nor in the fashion of its workmanship do we find anything to commend. We have rarely encountered such a series of grandiose platitudes as the notes supply—even from the, in this respect, prolific source of American authorship. Criticism would be wasted on them.—*Athenæum.*

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers. By Eliot Warburton, Esq.

The first No. of Mr. Dickens's new tale, *The Personal History, Adventures, Experience, and Observations of David Copperfield, the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery*, is announced.

Outlines of Astronomy. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel.

Loyola and Jesuitism. By Isaac Taylor.

The Common Place Book of Robert Southey. Edited by his son-in-law.

Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography. From articles published in the *Edinburgh Review.* By Rt. Hon. Sir J. Stephen.

New Zealand Sketches, in Pen and Pencil. By W. Tyrone Power.

Rome; or, A Tour of Many Days. By Sir George Head.

English Melodies. By Charles Swain.

The Apostles' School of Prophetic Interpretation. By Charles Maitland, author of the *Church in the Catacombs.*

Hand-book of European Literature. By Mrs. Foster.

David Riggio, another of Ireland's celebrated Shakspeare Forgeries. Edited by G. P. R. James.

Glimpses of Nature, a new work. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated by Col. Sabine.

A History of the Sikhs. By Joseph Davey Cunningham.

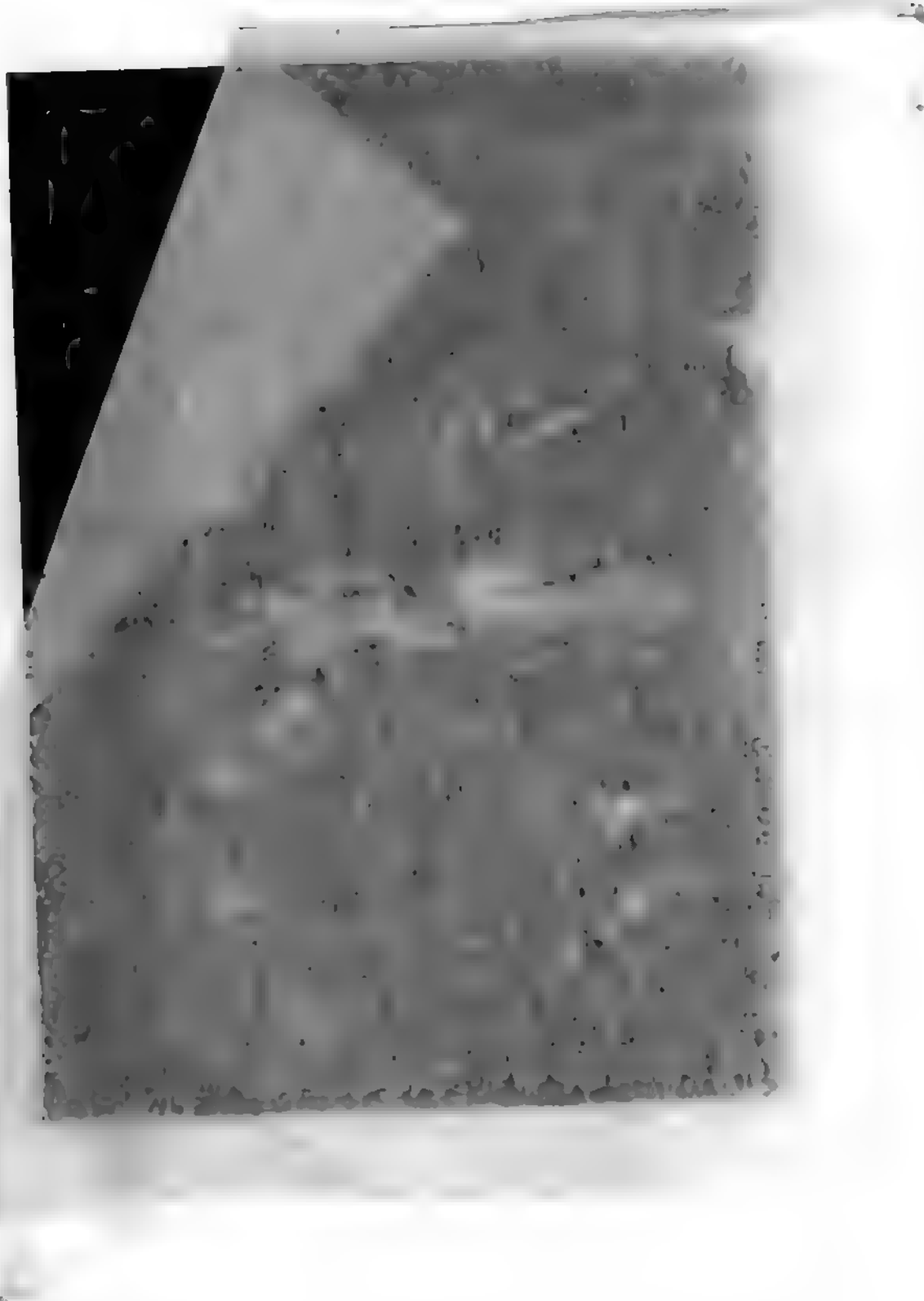
Letters from Sierra Leone. Edited by Hon. Mrs. Norton.

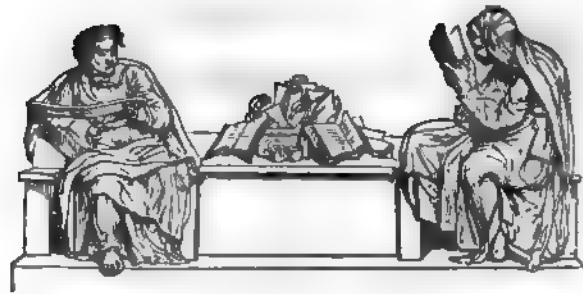
Memorials of the Civil War; The Fairfax Manuscripts. Edited by Robert Bell.

Rembrandt and his Works. By John Burnett.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith, Minister at Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna, from 1769 to 1793; with Biographical Memoirs of Queen Caroline Matilda.

Eighteen Hundred and Twelve; or, the Invasion of Russia.





THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

or

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1849.

From the Edinburgh Review

THE VANITY AND THE GLORY OF LITERATURE.

The London Catalogue of Books published in Great Britain, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers' Names, from 1814 to 1846. London: 8vo. pp. 542.

"WHEN a man has once resolved upon a subject—then, for a text," says Sterne, "Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, is as good as any in the Bible." Without pretending to be so easily satisfied as that very accommodating divine, we shall choose, for our present text, the London Catalogue; nor shall we be without grave precedents, both in his discourses and in those of much better theologians, if we should ultimately allow the text to play but an insignificant part in the sermon.

Our readers will readily surmise that it is not our intention to criticise this curious volume, or to trouble them with any specimens of its contents. But though we have little to say of it, it has a great deal to say to us; and, in truth, we apprehend there are few productions of the press more suggestive of instructive and profitable reflection. Still, as it only conveys wisdom in broken and stammering accents, we must endeavor, according to our ability, to give clearer utterance to some of the lessons it teaches.

This closely printed book contains 542

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pages; and, after all, comprises a catalogue of but a small fraction of the literature of the time; in fact, only the titles of the new works, and new editions of old works, which have issued from the British press between the years 1814 and 1846; and not all of these. To this prodigious mass each day is adding fresh accumulations; and it is impossible not to speculate a little on the probable consequences.

Some may perhaps, at first, be inclined to predict that mankind will in time be oppressed by the excess of their intellectual wealth; and that, operating like the gold of Villa Rica, (to which it would seem that we might soon have to add that of California,) the superabundance of the precious metal may lead to the impoverishment and ruin of the countries so equivocally blessed. It may be feared that a superficial and flimsy knowledge, gained by reading a very little on an infinity of subjects, without prolonged and systematic attention to any, will be the result; and such knowledge, it can hardly be disputed, will be in effect much the same as

ignorance. Singular, if the very means by which we take security against a second invasion of barbarism, should, by its excess of activity, bring about a condition not very much better! "A mill will not go," such reasoners will say, "if there be no water; but it will be as effectually stopped if there be too much." In brief, it may seem to be one of those cases, if ever there was one, in which old Hesiod's paradoxical maxim applies—that "the half is more than the whole;" or, for that matter, a much smaller fraction.

And this dreaded result would certainly be realized, if men were to attempt to make their studies at all commensurate with the increase of books around them. Compelled to read something of everything, it is certain they would know nothing of anything. And, in fact, we see this tendency more or less exemplified in the case of vast numbers, who, without definite purpose or selection of topics, spend such time as they can give to the improvement of their minds and the acquisition of knowledge, in little else than the casual perusal of fragments of all sorts of books; who live on the scraps of an infinite variety of broken meats which they have stuffed into their beggar's wallet; scraps which, after all, only just keep them from absolute starvation. There are not a few men who would have been learned, if not wise, had the paragraphs and pages they have actually read, been on well-defined subjects, and mutually connected; but who, as it is, possess nothing beyond fragments of uncertain, inaccurate, ill-remembered, unsystematized information; and at the best are entitled only to the praise of being very artificially and elaborately ignorant; differing from the utterly uncultivated, only as a parrot who talks without understanding what it says, differs from a parrot who cannot talk at all.

But this tendency, though it must attend the unlimited increase of books, and though we see it often most unhappily realized in individual cases, is, for the most part, readily corrected. The majority of men will, as heretofore, only read what answers their purpose on the particular subjects which necessity or inclination prompts them to cultivate; while many of those who are not thus protected by circumstances, will be as effectually secured from such dangers by a sound education. *That* must be our safeguard against the formation of the pernicious habit of desultory reading; and against an ambitious, but ill-judged attempt at obtaining encyclopædic knowledge. This last am-

bition, indeed, is but a more laborious path to the same conclusion; and robs the mind at once both of that mental discipline which will always follow the thorough investigation of a limited class of subjects, and of that really accurate knowledge which such a limited survey alone can ever securely impart. The field of knowledge does not admit of universal conquerors: according to the happy saying of Sydney Smith—if science is their *forte*, omniscience is their *foible*.

At all events, one thing is clear: to guard against this danger will demand, as time rolls on, an increasing attention to the prime object of all education—the formation of sound *habits* of mind—the *discipline* of the faculties—a thing of infinitely more consequence than the mere variety of the information attained. There will also be required efforts, more and more strenuous, to digest and systematize, from time to time, the ever-growing accumulations of literature; and to provide the best possible clues through this immense and bewildering labyrinth, or rather through the several parts of it: for who can thread the whole? Nor are the best modes of pursuing study unworthy of attention. Indeed a very useful book (if we could get a Leibnitz or a Gibbon to compose it) might be written on the "art of reading books" in the most profitable manner. If students had patience for it, (though the progress might be slower,) we are convinced that a much deeper and better compacted knowledge would be obtained by a more thorough adherence to the maxim so warmly approved by the great historian just mentioned, "*multum legere, potius quam multa*," and by a constant habit of examining the scope and context of the authors referred to on any important points. The knowledge thus acquired, partly from the trouble it gives, partly from the many associations suggested by the collation of different writers, and the comparison of different styles and modes of thought; nay, even by the different forms and type of the books themselves, seldom fails to be firmly impressed on the memory. These collateral aids are like reflectors, which increase indefinitely the intensity of light, and render a subject luminous which would otherwise be obscure. How instructive are these words of Gibbon—himself a conspicuous example of what even a postdiluvian life industriously employed may accomplish: "We ought to attend not so much to the order of our books, as of our thoughts. The perusal of a particular work gives birth perhaps to ideas unconnected with the subject it treats;

I pursue these ideas, and quit my proposed plan of reading.”* . . . “I suspended my perusal of any new books on a subject, till I had reviewed all that I knew, or believed, or had thought on it, that I might be qualified to discern how much the authors added to my original stock.”†

Perpetual access to a large library, it may be suspected, is often an impediment to a thorough digestion of knowledge, by tempting to an unwise indulgence. There is a story of a man who said he always read borrowed books with double attention as well as profit, because he could not hope to renew his acquaintance with them at pleasure! This of course presupposes that he *returned* the books he borrowed—an event which, we fear, does not always happen.

It is probable, indeed, that a comparatively small number of well-selected books—even when our own—would, generally, be likely to form a sounder and more serviceable knowledge than the unlimited range of a large library. Most readers must have been aware of the fastidious mood with which, in moments of leisure, they have stood before a goodly assortment of attractive writers, and instead of making a substantial repast, as they would have done with less to distract their choice, have humored the vagaries of a delicate appetite—toyed with this rich dainty and that—and after all have felt like a school-boy who has dined upon tarts—that they have spoiled their digestion without satisfying their hunger!

But without stopping any longer to examine this paradox—whether the multiplication of books is to produce a diminution of knowledge or not—there are other consequences of the prodigious activity of the modern press far more certain to arise, and which well deserve a little consideration.

One of the most obvious of these consequences will be the disappearance from the world of that always rare animal, the so-called “universal scholar.” Even of that ill-defined creature called “a well-informed man” and “general student,” it will be perpetually harder to find exemplars; while assuredly the Huets, the Scaligers, the Leibnitzes, must become as extinct as the ichthyosaurus or the megatherium. It is true that,

in the strict sense of the word, such a creature as “the universal scholar” does not, and never did exist. But there as certainly have been men who have traversed a sufficiently large segment of the entire circumference of existing science and literature, to render the name something more than a ridiculous hyperbole. It is commonly indeed, and truly said, to be impossible for the human mind to prosecute researches with accuracy in all, or even many different branches of knowledge; that what is gained in surface is lost in depth; that the principle of the “division of labor” strictly applies here as in arts and manufactures, and that each mind must restrict itself to a very few limited subjects, if any are to be really mastered. All this is most true. Yet it is equally true that in the pursuit of knowledge the principle of the “division of labor” finds limits to its application much sooner than in handicrafts. The voracious “*helluo librorum*” is not more to be suspected of ill-digested and superficial knowledge, than he whom the proverb tells us to avoid, (though for a very different, and as we suspect, less valid reason,) the man “*unius libri*.”* A certain amount of knowledge of several subjects, often of many, is necessary to render the knowledge of any one of these serviceable; and without it, the most minute knowledge of any one alone would be like half a pair of scissors, or a hand with but one finger. *What* is that amount must be determined by the circumstances of the individual, and the object for which he wants it; the safe maximum will vary in different cases.

There are opposite dangers. The knowledge of each particular thing that a man can study will always be imperfect. The most “minute philosopher” cannot pretend perfection of knowledge even in his little domain; and if it were perfect to-day, the leakage of memory would make it imperfect by to-morrow. No subject can be named, which is not inexhaustible to the spirit of man. Whether he looks at nature through the microscope or the telescope, he sees wonders disclosed on either side which extend into infinity—the infinitely great or the

* *Extraits Raisonnées de mes Lectures*. He adds, “Si j’avois suivi mon grand chemin, au bout de ma longue carrière, j’aurais à peine pu retrouver les traces de mes idées.”

† *Memoirs*; and thought worthy of being twice cited by Mr. D’Israeli.

* For what can be suggested in favor of the “Man of One Book,” the reader may profitably consult the observations of Mr. D’Israeli on that subject in his “*Curiosities of Literature*.” There is truth in what he says; but if the proverb is to be taken at all *literally*, we are convinced that it has less than the usual average of proverbial wisdom, and that the “man of one book” will prove but a shallow fellow.

infinitely little—and can set no limits to the approximate perfection with which he may study them. It is the same also with languages and with any branch of moral or metaphysical science. A man may, if he will, be all his life long employed upon a single language, and never *absolutely* master its vocabulary, much less its idioms; but, like the ancient, after many years of solitary application, have still to proclaim himself a foreigner to the first apple-woman he meets, by some solecism too subtle for any but a native ear to detect it.

The limits within which any subject is to be pursued must therefore be determined by utility; meantime, it is certain that one cannot be profitably pursued alone. Such, it has been well observed, is the strict connection and interdependence of all branches of science, that the best way of obtaining a useful knowledge of any one, is to combine it with more. The true limit between too minute and too wide a survey may be often difficult to find; nevertheless such a limit always exists; and he who should pause over any one subject, however minute, till he had absolutely mastered it, would be as far from that limit with regard to all the practical ends of knowledge, as if he had suffered his mind to dissipate itself in a vague attempt at encyclopædic attainments. The statement of Maclaurin on this point, expressed in a characteristically mathematical form, is well worthy of attention. "Our knowledge," says he, "is vastly greater than the sum of what all its objects separately could afford; and when a new object comes within our reach, the addition to our knowledge is the greater, the more we already know; so that it increases not as the new objects increase, but in a much higher proportion.*"

At all events, it ill becomes us to speak slightly of the various, and for all practical purposes, solid attainments of superior minds. There is a piece of self-flattery by which little minds often try to reduce great minds to their own level. "True," it is said, "such men have very various knowledge, but it is all superficial; they have not surrendered themselves to any one branch sufficiently;" and all this, perhaps, because they have not cultivated with the most elaborate industry every little corner of it, and because they have had some conception of the relative

value of the *parts* of a large subject! The minute antiquary (if he be nothing more) talks in this style if he finds you ignorant of the shape of an old buckle of such a date! "You know nothing of antiquities." The minute geographer, if he discovers that you have never heard of some obscure town at the antipodes, will tell you, you know nothing of geography. The minute historian, if he finds that you never knew, or perhaps have known twenty times, and never cared to remember, some event utterly insignificant to all real or imaginable purposes of history, will tell you that you know nothing of history. And yet, discerning the limits within which the several branches of knowledge should be pursued, you may after all, for all important objects, have attained a more serviceable and prompt command over those very branches in which your complacent censor flatters himself that he excels.

But to return to the prospects of the so-called "universal scholar." There have been in every age men who, gifted with gigantic powers, prodigious memory, and peculiar modes of arranging and retaining knowledge, have aspired to a comprehensive acquaintance with all the chief productions of the human intellect in all time; who have made extensive incursions into every branch of human learning; and whose knowledge has borne something like an appreciable ratio to the sum total of literature and science; who, as Fontenelle expressively says of Leibnitz, have managed "to drive all the sciences abreast." Such minds have always been rare; but, as we have observed, they must soon become extinct. For what is to become of them, in after ages, as the domain of human knowledge indefinitely widens, and the creations of human genius indefinitely multiply? Not that there will not be men who will then know *absolutely* more, and with far greater accuracy, than their less favored predecessors; nevertheless, their knowledge must bear a continually diminishing ratio to the sum of human science and literature; they must traverse a smaller and smaller segment of the ever-widening circle! Nay, it may well be, that the accumulations of even one science (chemistry, or astronomy for instance) may be too vast, for one brief life to master.* Or, since that thought is really

* Maclaurin's Account of Newton's Discoveries, p. 392.

* "In Germany alone," says Menzel, "according to a moderate calculation, ten millions (!) of volumes are annually printed. As the catalogue of every Leipzig half-yearly book-fair contains the names of more than a thousand German authors, we

too immense to be other than vague, let us confine ourselves to some very slender additions to the task of the future "universal scholar," imposed during the last few years. Let us think only of some *few* of those voluminous authors who have appeared, in our own country *alone*, and in the single departments of history and polite letters, within the last century, or even within two generations, and with whom not only all who pretend to profound scholarship, but all "well informed men," are presumed to have some acquaintance—to say nothing of living writers and the vast mass of excellent literature which they are every year pouring into the world! Let us think only of the voluminous remains of Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Crabbe, Byron, Walter Scott (with his hundred volumes,) and some scores of other great names. Now as human life, it has been justly said, remains brief as ever, while its task is daily enlarging, there is no alternative but that the "general scholar" of each succeeding age must be content with possessing a less and less fraction of the entire products of the human mind. "Happy men," we are half inclined ungratefully to say, "who lived when a library consisted, like that of a mediæval monastery, of some thirty or forty volumes, and who thought they knew everything when they had read these! Happy our fathers, who were not tormented with the sight of unnumbered creations of genius which we must sigh to think we can never make our own!"

The final disposal of all this mass of literature is with some easily managed. The bad will perish, it is said, and the good remain. The former statement is true enough; the latter not so clear. "Bad books," says Menzel, "have their season just as vermin have.

may compute that at the present moment there are living in Germany about fifty thousand men who have written one or more books. Should that number increase at the same rate that it has hitherto done, the time will soon come when a catalogue of ancient and modern German authors will contain more names than there are living readers. . . . In the year 1816 there were published for the first time more than three thousand books; in 1822, for the first time, above four thousand; in 1827, for the first time, above five thousand; and in 1832, for the first time, above six thousand; the numbers thus increasing one thousand every five years." (Gordon's 'Translation of Menzel's German Literature.') The translator adds, from the Conversations-Lexicon, the numbers published annually to 1837, in which year they were nearly eight thousand. The literary activity of France and England, though not so great, has been prodigious.

They come in swarms, and perish before we are aware. . . . How many thousand books have gone the way of all paper, or are now mouldering in our libraries? Many of our books, however, will not last even so long, for the paper itself is as bad as its contents." All this may be true; but we cannot disguise from ourselves, that not the bad writer alone is forgotten. It is but too evident that immense treasures of thought, of beautiful poetry, vivacious wit, ingenious argument, which men would not suffer to die if they could help it, must perish too; the great spoiler here acts with his accustomed impartiality:

"Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres."

For the truth is, that the creations of the human mind transcend its capacity to collect and preserve them; and, like the seeds of life in the vegetable world, the intellectual powers of man are so prolific that they run to waste. Some readers, perhaps, as a bright company of splendid names rushes on their recollection, may be disposed to say "avaunt" to these melancholy forebodings. Surely, it can be only necessary to remind them of the votive tablets in the Temple of Neptune recording escape from shipwreck. How many men have suffered shipwreck, and whose tablets therefore are not to be found! Others may think it impossible that great writers, with whom their own generation has been so familiar, and who occupy such a space in its eye, can ever dwindle into insignificance. The illusion vanishes the moment we take them to catalogues and indexes, and show them names of authors who once made as loud a noise in the world, of whom they never read a line. We should be too happy to believe the statement of Menzel correct: "Of three good authors, one at least will be remembered by posterity; while of a hundred bad ones, who are distinguished at present, not above one will hand down his evil example."*

It is with no cynical, but with simply mournful, feelings that we thus dwell on the mortality of the productions even of genius.

* "Die Gegenwart duldet keinen Richter, aber die Vergangenheit findet immer den gerechtesten." Menzel, th. i. s. 95. But our author forgets that it is possible for the courts of criticism, like those of law, to be overdone with business; that the list may contain more causes than industry and skill can get through—*except* by a process which leaves justice out of the question and dares to decide without a hearing.

We would be just, both to the living and the dead by admitting that thousands of the latter who are forgotten, deserved to be remembered, and that the former would remember them if they could. Most pleasant it would be, no doubt, in case human life were prolonged in some proportion with the augmented sum of human knowledge, to lay out our studies on a corresponding scale. Possessed of antediluvian longevity, we might devote some twenty years or so (a year or two more or less would be of no consequence) to purely elementary studies and discipline; the "promising lad" of fifty might commence his more serious school studies, under judicious masters, in their full vigor and prime of three or four centuries; and at the age of ninety or a hundred, the young student, just entering upon life, (though as yet raw and inexperienced,) might be supposed to have laid a tolerably solid foundation, whereon in the course of his progress towards manhood through the next two centuries he might, by due diligence and perseverance, build such a superstructure as should justify some pretensions to accurate and sound scholarship. But alas! we forget that, even then, the old obstructions to universal knowledge would soon be reproduced in a new form. The same insatiable curiosity, and the same restless activity, operating through longer periods, would rapidly extend the circle of science and literature beyond the reach of even such a student. The tremendous authors who enjoyed a career of five centuries of popularity, would be voluminous in proportion; Jeremy Taylor and Baxter, Voltaire and Walter Scott would appear but pamphleteers in comparison. Their "opera omnia" would extend to libraries. Novels would be written to which the Great Cyrus and Clelia would be mere *novellettes*; wherein the heroes and heroines would be married, hanged or drowned, after a courtship and adventures of two or three centuries. The biographies of the long-lived worthies of such an age would be composed in forty folios, or more; and the history of nations projected on a scale which would render De Thou's huge seven tomes a mere sketch or abstract. The author who began the history of Athens by a dissertation on the geological formation of the Acropolis, or the work of Leibnitz on the house of Brunswick, in which he commences his "Protogæa," would be but a type of the prodigious gyrations of such writers; so that the hopeless student, "toiling after them in vain," would be obliged to exclaim with Voltaire's "little man of Saturn," who

only lived during five hundred revolutions, (or fifteen thousand of our years,) that scarcely had he begun to pick up a little knowledge, when he was summoned to depart; and that to live only for such a span, is, as one may say, to die as soon as one is born.

But let us not be dismayed. The difference in the position of the "general scholar" of earlier as compared with one of later times, is not so vast as might at first be imagined. Even the former, with all his advantages, had far more books before him than he could digest. We have but to look at the index of their collected works, and to mark the limited class of authors with whom they were familiar, to be convinced that each, after all, had travelled over but a small portion of the entire ground. We have stated that of the literature which chiefly occupies each generation, the bulk, even of its treasures, perishes; and as time makes fresh accumulations, those of preceding ages pass for the most part into quiet oblivion. The process which has taken effect on the past will be repeated on the present age and on every subsequent one; so that the period will assuredly come when even the great writers of our days, who seem to have such enduring claims upon our gratitude and admiration, will be as little remembered as others of equal genius who have gone before them; when, if not wholly forgotten or superseded, they will exist only in fragments or specimens—these fragments and specimens themselves shrinking into narrower compass as time advances. In this way Time is perpetually compiling a vast *index expurgatorius*; and though the press more than repairs its ravages on the mere *matter* of books, the immense masses he heaps up insure the purpose of oblivion just as effectually. Not that his contemporary waste has ceased, or become very moderate. Probably scarcely a day now passes but sees the last leaf, the last tattered remnant of the last copy of some work (great or small) of some author or other perish by violence or accident—by fire, flood, or the crumbling of mere decay. It is surely an impressive thought—this silent, unnoticed extinction of another product of some once busy and aspiring mind!

Paradoxical as it may seem, the chief cause of the virtual oblivion of books is no longer their extinction, but the fond care with which they are preserved, and their immensely rapid multiplication. The press is more than a match for the moth and the worm, or the mouldering hand of time; yet the great destroyer equally fulfils his commission, by

burying books under the pyramid which is formed by their accumulation. It is a striking example of the impotence with which man struggles against the destiny which awaits him and his works, that the very means he takes to insure immortality, destroy it; that the very activity of the press—of the instrument by which he seemed to have taken pledges against time and fortune—is that which will make him the spoil of both. The books themselves may no longer die; but their spirit does; and they become like old men whose bodies have outlived their minds—a spectacle more piteous than death itself. It is really curious to look into the index of such learned writers as Jeremy Taylor, Cudworth, or Leibnitz, and to see the havoc which has been made on the memory of the greater part of the writers they cite, and who still exist, though no longer to be cited; of men who were *their* great contemporaries or immediate predecessors, and who are quoted by them just as Locke or Burke is quoted by us. Of scarcely one in ten of these grave authorities has the best informed student of our day read ten pages. The very names of vast numbers have all but perished; at all events have died out of familiar remembrance. Let the student who flatters himself that he is not ill informed, glance over the index of even such a work as Hallam's "History of European literature"—designed only to record the more memorable names—and ask himself of how many of the authors there mentioned he has read so much as even five pages? It will be enough to chastise all ordinary conceit of extensive attainments, and, perhaps as effectually as anything, teach a man that truest kind of knowledge—the knowledge of his own ignorance.

But while thus administering consolation to the "general scholar," by showing that time has been certainly limiting as well as extending his task, there is another class who will find no consolation in the thought, and that is the class of authors. There is no help, however; humbling as it may seem, to represent the higher products of man's mind as destined to decay, like his body—and the thoughts and interests which he knows must perish with it—it is the truth nevertheless, in the vast majority of instances. And in by far the greater number of the seeming instances to the contrary, authors still do not *live*; they are merely embalmed, and made mummies of. The works of the great mass of extant authors are deposited in libraries and museums, like the bodies of

Egyptian kings in their pyramids—retaining only a grim semblance of life, amidst neglect, darkness, and decay.

To Mr. D'Israeli's enthusiastic gaze, the sight of the rows of goodly volumes in their rich bindings, gleaming behind the glittering trellis-work of their carved cases, suggested the idea of "eastern beauties peering through their *jalousies*." To the eye of a severe philosopher they might more naturally suggest the idea of the aforesaid mummies.

It has been often affirmed—and there is *some* truth in it—that of all the forms of celebrity which promise to gratify man's natural longing for immortality, there is none which looks so plausible as that of literary glory. The great statesman and warrior, it is said, are known only by report, and for even *that* are indebted to the poet and historian. Sir Walter Scott, (a man by no means disposed to over-estimate the importance of a literary as compared with a practical life,) after looking at certain drawings of some splendid architectural monuments of ancient India, the names of whose founders have perished, justly remarks in his diary, "Fame depends on literature, not on architecture." But even where a Pindar or a Tacitus undertakes the task of celebrating munificence or greatness, we are compelled to feel that after all it is but the conqueror's or statesman's *portrait*, rather than the conqueror or statesman himself, that is presented to us. On the other hand, a book is fondly presumed to be an author's second self; by it he comes as it were into contact—into personal communion—with the minds of his readers. It is a pleasant illusion no doubt; and in very *few* instances in which the author *does* attain this permanent popularity, and becomes a "household word" with posterity, the illusion ceases to be such, and the hopes of ambition are indeed splendidly realized. But it is not only most true that very few can attain this eminence; it has not been sufficiently observed, that as the world grows older, a still smaller and smaller portion of those who *seem* to have attained it will retain their position. A minute fraction of even these will be consigned to the future, and fractions even of these fractions will gradually drop away in the long march of time. The great mass of the writers whom "posterity would not willingly let die," if there were possibility of escape, must share the fate of those other great men over whom the author is supposed to have an advantage; they themselves will live only by the historian's pen. The empty titles of their books will be recorded in catalogues; and a few

lines be granted to them in biographical dictionaries, with what may be truly called a *post-mortem* examination of criticism ; a space which, as those church-yards of intellect become more and more crowded, necessarily also becomes smaller and smaller, till for thousands, not even room for a sepulchral stone will be found.

Nor is it easy to say how far this oblivion will go, or what luminaries will be in time eclipsed. Supposing only a scantling of the products of the genius of each age—its richest and ripest fruits—handed down to posterity, (and there is already gathered into the garner far more than any one man has read or can read,) the collection of these scantlings gradually rises into a prodigious pile. The time must come when not only mediocrity, which has always been the case ; not only excellence, which has been long the case, will stand a chance of being rejected, but when even gold and diamonds will be cast into the sieve ! Hardy must those be who shall then venture to hope for the *permanent* attention of mankind ! for it will be found that the greater part of authors have bought, not, as they fondly imagined, a copyhold of inheritance. Their interest for life or years soon runs out, and every year rapidly diminishes the value of the estate.

We already see this mournfully realized in relation to a thousand bright names of the last two centuries. How much beautiful poetry, scarcely second in merit to any, is all but forgotten in the crowd, and reduced to a single fragment or two in some book of specimens, or "elegant extracts ;" hardly more than sufficient to serve for an epitaph ! A future, however, is approaching, when even volumes of specimens (to be complete) must be in folios, and the very abstracts of excellence voluminous ; or rather, when if men would read only one page of each great genius, they must be content to construct a *spicilegium* something like that of the desultory student mentioned by Steele in one of the *Guardians* ; who had such an inordinate habit of skipping from book to book, that, to gratify this taste, he fabricated a volume, in which each page was from a different author, torn out at random, and bound up together !

With the exception, then, of the very few who shine on from age to age, like lights in the firmament, with undiminished lustre—the Homers, the Shakspeares, the Miltons, the Bacons, enshrined, like the heroes of old, among the constellations—the great bulk of writers must be contented, after having shone for a while, to be wholly

or nearly lost to the world. Entering our system like comets which move in hyperbolic orbits, they may strike their immediate generation with a sudden splendor ; but receding gradually into the depths of space, they will twinkle with a fainter and a fainter lustre, till they fade away for ever.

Not the least instructive of the essays of Lord Jeffrey, reprinted from this journal, is that suggested by Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*. After remarking that many authors of no trivial popularity in their day, occupy the smallest possible amount of space in such a collection, he proceeds most strikingly, but sadly, to predict the possible condition of famous contemporaries a century hence. "Of near two hundred and fifty authors whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers—in the shops of ordinary booksellers—or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature ; the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquarians and scholars."

"The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of—that runs quickly to three or four large editions, and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919 !

Then—if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessors—then shall posterity hang with rapture on the half of Campbell—and the fourth part of Byron—and the sixth of Scott—and the scattered tithes of Crabbe—and the three per cents. of Southey—while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded !" Thus does the fame which looks most like immortality, resemble every other form of that painted shadow ; in most instances it dwindles into a name, and that name not always legible. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher ; all is vanity !"

* After penning the above words, we were reminded of another of the maxims of the same inspired writer, that there is "nothing new under the

In one point we can hardly concur with Lord Jeffrey. He seems to think that the lot of the poet, in relation to fame, is yet more infelicitous than that of the man of science. He says, "The fame of a poet is popular or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to delight and be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure or join in applause." Now we think it certain, that if the poet and the man of science are relatively of equal merit, the chances of being remembered are far more favorable to the former than to the latter. As we had occasion to remark some time back, in a case of no less a genius than Leibnitz: "The condition of great philosophers is far less enviable than that of great poets. The former can never possess so large a circle of readers under any circumstances; but that number is still further abridged by the fact, that even the truths the philosopher has taught or discovered, form but stepping-stones in the progress of science, and are afterwards digested, systematized, and better expounded in other works, composed by smaller men. The creations of poetry, on the contrary, remain ever beautiful as long as the language in which they are embodied shall endure; even to translate is to injure them. Thus it is, that for one reader of Archimedes, (even among those who know just what Archimedes achieved,) there are thousands of readers of Homer; and of Newton it may be truly said, that nine-tenths of those who are familiar with his doctrines, have never studied him except at second hand. Far more intimate, no doubt, is that sympathy which Shakspeare and Milton inspire; 'being dead they yet speak,' and may even be said to form a part of the very minds of their readers." If comparative neglect be the lot of the writings even of Newton, what must be naturally and universally the fate of inferior men? Of that treatise of Descartes, in which he lays the foundation of analytical geometry, how few of those who

have pursued that science to heights and depths of which Descartes never dreamed, ever perused a syllable! The case of the cultivators of chemistry, and of many other modern sciences, is still more desperate. A few years will obliterate all traces of their works; the fortune of which it is, to become antiquated while their authors yet survive—virtually obsolete, while the type is still fresh and the date recent. Their names will soon be known only in the page of the historian of science, who will duly record in a few brief lines the discoveries their authors made, and the still greater blunders they committed; will tell us that they were strenuous men in their day, and for their day did will; and that they are now gathered to their fathers! Such is often the *caput mortuum* of a life of experiments!

In that deluge of books with which the world is inundated, the lamentations with which the bibliomaniac bemoans the waste of time, and the barbarous ravages of bigotry and intolerance, appear at first sight somewhat fantastical. Yet it is not without reason that we mourn over many of those losses, especially in reference to history; and this, not merely as they have involved in obscurity some important truths, but for a reason more nearly related to our present subject, and which has seldom suggested itself. Paradoxical as it may seem, it may probably be said with truth, that the very multiplicity of books with which we are now perplexed, is in part owing to the loss of some; and that if we had had a few volumes more, we should probably have had many less. The countless multitudes of speculations, conjectures, and criticisms on those ample fields of doubt, which the ravages of time have left open to interminable discussion, would then have been spared to us. An "hiatus valde deffendus" too often leads to conjectures still more "lamentable;" and a moderate "lacuna" becomes the text of an immoderate disquisition.

On the other hand, it is doubtful whether—except in the case of history—the treasures of literature, of which time has deprived us, and the loss of which literary enthusiasts so bitterly regret, have been so inestimable. We are disposed to think with Gibbon, in his remarks on the burning of the Alexandrian library, that by far the greater part of the masterpieces of antiquity have been secured to us; and that though some few have assuredly been lost, there is no reason to believe that they have been numerous. The lost works, even of the greatest masters, were

sun;" for, in turning over old Morhof's Polyhistor for another purpose, we stumbled on the following sentence: "Scribendorum librorum nullum esse finem jam tum sapientissimus Salomon dicebat; ac est revera res infinita; ut enim cogitationibus hominum nullus statui finis potest, ita nec libris, qui cogitationum partus sunt; quibus lectores tandem decurrunt! redeuntibus semper novis qui ad temporis sui genium accommodatiores sunt, et anti-
quorum luminibus officunt."

most probably inferior to those which have come down to us. Their best must have been those most admired, most frequently copied, most faithfully preserved; and therefore, on all these accounts, the most likely to elude the hand of violence and the casualties of time. "I sincerely regret," says the historian, "the more valuable libraries which have been involved in the ruin of the Roman empire: but when I seriously compute the lapse of ages, the waste of ignorance, and the calamities of war, our treasures rather than our losses are the object of my surprise. . . . We should gratefully remember, that the mischances of time and accident have spared the classic works to which the suffrage of antiquity had adjudged the first place of genius and glory: the teachers of ancient knowledge who are still extant, had perused and compared the writings of their predecessors; nor can it fairly be presumed that any important truth, any useful discovery in art or nature, has been snatched away from the curiosity of modern ages."

We have but to glance at our own great writers, to see how wide is the interval between their best and their worst productions. Is there one, at all voluminous, of whom it can be said that all he has left is worthy of being transmitted to posterity? It is true, indeed, that once possessed of anything of theirs, we are naturally reluctant to lose it; and should even consider it a species of sacrilege to destroy it. Yet, in effect, very much they have left is as if it were lost—for it is never read. As in other cases, we neglect what we have, and pine for what we have not, though if we had it we could not use it. Are there of the thousands most familiar with their *chief* writings, fifty who have read *all* Bacon, *all* Milton, *all* Locke?

We therefore acquiesce in the judgment of Gibbon, not only as the best consolation under our inevitable losses, but, as in all probability, the true estimate of it; not, however, intending thereby any apology for the acts which reduce us to this exercise of faith: neither does Gibbon. On the contrary, as Mr. D'Israeli says, "he pathetically describes the empty 'library of Alexander after the Christians had destroyed it;' while he does not in that place suggest any of the alleviations to which we have just adverted; but reserves them for the time when he has to describe the second and greater desolation on the same spot by the Mahometans! On this last occasion, he softens somewhat of his pathos, perhaps of his indignation, and makes the philosophic estimate which we have

cited. Without abating *any* of the indignation and contempt due to such fanatical ignorance, *whether* Christian or Mahometan, it is impossible, we think, to deny the sound sense and discrimination of the great historian's observations.*

* "I believe that a philosopher," says Mr. D'Israeli, "would consent to lose *any* poet to regain an historian." Perhaps so; if the exchange were always between a Claudian and a Tacitus. But the latter must be great, indeed, to outweigh a Homer, a Shakspeare, or a Milton. "Fancy may be supplied," he remarks, "but truth once lost in the annals of mankind, leaves a chasm never to be filled." We fear that the fancy of the highest poetry is not quite so promptly made to order; while, on the other hand, Niebuhr has pretty clearly shown that history is far from being always truth; not to mention that, if it were so, the highest creations of poetry—those of a Homer or a Shakspeare—embody truth yet more comprehensive and universal than any consigned to the page of history. Montaigne remarks is one of his essays, that the value of history does not consist in the bare facts it records, but in the instruction the facts are capable of conveying; and this is so true, that the parts of history which are positively fabulous are often more full of significance, and really had more influence than the most accurate recital of the bare facts. Plutarch has, we suspect, with all this credulity and love of fable, really exerted more power over the minds of men than any of the more authentic historians of antiquity. The graphic account which Livy has left of the discordant counsels given to the Samnites by Herennius Pontius respecting the disposal of the Romans taken at the pass of Caudium, has, perhaps, about as much historic truth in it as any other of the "thousand and one" legends which his historic muse (rightly so called) has seized and adorned; but the whole is infinitely more instructive and more impressive than any narrative of the negotiations for a surrender of prisoners of war, with which tame history has supplied us. That the fox spoke to the crane what is attributed to him in the fable, is very doubtful; and that some "nobody" killed some other "nobody" may be very certain; but the fable, in the one case, is full of meaning, and the fact of history may be wholly insignificant. In our own age, honorably distinguished as one of severe historic research, and which has produced more than one historic work, and one very recently, which posterity will reckon among its treasures, it is well that historians, while accurately distinguishing truth from fable, should neither forget the beauties nor the uses of the latter; nor, on the other hand, overwhelm us with tediously minute investigations of insignificant facts, which no one cares for, and which it does not matter whether they happened in this way or that, or not at all. In the department of history there is no more frequent cause of that plethora of books under which the world is groaning. Walter Scott's remarks on his own *Life of Napoleon* are true in their principle, whatever we may think of the application of them: "Superficial it must be, but I do not care for the charge. Better a superficial book, which brings well and strikingly together the known and acknowledged facts, than a dull, boring narrative, pausing to see farther into a millstone every moment than the

Large as may be the waste of time, and still larger the virtual extinction of books by a silent process of oblivion, each generation far more than makes up the loss; and though suffering from a glut, the world goes on adding to their number, as if in fear of an intellectual famine. One might imagine that in some departments of literature there would necessarily come a pause: for instance, considering there is already more of first-rate poetry and fiction than any body can pretend to find time to read, that none would be found to venture into these fields, unless persuaded that he had something to offer better than Homer, Shakspeare, or Scott! Equally prolific is the literature of memoirs and biography. There is a little better reason for this; yet the rage for it, it must be confessed, is often carried to a ludicrous extent. No sooner does any man of mark or likelihood die, than in addition to his life, whole volumes of his letters and journals are thrust upon the world.* But of all this it would be as unreasonable as ungrateful to complain. Fugitive as the interest of such literature must be, each generation naturally wishes to know more of its contemporaries than a future age will condescend to learn: and from almost the worst of such works some casual gleam of light may illumine the page of the future historian; some fact be rescued which will enable him to adjust more accurately the

nature of the millstone admits. Nothing is so tiresome as walking through some beautiful scene with a *minute philosopher*, a botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural picture, to look at grasses and chunky-stones." If Niebuhr had given us, by his matchless acuteness of investigation and boundless learning, nothing more than the correction of minute dates and the true version of petty events, his powers would have been sadly wasted.

* It is the same in France, in Germany, everywhere. "Scarce has an invitation, note, or washing-bill of the happy Matthison remained unprinted; of Jean Paul we know on what day he got his first braces; of Voss, what he spent in every inn during his little journey; of Schiller, in what coach he drove to visit Goethe. With such like trash, in short, are the many hundred volumes of biography and correspondence filled."—*Menzel*. Yet even such absurdities are but the abuse of a reasonable wish—that of knowing celebrated men in their retirement and natural character. The details of their private life are perused, we suspect, with greater eagerness than those of their public career, however splendid. It is true that the "hero" in these cases is as apt to vanish to the eyes of the reader as to the "valet-de-chambre;" but the reader recognizes what he likes better than a "hero," a man. Still, to see great men in their *undress*, it certainly is not necessary to strip them *stark naked*. The inventory of their linen and their washerwoman's bills might be left sacred.

transactions, and estimate more truly the characters of the time. The only doubt is whether here, as elsewhere, the very copiousness of the materials will not produce the same effect as the dearth of them; whether the judicial sentence of an historian who shall write three hundred years hence, and who shall *honestly* examine and sift his materials, will not be as little to be hoped for as that of some profound judges—delayed, and still delayed, till death has overtaken them amidst their unresolved doubts.

While the past is receiving into its tranquil depths such huge masses of literature, by a contrary process it is perpetually yielding us, perhaps nearly bulk for bulk, materials which it had long concealed. While work after work of science and history is daily passing away, pushed aside beyond all chance of republication by superior works of a similar kind, containing the last discoveries and most accurate results, it is curious to see with what eagerness the literary antiquary, in all departments, is ransacking the past for every fragment of unprinted manuscript. Many of these, if they had been published when they were written, would have been perfectly worthless. They derive their sole value from the rust of age, just as other things derive theirs from the gloss of novelty. It may with truth be said of them, *Periissent, ni periissent*; unless they had been buried they would never have lived. How many societies have been recently formed with the laudable object of giving to the world what no private enterprise would venture to put to press. It is true that, judging from many of the works thus published, one might be inclined to say that some of our literary treasure-finders were too strongly of Justice Shallow's opinion, that "things that are mouldy lack use." "It was with difficulty," says Geoffrey Crayon, after describing his little antiquarian parson's raptures over the old drinking song, "It was with difficulty the squire was made to comprehend that though a jovial song of the present day was but a foolish sound in the ears of wisdom, and beneath the notice of a learned man, yet a trowl written by a toss-pot several hundred years since was a matter worthy of the gravest research, and enough to set whole colleges by the ears."

But neither do we complain of all this. As in the case of memoirs and biographies, the laborious trifling of the merest drudge in antiquities may supply the historian with some collateral lights, and furnish materials for more vivid descriptions of the past; or, coming into contact with highly creative

minds, like that of Walter Scott, may contribute the rude elements of the sublimest or most beautiful novelties of fiction. None can read his novels, and despise the study of the most trivial details of local antiquities, when it is seen for what beautiful textures they may supply the threads. It is the privilege of genius such as his, to extract their gold dust out of the most worthless books—books which to others would be, to the last degree, tedious and unattractive; and the felicity with which he did this was one of his most striking characteristics. In hundreds of cases, it is wonderful to see how a snatch of an old border song, an antique phrase, used as he uses it, a story or fragment of a story from some obscure author, shall suddenly be invested with an intrinsic force or beauty, which the original would never have suggested to an ordinary reader, and which, in fact, they derive, in nine instances out of ten, from the light of genius which he brought to play upon them. In those bright morning or evening tints, even the barren heath, or the rugged mass of grey stone, looks picturesque; or such uses of antiquity remind us of the gate of the old Tolbooth, or fragments of the ruins of Melrose, incorporated with Abbotsford. The quality above referred to, Mr. Lockhart has happily characterized. "The lamp of his zeal burnt on, brighter and brighter, amidst the dust of parchments; his love and pride vivified whatever he hung over in these dim records; and patient antiquarianism, long brooding and meditating, became gloriously transmuted into the winged spirit of national poetry."

In this way, minute portions of the past are constantly entering, by new combinations, into fresh forms of life; and out of these old materials, continually decomposed but continually recombined, scope is afforded for an everlasting succession of imaginative literature. In the same way, every work of genius, by coming, as it were, into mesmeric *rappor*t with the affinities of kindred genius, and stimulating its latent energies, is itself the parent of many others, and furnishes the materials and rudiments of ever new combinations.* Of more than one great mind it

has been recorded, that they seldom read any work which strongly excited them, without meditating one on a similar theme. The Latin poet complained of the injustice of our fathers, in "having stolen all our good things," by uttering them before we had the opportunity. The complaint is one in which an author must look for little sympathy from the world. In the infinite variety of human intellects—no two of which are alike, any more than men's faces—in the exhaustless variety of nature and of art, in the equally infinite variety of the analogies and relations of objects, the human intellect may expatiate for ever, and never find lack of argument, wit,

though it be that the objects and combinations of thought are infinite, yet, considering that humanity and those things which chiefly interest it are always and everywhere the same, it is perhaps the inexhaustible variety, and not the occasional similarity of conceptions, which ought to amaze us. The remarks of Sir Thos. Browne, in his "Religio Medici," on some observed coincidences between himself and Montaigne, are well worthy the attention of every critic who would be just to genius. Many other supposed plagiarisms are but the unconscious reflection of sentiments and images, the source of which had been long forgotten. A person must be very dull, or very uncharitable, or he will be slow to suspect a mind of any originality of the meanness of larceny. For any such mind must always find it easier to live honestly than by stealing. As to the greater part of those parallels and resemblances, on which an unworthy criticism has founded the charge against great writers, they will, as we have said, be generally found to indicate nothing more, than that the thoughts of others have suggested the germ of new conceptions; new, by a juster application, or a more felicitous expression, or a fresh development of the original thought. They are, in truth, no more plagiarisms, than a chemical compound—the result of mysterious affinities—is identical with the elements which enter into it. There is all the difference between suggestion and plagiarism, that there is between *making* blood from blood, and receiving it into the veins by transfusion. In Shakspeare and Scott, we see both how much and how little a great genius derives from sources without himself. "Observing," says Moore, in his 'Life of Lord Byron,' "a volume in his gondola, with a number of papermarks between the leaves, I inquired of him what it was. 'Only a book,' he answered, 'from which I am trying to *crib*, as I do whenever I can; and that's the way I get the character of an original poet.' On taking it up and looking at it, I exclaimed, 'Ah, my friend Agathon!' 'What!' he cried, archly, 'you have been beforehand with me there, have you?' Though in imputing to himself premeditated plagiarism he was, of course, but jesting, it was, I am inclined to think, his practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite thus his vein by the perusal of others on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint caught by his imagination, as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source." (Vol. iv.)

* The greater part of those resemblances in thoughts and images which a carping criticism sets down as *plagiarisms* are, we are persuaded, nothing more than such combinations; and even of plagiarism, properly so called, we have as little doubt that the instances are far fewer than has generally been supposed. Many, so named, have been simple coincidences of thought, the result of similarly constituted minds, revolving the same subjects; and, true

and fancy; but how small a portion can be preserved or retained! From the time that Ovid uttered his complaint, to the present moment, the perpetual flood has been pouring upon the world; and it still rolls on, broader and deeper than ever.

Considering the vastness of the accumulations of literature, and the impossibility of mastering them, it is not wonderful that the idea should sometimes have suggested itself, that it might be possible, in a series of brief publications, to distil as it were the quintessence of books, and condense folios into pamphlets. "Were all books thus reduced," says Addison, "many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper. There would scarce be such a thing in nature as a folio; the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated." One such attempt we remember being made, with considerable pretensions; but it was as futile as every such attempt must be. Without going the length of Montaigne, who says, that "every abridgment of a book is a foolish abridgment," it may be truly said, not only that the human mind cannot profitably digest intellectual food in such a condensed shape, but that every work, really worth reading, bears upon it the impress of the mind that gave it birth, and ceases to attract and to impress, when reduced to a syllabus. Its faults and its excellences alike vanish in the process. It is of much importance, however, if authors who cannot be thus mutilated desire to live, that they should study brevity. Our voluminous forefathers of the seventeenth century seem never to have attempted condensation, but to have committed all that they thought to writing, and, for the most part, in all the redundancy of the forms first suggested. They acted as though we, their posterity, should have nothing to do but to sit down and read what they had written. They were much mistaken; and the consequence is, that their folios, for the most part, remain unread altogether.

It is the severe beauty, the condensed meaning of the master-pieces of classical antiquity, which, probably as much as anything else, has given them their victory over time; constituting them not merely models of taste, but rendering them moderate in bulk—the majority of them *portable*. The light skiff will shoot the cataracts of time, when a heavier vessel will infallibly go down.

While it is too sadly certain, that by far the greater part of those who toil for remem-

brance among men must be defrauded of their hopes, it is well for genius to recollect, that the doom may be indefinitely delayed by due care on its own part; just as, though nothing can avert death, a wise and prudent regard to health may secure a late termination and a green old age. Or its case may be compared to that of men who labor under some incurable chronic malady; it must be fatal at last, but by a due regimen and self-control, the patient may outlive many of more robust health, who are madly negligent of the boon. It is astonishing what signal genius will sometimes effect, to give permanent popularity to books, even in those departments in which the progress of knowledge soon renders them very imperfect. They maintain their supremacy notwithstanding; and their successors prolong their influence by means of note and supplement. Such will probably be the case with Paley's works on Natural Theology and the Evidences of Christianity. "Hume's History of England" promises to be a still stronger instance, in spite not only of its many deficiencies, but of its enormous errors.

It is indeed a great triumph of genius, when it is capable of so impressing itself upon its productions, so moulding and shaping them to beauty, as to make men unwilling to return the gold into the melting-pot, and work it up afresh; when it is felt that, from the less accurate work, we after all learn more, and receive more vivid impressions, than from the more correct, but less effective productions of an inferior artist. To attain this species of longevity, genius must not be content with being a mere mason, but must aspire to be an architect; it must seek to give preciousness to the gold and silver, by the beauty of the cup or vase into which they are moulded, and to make them as valuable for their form as for their matter.

The French were formerly very sensitive to our want of artistic skill in our literary composition. Indeed, Laharpe presumed to assert, that "*Tom Jones*" was *the only book* in the English language! But we may take comfort on comparing ourselves with the Germans. There is no country in Europe in which the mortality, even of valuable works, is so frequently the result of a neglect of this sort, as Germany; none in which critics, historians, theologians, are so content to give to the world their crude and imperfect thoughts; marked, indeed, by a prodigality, but as often by an abuse of learning; by a command of ample materials, but employed without judgment, taste, or method. Their books, in

consequence, soon give way to another fleeting generation, manufactured in the same way, and with as little hope of permanent popularity.

Nor is there any country, though all are chargeable with the fault, to which Menzel's scornful remarks on "books made out of books," so strongly apply. "Germany," says he, "is thronged with multitudes who, in want of any fixed employment, immediately begin to write books; thus reaping, as soon as possible, the fruits of what they have learned at the universities, and inundating the world with an immense number of crude and boyish works." It is necessary only to inspect many German volumes to see that they are just the produce of a note-book; that the task has begun and ended in the carting of so much rubbish, and shooting it out into a bookseller's shop; where, at the best, it may serve as a collection of materials for an edifice which somebody else is to build. Profuse reading is often their only characteristic; and not always is there any sure sign of this; for the prodigal references with which page after page in many such works is half filled, are often slavishly copied from other writers, and the parade of learning is as empty as it is superfluous. Niebuhr bitterly complains of this practice; and justly stigmatizes it as one of the dishonest tricks of literature. He himself tells us, and we doubt not with perfect truth, that he was in the habit of distinctly specifying all those citations which, though employed by him, had not occurred in the course of his own independent study of his authorities; and contends, that wherever a reference has been suggested by another, the secondary as well as the primary authority should be given, accompanied by the statement of obligation. We fear, with Dr. Arnold, that this remedy would not cure the evil; or rather that it would increase it. The pages of these merciless writers would be twice as dull from this double "bestowment of their tediousness;" they would delight in troubling the reader with the whole history of each long literary chase; and consider a double, or, still better, a quadruple array of references, (though only a series of transcriptions,) as a prouder proof of their erudition. What is really required is, that the writer should honestly endeavor to make his citations as few, not as many, as possible; and confine himself to the most decisive, brief, and accessible. As it is, the references are often such, that scarcely three readers in ten could consult them, if they would; and scarcely

one out of the three would if he could; while perhaps, nearly as often, the very point thus formidably supported is a fact for which no references are wanted at all; in which the authorities are the only things that require to be confirmed, and the proofs the only things that need verification. Doubtless, this parade of references is often employed for what Whately calls the "*fallacy of references*;" that is, in support of some questionable point, and in the hope "that not one reader out of twenty will be at the pains" to verify their relevancy, or rather to detect their impertinence. But quite as often, they are used for mere ostentation.

Those authors, whose subjects require them to be voluminous, will do well, if they would be remembered as long as possible, not to omit a duty, which authors in general, but especially modern authors, are too apt to neglect—that of appending to their works a good index. For their deplorable deficiencies in this respect, Professor De Morgan, speaking of historians, assigns the curious reason, "that they think to oblige their readers to go through them from beginning to end, by making this the only way of coming at the contents of their volumes. They are much mistaken; and they might learn from their own mode of dealing with the writings of others, how their own will be used in turn."* We think that the unwise indolence of authors has probably had much more to do with the matter, than the reasons thus humorously assigned; but the fact which he proceeds to mention is incontestably true. "No writer," (of this class,) says he, "is so much read as the one who makes a good index, or so much cited."

Johnson, in commenting on the fate of books in one of the papers of the *Idler*, speaks of the necessity of an author's choosing a theme of enduring interest, if he would be remembered; and contrasts the once enormous popularity of "*Hudibras*" with its present comparative neglect. Alas! we fear that this is but an insufficient antiseptic. Though it is generally necessary, if an author would have even a *chance* of living, that he should take no temporary topic, he may choose the most enduring, and be ephemeral notwithstanding; and what we cannot conceal from ourselves is, that he may even treat his subject well, and yet be forgotten. But we suspect that this caution is of little

* References for the History of the Mathematical Sciences in the Companion to the British Almanac, 1848, p. 42.

importance. Such is the vigor of great genius—and without it nothing will remembered—that where there is *that*, it will triumph over all the disadvantages of a topic of evanescent interest. Pascal's "Provincial Letters" are still read, we apprehend, quite as frequently as Bossuet's "Discourse on Universal History," and even "Hudibras" a good deal more than Johnson's own "Irene;" while the obscurities of some celebrated satire,—the very name of a Bufo or a Bavius,—shall for ages continue to provoke and baffle the ingenuity of the stolid commentator, who might just as profitably be engaged, with Addison's virtuosos, in the chase of butterflies or the collection of cockle-shells.

If genius would attain its uttermost longevity, another condition it must submit to is, that of despising an *ad captandum* compliance with transient tastes, and the affectation or peculiarities for the purpose and in the hope of forming, as it were, a school. It is not to be denied that literary fashions, like others, may be extensive and prevalent for a time; but they expire with the age. Great genius for a while will consecrate almost any eccentricities, and even acquire for them great temporary popularity. But it may well be questioned whether, where there is great genius and where it has succeeded by such artifices, it might not, even among its contemporaries, have gained equal applause at a less cost than that of simplicity and nature. But, at all events, let the writer who attempts to attain fame by any such fantastic methods, recollect how ridiculous a reigning fashion looks a century afterwards; for not less ridiculous will then appear every thing that bears the mark of affectation and mannerism, however successful for a time. The Euphuism of Elizabeth's day is now viewed only with contemptuous wonder; and even Dr. Johnson, though he still retains a large measure of popularity, would have retained far more, had it not been for his antitheses and his Latinisms. Addison, though nearly a century earlier, is still more admired, and without any deductions.

It may be said, perhaps, that if in so vast a majority of cases the hope of immortality is a dream, it does not much matter how men write. Success, though ephemeral, is the great point. To this we have, of course, nothing to say, except that we trust, many would rather not gain reputation at all, durable or brief, by a departure from simplicity and nature; and that, though immortality be out of the case, a gentle decay and serene

old age have always been thought desirable things, rather than a sudden and violent dissolution. Immortality is not to be thought of; but *eutanasia* is not to be despised.

In turning over the pages of such a book as the London Catalogue, one is struck, amidst the apparent mutations in literature, with the seemingly fixed and unchanging influence of two portions of it; the Greek and Roman Classics and the BIBLE. Much of the literature produced by both, partakes, no doubt, of the fate which attends other kinds; the books they severally elicit, whether critical or theological, pass away; but they themselves retain their hold on the human mind, become engrafted into the literature of every civilized nation, and continue to evoke a never-ending series of volumes in their defense, illustration, or explication. On a very moderate computation we think it may be affirmed, from an inspection of this catalogue, that at least one-third of the works it contains are the consequence, more or less direct, of the two portions of literature to which we here refer; in the shape of new editions, translations, commentaries, grammars, dictionaries, or historical, chronological, and geographical illustrations.

The old Greek and Roman Classics have indeed a paradoxical destiny. They cannot, it seems, grow old; and time, which "antiquates antiquity itself," to use an expression of Sir Thomas Browne, still leaves them untouched. The ancients alone possessed in perfection the art of *embalming* thought. The severe taste which surrounds them, has operated like the pure air of Egypt in preserving the sculptures and paintings of that country; where travellers tell us that the traces of the chisel are often as sharp, and the colors of the paintings as bright, as if the artists had quitted their work but yesterday.

There is one aspect in which even the most utilitarian despiser of the classics can hardly sneer at them. From being selected by the unanimous suffrage of all civilized nations, (the moment they become worthy of the name,) as an integral element in all liberal education, as the masters of language and models of taste, these venerable authors play, as this catalogue shows, a very important part even in the commercial transactions of mankind. It is curious to think of these ancient spirits furnishing no inconsiderable portion of the modern world with their daily bread; and in the employment they give to so many thousands of schoolmasters, editors, commentators, authors, printers, and pub-

lishers, constituting a very positive item in the industrial activity of nations. A political economist, thinking only of his own science, should look with respect on the strains of Homer and Virgil; when he considers that, directly or indirectly, they have probably produced more material wealth than half the mines which human cupidity has opened, or half the inventions of the most mechanical age, if we except the loom, the steam engine, and a few score more. It is very foolish of mankind, some may say, to allow them this varied and permanent influence. But into that question we need not enter. We are speaking as to the fact only; and shall leave mankind to defend themselves.

The Bible, supposing it other than it pretends to be, presents us with a still more singular phenomenon in the space which it occupies throughout the continued history of literature. We see nothing like it; and it may well perplex the infidel to account for it. Nor need his sagacity disdain to enter a little more deeply into its possible causes, than he is usually inclined to do. It has not been given to any other book of religion, thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the heart of great communities, varying by every conceivable diversity of language, race, manners, customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revolutions of thought and feeling which shake to pieces all things else; and flexibly accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilization. Even conquests—the disorganization of old nations—the formation of new—do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity; attracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration, and defense. Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting. The gods of the nations are local deities, and reluctantly quit their native soil; at all events they patronize only their favorite races, and perish at once when the tribe or nation of their worshippers becomes extinct; often long before. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to make foreigners feel any thing but the utmost indifference (except as an object of philosophic curiosity) about the religion of other nations; and no portion of their national literature is regarded as more tedious or unattractive than that which treats of their the-

ology. The elegant mythologies of Greece and Rome made no proselytes among other nations, and fell hopelessly the moment *they* fell. The Koran of Mahomet has, it is true, been propagated by the sword; but it has been propagated by nothing else; and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that logic. If the Bible be false, the facility with which it overleaps the otherwise impassable boundaries of race and clime, and domiciliates itself among so many different nations, is assuredly a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance, perverseness and stupidity, than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstitions; or, if it really has merits which, *though* a fable, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively and variously on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in its composition; so wonderful that even the infidel himself ought never to regard it but with the profoundest reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to admit a thought of scoff or ridicule. In his last illness, a few days before his death, Sir W. Scott asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. Mr. Lockhart inquired what book he would like. "Can you ask?" said Sir Walter—"there is but one;" and requested him to read a chapter of the gospel of John. When will an *equal* genius, to whom all the realms of fiction are as familiar as to him, say the like of some professed revelation, originating among a race and associated with a history and a clime as foreign as those connected with the birth-place of the Bible from those of the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott? Can we by any stretch of imagination suppose some Walter Scott of a new race in Australia or South Africa, saying the same of the Vedas or the Koran?

While so large a portion of merely human literature, like all things else that are human, is inscribed with "vanity," it has its "excelling glory" too.

Soberly considered, indeed, the writer has enough to make him contented with his vocation, though not proud of it. The value of books does not depend upon their durability; nor in truth is there any reason why the philosopher should be more solicitous about these wasted and wasting treasures of mind than about the death of men, or the decay of the cities they have built, or of the empires they have founded! They but follow the same law which is imposed on all things human, and on things which were created before

man. Geologists tell us of vast intervals of time—myriads of years—passed in the tardy revolutions by which our earth was prepared for our habitation, and during which successive generations of animals and vegetables flourished and became extinct; the individuals always, and often the species; the term of life allotted to them, and their place in the system, being exactly appropriate to the stage in the history of the world's development, and linked, in a law of subserviency, to the successive parts and the various phases of one vast continuous process. Though permitted and organized to enjoy their brief term of life, they were chiefly important as a stepping-stone to the future, and as influencing that future, not by forming part of it, but by having been a necessary condition of its arrival. The same law which seems to be that of the whole history of the geological eras, appears also to characterize our own; the present passes away, but it is made subservient to a glorious future. As these geological periods were preparatory to the introduction of the human economy, so the various eras of that economy itself are subordinated to its ultimate and perfect development. Individuals and nations perish, but the progress of humanity is continued; and in this persuasion, the author who has in any tolerable measure endeavored conscientiously "to serve his generation"—awaking from his idle dreams of immortality—must find, like every other man who has done the same in other ways, his grounds of resignation and consolation. It is pleasing, with the elder Pliny, whose judgment is sanctioned by Leibnitz and Gibbon, to believe that scarcely any book was ever written (not positively immoral) which did not contain something valuable;* some contribution, however small, to the general stock of human knowledge, and still preserved, in other forms, for succeeding ages, though the book itself, like its author, had become food for worms; or something which tended to mould and influence some contemporary mind destined to act with greater power on distant generations. The whole gigantic growth of human knowledge and science may be compared to those deposits which geologists describe, full of the remains of vegetable and animal life—beautiful once, and beneficial still. The luxuriant foliage and huge forest growth of science and literature which now overshadow us, are themselves rooted in

strata of decaying or decayed mind, and derive their nourishment from them; the very soil we turn is the loose *detritus* of thought, washed down to us through long ages. In the world of intellect, as in the world of matter, though "vanity" is written on all things, and oblivion awaits man and his achievements, yet is it also sublimely true, that in both alike death is itself the germ of life; and new forms of glory and beauty spring from the dust of desolation.

Nor are there wanting more special topics from which the repining author may derive consolation. One is, that, as the number of readers will be perpetually increased, though it may be true that the knowledge of any one of them will bear an ever diminishing ratio to the absolute accumulations of human science and literature, far more of both will be preserved in the memories of mankind *collectively*; and each writer, worthy to live at all, will find, not indeed temples thronged with admiring worshippers and altars steaming with sacrifices, but at all events a little oratory here and there, where some solitary devotee will be paying his homage. He cannot hope to be a Jupiter Capitolinus; but he may be the household god of some quiet hearth, and receive there his modest oblation and his pinch of daily incense.

A still further consolation remains for even those who dare not hope for so much as this species of obscure fame. If not preserved entire, they will yet be remembered by fragments; in volumes of specimens and extracts, or happier still, embalmed in those vast works which will consign to posterity the history of great nations, with the whole story of their political, social, and intellectual development. How many authors, else utterly forgotten, will leave minute relics of themselves in the notes and citations of such works as those of Gibbon and Macaulay! It is but a plank from the wreck, to be sure; but it is something.

Nor do the fond author's hopes end here. We have compared the vast relics of decayed and mouldering literature to the animal and vegetable remains on which our living world flourishes; in which it fastens its roots, and over which it waves its luxuriance. A fanciful mind might pursue the analogy a little further and discern some resemblance between the mutations and revolutions of literature and books, and those incomparably greater, and yet, to us, scarcely more interesting changes which have swept over the surface of the material world. Geologists

* "Nullum esse librum tam malum ut non ex aliqua parte prodesset."

tell us of the successive submersion and elevation of vast tracts of earth, now rich in animal and vegetable life, then buried for unnumbered ages in oblivion, then again reappearing to the light of day, and bearing, dank and dripping from the ocean bed, the memorials of their past glories. It is much the same with the treasures of buried literature. Long whelmed beneath the inundations of barbarism, or buried in the volcanic eruptions of war and conquest, we see them, after centuries of "cold obstruction," once more coming to light, the fossil remains of ancient life—forms of power, of beauty, or deformity—characterized indeed by many analogies to the present species of organized life, but also by many differences.

The revival of classical literature, after the dark ages, was the greatest and most splendid of these recoveries of the past; and must have awakened in the minds of the generation which witnessed it, emotions very similar to those with which men gazed on the treasures of *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, when those ancient cities were first opened to the day. Though this is the grandest of all such restorations, let the author remember for his comfort, (if not too bashful,) that a similar process is perpetually going on, though on a smaller scale. Discussions and controversies, which had been hushed for ages, break out again, like long silent volcanoes; men turn with renewed eagerness to the opinions of persons who had been forgotten apparently forever; and names which had not been heard for centuries, once more fill men's mouths and are trumpeted to the four winds. A pleasantly oracular saying, or a half-anticipation of some newly discovered truth, is found in the voluminous writings of an ancient author, and excites a passing glow of veneration to his name and works. In the indefatigable grubblings and scrapings of the literary antiquary again, scarcely any author need despair of an occasional remembrance; of producing some curiosities for those cabinets where the most precious and the most worthless of relics are preserved with impartial veneration. It is hard to say what his spade and mattock may not bring up. What honor to furnish to the *Cuviers* of critical science, though but in a fossil bone or shell, a theme for their conjectures and learned dissertations; and perhaps be even constructed into a more magnificent creature than nature ever made the original! Who could have hoped, a few years back, to see the reappearance of so much of our early literature as we have

recently witnessed? And who could have anticipated how wide a range the transient, but while they last, most active fashions of literary research would take? Now it is Saxon, Danish, Norman antiquities; now local traditions, and old songs and ballads; now the old dramatists have their turn, and now the old divines. Who could have expected to see the venerable Bede's "opera omnia" in English as well as Latin, published in all the glories of modern typography? "It is hard to say," says Sir Thomas Browne, speaking of our bodies, "how often we are to be buried;" the same may be said of our minds; and though this successive resurrection and entombment is not immortality, it bears a close resemblance to transmigration. It is true that a malicious wit might hint that not a little of this exhumed literature is immediately recommitting to the dust, and that its resurrection is but for a second celebration of its obsequies. They will be inclined to say what Horace Walpole says of some other antiquarian recoveries, "What signifies raising the dead so often, when they die the next minute?"

How singular has been the destiny of Aristotle! After having been lost to the world for ages, we see him making a second and wider conquest, and founding the most durable and absolute despotism of mind the world has ever seen! After a second dethronement, he is now fighting his way back to no mean empire—an empire promising to be all the more permanent, that it is founded in a juster estimate of his real claims on the gratitude and reverence of mankind, and that he is invited to wield the sceptre, not of a despot, but of a constitutional monarch.

But our author sighs, and says with truth and naïveté, "there are so few Aristotles!" We reply, with a perseverance in suggesting consolation worthy of Boethius or Mr. Shandy, that, supposing none of these sedatives sufficient to soothe wounded vanity, there are still others. And among them, assuredly not the least, are those least thought of; we mean, the pleasure of composition itself; perhaps, after all, the greatest of an author's rewards; just as in so many other cases, happiness is found, not in the object we professedly seek, but in the efforts to obtain it, and in the energetic employment of our faculties. If, indeed, the experience of Buffon were that of authors in general, none would deny this, and the passion for writing would become a universal madness. Speaking of the hours of composition, he says, "These

are the most *luxurious* and *delightful* moments of life; which have often enticed me to pass fourteen hours a day at my desk, in a state of transport; this gratification, more than glory, is my reward.* But we fear that there are not a few writers, and of no mean fame, who, while conceding that when their minds wrought freely and their faculties lay in sunshine, the moments of composition were among the happiest of their life, would also affirm that those in which they have had to struggle against the *vis inertiae* which prevented them from commencing their task, or had to contend with half-formed conceptions and intractable expressions, till the sun broke through the mist, and thought became clear and words obedient, were among the most painful. Well spoke one who has, we apprehend, experienced all the raptures and all the agonies of composition:

"When happiest fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him, belated, on the silent plains.
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear
At last, of hinderance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of
morn."

We are inclined to place the pleasure of writing itself, among the chief incentives of authorship; and the proof is, found in this, that so few ever stop when they have once begun, not even for neglect or poverty. "There are millions of men," says Byron, "who have never written a book, but few who have written *only one*." And Walter Scott's testimony to the inveteracy of the *cacoethes scribendi* is equally strong. Not even the ointment of sarcasm and satire can cure it.

Perhaps even this will not be taken as sufficient compensation; why then let the author remember that in the only intelligible sense, he enjoys almost as extensive a fame as his betters. There is a little circle of which each man is the centre; and this narrow theatre is generally enough for the accommodating vanity of the human heart. Indeed, it is of that microcosm in which each man dwells, that even the loftiest ambition is *really* thinking, when it whispers to itself some folly about distant regions and remote ages, whose unheard plaudits will never greet his ear, and which he utterly fails to

realize. It is, after all, the applause of the familiar friends, among whom he daily lives, that he craves and loves. It may be doubted whether Musæus was ever so delighted with the thought of posthumous renown, as he was when his little boy, discovering from an up-stairs window a fresh troop of visitors coming, as the child supposed, with the usual offering of congratulations on his father's sudden success, cried out, "Here are more people coming to praise papa!"

Should our friends and family form too small a sphere for the vaulting ambition of self-love, we must needs content ourselves with the questionable comfort suggested in the case of our literal death, not only by Cicero, and his imitator Mr. Shandy, but by all other consolers, from the time of Job's comforters downwards; that is the "common lot," and that "what is the doom of our betters is good enough for us." Nor will vanity fail to whisper, "Not the worthless alone are forgotten—gold, silver, pearls and jewels strew the bottom of the ocean. It is not the will of man, but the law of nature, that I should die."

In truth, for an honest man, the single sentence already quoted from Pliny will be consolation enough. Like every other honest man who does his duty to the present hour, and who dreams not of asking immortality for his merits, it will be sufficient to the writer, to have "served his generation." Nor need we say, in how important a degree each individual has done this! It is a topic easily improved upon, by the happy facility of human vanity; for all are ready enough to believe, and certainly authors as much as any, that they have not trifled life away; and to think of their doings much as Uncle Toby did of his mimic fortifications: "Heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things, and that infinite delight in particular, which has attended my sieges in my bowling-green, has arose within me, and I hope in the Corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying them on we were answering the great ends of our creation."

But, without a gibe, the destiny of the honest writer, even though but moderately successful, and much more, if long and widely popular, is surely glorious and enviable. It may be true that he is to die, for we do not count the record of a name when the works are no longer read as anything better than an epitaph, and even that may vanish; yet, to come into contact with other minds, even though for limited periods, to move them by

* Cited in "Curiosities of Literature." See the whole of the amusing anecdotes on Literary Composition.

a silent influence, to co-operate in the construction of character, to mould their habits of thought, to promote the dominion of truth and virtue, to exercise a spell over those we have never seen and never can see—in other climes, at the extremity of the globe, and when the hand that wrote is still forever—is surely a most wonderful and even awful prerogative. It comes nearer to the idea of the immediate influence of spirit on spirit than anything else with which this world presents us. It is of a purely moral nature; it is also silent as the dew—invisible as the wind! We can adequately conceive of such an influence only by imagining ourselves, under the privilege of the ring of Gyges, to gaze, invisible, on the solitary reader as he pores over a favorite author, and watch in his countenance, as in a mirror, the reflection of the page which holds him captive; now knitting his brow over a difficult argument, and deriving at once discipline and knowledge by the effort—now relaxing into smiles at wit and humor—now dwelling with a glistening eye on tenderness and pathos—and in either case, the subject of emotions which not only constitute the mood of the moment, but in their measure co-operate to the formation of those *habits* which issue in character and conduct; now yielding up some fond illusion to the force of truth, and anon betrayed into another by the force of sophistry; now rebuked for some vice or folly, and binding himself with renewed vows to the service of virtue; and now sympathizing with the too faithful delineation of vicious passions and depraved pleasures, and strengthening by one more rivet the dominion of evil over the soul! Surely, to be able to wield such a power as this implies, in any degree, and for limited periods, is a stupendous attribute; one which, if more deeply pondered, would frequently cause a writer to pause and tremble, as though his pen had been the rod of an enchanter.

Happy those who have wielded it well, and who

“Dying leave no line they wish to blot.”

Happier, far happier such, in the prospect of speedy extinction, than those whose loftier genius promises immortality of fame, and whose abuse of it renders that immortality a curse. Melancholy indeed is the lot of all, whose high endowments have been worse than wasted; who have left to that world which they were born to bless, only a legacy of shame and sorrow; whose vices and fol-

lies, unlike those of other men, are not permitted to die with them, but continue active for evil after the men themselves are dust.

It becomes every one who aspires to be a writer to remember this. The ill which other men do, for the most part dies with them. Not indeed that this is literally true, even of the obscurest of the species. We are all but links in a vast chain which stretches from the dawn of time to the consummation of all things, and unconsciously receive and transmit a subtle influence. As we are, in great measure, what our forefathers made us, so our posterity will be what we make them; and it is a thought which may well make us both proud and afraid of our destiny.

But such truths, though universally applicable, are more worthy of being pondered by great authors than by any other class of men. These outlive their age; and their thoughts continue to operate immediately on the spirit of their race. How sad, to one who feels that he has abused his high trust, to know that he is to perpetuate his vices; that he has spoken a spell for evil, and cannot unsay it; that the poisoned shaft has left the bow and cannot be recalled! If we might be permitted to imagine for a moment that it is a part of the reward or punishment of departed spirits, to revisit this lower world and to trace the good or evil consequences of their actions, what more deplorable condition can be conceived than that of a great but misguided genius, taught, before he departed, the folly of his course, and condemned to witness its effects without the power of arresting them? How would he sigh for the day which shall cover his fame with a welcome cloud, and bury him in the once dreaded oblivion! How would he covet as the highest boon the loss of that immortality for which he toiled so much and so long! With what feelings would he see the productions of his wit and fancy, proscribed and loathed by every man whose love and veneration are worth possessing! With what anguish would he see the subtle poison he had distilled take hold of innocence; watch the first blushes of still ingenuous shame, see them fade away from the cheek as evil became familiar, trace in *his* influence the initial movements in that long career of agony, and remorse, and shame which awaits his victims; and shudder to think that those whose faith he has destroyed, or whose morals he has corrupted, may find him out in the world of spirits, to tax him as their seducer to infamy and crime!*

* To see this matter in its true light, must, we fear,

Even such authors, however, will reach the oblivion they have desired at last; for this must be the ultimate doom (whatever might otherwise have been the case) of all who have set at defiance the maxims of decency, morality, and religion—however bright their genius, and however vast their powers. As the world grows older, and, we trust, better—as it approximates to that state of religious and moral elevation which Christianity warrants us to anticipate, many a production which a licentious age has pardoned for its genius, will be thrown aside in spite of it. In that day, if genius rebelliously refuse, as it assuredly will not—for the highest genius has not even hitherto refused—to consecrate itself to goodness, the world will rather turn to the humblest productions which are instinct with virtue, than to the fairest works of genius, when polluted by vice. In a word, the long idolatry of intellect which has enslaved the world will be broken; and that world will perceive that, bright as genius may be, virtue is brighter still.

Happy the writers who, if destined to live so long, have, with souls prophetic of the great change, and true to the dictates of

morality and religion, never written a line but what after ages may gratefully turn to for solid instruction or innocent delight; and happy also all who, though not destined to see those distant times, have in any measure contributed to form and hasten them.

Plato, in a well-known passage of his *Phædrus*, describes Socrates as contending for the superiority of oral instruction, by representing books as *silent*. The inferiority of the written word to the living voice is in many respects undeniable; but surely it is more than compensated by the advantage of its diffusive and permanent character. Great as has been the influence of Socrates, he owes it almost entirely to the books he refused to write! and it might have been greater still had he condescended to write some of his own.

But the chief glory of all human literature—taking it collectively—is, that it is our pledge and security against the retrogradation of humanity; the effectual breakwater against barbarism; the ratchet in the great wheel of the world, which, even if it stands still, prevents it from slipping back. Ephemeral as man's books are, they are at least not so ephemeral as himself; and consign without difficulty to posterity what would otherwise never reach them. A good book is the Methuselah of these latter ages.

We must conclude, however, lest we should have reason to apply to ourselves the words of old Fuller: "But what do I, speaking against the multiplicity of books in this age, who trespass in this nature myself? What was a learned man's compliment, may serve for my confession and conclusion, '*Multi mei similes hoc morbo laborant—ut cum scribere nesciant, tamen a scribendo temperare non possunt*.'" Even as it is, we fear that some of our readers will be disposed to say that we have illustrated the "vanity" without proving the "glory" of literature.

be left to the more unclouded vision of another world. Literary vanity is almost the last foible that is surrendered in this. There is much knowledge of human nature, as well as keen satire, in the tale which Addison tells of the atheist, who, bewailing on his death-bed the mischief his works would do after he was gone, quickly repented of his repentance, when his spiritual adviser unhappily sought to alleviate his grief by assuring him that his arguments were so weak, and his writings so little known, that he need not be under any apprehensions. "The dying man had still so much of the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and, without answering the good man, asked his friends where they had picked up such a blockhead? and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition?"

From the People's Journal.

"I FEAR TO THINK HOW GLAD I AM!"

How still and solemn is the night!
Thick darkness hangs around;
No faintest gleam of distant light,
No softest breath of sound.
See! in the heavens a holy star
Comes with its steady ray,
And silently from near and far

The gloom dissolves away.
So on my life sat brooding night;
But Love's sweet, steady ray
Brings to my soul a cheerful light,
And grief dissolves away.
I fear to think how glad I am!

From Tait's Magazine.

STATE OF MUSIC ON THE CONTINENT.

IN giving a short account of the state of music on the Continent, we cannot commence better than by remarking that there are certain times when arts of all kinds seem to take a stand, and others when they march onward with great rapidity. Leaving Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and other great composers apart, we have only to refer to the epoch when Rossini appeared, and to examine the impetus which his works gave to musical progress, to be convinced of the truth of the proposition which we have above stated. For a period of a quarter of a century his beautiful and flowing melodies have been heard over all the world; and even now many of them retain their original freshness. For instance, who has not listened with pleasure to "Di tanti palpiti," an air which has formed one of our stock concert pieces, and which has been ground on every barrel-organ ever since its composition. But besides his power over melody, Rossini broke up fresh ground; he gave vocal music quite a new character; he wrote down, note by note, all those ornaments which former composers were wont to leave to the judgment and caprice of the singer; besides which, he gave a new and varied form to song which it did not possess before his time. Such a great and original genius was not without a host of imitators, who succeeded, like all others, in following his various defects. Thus he for many years remained without a rival, and every other composer was, in a manner, banished from the scene. At one period the stream of delightful works which he continued to pour forth seemed to be inexhaustible. However, to the surprise of the world, being yet in the prime of life, he suddenly ceased to write; and with "William Tell," perhaps his greatest composition, his career was closed.

On the Italian stage, where much more depends upon novelty than on intrinsic value, it was soon found that the operas of Rossini, however beautiful, ceased to attract; and attempts were made by a host of inferior com-

posers, by following his models, to fill up the vacuum which he had left. But all in vain. Thousands of passages intended for the voice, but certainly much more appropriate for the violin, were crowded into the cavatinas, duos, &c. It was thought sufficient to follow the line marked out by the great master; but as melody, the soul of the whole, was wanting, the attempts fell flat to the ground. Thus, for many years, recourse was still obliged to be had to Rossini; and the *dilettanti*, while they listened with pleasure, still looked forward with longing to the advent of a new composer.

These hopes were not entirely frustrated, for Bellini, a young Sicilian, appeared in the musical world, and, by judiciously avoiding the style adopted by Rossini—in the successful imitation of which all who had attempted it had failed—by becoming as simple as the latter was complicated, and by being happily endowed by nature with a rich vein of tender melody, he succeeded for a time in directing attention to himself, and in withdrawing it from his great predecessor. However, unfortunately for the pleasure of the musical world, this young composer, after having written several charming works, died suddenly, before he had reached the age of thirty.

The scene was then left to Donizetti, a voluminous composer, whose operas belong to that school of which Bellini may be said to be the head. Of his works may be cited "Lucia di Lammermoor," founded on Sir Walter Scott's beautiful tale, which rivals in popularity any of the operas written by Bellini. However, Rossini was still far from being reached. In tenderness, perhaps, he was equalled, or even excelled, but in sparkling brilliancy, gaiety, and in varied beauty, his competitors were far behind.

Thus, since the advent of Rossini, the Italian lyric stage has presented little novelty. Composers have not been wanting; but none of them has possessed that creative faculty which can give a new impulse to art,

and which can make it even take a new direction. As of the above three composers (who are the most remarkable which Italy, that land of song, has produced during the present century) two are dead, and the third has been resigned to inactivity, it remains only for us to speak of another, whose works have found their way into France and England, and who may at present be called the head of the Italian school. We refer to M. Verdi.

The operas of this composer having made a great sensation over all Italy, which, we may observe by the way, is by no means difficult, the *dilettanti* in Paris and London were anxious to hear them, and to judge for themselves. The result was by no means satisfactory; for although some skill and novelty were displayed in the instrumentation, still an entire absence of melody, and a straining after fantastical effects, caused the works of the new composer to be but coldly received. Novelty, however, is a certain recommendation; and a new opera by Verdi was found to attract about as large an audience as an old one by Rossini or Donizetti. His "Jerusalem," which is a French adaptation of the "I Lombardi," was brought out at the Great Opera in Paris with the utmost splendor. Neither costs nor pains were spared to insure its success. It had a moderate run, and is still performed occasionally. It, however, owes a great part of its good fortune to the dresses, scenery and decorations. The music of "I Lombardi" is certainly a very favorable specimen of the style of Verdi; and an instrumental movement, representing the rising of the sun, was much and justly admired. There is, however, as is usual with this composer, the want of that divine and flowing melody which we find so continuously throughout the works of Rossini, Bellini, &c. Many of the vocal passages are also but ill adapted for the human voice, and require a straining to attain them, which is equally hurtful to the performer and disagreeable to the hearer. Thus there is little hope of the music of Verdi ever becoming popular, or of its creating a new era in musical history. We are, therefore, reduced to live on hope, as certainly the man has not yet appeared who will restore to Italian music that brilliancy and universality which it acquired under the creative mind of Rossini.

With the single exception of Meyerbeer, German composers have furnished us with no dramatic music of the first class for a long period. Every one will be ready to acknowl-

edge the just claims of this composer, which are founded principally on the two French operas, "Les Huguenots" and "Robert le Diable." Still, in England, his music has never been completely relished. Last season, the "Huguenots" met with great success at Covent Garden Theatre; but, we might ask, had not the performers a greater share of it than the composer? In our opinion, the music of Meyerbeer will never be so popular in England as it is in France. It does not coincide with English taste. We love a graceful, flowing melody, complete in itself, and not those continued changes of time and key which we find in the works of Meyerbeer. Besides, the French themselves, who are the great partisans of this composer, admit that there are, both in "Robert" and in the "Huguenots," *des longueurs*, which the patience of an English audience can never submit to. On this account, when these operas are performed in England, they are generally much curtailed, and, we think, judiciously so. Paris is at present on the tiptoe of expectation for his new opera the "Prophète." A part of it is in rehearsal, of which report speaks favorably. M. Rôger and Madame Viardot will doubtless be great elements in its success. No pains are spared by the composer in drilling his company; and the administration are going to an enormous expense, so as to produce the work on the grandest scale imaginable. If its success equal its predecessors, the opera will have made a great hit. At present, there is much need of something to attract the musical public, as no completely successful work has been produced at the Theatre de la Nation for a long period.

In directing our attention to French composers, we have much better accounts to give. Who has not heard of Auber and Halévy? The first sparkling with brilliancy, and almost rivalling Rossini himself in the riches of his fancy; the second equally great, but in another style, often mingling the tender and pathetic with the gay and cheerful, and reminding us of Herold or Bellini. "Haydee" and the "Val d'Andorre" are both charming works, and, despite of politics, insurrections, and revolutions, have continued to fill the Opera Comique to the very doors. The author even of such works as the "Domino Noir" and "Fra Diavolo" has gathered fresh laurels from "Haydee;" and the "Val d'Andorre" will worthily take its place alongside of the "Juive" and "Charles VI." Both "Haydee" and the "Val d'Andorre" have been admirably brought out and performed. The

greatest care has been everywhere taken, even down to the minutest details; which, we may remark, goes a great way towards securing the success of a musical or other dramatic work. With Roger, Boulo, Herman, Leon, &c., and Mesdames Lavoye and Darcier, the triumph has been complete. Happy, we may remark, are composers to have their works entrusted to such interpreters; and fortunate also are those artists to have the execution of such beautiful music confided to them.

The Paris Italian Opera has this season proved a complete failure. Perceiving the consequences which the revolution would have on the amusements of the great, and knowing that it would break in pieces that class of society on which he depended for success, M. Vatel, the late director, wisely resigned his lease to M. Dupin, retiring in time, and with a very considerable fortune. This gentleman, to meet the exigencies of the times, lowered the prices, engaged a poor company, and thus endeavored to carry on the theatre on a second-class principle. In such a city as Paris this plan will never succeed; and, after a couple of months of a languishing existence, the doors were obliged to be closed. But when a theatre is in case, speculators are never wanting; and thus, after being shut during nearly two months, consisting of the best part of the season, it has again been opened. The promises of improvements in the company first held out were very great; they have, however, been but partially realized. Alboni has been added, which is a great feature. She is the only female singer of any great note, as Grisi has declined, and Persiani is in England.

In Paris there have, as yet, been but few good concerts given, and these few have not been so fully attended as had been expected. Mademoiselle Teresa Milanollo was welcomed back with pleasure. This gifted young artiste has given several concerts, in which her great reputation as a violinist has been fully sustained. Our pleasure is tintured with

regret, when we have to record, alongside of her success, the premature death of her sister from chincough, at the early age of sixteen. The Conservatoire has also commenced its annual concerts. The orchestra, conducted by M. Girard, a worthy successor to M. Habeneck, is truly admirable. Nowhere in the world is instrumental music so well performed as in Paris. Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, &c. generally absorb the greatest portion of the programme. Vocal music is no feature in these concerts; however, to afford a little variety, one or two songs are generally given by some of the female singers of the Opera. Last year, at this time, the Duke de Montpensier and his young wife were regular attenders; this year some stout and fortunate republicans occupy their place. Some good concerts have also been given at the Jardin d'Hiver. Amongst the performers we find the names of Mesdames Dorus Gras and Cinti Damoreau, together with Alard, the violinist, and several others of note. The smaller and cheaper concerts seem to meet with no success. Several attempts have been made, but they have all failed. Musicians in Paris are at present, perhaps, the most suffering class. During the last six months many have not had a sixpence to live upon. The carnival balls have, however, at last commenced, which will afford many employment who are now almost destitute. Sudden political revolutions cause great social disorders, of which proposition France is at present at every point a great example. In fact years may pass away before she returns to what she was a twelvemonth ago. The proverbial gaiety of the French, however, never seems to desert them, and with empty pockets they dance at Valentino and Prado as cheerfully as ever. *Vive la bagatelle* will always be their motto, whether they live under a President, a King, or an Emperor. Such is a national character which trifles seem to please and satisfy.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

Poems. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Fifth edition.*The Princess, a Medley.* By ALFRED TENNYSON.

THERE is no living poet who more justly demands of the critic a calm and accurate estimate of his claims than Alfred Tennyson; neither is there one whom it is more difficult accurately and dispassionately to estimate. Other living and poetical reputations seem tolerably well settled. The older bards belong already to the past. Wordsworth all the world consents to honor. Living, he already ranks with the greatest of our ancestors. His faults even are no longer canvassed; they are frankly admitted, and have ceased to disturb us. Every man of original genius has his mannerism more or less disagreeable; once thoroughly understood, it becomes our only care to forget it. No one now thinks of discovering that Wordsworth is occasionally, and especially when ecclesiastical themes overtake him, sadly prosaic; no one is now more annoyed by this than he is at the school divinity of Milton, or the tangled, elliptical, helter-skelter sentences into which the impetuous imagination of Shakespeare sometimes hurries him. Moore, another survivor of the magnates of the last generation, has judgment passed upon him with equal certainty and universality. He, with a somewhat different fate, has seen his fame collapse. He no longer stalks a giant in the land, but he has dwindled down to the most delightful of minstrel-pages that ever brought song and music into a lady's chamber. So exquisite are his songs, men willingly forget he ever attempted anything higher. We have no other remembrance of his *Lalla Rookh* than that he has embedded in it some of those gems of song—some of those charming lyrics which scarcely needed to be set to music; they are melody and verse in one. They sing themselves. If his fame has diminished, it has not tarnished. It has shrunk to a little point, but that little point is bright as the diamond, and as imperishable. Of the poets more decidedly of our own age and generation, there are but few whom it would be thought worth while to estimate according to a high standard of excellence. The

crowd we in general consent to praise with indulgence, because we do not look upon them as candidates for immortality, but merely for the honors of the day—a social renown, the applause of their contemporaries, the palm won in the race with living rivals.

Poetry of the very highest order, coupled with much affectation, much defective writing, many wilful blunders, renders Alfred Tennyson a very worthy and a very difficult subject for the critic. The extreme diversity and unequal merit of his compositions make it a very perplexing business to form any general estimate of his writings. The conclusion the critic comes to one moment, he discards the next. He finds it impossible to satisfy himself, nor can ever quite determine in what measure praise and censure should be mixed. At one time he is so thoroughly charmed, so completely delighted with the poet's verse, that he is disposed to extol his author to the skies; he is as little inclined to any captious and disparaging criticism as lovers are, when they look, however closely, into the fair face which has enchanted them. At other times, the page before him will call up nothing but vexation and annoyance. Even the gleams of genuine poetry, amongst the confusion and elaborate triviality that afflict him, will only add to his displeasure. A heap of rubbish never looks so vile, or so disagreeable, as when a fresh flower is seen thrown upon it. Were Tennyson to be estimated by some half-dozen of his best pieces, he would be the compeer of Coleridge and of Wordsworth—if by a like number of his worst performances, he would be raised very little above that nameless and unnumbered crowd of dilettanti versifiers, whose utmost ambition seems to be to see themselves in print, and then, as quickly as possible, to disappear—

"One moment *black*, then gone forever."

This diversity of merit is not to be accounted for by the diverse nature of the subject—

matter which the poet has at different times treated; for Mr. Tennyson has given us the happiest specimens of the most different styles of composition, employed on a singular variety of topics. He has been grave and graceful, playful and even broadly comic, with complete success. As a finished portraiture of a peculiar state of mind—conceived with philosophic truth, and embellished with all the fascinating associations which it is the province of poetry to call around us—nothing could surpass the poem of the *Lotos Eaters*. For playfulness, and tender, amorous fancy—warm, but not too warm—spiritual, but not too spiritual—we shall go far before we find a rival to the *Talking Oak*, or to the *Day Dream*: what better ballad can heart desire than the *Lord of Burleigh*? And how well does a natural indignation speak out in the clear ringing verse of *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*! Specimens of the richly comic, as we have hinted, may here and there be found: we have one in our eye which we shall seek an opportunity for quoting. In harmonizing metaphysic thought with poetic imagery and expression, he does not always succeed; on the contrary, some of his saddest failures arise from the abortive attempt; yet there are some admirable passages even of this description of writing.

It is not, therefore, the difference of style aimed at, or subject-matter adopted, which determines whether Tennyson shall be successful or not. Perhaps it will be said that the marked inequality in his compositions is sufficiently accounted for by the simple fact, that some were written at an earlier age than others; that some are the productions of his youth, and others of his maturity—that, in short, it is a mere question of dates. There is indeed a very striking difference between those poems which commence the volume and bear the date of 1830, and the other and greater number, which bear the date of 1832: the difference is so great, that we question whether upon the whole the fame of Mr. Tennyson would not have been advanced by the omission altogether from his collected works of this first portion of his poems; for though much beauty would be lost, far more blemish would be got rid of. Still, however, as the same inequality pursues us in his later writings, and is evident even in his last production—*The Princess*—there remains something more to be explained than can be quite accounted for by the mere comparison of dates. This something more we find explained in *a bad school of taste*, under the influence of which Mr. Tennyson com-

menced his poetic authorship. Above this influence he often rises, but he has never liberated himself from it. To this source we trace the affectations of many kinds which deface his writings—affectation of a super-refinement of meaning, ending in mere obscurity, or in sheer nonsense; affectation of antique simplicity ending in the most jejune triviality; experimental metres putting the ear to torture; or an utter disregard of all metre, of all the harmonies of verse, together with an incessant toil after originality of phrase; as if no new idea could be expressed unless each separate word bore also an aspect of novelty.

At the time Tennyson commenced his career, poetry and poets were in a somewhat singular position. Never had there been so great a thirst for poetry—never had there existed so large a reading public with so decided a predilection for this species of literature; and rarely, if ever, has there arisen—at once the cause and effect of this public taste—so noble a band of contemporary poets as those who were just then retiring from the stage. The success which attended metrical composition was quite intoxicating. Poems, now gradually waning from the sight of all mankind, were rapturously welcomed as master-pieces. It seemed that the poet might dare anything. Meanwhile the novelty to which he was emboldened was rendered urgent and necessary; for, in addition to the old rivals of times long past, there was this band of poets, whose echoes were still ringing in the theatre, to be competed with. Was it any wonder that at such an epoch we should have Keats writing his *Endymion*, or Tennyson elaborating his incomprehensible ode *To Memory*, or inditing his foolish songs *To the Owl*, or torturing himself to unite old *balladry* with modern sentiment in his *Lady of Shalott*, for every rhyming with that detested town of *Camelot*; or that he should have been stringing together fulsome, self-adulatory nonsense about *The Poet and the Poet's Mind*—or, in short, committing any conceivable extravagance in violation of sense, metre, and the English language? The young poet of this time was evidently carried off his feet. He had drank so deep of those springs about Parnassus, that he had lost his footing on the solid ground. It did not follow that he and his compeers always soared above us because they could no longer walk on a level with us. Men, in a dream, think they are flying when they are only falling. They reeled much, these intellectual revellers. It is true that

sober men discountenanced them, rebuked them, reminded them that liberty was not license, nor imagination another name for insanity; but there was still a considerable crowd of indiscriminate admirers to cheer and encourage them in their wildest freaks.

One tendency, gathered from these times, seems, all along and throughout his whole progress, to have beset our author—the reluctance to subside for a moment to the easy natural level of cultivated minds. He has a morbid horror of commonplace. He will be grotesque, if you will; absurd, infantine—anything but truly simple: when he girds himself for serious effort, he would give you the very essence of poetry, and nothing else. This wish to have it all blossoms, no stem or leaves, has perhaps been one cause why he has written no long work. It is a tendency which is, in some measure, honorable to him. Though it has assisted in betraying him into the errors we have already noticed, it must be allowed that we are never in danger of being wearied with the monotony of commonplace.

It may be worth while to consider for a moment this characteristic—the wish to seize upon the essence, and the essence only, of poetry.

In our high intellectual industry, there goes on a certain division and subdivision of labor analogous to that which marks the progress of our commercial and manufacturing industry. The first men of genius were historians, poets, philosophers, all in one. If they wrote verse, they found a place in it for whatever could in any manner interest their contemporaries, whether it was a matter of knowledge, or matter of passion. The theology of a people, and the agriculture of a people—chaos and night, and how to sow the fields—the progeny of gods, and the breeding of bulls—were alike materials for the poem. A Hesiod or a Gower chant all they know—science, or religion, or morality. The first epic is the first history. But the narrative here becomes too engrossing to admit of large admixtures of didactic matter. This is relegated to some other form of composition, and handed over to some other master of the art. The dramatic form carries on this division still further. The representation of the narrative relieves the poem of its historic character, and a dialogue which is to accompany action becomes necessarily devoted to the passions of life, or such strains of reflection as result from, and harmonize with, those passions. The lyric minstrel seizes upon these eliminated elements of passion

and reflection, and adds thereto a greater liberty of imagination. At length comes that mere intellectual luxury of imaginative thought—that gathering in of beauty and emotion from all sources—that subtle blending of a thousand pleasing allusions and fitting images—exquisite for their own sake, and constituting what is considered as pre-eminently the poetical description of natural scenery, or the poetical delineation of human feeling.

But it is possible that this intellectual division of labor may be carried too far. This luxury of imaginative thought may be found supporting itself on the slenderest base imaginable of either incident or reflection, may be almost divorced from those first natural sources of interest which affect all mankind. Now, although this may be the most poetical element of the poem—though this subtle play of imagination may constitute, more than anything else, the difference between poetry and prose, it does not follow that a good poem can be constructed wholly of such material. It does not even follow that, in a good poem, this is really the most essential part; for that which constitutes the specific distinction between prose and poetry may not be an ingredient so important as others which both prose and poetry have in common. It is the *hilt*, and its peculiar formation, which more particularly distinguishes the sword from any other cutting instrument; but the blade—the faculty of cutting which it shares in common with the most domestic knife—is, after all, the most important part, the most requisite property of the sword. A peculiar play of imagination is pre-eminently poetic, but thought, reflection, the genuine passions of man—these must still constitute the greater elements of the composition, whether it be prose or poem.

If, therefore, we carry this division of labor too far, we shall be in danger of carving elegant and elaborate hilts that have no blades, or but a sham one. We ask no one to write didactic or philosophic poems—we should entreat of them to abstain; we call on no man to describe again the culture of the sugar-cane, (though it bids fair to become amongst us one of the lost arts,) or the breeding of sheep, in numerous verse; we hope no one will again fall into that singular error of imagining that the “art of poetry” must be a peculiarly appropriate subject for a poem, and the very topic that the spirit of a poetic reader was thirsting for. Art of poetry! what poetic nutriment will you extract from that? As well think to dine a man upon the art of

cookery! It is quite right that what is best said in prose should be confined to prose; but neither must we divorce substantial thought, the broad passions of mankind, or a deep reflection, from the poetic form. This would be to build nothing but steeples, and minarets, and all the filigree of architecture. We should have pillars and porticoes enough, but not a temple of any kind to enter into.

We often hear it asserted, on the one hand, that the taste for poetry has declined. We hear this, on the other hand, vigorously contested and denied. No, says the indignant champion of the muse, *verse* may have sunk much in estimation, and the ingenious labors of the rhymist may be put on a par, if you will, with the tricks of the juggler or the caprices of art. Difficulties conquered! Nonsense. We want good things executed. It is your folly if you do not chose the best means. The man who plays on his fiddle with one string only, shall have thanks if he plays well, but not because he plays on one string; if he could have played better, using the four, his thanks shall be diminished by so much. Yes, verse may be depreciated, but *poetry*—which grows perennial from the very heart of humanity—you may plough over the soil deep as you please, you will only make it grow the faster, and strike the deeper root. The answer is well, and yet there may be something left unexplained. If poetry has been deserting the highroads of human thought—if it has grown more limited as it has grown more subtle—there may be some ground for suspecting that the public will desert it. Without wishing to detract anything from the high merit of his best performances, we should refer to a great portion of the poetry of *Shelley* as an illustration of these remarks, and also to a considerable part of the *poetry* of *Keats*.

It is especially in the class of descriptive poetry, that we moderns have carried the over-refinement we are speaking of, to so remarkable an extent. The poets of Greece and Rome, it has been often observed, rarely, if ever, described natural scenery simply for its own sake. It was with their verse as with their paintings—the landscape was always a mere accessory, the main interest lying with the human or superhuman beings who inhabited it. The truth seems to be, that the pagan imagination was so full of its goddesses and nymphs, that these obscured the genuine impression which the scene itself would have produced. Not but that the ancient poet must have felt the charm of a beautiful or sublime scene; but instead of

dwelling upon this natural charm, he turned immediately to what seemed a more worthy subject—to the supernatural beings with which superstition had peopled the scene. Scarcely could he see the wood for the dryads, or the river for those smooth naiads that were surely living in its lucid depths. And even if we suppose that these pagan faiths had lost their hold both of writer and of reader, it is still very easy to understand that simple nature—trees, and hills, and water—however pleasing to the beholder, might not be thought an appropriate subject, or one sufficiently important for an exclusive description. What is open to every one's eye, and familiar to every man's thought, is not the first but the last topic to which literature resorts. Not till all others are exhausted does it betake itself to this. Just as the heroic in human existence would be sung and unsung, long before a Fielding portrays the common life that is lying about him; so portents and prodigies, gods and satyrs, and Ovidian fables of metamorphosed damsels, would precede the description of groves and bays, verdure and water, and the light of heaven seen shining every day upon them.

Even the sacred poets and prophets amongst the Hebrews, who gave such sublime views of nature, always associated her with the presence of God. This, indeed, was the secret of their sublimity. With them nature was never seen alone. The clouds rolled about His else invisible path; the thunder was His, the hills were His; nature was the perpetual vesture of the Deity.

It is only in modern times that the scenery of nature has been allowed to speak for itself, to make its own impression, as the great representative of the beautiful here below. But now, as this scenery is to be described, not by admeasurements, or the items of a catalogue, as so much land, so much water, so much timber, but by the deep and varied, and often shadowy sentiments it calls forth, it is manifest that it must become a theme inexhaustible to the poet, and a theme also somewhat dangerous to him, as tempting him more and more towards those refined, and vague, and evanescent feelings which are not found on the highways of human thought, and are known only to the experience of a few.

But to return more immediately to Mr. Tennyson. We have said that, at the time when he commenced writing, poetry was in a certain feverish condition. The young poet had been spoilt—had grown over-confident. He was like Spenser's Knight in the Palace

of Love, who sees written over every door, "Be bold! be bold!" Over only one door does he read the salutary caution, "Be not too bold!" Public opinion, or the opinion of a large and powerful coterie, favored his wildest excesses. That language was strained and distorted, was a sure sign of the original power of thought that was struggling through the imperfect medium. Obscurity was always honored. People strained their eyes to watch their favorite as he careered amongst the clouds; if they lost sight of him, the fault was presumed to be in their own vision; they were not likely, therefore, to confess any inability to follow him. The young aspirants of the day even learnt to despise the trammels of their own art. The measure and melody of their verse was sacrificed to the irresistible afflatus which bore them onward. Metre was put to the torture, at least our ears were tortured, in order that no iota of the heaven-breathed strain should be lost. They still wrote in verse, because verse alone could disguise the empty, meaningless phraseology they had enlisted in their service; but it was often a jingling rhythm, harsher to the ear than the most crabbed prose, which was retained as an excuse or concealment for that resplendent gibberish they had imported so largely into the English language. From a super-refinement of thought, altogether transcendental, they delighted to descend to an imitation of childish or antique simplicity. The natural level of cultivated thought was by all means to be avoided. If you were not in the clouds, you must be seen sitting among the buttercups.

Turn now to the opening and earlier poems in Mr. Tennyson's volume; they are considerably altered from the state in which they made their first appearance, but they still leave traces enough of the unfortunate influence we have attempted to describe. The best amongst them is a sort of gallery of portraits of fair ladies—Claribel, and Lilian, and Isabel, and Adeline, and Madeline, and others. From these might be extracted some few very beautiful lines, but none of them pleases as a whole. There is an air of effort and elaboration, coupled with much studied negligence, which prevents us from surrendering ourselves to the charms of any of these portraiture. The *Claribel*, with which the volume commences, might be a woman or a child for anything that the poem tells us; we only gather from the expression "low lieth," that she is dead, and over her grave there rings a chime of words, which

leave as little impression on the living ear as they would on the sleeper beneath. It was a pity—since alterations have been permitted—that the volume was still allowed to open with this mere monotonous chant. And why were these two absurd songs, *To the Owl*, still preserved? Was it to display a sort of moral courage, and as they were first written out of bravado to common sense, was it held a point of honor to persist in their republication? I, Tennyson, have written good things; therefore this, my nonsense, shall hold its ground in spite of the murmurs of gentle reader, or the anger of malignant critic! But we must not commence an inquisition of this kind, or ask why this or that has been permitted to remain, for we should carry on such an inquiry to no little extent. We should make wide clearance in this first part of his volume. Here is a long *Ode to Memory*, which craves to be extinguished, which ought in charity to be forgotten. An utter failure throughout. We cannot read it again, to enable us to speak quite positively, but we do not think there is a single redeeming line in the whole of it. A dreary, shapeless, metaphysical mist lies over it; there is no object seen, and not a ray of beauty even colors the cloud. Then comes an odious piece of pedantry in the shape of "A Song." What metre, Greek or Roman, Russian or Chinese, it was intended to imitate, we have no care to inquire; the man was writing English, and had no justifiable pretense for torturing our ear with verse like this—

SONG.

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh.
In the walks,
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers."

Of the *Lady of Shalott* we have already hinted our opinion. They must be far gone in dilettantism who can make an especial favorite of such a caprice as this—with its intolerable vagueness, and its irritating repetition, every verse ending with the "Lady of Shalott," which must always rhyme with "Camelot." We cannot conceive what charm Mr. Tennyson could find in this species of odious iteration, which he nevertheless repeatedly inflicts upon us. It matters not what precedent he may insist upon—whether he quotes the authority of Theoc-

ritus, or the worthy example of old English ballad-makers, the annoyance is none the less. In the poem called *The Sisters*, we have the verse framed after this fashion—

"We were two daughters of one race ;
She was the fairest in the face :
 The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell ;
Therefore revenge became me well.
 O the earl was fair to see !"

And so we go on to the end of the chapter, with "The wind is blowing in turret and tree," and "The earl was fair to see," brought in, no matter how, but always in the same place. The last of the verse is not so abundantly clear as to be well able to afford this intervenient jingle, which is indeed no better than the *fal la la ! or tol de rol !* of facetious drinking songs. These have their purpose, being framed expressly for people in that condition when they want noise, and noise only, when the absence of all sense is rather a merit ; but what earthly use, or beauty, or purpose there can be in the melancholy iterations of Mr. Tennyson, we cannot understand. Certainly we agree here with Hotspur—we would rather hear "a kitten cry mew, than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

Oriana is fashioned on the same plan—

"My heart is wasted with my woe,
 Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
 Oriana."

As if some miserable dog were baying the moon with the name of *Oriana*.

Mariana in the Moated Grange is not by any means improved by this habit of repetition, every stanza ending with the same lines, and those not too skilfully constructed—

"She only said, 'My life is dreary ;
He cometh not,' she said !
She said, "I am awearry, awearry ;
I would that I were dead !'"

This piece of *Mariana* has been very much extolled ; the praise we should allot to it would seem cold after the applause it has frequently received. The descriptive powers of Tennyson are, in his happiest moments, unrivalled ; on these occasions, there is no one of whom it may be said more accurately that his words paint the scene ; but the description here and in the subsequent piece, *Mariana in the South*, has always appeared to us too studied to be entirely pleasing. We have tried to *feel* it, but we could not.

For instances of graver faults of style, and in productions of higher aim, we should point, amongst others, to *The Palace of Art*, *The Vision of Sin*, *The Dream of Fair Women*. In all of these, verses of great merit may be found, but the larger part is very faulty. An obscurity, the result sometimes of too great condensation of style, and a jerking, spasmodic movement, constantly mar the effect. From *The Palace of Art* we quote, almost at haphazard, the following lines. The soul has built her palace, has hung it with pictures, and placed therein certain great bells, (a sort of music we do not envy her,) that swing of themselves. It is then finely said of her—

"She took her throne,
She sat betwixt the shining oriel
To sing her songs alone."

After this the strain thus proceeds—

"No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echoed song
 Throb through the ribbed stone ;

Singing and murmuring in the feastful mirth,
Trying to feel herself alive ;
Lord over nature, lord of the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five.

Communing with herself : 'All these are mine ;
And let the world have peace or wars,
'Tis one to me.' She—when young night divine
Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils—
Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
And pure quintessences of precious oils
In hallowed moons of gems,

To mimic heaven ; and clapt her hands and
cried,

'I marvel if my still delight
In this great house, so royal, rich, and wide,
Be flattered to the height.

'From shape to shape at first within the womb,
The brain is modell'd,' she began ;
'And through all phases of all thought I come
Into the perfect man.

'All nature widens upward, evermore
The simpler essence lower lies ;
More complex is more perfect, owning more
Discourse more widely wise.'

Then of the moral instinct would she prate,
And of the rising from the dead,
As hers by right of full accomplished Fate ;
And at the last she said"—

Now this surely is not writing which can

commend itself to the judgment of any impartial critic. One cannot possibly admire medley of topics, moral and physiological, thrown pell-mell together, and mingled with descriptions which are themselves a puzzle to understand. To hear one's own voice "Throbbing through the ribbed stone," is a startling novelty in acoustics, and the lighting up of the apartment is far from being a lucid affair. We cannot understand "the wreaths and anadems;" our experience of an illumination night in the streets of London, where little lumps of jets or gas assume these festive shapes, comes to our aid, but "moons of gems" would form such globes as even the purest quintessence of the most precious oil must fail to render very luminous.

The Vision of Sin commences after this fashion—

"I had a vision when the night was late :
A youth came riding toward a palace gate ;
He rode a horse with wings that would have flown,
But that his heavy rider kept him down.
And from the palace came a child of sin,
And took him by the curls, and led him in,
Where sat a company with heated eyes,
Expecting when a fountain should arise."

Thus it commences, and thus it proceeds for some time, in the same very intelligible strain. It is our fault, perhaps, that we cannot interpret the vision; but we confess that we can make nothing of it till the measure suddenly changes, and we have a bitter, mocking, sardonic song, a sort of devil's drinking-song, through which some species of meaning become evident enough.

In a vision of sin we may count upon a little mystery; but we should expect to see all clear and beautiful in *A Dream of Fair Women*. But here, too, every thing is singularly misty. Those who have witnessed that ingenious exhibition called *The Dissolving Views*, will recollect that gay and gaudy obscurity which intervenes at the change of each picture; they will remember that they passed half their time looking upon a canvass covered with indistinct forms, and strangely mingled colors. Just for a few minutes the picture stands out bright and well-defined as need be, then it breaks up, and confuses its dim fragments with the colors of some other picture, which is now struggling to make itself visible. Half our time is spent amongst mingled shadows of the two, the eye in vain attempting to trace any perfect outline. Precisely such a sensation the perusal of this, and some other of the poems of Tennyson, produces on the reader. For a

moment the scene brightens out into the most palpable distinctness; but for the greater part we are gazing on a glittering mist, where there is more color than form, and where the colors themselves are flung one upon the other in lawless profusion. In the *Dream of Fair Women*, the form of Cleopatra stands forth magnificently; it is almost the only portion of the poem that has the great charm of distinctness, or which fixes itself permanently on the memory.

We cannot bring ourselves to quote line after line, and verse after verse, of what we hold to be bad and unreadable; we have given some examples, and mentioned a considerable number of the pieces on which we should found a certain vote of censure; the intelligent reader can easily check our judgment by his own—confirm or dispute it. We turn to what is a more grateful task. Well known as these poems are, we must be permitted to give a few specimens of those happy efforts which have secured, we believe, to Tennyson, in spite of the defects we have pointed out, an enduring place amongst the poets of England. We shall make our selection so as to illustrate his success in very different styles, and on different topics. We shall make this selection from the volume of *The Poems*, and then dwell separately, and somewhat more at large, upon *The Princess*, which is comparatively a late publication.

We cannot pass by our especial favorite, *The Lotus-Eaters*. This is poetry of the very highest order—in every way charming—subject and treatment both. The state of mind described, is one which every cultivated mind will understand and enter into, and which a poet, in particular, must thoroughly sympathize with—that lassitude which is content to look upon the swift-flowing current of life, and let it flow, refusing to embark thereon—a lassitude which is not wholly torpor, and which has mental energy enough to cull a justification for itself from all its stores of philosophy—a lassitude charming as the last thought, before sleep quite folds us in its safe and tried oblivion. No need to eat of the *Lotos*, or to be cast upon the enchanted island, to feel this gentle despondency, this resignation made up of resistless indolence and well-reasoned despair. Yet these are circumstances which add greatly to the poetry of our picture. To the band of weary navigators who had disembarked upon this land—

"Where all things always seemed the same—
The mild-eyed melancholy *Lotos-eaters* came."

IV.

"Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each; but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away, did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores! and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave.
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

V.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon, upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

CHORIC SONG.

I.

"There is sweet music here, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the bliss-
ful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leav'd flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
sleep.

II.

"Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,—
'There is no joy but calm!'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things?"

* * * * *

IV.

"Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah! why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?"

All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasures can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence,—ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dream-
ful ease!"

VI.

"Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives,
And their warm tears; but all hath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The gods are hard to reconcile:
Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labor unto aged breath."

VIII.

"We have had enough of action, and of motion,
we
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the
surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal
mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined.
On the hills like gods together, careless of man-
kind."

As at once a companion and counterpart to
this picture, we have a noble strain from
Ulysses, who, having reached his island-
home and kingdom, pants again for enter-
prise—for wider fields of thought and action.

"It little profits that an idle king,
By this small hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly.

I am become a name;
For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known; cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch, where through

Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin
fades
Forever and forever when I move.

* * *

"This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs his sail:
There gloom the dark-blue seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought
with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old:
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the
deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my
friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die."

St. Simeon Stylites is a poem strongly and justly conceived, and written throughout with sustained and equable power. Those who have objected to it, that it has not the portrait of any *Christian* even of that distant age and that Eastern clime, have perhaps not sufficiently consulted their ecclesiastical history, or sufficiently reflected how almost inevitable the practice of penances and self-inflictions leads to the idea that these are, in fact, a sort of present payment for the future joys of heaven. Such an idea most assuredly prevailed amongst the Eastern eremites, of whom our *Simeon* was a most noted example. But we cannot quote from this, or from *The Two Voices*, or from *Locksley Hall*, or from *Clara Vere de Vere*; for we wish now to select some specimen of the lighter, more playful, and graceful manner of our poet. We pause betwixt *The Day-Dream* and *The Talking Oak*; they are both admirable: we choose the latter—we rest under its friendly, sociable shade, and its most musical of boughs. The lover holds communion with the good old oak-tree, and

finds him the most amiable as well as the most discreet of confidants. May every lover find his oak-tree talk as well, and as agreeably, and give a report as welcome of his absent fair one! On being questioned—

"If ever maid or spouse
As fair as my Olivia, came
To rest beneath thy boughs,"

The oak makes answer:

"O, Walter, I have sheltered here
Whatever maiden grace
The good old summers, year by year,
Made ripe in summer-chase:

Old summers, when the monk was fat,
And, issuing shorn and sleek,
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
The girls upon the cheek;

And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties, that were born
In teacup times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn;

And leg and arm, with love-knots gay,
About me leap'd and laugh'd
The modish Cupid of the day,
And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

I swear (and else may insects prick
Each leaf into a gall)
This girl for whom your heart is sick
Is three times worth them all;

I swear by leaf, and wind and rain,
(And hear me with thy ears,)
That though I circle in the grain
Five hundred rings of years—

Yet since I first could cast a shade
Did never creature pass
So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass:

For as to fairies, that will flit
To make the greensward fresh,
I hold them exquisitely knit,
But far too spare of flesh."

The lover proceeds to inquire when it was that Olivia last came to "sport beneath his boughs;" and the oak, who from his topmost branches could see over into Summer-place, and look, it seems, in at the windows, gives him full information. Yesterday her father had gone out—

"But as for her, she staid at home,
And on the roof she went,
And down the way you use to come,
She look'd with discontent.

She left the novel, half uncut,
Upon the rosewood shelf;
She left the new piano shut;
She could not please herself.

Then ran she, gamesome as a colt,
And livelier than the lark;
She sent her voice through all the holt
Before her, and the park.

A light wind chased her on the wing,
And in the chase grew wild;
As close as might be would he cling
About the darling child.

But light as any wind that blows,
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower she touch'd on dipt and rose,
And turn'd to look at her.

And here she came, and round me play'd,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made,
About my 'giant bole';

And in a fit of frolic mirth,
She strove to spin my waist;
Alas! I was so broad of girth
I could not be embraced.

I wish'd myself the fair young beech,
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have locked her hands."

It is all equally charming, but we can proceed no further. Of the comic, we have hinted that Mr. Tennyson is not without some specimens, though, as will be easily imagined, it is not a vein in which he frequently indulges. *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue* is not a piece much to our taste, yet that

"Head-waiter of the chophouse here,
To which I most resort,"

together with the scene in which he lives and moves, is very graphically brought before us in the following lines:

"But thou wilt never move from hence,
The sphere thy fate allots:
Thy latter days, increased with pence,
Go down among the pots.
Thou battenest by the greasy gleam
In haunts of hungry sinners,
Old boxes larded with the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners.

We fret, we fume, would shift our skins,
Would quarrel with our lot;
Thy care is under polish'd tins
To serve the hot-and-hot.

To come and go, and come again,
Returning like the pewit,
And watch'd by silent gentlemen
That trifle with the cruet."

But this is not the extract we promised our readers, nor the one we should select as the best illustration of our author's powers in this style. In a piece called *Walking to the Mail*, there occurs the following description of a certain college trick played on some miserly caitiff, who, no doubt, had richly deserved this application of *Lynch law*. It is not unlike the happiest manner of our old dramatists:

"I was at school—a college in the south;
There lived a flay-flint near; we stole his fruit,
His hens, his eggs; but there was law for us;
We paid in person. He had a sow, sir; she
With meditative grunts of much content,
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud.
By night we dragg'd her to the college tower
From her warm bed, and up the corkscrew stair,
With hand and rope we haled the groaning sow,
And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd.
Large range of prospect had the mother sow,
And but for daily loss of one she lov'd,
As one by one we took them—but for this,
As never sow was higher in this world,
Might have been happy; but what lot is pure?
We took them all, till she was left alone
Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,
And so returned unfarrow'd to her sty."

The Princess; a Medley, now claims our attention. This can no longer, perhaps, be regarded as a new publication, yet being the latest of Mr. Tennyson's, some account of it seems due from us. With what propriety he has entitled it "A Medley" is not fully seen till the whole of it has come before the reader; and it is at the close of the poem that the author, sympathizing with that something of surprise which he is conscious of having excited, explains in part how he fell into that half serious, half-bantering style, and that odd admixture of modern and mediæval times, of nineteenth century notions and chivalrous manners, which characterize it, and constitute it the medley that it is. Accident, it seems, must bear the blame, if blame there be. The poem grew, we are led to gather, from some chance sketch or momentary caprice. So we infer from the following lines:

"Here closed our compound story, which at first,
Perhaps, but meant to banter little maids
With mock heroics and with parody;
But slipt in some strange way, cross'd with burlesque
From mock to earnest, even into tones
Of tragic muse."

However it grew, it is a charming medley ; and that purposed anachronism which runs throughout, blending new and old, new theory and old romance, lends to it a perpetual piquancy. Speaking more immediately and critically of its poetic merit, what struck us on its perusal was this, that the *pictures* it presents are the most vivid imaginable ; that here there is an originality and brilliancy of diction which quite illuminates the page ; that everything which addresses itself to the eye stands out in the brightest light before us ; but that, where the author falls into *reflection* and *sentiment*, he is not equal to himself ; that here a slow creeping mist seems occasionally to steal over the page ; so that although the poem is not long, there are yet many passages which might be omitted with advantage. As to that peculiar abrupt style of narrative which the author adopts, it has, at all events, the merit of extreme brevity, and must find its full justification, we presume, in that half burlesque character which is impressed upon the whole poem.

The subject is a pleasing one—a gentle banter of “the rights of woman,” as sometimes proclaimed by certain fair revolutionists. The feminine republic is dissolved, as might be expected, by the entrance of Love. He is not exactly elected first president of the republic ; he has a shorter way of his own of arriving at despotic power, and domineers and scatters at the same time. In vain the sex band themselves together in Amazonian clubs, sections, or communities ; he no sooner appears than each one drops the hand of his neighbor, and every heart is solitary.

The poem opens oddly enough, with the sketch of a baronet's park, which has been given up for the day to some mechanics' institute. They hold a scientific gala there. Rapidly, and with touches of sprightly fancy, is the whole scene brought before us—the holiday multitude, and the busy amateurs of experimental philosophy.

“Somewhat lower down,

A man with knobs, and wires, and vials, fired
A cannon ; Echo answered in her sleep
From hollow fields ; and here were telescopes
For azure views ; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislinked with shrieks and laughter ; round the
lake

A little clock-work steamer paddling plied,
And shook the lilies : perched about the knolls,
A dozen angry models jetted steam ;
A petty railway ran ; a fire-balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusty groves,
And dropt a parachute and pass'd ;
And there, through twenty posts of telegraph,

They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations ; so that sport
With science hand in hand went ; elsewhere
Pure sport ; a herd of boys with clamor bowl'd
And stump'd the wicket ; *babies roll'd about*
Like tumbled fruit in grass ; and men and maids
Arrang'd a country-dance, and flew through light
And shadow.”

Here we are introduced to Lilia, the baronet's young and pretty daughter. She, in a sprightly fashion that would, however, have daunted no admirer, rails at the sex masculine, and asserts, at all points, the equality of woman.

“Convention beats them down ;
It is but bringing up ; no more than that :
You men have done it ; how I hate you all !
O were I some great princess, I would build
Far off from men a college of my own,
And I would teach them all things ; you would
see.

And one said, smiling, ‘Pretty were the sight,
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

Yet I fear,
If there were many Lilias in the brood,
However deep you might embower the nest,
Some boy would spy it.’

At this upon the sword
She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot ;
‘That's your light way ; but I would make it
death

For any male thing but to peep at us.’
Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd ;
A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.”

Hereupon the poet, who is one of the party, tells a tale of a princess who did what Lilia threatened—who founded a college of sweet girls, to be brought up in high contempt and stern equality of the now domineering sex. This royal and beautiful champion of the rights of woman had been betrothed to a certain neighboring prince ; and the poet, assuming the character of this prince, tells the tale in the first person.

Of course, the royal foundress of a college, where no men are permitted to make their appearance, scouts the idea of being bound by any such precontract. The prince, however, cannot so easily resign the lady. He sets forth, with two companions, Cyril and Florian. The three disguise themselves in feminine apparel, and thus gain admittance into this palace-college of fair damsels.

“There at a board, by tome and paper, sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,

The princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth. She rose her height and
said,

'We give you welcome; not without redound
Of fame and profit unto yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger: aftertime
And that full voice which circled round the grave
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?

'We of the court,' said Cyril. 'From the court!'
She answered; 'then you know the prince?'
And he,

'The climax of his age; as tho' there were
One rose in all the world—your highness that—
He worships your ideal.' And she replied:
'We did not think in our own hall to hear
This barren verbiage, current among men—
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment;
We think not of him. When we set our hand
To this great work, we purposed with ourselves
Never to wed. You likewise will do well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks which make us toys of men, that so,
Some future time, if so indeed you will,
You may with those self-styled our lords ally
Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale.'
At these high words, we, conscious of ourselves,
Perused the matting."

In this banter is not unfairly expressed a
sort of reasoning we have sometimes heard
gravely maintained. We women will not be
the "toys of men." We renounce the toi-
lette and all those charms which the mirror
reflects and teaches; we will be the equal
friends of men; not bound to them by the ties
of a silly fondness, or such as a passing im-
agination creates. Good. But as the natural
attraction between the sexes must, under
some shape, still exist, it may be worth while
for these female theorists to consider, whether
a little folly and love, is not a better com-
bination, than much philosophy and a coarser
passion; for such, they may depend upon it,
is the alternative which life presents to us.
Love and imagination are inextricably com-
bined; in our old English the same word,
Fancy, expressed them both.

Strange to say, the princess has selected
two widows (both of whom have children,
and one an infant)—Lady Blanche and Lady
Psyche—for the chief assistants, or tutors, in
her new establishment. Our hopeful pupils
put themselves under the tuition of Lady
Psyche, who proves to be a sister of one of
them, Florian. This leads to their discovery.
After Lady Psyche has delivered a some-
what tedious lecture, she recognizes her
brother.

"My brother! O,' she said;
'What do you here? And in this dress? And
these?

Why, who are these? a wolf within the fold!
A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me!
A plot, a plot, a plot to ruin all!"

All three appeal to Psyche's feelings. The
appeal is effectual, though the reader will
probably think it rather wearisome; it is one
of those passages he will wish were abridged.
The lady promises silence, on the condition
that they will steal away, as soon as may be,
from the forbidden ground on which they
have entered.

The princess now rides out—

"To take
The dip of certain strata in the north."

The new pupils are summoned to attend
her.

"She stood
Among her maidens higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
Of those tame leopards. Kitten-like it rolled,
And paw'd about her sandal. I drew near!
My heart beat thick with passion and with awe;
And from my breast the involuntary sigh
Broke, as she smote me with the light of eyes,
That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook
My pulses, till to horse we climb, and so
Went forth in long retinue, following up
The river, as it narrow'd to the hills."

Here the disguised prince has an opportu-
nity of furtively alluding to his suit, and to
his precontract—even ventures to speak of
the despair which her cruel resolution will
inflict upon him.

"'Poor boy,' she said, 'can he not read—no
books?

Quoit, tennis-ball—no games? nor deals in that
Which men delight in, martial exercises?
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a girl;
As girls were once, as we ourselves have been.
We had our dreams, perhaps he mixed with
them;

We touch on our dead self, nor shun to do it,
Being other—since we learnt our meaning here,
To uplift the woman's fall'n divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man."

Well, after the geological survey, and
much hammering and clinking, and "chat-
tering of stony names," the party sit down
to a sort of pic-nic. And here Cyril, flushed
with the wine, and forgetful of his womanly
part, breaks out into a merry stave, "unmeet
for ladies."

"'Forbear,' the princess cried, 'Forbear, Sir, I—
And, heated through and through with wrath and
love,

I smote him on the breast ; he started up ;
There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd."

That "sir," that manly blow, had revealed all ; there was a general flight. The princess Ida, in the tumult is thrown, horse and rider, into a stream. The prince is, of course, there to save ; but it avails him nothing. He is afterwards brought before her, she sitting in state, "eight mighty daughters of the plough" attending as her guard. She thus tauntingly dismisses him :

"You have done well, and like a gentleman,
And like a prince ; you have our thanks for all ;
And you look well too in your woman's dress ;
Well have you done and like a gentleman.
You have saved our life ; we owe you bitter
thanks ;
Better have died and spilt our bones in the flood ;
Then men had said—but now—
You that have dared to break our bound, and
gull'd
Our tutors, wrong'd and lied, and thwarted us—
I wed with thee ! I bound by precontract,
Your bride, your bond-slave ! *not tho' all the gold
That reins the world were packed to make your
crown,*
And every spoken tongue should lord you."

Then those eight mighty daughters of the plough usher them out of the palace. We shall get into too long a story if we attempt to narrate all the events that follow. The king, the father of the prince, comes with an army to seek and liberate his son. Arac, brother of the princess, comes also with an army to her protection. The prince and Arac, with a certain number of champions on either side, enter the lists ; and in the *melee*, the prince is dangerously wounded. Then compassion rises in the noble nature of Ida ; she takes the wounded prince into her palace, tends upon him, restores him. She loves ; and the college is forever broken up—disbanded ; and the "rights of woman" resolve into that greatest of all her rights—a heart-affection, a life-service, the devotion of one who is ever both her subject and her prince.

This account will be sufficient to render intelligible the few further extracts we wish to make. Lady Psyche, not having revealed to her chief these "wolves" whom she had detected, was in some measure a sharer in their guilt. She fled from the palace ; but the Princess Ida retained her infant child. This incident is made the occasion of some very charming poetry, both when the mother laments the loss of her child, and when she regains possession of it.

"Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah my child !
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more ;
For now will cruel Ida keep her back ;
And either she will die for want of care,
Or sicken with ill usage, when they say
The child is hers ; and they will beat my girl,
Remembering her mother. O, my flower !
Or they will take her, they will make her hard ;
And she will pass me by in after life
With some cold reverence, worse than were she
dead.

But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me, like a wind
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child ;
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her."

After the combat between Arac and the prince, when all parties had congregated on what had been the field of battle, this child is lying on the grass—

"Psyche ever stole
A little nearer, till the babe that by us,
*Half lapt in glowing gauze and golden brede,
Lay like a new-fallen meteor on the grass,
Uncared for, spied its mother, and began
A blind and babbling laughter, and to dance
Its body, and reach its falling innocent arms,
And lazy lingering fingers.* She the appeal
Brook'd not, but clamoring out, 'Mine—mine—
not yours ;
It is not yours, but mine ; give me the child,'
Ceased all in tremble ; piteous was the cry."

Cyril, wounded in the fight, raises himself on his knee, and implores of the princess to restore the child to her. She relents, but does not give it to the mother, to whom she is not yet reconciled—gives it, however, to Cyril.

"Take it, sir,' and so
Laid the soft babe in his hard mailed hands,
Who turned half round to Psyche, as she sprang
To embrace it, with an eye that swam in thanks,
Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugg'd, and never hugg'd it close enough ;
And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled it,
And hid her bosom with it ; after that
Put on more calm."

The two kings are well sketched out—the father of Ida, and the father of our prince. Here is the first ; a weak, indulgent, fidgetty old man, who is very much perplexed when the prince makes his appearance to demand fulfilment of the marriage contract.

"His name was Gama ; crack'd and small in
voice ;
A little, dry old man, without a star,

Not like a king! Three days he feasted us,
 And on the fourth I spoke of why we came,
 And my betroth'd. 'You do us, Prince,' he said,
 Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,
 'All honor. We remember love ourselves
 In our sweet youth; there did a compact pass
 Long summers back, a kind of ceremony—
 I think the year in which our olives failed.
 I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart;
 With my full heart! but there were widows here,
 Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche;
 They fed her theories, in and out of place,
 Maintaining that with equal husbandry
 The woman were an equal to the man,
 They harp'd on this; with this our banquets
 rang;
 Our dances broke and hugged in knots of talk;
 Nothing but this: my very ears were hot
 To hear them. Last my daughter begg'd a boon,
 A certain summer-palace which I have
 Hard by your father's frontier; I said, No,
 Yet, being an easy man, gave it.' "

The other royal personage is of another
 build, and talks in another tone—a rough old
 warrior king, who speaks through his beard.
 And he speaks with a rough sense too; very
 little respect has he for these novel "rights
 of women."

"Boy,
 The bearing and the training of a child
 Is woman's wisdom."

And when his son counsels peaceful modes
 of winning his bride, and deprecates war, the
 old king says:

"Tut, you know them not, the girls;
 They prize hard knocks, and to be won by force.
 Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them
 As he that does the thing they dare not do—
 Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes
 With the air of trumpets round him, and leaps in
 Among the women, snares them by the score,
 Flatter'd and fluster'd wins, though dashed with
 death,
 He reddens what he kisses: thus I won
 Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,
 Worth winning; but this firebrand—gentleness
 To such as her! If Cyril spake her true,
 To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
 And trip a tigress with a gossamer,
 Were wisdom to it.' "

With one charming picture we must close

our extracts, or we shall go far to have it
 said that, with the exception of scattered
 single lines and phrases, we have pillaged
 the poem of every beautiful passage it con-
 tains. Here is a peep into the garden on the
 college-walks of our maiden university:

"There
 One walked, reciting by herself, and one
In this hand held a volume as to read,
And smooth'd a petted peacock down with that.
 Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,
 Or under arches of the marble bridge
 Hung, shadowed from the heat."

It may be observed that we have quoted
 no passages from this poem, such as we
 might deem faulty, or vapid, or in any way
 transgressing the rules of good taste. It
 does not follow that it would have been im-
 possible to do so. But on the chapter of
 his faults we had already said enough. Mr.
 Tennyson is not a writer on whose uniform
 good taste we learn to have a full reliance;
 on the contrary, he makes us wince very
 often; but he is a writer who pleases much,
 where he does please, and we learn at length
 to blink the fault, in favor of that genius
 which soon after appears to redeem it.

Has this poet ceased from his labors, or
 may we yet expect from him some more pro-
 longed strain, some work fully commensurate
 to the undoubted powers he possesses? It
 were in vain to prophesy. This last per-
 formance, *The Princess*, took, we believe, his
 admirers by surprise. It was not exactly
 what they had expected from him—not of so
 high an order. Judging by some intimations
 he himself has given us, we should not be
 disposed to anticipate any such effort from
 Mr. Tennyson. Should he, however, contra-
 dict this anticipation, no one will welcome
 the future epic, or drama, or story, or what-
 ever it may be, more cordially than our-
 selves. Meanwhile, if he rests here, he will
 have added one name more to that list of
 English poets, who have succeeded in estab-
 lishing a permanent reputation on a few brief
 performances—a list which includes such
 names as Gray, and Collins, and Coleridge.

From Tait's Magazine.

A NIGHT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF DERWENT WATER.

FOR the next century we fear the annalist of pedestrianism will have but few materials to work upon. With benevolent consideration we shall therefore furnish him with a feat we were honored to achieve in the summer of last year. After spending a night on the banks of Windermere, at about eight o'clock in the morning of a beautiful, but somewhat sultry day in June, we set out on foot from Bowness, intending, if possible, to reach Keswick in the twilight. From our starting-place to Ambleside, the road presents a variety of noble prospects, both of the lake and the circumjacent scenery. The unbroken quietude that slept on every object; the aspect of perfect repose that sat upon "the river-lake," and the gigantic heights glassed in its transparency—induced a placid calm upon the spirit, and ameliorated the heart with profitable reflection. Suddenly the neighboring hills rung out their echoes in a deafening, continuous peel—shattering sounds broke unwelcomely over the lake, and drowned the cadences of the waterfalls, that had only served to voice the silence and proclaim its presence. We looked and listened; we could scarcely credit our senses. A grim black monster was seen vomiting forth volumes of dunest smoke, that darkened the deep blue of the sky, rushing torturingly through the bosom of the lake, breaking into fragments the watery mirror with the remorseless dash of its iron wings, as the sun glared indignantly from his throne upon his broken and distorted image. It was freighted with a cargo of well-dressed people, who, from their unnatural conduct ought to have been behind the counter, at the exchange, or lounging away the morning on their ottomans in town, instead of recklessly marring the natural features, and disturbing the tranquillity of this quiet region. To relieve, as it should seem, the tedium of the excursion, a large band of musicians poured a horse clangor from their brazen-

throated instruments, startling echo with unwonted violence from her peaceful retreats, where the wild notes of the cascade, the blended harmony of melodious birds, and the shrill shriek of the mountain spirit, were alone congenial. The romance of a tour among the lakes is sadly interrupted by these painful tokens of a money-loving age, and a matter-of-fact world. The steamboat proprietors, and the prosaic parties that contribute to their support, have unquestionably the impression that Nature has so few charms, that of herself she is insufficient to afford any real recreation and enjoyment. They don't believe the poet when he says—"Thou mad'st all Nature beauty to his eye and music to his ear." Her beauty must be improved and supplemented, to suit the temper and tastes of the age; her pellucid specula must be broken, and shivered and smashed to powdery spray by the tormenting wheels of a thundering steamboat; her clear, cloudless sky and lustrous sun must be agreeably relieved by a smutty tinge of infernal smoke, to remind the manufacturing and commercial tourists of the charming impervious crassitude that oppresses and begrims the caliginous atmosphere of Leeds or Glasgow. Her music, too, must be mended; her melodious birds, her vocal cataracts, her quiet singing brooks, and all the wild and wayward strains of her spiritual harp, must join in concert with the stunning roar of trumpets, fifes and drums, before these worthy and enlightened people can derive any pleasure from her sights and sounds, and force themselves into such tame furiousness as to ejaculate, with a pseudo-poetical obstreperousness, "How pretty!" "Come now, that's well got up!"

It has long struck us, and our visit to these districts greatly strengthened the conviction, that mountain and lake scenery should, if possible, be witnessed alone. A like-minded companion may do very well for some time, but even of him you may tire.

and wish sincerely a solitary hour, to expose yourself, without restraint, to the soliciting influences around you. An incident occurred during a tour through the Western Highlands of Scotland, which corroborated our opinion, and determined finally our resolution always to travel in such a country alone. In passing through Edinburgh, we accidentally stumbled on an individual with whom we had been very slightly acquainted at college. We knew him to be a vigorous student, but destitute of a scintillation of fancy. Being informed of our route, he proposed to accompany us. With some hesitation we consented. A very few hours' mutual converse among the wilds of nature soon discovered the antagonism of our dispositions. A rupture seemed every moment inevitable. An occasion soon offered, and the tie was immediately severed. We stood together on a bold craggy promontory commanding a magnificent view of a beautiful loch, enriched with clusters of poetic associations, and encircled on all sides by mountains of great sublimity and historical interest. The scene suggested silence and reverie. Absorbed in the wilderness of wonders, spirited upwards by an invisible but omnipotent agency, no sound escaped us to indicate that we were not parts of the glorious whole. The solitude was perfect, the stillness unbroken—we could have heard even the measured beat of the muffled heart in its funeral march, had we not been exclusively occupied in the outer world. After a long pause of sacred communion, a voice suddenly, with the most perfect *sang froid*, exclaimed, "This is nice." Scared, as if by a phantom's hollow accents of terror, heard in the midst of a dream of bliss, away we sprang with the speed of an antelope, darted through bracken bush, prickly furze, and tangled brushwood, scaled with furious velocity the neighboring heights, and, all breathless and exhausted, reached the mountains of Ben Dhu, where, far from the sacrilegious interlocutor, we fortunately seized again the skirts of Nature, who had fled in indignation from her violated sanctuary. "*L'âme se montre en peu*," says De Staël—here it was exemplified.

To return: it was with feelings considerably chafed, that we afterwards pursued our way to Ambleside. It stands pleasantly at the northern extremity of Windermere, and affords some very fine views of the lake and its environs. We then visited Rydal Mount, the residence of Wordsworth, who, unfortunately for us, was engaged in certainly not

the most poetical, though, perhaps, the most necessary occupation in the world. In short, he was at dinner, and therefore invisible. Having traced the valley of Grasmere, and placed its solitary emerald isle and lake as gems in the cabinet of memory, we ascended "the mighty Helvellyn," where the whole lacustrine tableau in a moment depicted itself indelibly upon the mind; and just as the sun was sinking behind the western mountains, we looked down upon Derwent Water and the lovely vale of Keswick. Descending into the neat, picturesque town, where Southey spent some of his happiest and many of his saddest days, and his sweetest strains were sung, we found the principal street dotted with groups of gossiping idlers, keenly engaged in discussing the merits of the various equipages that swept past from the eastern lakes, crammed with tourists—whether veritable or ostensible, we leave *sub judice*—of both sexes, of all grades, and of all ages, that looked pleasant and amiable at sight of the substantial hostelry, where savory viands and grateful beverages awaited the clamant organ and the parched lip. The clit-clat-rat-a-tat of horses' feet pattering down the sloping turnpike, and along the dusty street; the jingle-jangle of harness, like the bells of a Swiss tamborine; the grumble-rumble-tumble of lumbering chaises; the smothered dull sound of patent-sprung private phaetons, mingled with the obstreperous vociferations of hostlers, understrappers, and uncombed urchins, clamorously bickering with one another as to who should ride the old hacks to water, gave the mountain village quite an air of bustle and activity, contrasting strangely with the surrounding scenery. The verdant brow of Skiddaw, the meek mild lake over which a cloud rested, as well as the distant rugged wilds of Borrowdale, seemed to frown on the insensate intruders into their quiet domains, where the solitary traveller seems the only welcome visitant. The genius of the dark fells scowled horribly, but without the success of Di Gama's apparition at the Cape; for no one seemed to care a fiddle-pin whether he scowled or smiled. But the dissonance and din of bustling travellers, loquacious townspeople, and wrangling imps, soon ceased, and silence resumed her tranquil sway. We were alone in Keswick. None of the happy faces we had seen jauntily peering from the dashing vehicles, or watching their arrival from the windows of the Royal Oak and the Queen's Head, had greeted us with a smile of recognition

We stood unnoticed and unknown, and we were really glad of it, though, in spite of all our enthusiasm, we experienced a slight sinking of heart when we thought of entering the public room, where instruments, untuned by the invisible spirits of the scenery around, were playing harsh music. There we knew no creature cared for us; and the peculiar melodies, wild, stirring, plaintive, or soothing, which had been evoked from the viewless chords of our inner being during that day's journey, lingered so sweetly in our ears, that with our steps on the threshold of the inn, whence a jocund peal was ringing, we paused, and suddenly—

"We heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls;
We saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From her celestial walls;
We felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er us from above,
The calm, majestic presence of the night,
As of the one we love."

The poetic genius of the place whispered—

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No cloud is there, nor speck, nor stain
Blots the serene of heaven.
In full-orbed glory the majestic moon
Rolls through the dark blue depths.

How beautiful is night!"

Another spirit continued—

"How beautiful this night! the balmyest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene,
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness,
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So mild, so bright, so still."

With Eve, we then inquired—

"But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This gorgeous sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

True,

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

But is this scene of glory spread out for them alone? Can we not join their band, hymn the great Creator, and "lift our thoughts to heaven?" A moment, and we were decided to spend the night by the river,

and the lake, and on the lonely summit of the wild mountain. Pacing leisurely down the quiet street, where a solitary individual might still be seen, that

"Eyed the blue vault, and blessed the useful light,"

we reached its western extremity; and, hearing the river

"Making sweet music with the enamelled stones,"

we turned our footsteps in that direction, and soon found ourselves on the banks of the Derwent. Long interlaced lines of brushwood fringed its borders, and, in some places, denied easy access to its waters. The moonbeam trembled in silver on its wimpling wave, giving it the appearance of the evening sky glittering with argent brightness through a stripe of forest trees. We wandered with the river, and listened attentively to its utterances. A feeling crept stealthily over us—a feeling we have often experienced, and which seems peculiarly the product of rivers, when no intervenient agencies destroy or diminish their natural influences. It was a conscious existence in the world of the future. We have elsewhere said that the genius of the cataract is *retrospective*; we add, the genius of the river is *prospective*. Surrendering ourselves to the sway of the former, we felt no inclination to soar into the possible and the future; what has been, and is not, usurps the imagination, while, on the contrary, under the impulse of the latter, our thoughts naturally roll onwards with the rolling river, and lose themselves in the ocean of eternity. What shall be, but is not, claims the dominion of the soul. Along the banks of that suggestive river, we mused on the fate that might await us in the coming scenes of the great drama of existence, and the developing destiny of the world. At that moment, the crumbling thrones and melting dynasties of the Continent seemed to augur a speedy consummation. The majestic river of life was apparently approaching the termination of its course. A new era appeared about to rise upon the world. We seemed to have reached the confines of the hour destined to herald the doom and regeneration, the death and the life, of humanity. If that hour has not yet arrived, may we not believe it is swiftly advancing?

The convulsions of society, multiplying in number and violence, will not retard it. They are its infallible forerunners, the preparatory movements of that power that shall achieve the complete and final renovation of the world.

We look with no sceptical eye upon the threatening aspect of European affairs. Through the darkness of the gathering tempest we discern harbingers of tranquil skies. We look with the eye of calm, assured hope upon the vessel freighted with the best interests of humanity, tossing, reeling, creaking, and shuddering to her centre under the angry swell of the furious waters; for we behold, sitting at her helm, a skillful pilot, who, though invisible to sense, will guide her in safety to the haven of rest, where man's brightest hopes shall all be fulfilled, and his ideal of social elevation more than realized. The desolation of the hurricane is the prelude of fertility; the agitations of society, the heralds of a glorious millennium. Rage on, then, ye wrathful waters; rock tempestuously the fragile, shivering ship; howl and shriek, ye baleful blasts, and tear her canvas into shreds; thunder, ye grim clouds, upon her groaning timbers, dart your forked lightnings through her shrouds, and rend her spars of oak into splintered fragments—for confusion yet shall hear a voice, and wild uproar stand ruled, and the shattered bark shall ride once more as proudly on the subject waves as when launched at first from her mighty builder's hand, and hailed by the joyful shout of the sons of God and the song of the morning stars. We feel a strange delight even in the prospect of mingling with the clashing elements out of which this glorious event is to spring. Action, action is our watchword. We are here not to dream, but to *live*—not to idle, but to *labor*—nor to loiter, but to *march*, to pant, to pray for the hour of man's full stature, for the day of perfected humanity. The period of adolescence is past—we are on the verge of maturity. We have already borne "the banner with the strange device" through wildering snow and falling avalanches; let us grasp it still, with the energy of death, and shout, "*Excelsior!*" But it may be said, this is all good, delightful, desirable; but instead of bodying forth the future in these shapings which imagination may mould and clothe with a vestment of illusive enchantment, present us with the great engines, the positive principles by which this predicted result is to be accomplished. This is a legitimate question, and one which genius often leaves unanswered, or but partially resolved. Statesmen, political economists, philosophers of every name, educationists, white, grey, and black, have each proposed a different instrument and a different theory—all have been more or less tried, and all have more or less failed. The only illustrious exception is

the scheme which the enlightened Christian philanthropist, in obedience to the dictates of infallible truth, has fearlessly promulgated. He has declared that the principles of the Bible, the great truths of the New Testament, the sacred doctrines, and the hallowing ethics of the inspired volume, are alone the mighty levers adapted and destined to upheave the institutes of error and ignorance, to hurl the stately systems of superstition into undistinguishable ruin, to overthrow the blood-based thrones of tyrants, and to destroy with irresistible convulsion the last remnants and the lowest strata of established despotism. But these principles, it is maintained, are not merely negative—they are omnipotently positive. Not only have they power to expel all false maxims in religion, morals, and politics, from the world—they have also power to substitute in their stead a code of truths, a system of morals constituting a kingdom of liberty, righteousness, and peace.

We left the banks of the stream deeply moved, and with nerves more tensely strung to enter the arena of life. This is one of the many precious fruits of meditative solitude. We there drink in those generous thoughts, those lofty aspirations, that dilate the soul, swell it with unutterable longings after higher good, and stimulate all the dormant energies of the intellectual and moral being into invincible action in the cause of humanity. The clock struck one as we re-entered the precincts of Keswick. "Night's sepulchre" was full—no breathing thing was to be seen. Silence, that meetest emblem of death, sat in undisturbed sovereignty upon the habitations of men. Sleep is awful!

"'Tis as the general pulse of life stood still,
And Nature made a pause."

But the pulse stands not still—Nature makes no pause—the pulse beats onwards to the grave—Nature hastens silently along her "dim and perilous way" to the hour when she shall shake into dissolution. Miserable mankind, and miserable creatures, were this the termination of your existence! But no; as this night of inactive slumber shall be succeeded by a day of vital activity, so shall the gloom of the grave and the darkness of a judged world depart before the dawn of an eternal light, the advent of an endless life. Sleep is awful, but to most it is the sweetest boon that Nature can bestow. Strange that oblivion should be so grateful! Why is it so? The consciousness of existence, forced upon man rather by

sorrow than by joy, is, in his present imperfect condition, the great burden under which he groans. Anything, therefore, that relieves the sense of *being* is welcome. How few can endure to *feel* that they exist!—how few can voluntarily dash the cup of oblivion from their lips, and invite the full consciousness of present actual being! How few can combat successfully the temptation to drink, when the waters of Lethe flow at their feet! The earth surely labors under some mortal malady. Till this curse be removed, till this malady be healed, man shall never rejoice in his existence, he shall never bless the day of his birth. At present, his happiness seems chiefly, or wholly, negative. The forgetfulness of what he is, where he is going, and what he is to become, seems to constitute the sum of his blessedness. The steady, fixed effort to resolve these problems, generates, in most cases, melancholy, disappointment, and despair, and serves only to aggravate the mystery in which they naturally stand enveloped. Baffled in the attempt, he retires spiritless, hopeless, bewildered, and undone. He yields to the craving of his nature after rest of some kind. He flies to excitement by day, partly to revelry and partly to sleep by night, that now by maddening mental intoxication, and now by deadening insensibility, he may secure an utter oblivion of the past and of the future; and thus, like the fleet ostrich, with its head beneath its wing, he tries to realize his safety when the rushing hunter dashes remorselessly upon his prey, and strikes it at a blow into the dust of death. Some few strong spirits grapple successfully with these momentous questions. Carrying along with them the torch of revelation, the volume of conscience, and the inscriptions of the outer world, they solve the mystic problem of life, and find

“The clue to all the maze of mind.”

These, and these alone, court not sleep for its oblivion, but for its sweet, restoring influences, that they may feel more intensely that *they are*.

Passing through the town from west to east, we diverged to the south, in the direction of the lake. It is of an oblong form, nearly three miles in length, a mile and a half in breadth, and interspersed with five beautiful islands. The water is more transparent than that of any other mountain lake. In a bright day, when the sun is flashing down through its depths, balls of quartz and

pieces of spar may be distinctly seen, nearly twenty feet below the surface. This arises, we understand, from the purity of its tributaries, which flow in channels of slate and granite. It is surrounded on all sides with towering mountains of every shape—pyramidal, conical, semicircular, and nondescript—presenting all the varieties of Alpine scenery. Pennant very truthfully says:

“The two extremes of the lake afford the most discordant prospects. The southern is a composition of all that is horrible. An immense chasm opens in the midst, whose entrance is divided by a rude conic hill, once topped with a castle, the habitation of the tyrant of the rocks; beyond, a series of broken mountainous crags soar one above the other, overshadowing the dark winding deeps of Borrowdale. But the opposite or northern view is, in all respects, a strong and beautiful contrast. Skiddaw shows its vast base, and, bounding all that part of the vale, rises gently to a height that sinks the neighboring hills; opens a pleasing front, smooth and verdant, smiling over the country like a generous lord; while the fells of Borrowdale frown over it like a hardened tyrant.”

No tourist has given a more graphic description than this veteran traveller of the last century. He saw it, however, only by day. In moonlight its features are wonderfully transformed. The lake, studded with the bright circlets of the sky, lies like an expanse of molten silver; the groves that fringe the skirts of the mountains appear like sable plumes whitened with the frost of winter; the cliffs, that beetle ruggedly over the shining wave, smile like grim warriors viewing from their watchtowers the quietude and beauty of the land they guard; the islands look like mocha-stones chased in the finest silver. Every bay and headland suggests some pleasing fancy. The whole scene is invested with a mantle of enchantment. When we arrived on its banks, by some fortunate chance a little skiff lay unmoored, as if the goddess of the lake invited us to visit her watery home. In a few minutes we sped right into the middle, beyond the shadows of the mountains. As we skimmed smoothly along the illumined path, Southey's beautiful epitaph on “Emma” came vividly to recollection. Fancy brought back that fair “beloved and lovely being,” as she plied her little skiff on the same lake:

“Nymph-like, amid that glorious solitude,
A heavenly presence, gliding in her joy.”

We have little sympathy with Southey's

greater efforts, such as "Roderick" and "Maddoc." The poetry is often poor, and the interest feebly sustained. His "inscriptions," however, are real gems; each contains a beautiful thought arrayed in choicest dexterity, and gleaming with the light of true poetic genius. As we sailed along, now glancing at the stars above, and now at the stars below, we remembered the exquisite line, "Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven," and asked a solution of it. Two reasons appeared to justify the sentiment. Of all objects the stars are the loveliest, and of all objects they are the most mysterious. Of all hues, from the ruby Mars to the sapphire Hesperus, they attract and fill the eye with beauty. Radiant with brightest and purest light, they are nevertheless invested with an impenetrable *aliquid ignotum*, which furnishes ample materials for the shapings of imagination. Beauty and mystery must always be poetry, and thus "the stars are the poetry of heaven." We had often looked enviously upon a light transparent cloud floating smoothly on the bosom of the moonlit air, and wished some power would aerialize us, that we might sail in that white-winged ship to explore the blue depths of the trackless ocean of universal ether. That night our wish seemed realized. Our little boat sailed like a fleecy cloud, specking the clearness of the sky. We looked upwards, and beheld the moon navigating her nightly course through the blue serene gemmed with starry islands. We looked downwards, and beheld another moon, sailing in another azure sea among other starry isles. Thus floating between two oceans, as in mid air, we steered along the radiant axis of the hollow sphere. Infinity opened around, and swallowed up the soul in its limitless amplitude. We now passed the island of St. Herbert, where the venerable priest and confessor mourned the absence of his bosom friend, St. Cuthbert, and prayed that Heaven might grant a simultaneous death:

"While o'er the lake the cataract of Lowdore
Pealed to his orisons."

Nearing Lowdore Inn, we heard distinctly the roar of the waterfall mingling its wild voice with the softer music of the small cascades. We made for the strand, and, hoisting our boat, sat down on the variegated stones that had been kissed into polished beauty by the enamored lake. Disentangled from former fancies, the panorama presented its objects in novel and different aspects. With our eye on the moon, that

still rolled in beauty through the firmament, though shaded at intervals by patches of heavy clouds, the following lines were suggested, and, aided by her lamp, we pencilled them in our note-book, which the reader will perhaps pardon us for inserting:

The moon, that looks serenely from the sky,
Shedding her holy light upon a sleeping world—
Like the meek countenance of a mother
Benignly bending o'er her cradled child,¹
Radiant with visions of his future fame—
Borrowers her lustre from another's light,
And modest walks in glory not her own.
So all that's great, and beautiful, and good,
In fortune, birth, and genius, that adorns
The sons of men, flows from the fount of God;
Like that fair moon, o'ershadowed with eclipse,
Investing yonder silvered lake with gloom,
And every glittering hill with sudden night,
The stealing shadow of Adversity
Obscures the brightness of Prosperity,
The beaming eye of soaring genius,
And humbles in the dust the pride of man!
But, see! the dim disastrous shade departs;
Slowly it glides from off the shining disc.
Appears again the moon, with brighter face,
Joyous to re-view her beauteous form
Mirror'd from radiant river, stream, and rill,
And this fair glass of Derwent. O'er the woods
And mountains dim, her argent robe she throws,
Smooths, with renewed delight, her jewelled path,
And renders homage to her unseen Lord.
So have I known Misfortune pass from man,
And darkness from the eclipsed eye of mind!
They brighter beamed than if they had not known
The shadows of a deep calamity;
Their honors carried lowlier than before;
Valued more truly all that they possess'd;
And published louder to the world around
That God, and God alone, is all in all!

But the night was wearing, and, after a hasty glance at the cataract, which presented no very remarkable appearance, as the recent drought had considerably lessened its supplies, we began to ascend an almost perpendicular mountain that grimly frowned over the southern extremity of the lake. We were somewhat jaded before leaving the boat, but the invincible energy of will triumphed over the lassitude of nature. In a short time we were seated on a rocky projection, looking out, like a castaway from his raft, upon the billowy sea of Borrowdale. The day still lingered behind the mountains. It was a moment of awful loneliness. Surrounded by such gigantic masses of matter, "the fragments of an earlier world," and far removed from kindred and acquaintance, we felt powerfully our ineffable insignificance, our helpless impotence. Death might here blow us from the tree of life like a leaf of

the forest; and who would care to note our fall among the heaps of withered foliage with which the world is strewn! And yet we trust some eye would moisten as it missed us from the spray. None is so lonely as to be utterly alone. And He, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall, will never withdraw his care from the humblest of his creatures. Sad, sweet thoughts like these were beginning to steal over the soul, when the sudden bleat of a stray member of the flock, which had approached unobserved, startled us like the voice of a spirit. Being much excited by the previous sights and sounds of the night, we were struck with a kind of panic, and sped away across the mountains, till the majestic orb of day, slowly ascending above the wavy horizon, arrested our flying footsteps. It was a glorious sight, and amply repaid us for all our toil. Strangely delighted with everything we had seen, and heard, and felt, we quietly picked our way down the steep, sprang into our boat, and soon arrived again at Keswick, just as the worthy people were opening their window-shutters to the morning sun. As we have nearly exhausted our space, we must tell the remainder of our story in a few words. After getting a little refreshment, we started, staff in hand, for Carlisle. We took an unusual but romantic route. Skirting Skiddaw on the west, and the eastern shore of Bassenthwaite water, we crossed the Caldbeck Fells, and recruited by a com-

fortable snooze on Jacob's pillow, in a desolate part of the road, just as eight o'clock sounded from the cathedral, weary, foot-sore, but happy, we entered the ancient city of Carlisle, where we determined to remain a few days to recover from the fatigues of our pedestrian excursions.

Between Bowness and Carlisle, we could not have travelled less than seventy miles, certainly no mean distance, when the nature of the route is taken into consideration.

A word in fine; we have often been asked whether we would adjudge the palm to the English or the Scottish lakes? The question, though often put, is a very absurd one. We have uniformly replied, both are best. The two *tableaux* are distinguished by peculiar characteristics, calculated to afford gratification to the same mind in different moods, or to different individuals of dissimilar intellectual type. As both of these regions possess large tracts remarkable alike for sublimity and beauty, though in the one the former and in the other the latter predominates, a chastened taste for quiet loveliness, slightly interspersed with rugged sternness, will conduct us to Windermere and Ullswater; and a high relish for wilder grandeur, sparsely relieved by soft attractions, will suggest a visit to Lochlomond or Loch-awe; while a mind capable of revelling with equal delight among both, will enjoy the Lakes of England and the Lochs of Scotland in the same degree of perfection.

From Tait's Magazine.

AN OLD TRUE THEME.

It is an old, yet golden dream,
That looking back to days gone by;
The world may mock it, as a theme
By poets harped continually.

And yet the world itself broods o'er
The theme oft-times, yet, scorning, hears
It echoed in the poet's lore,
And falsely masks its heart with sneers.

Yes! 'tis an old and common theme—
Great truths are common—why deny
This love of retrospective dream,
The bridegroom lov'd of Memory!

She, widow'd, sits in hearts that Time
Of truth has rifled, and she turns

Where, o'er Youth's heedless travell'd clime,
Thought's planetary beauty burns;

Thus led, she wanders uncontroll'd
Those regions blest: a word, a strain
Of music, to her hopes unfold
The portals of those ways again;

Though seeking—in the earnest love
Deceits of Time those hopes endow—
Youth's perfect joys, they float above,
And, dream-wise, mock existence now:

Still Memory seeks; but Hope will find,
Nor through the past of life despond.
Oft rises, when we look behind,
Desire to know beyond!

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE EVE OF THE CONQUEST.

The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems. By HENRY TAYLOR.

THE admirers of every poet whose enterprise, genius, and fortune have succeeded in producing that rare phenomenon, a long poem of sustained interest and sterling worth, are generally as ardent in their affection for his minor poems, as in their reverence for his more elaborate and more distinguished work. A volume of Milton will most probably open itself somewhere near the *Allegro* or the *Lycidas*; and while Petrarca's "*Africa*" (his "*magnum opus*") reposes in oblivion, his sonnets, mere relaxations, so trivial that the good Canonico saw no reason for not writing them in the vulgar tongue, live in the hearts of thousands, or at least in the more cordial part of their fancy.

It is not surprising that it should be so. A long poem, if conducted with a genius equal to the theme, has indeed its advantages, especially those of comprehending a larger sphere of interest, employing a greater number of the poetic faculties, and including more various elements in a richer harmony and ampler keeping. On the other hand, it is seldom conceived, as a whole, with the completeness which belongs to the design of a short poem; and that portion of it which did not enter into the original conception, is in danger of hanging about it with an awkwardness which betrays a prosaic origin. Again, no amount of executive skill can wholly atone for defects in the subject matter; and the subject of composition of any length is apt to reveal, at the last moment, some inherent defect, as provoking as the black spot which sometimes comes out in the marble, when the statue is all but finished.

There are other advantages which belong exclusively to a short poem. It is rendered buoyant by a fuller infusion of that essential poetry which pervades, rather as the regulating mind than the vivifying soul, a body of larger dimensions. The particular beauty which results from symmetry is most deeply

felt, when the piece lies within so small a compass, that the grace of proportion is recognized by an immediate consciousness, and not merely detected by patient and progressive survey. In the case, too, of pieces consisting of a few lines only, though they may not treat directly of a passage of human life, they, for the most part, will have been suggested by something experienced or observed, and thus touching nature at many points, will draw strength from frequent contact with its native soil; whereas a longer work, even though not abstract in its subject, joins thought on to thought and image to image, without remanding the poet to the common ground of reality; and being thus "carved out of the carver's brain," is apt, if not of first-rate excellence, to meet with a cold response from men whose associations are different from those of the poet. It may be added, that short poems bring us more near to the poet: and to impart and elicit sympathy is among the chief functions of those who may be called the brother-confessors of mankind. For, however devoid of egotism he may be, he must unavoidably present more aspects of his own many-sided being, when expatiating on many themes, and in many moods, than when engrossed by a single task. Their brevity also makes them more minutely known, and more familiarly remembered. They are small enough to be embraced; and if we cannot repose beneath them as under a tree, we can bear them in our breast like flowers.

Mr. Taylor's short poems are characterized by the same qualities which distinguished "*Philip Van Artevelde*" and "*Edwin the Fair*." That robust strength which belongs to truth, and that noble grace which flows from strength when combined with poetic beauty, are exhibited in them not less distinctly than in the larger works by which his reputation has been established. Their sub-

jects, as well as their limits, for the most part, exclude passion in its specific *tragic* form; but, on the other hand, they are wrought out with a more discriminating touch than his dramas. There is in them a majestic tenderness ennobled by severity; and, at the same time, a sweetness, and mellowness which are often missed in the best youthful poetry; and which come not till age has seasoned the instrument, as well as perfected the musician's skill. While not less faithful to nature, they have more affinities with art than their predecessors. Retaining the same peculiar temperament, light, firm, and vigorous, (for true poetry has ever a cognizable temperament, as well as its special intellectual constitution,) their moral sympathies are both loftier and wider, and respire a softer clime. To this we should add, that their structure is uniformly based upon those ethical qualities, simplicity, distinct purpose, and faith in man's better nature, which are not less essential than any intellectual gifts to excellence in poetry. The present volume, we regret to say, is but a small one. It includes, however, many different sorts of poetry; and the specimens of each are such finished compositions, that we think they must have been selected from a larger number. The longest is one of the narrative sort. There is also a singularly beautiful specimen of the elegiac; two poems, the "Lago Varese" and the "Lago Lugano," which, from their union of picturesque description with human interest, we should refer to that philosophical idyl, so characteristic an offspring of modern times; a dramatic scene or rather a philosophic disquisition, interwoven with a personal interest, and felicitously cast in the dramatic form; and an ode—for the "lines, written soon after the return of Sir Henry Pottinger from China, 1845," have far more pretension to the title than many poems to which it is conceded.

We will begin with the second of those we have now mentioned—"Lines written in remembrance of the Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers." It is so short as to admit of being quoted as a whole:

"A grace though melancholy, manly too,
Moulded his being: pensive, grave, serene,
O'er his habitual bearing and his mien
Unceasing pain, by patience tempered, threw
A shade of sweet austerity. But seen
In happier hours and by the friendly few,
That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn,
And fancy light and playful as a fawn,
And reason impeded with inquisition keen,
Knowledge long sought with ardor ever new,

And wit love-kindled, showed in colors true
What genial joys with sufferings can consist.
Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist
Touched by the brightness of the golden dawn,
Aerial heights disclosing, valleys green,
And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

And even the stranger, though he saw not these,
Saw what would not be willingly passed by.
In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
A simple grace, and gentle dignity,
That failed not at the first accost to please;
And as reserve relented by degrees,
So winning was his aspect and address,
His smile so rich in sad felicities,
Accordant to a voice which charmed no less,
That who but saw him once remembered long;
And some in whom such images are strong,
Have hoarded the impression in their heart,
Fancy's fond dreams and memory's joys among,
Like some loved relic of romantic song,
Or cherished masterpiece of ancient art.

His life was private; safely led, aloof
From the loud world—which yet he understood
Largely and wisely, as no worldly could.
For he by privilege of his nature proof
Against false glitter, from beneath the roof
Of privacy, as from a cave, surveyed
With steadfast eye its flickering light and shade,
And gently judged for evil and for good.
But whilst he mixed not for his own behoof
In public strife, his spirit glowed with zeal,
Not shorn of action, for the public weal;
For truth and justice as its warp and woof,
For freedom as its signature and seal.
His life thus sacred from the world, discharged
From vain ambition and inordinate care,
In virtue exercised, by reverence rare
Lifted, and by humility enlarged,
Became a temple and a place of prayer.
In latter years he walked not singly there;
For one was with him, ready at all hours
His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share,
Who buoyantly his burthens helped to bear,
And decked his altars daily with fresh flowers.

But farther may we pass not; for the ground
Is holier than the Muse herself may tread;
Nor would I it should echo to a sound
Less solemn than the service for the dead.
Mine is inferior matter—my own loss—
The loss of dear delights forever fed,
Of reason's converse by affection fed,
Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.
Friend of my youth! though younger yet my
guide,
How much by thy unerring insight clear
I shaped my way of life for many a year,
What thoughtful friendship on thy death-bed died!
Friend of my youth, whilst thou wast by my side
Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath;
How like a charm thy life to me supplied
All waste and injury of time and tide,
How like a disenchantment was thy death!"

The longest poem in the collection is that which has given the volume its name. "The Eve of the Conquest" is an impassioned narrative of those events in King Harold's life which connected themselves with the Norman invasion. So adapted to the purposes of song, both from its poetical and its historical interest, is the fall of the last of England's Saxon kings, that few literary accidents are more singular than that it should not have been before now worthily recorded in verse. With the present poem we have one fault to find; the scale on which it is written is not large enough to allow of this noble theme being treated in that ampler manner to which the narrative powers here exhibited are evidently adequate. The event described, paramount as it was in political importance, was but proportionate to the characters of the two men who at that great crisis stood opposed to each other, not only as the heads of hostile armies, but as the representatives of contrasted principles and contending races. The character of Harold was one of heroic material and heroic dimensions; and, with one exception, it was without stain. Of that fatal error, his engagement to William—imposed upon him, it is true, iniquitously, but sacrilegiously violated—Harold, as here described, is deeply sensible although he is no penitent. A great character, with one great flaw in it, appears to present us with the truest tragic effects; for without such a flaw, no place is reserved for poetic justice. A saintly character would be strong enough for tragic purposes; but its strength is that spiritual strength which disowns itself, and is "hidden" in a might greater than its own. This is doubtless one of the reasons why martyrdoms have been so seldom chosen for the source of dramatic interest. Tragic strength must be based upon exclusive self-reliance. Now, exclusive self-reliance is the spirit that goes before a fall; and it is one of the functions of tragedy to illustrate, by the confutation of a fatal reverse, the insufficiency of such merely human strength, and the madness latent in such pride. The chief events of "The Eve of the Conquest" are of historical fame. Those of our readers who are least acquainted with history, will have learned them from the "Harold" of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton—which, as well as his "Last of the Barons," is truly an epic in prose;—it is needless, therefore, to recount them here. We are introduced to Harold in his tent the night before the battle. Inly disturbed, he seeks repose in vain; and at mid-

night sends for his daughter, who is found kneeling, in mourning garb, "with naked arms, that made an ivory cross upon her breast," before the altar of the chapel in the convent where she has taken refuge. He informs her that, in seeking for the meeting, his purpose is to make her the depository of his confession, and also of his vindication. Of the three personal descriptions—that of Ulnoth, his youngest brother, who had been surrendered as a hostage to William, and to liberate whom Harold had sought the Norman court; that of the Norman duke himself; and that of the duke's daughter, Adelize—we will cite only the last. The martial fame of her father's guest had long before made an impression on her imagination not unfavorable to the attachment which, ere long, grew up between them—

"A woman-child she was : but womanhood
By gradual afflux on her childhood gain'd,
And like a tide that up a river steals
And reaches to a lilled bank, began
To lift up life beneath her. As a child
She still was simple—rather shall I say
More simple than a child, as being lost
In deeper admirations and desires.
The roseate richness of her childish bloom
Remain'd, but by inconstancies and change
Referr'd itself to sources passion-swept.
Such had I seen her as I pass'd the gates
Of Rouen, in procession, on the day
I landed, when a shower of roses fell
Upon my head, and looking up I saw
The fingers which had scattered them half spread
Forgetful, and the forward-leaning face
Intently fixed and glowing, but methought
More serious than it ought to be, so young
And midmost in a show."

It is thus that the king concludes his narrative—

"Here we stand opposed;
And here to-morrow's sun, which even now,
If mine eyes err not, wakes the eastern sky,
Shall see the mortal issue. Should I fall,
Be thou my witness that I nothing doubt
The justness of my doom; but add thou this,
The justness lies betwixt my God and me;
'Twixt me and William.'

"Then uprose the King;
His daughter's hands half startled from his knee
Dropt loosely, but her eye caught fire from his.
He snatched his truncheon, and the hollow earth
Smote strongly, that it throbbed: he cried aloud—
'Twixt me and William, say that never doom,
Save that which sunders sheep from goats, and
parts
'Twixt Heaven and Hell, can righteously pronounce.'
—He sate again, and with an eye still stern,

But temperate and untroubled, he pursued :
 "Twixt me and England, should some senseless
 swain
 Ask of my title, say I wear the Crown,
 Because it fits my head."

The poem ends with a monumental group—

"In Waltham Abbey on St. Agnes' Eve
 A stately corpse lay stretched upon a bier.
 The arms were cross'd upon the breast; the face,
 Uncover'd, by the taper's trembling light
 Show'd dimly the pale majesty severe
 Of him whom Death, and not the Norman Duke,
 Had conquer'd; him the noblest and the last
 Of Saxon Kings; save one the noblest he;
 The last of all. Hard by the bier were seen
 Two women, weeping side by side, whose arms
 Clasp'd each the other. Edith was the one.
 With Edith Adeliza wept and pray'd."

If a comparison were to be made between Mr. Taylor's poetry and that of the other poets of this age, the poem from which we have just quoted might furnish a common measure; inasmuch as almost all our modern poets, however different their style, spirit, or views of art, have occasionally written in the narrative form. In the narrative poetry of Scott and of Southey the predominant elements are those of costume, manners, and incident. In Byron's narrative the chief ingredient is passion, or what passes for passion with those who have never considered the affinities between genuine human passion and elevated action. The narrative of Keats is characterized by its pervading sense of beauty; that of Mr. Tennyson by its rich and shaping imagination, and its captivating diction; that of Mr. Leigh Hunt by its picturesque vivacity and abundant grace; that of Mr. Landor by an antique refinement and stateliness, which are recognized by all who delight in Greek poetry or Greek sculpture; and which, for the same reason, are as repulsive to those who judge by a meaner sense, as the chill of the marble would be to a blind man's touch. Mr. Coleridge's "Christabel" is the investment of mystical reveries in robes as bright, but as thin as a lunar rainbow, and in music that comes and goes like the sound of a distant waterfall. His "Ancient Mariner" is the subjective Odyssey of a psychological age, adumbrating in vision the struggles (fall, expiation, and restoration,) of that interior life whose action is thought, and whose eras are convictions. Perhaps of all narrative poetry, the one which differs most widely from Mr. Taylor's, is that of Shelley. To the latter it was always easier

to soar in rapture than to stoop to fact: and a lyrical spirit so wings his narrative, that it can hardly keep its footing on the ground. Mr. Wordsworth's narratives are instinct with profound reflection, and a yet more profound humanity. He feels, however, more for man than for men. If the human mind be "his haunt, and the main region of his song," he sings of it not as manifested in individuals merely, but as it exists archetypally. Within it, as in a western sky, he recognizes "a spirit far more deeply interfused," of which it is the mansion; and his especial gift is to follow the traces of a love larger than human, which yet ebbs and flows along the channels of the human affections. The nature which he celebrates is itself more than half supernatural; a nature which, if unredeemed, is also in a large measure unfallen; a nature as different from that which imparted to the masculine writings of Crabbe their hard, dry sadness, and half-cynical, yet ruthless truthfulness, as if it had belonged to another planet. This fact is not always observed by those who discuss the religious bearings of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; and who, in deprecating the glories which he seems to attribute to unassisted human nature, have perhaps never pondered the meaning of those lines of his, a needful comment on his philosophy—

"By grace divine,
 Not otherwise, O Nature, are we thine."

The most marked characteristic of Mr. Taylor's narrative, as well as of his poetry in general, we should say to be that practical truth which constitutes reality. We here use the word reality not less as contrasted with the poetry of abstract thought, than with the miscreations of morbid passion, capricious fancy, or fashionable convention. This quality of reality, or truth, is one the searching nature of which has seldom been appreciated, although that small department of it which relates to the picturesque has been much insisted on: nor can we better illustrate our opinion of Mr. Taylor's poetry than by pointing out the degree and mode in which it embodies the various forms of this great poetic attribute. The form of truth most saliently exhibited in the poem from which we have last quoted, is truth of character. Within its narrow compass five characters are sketched, with different degrees of fullness; but each with that masterly handling and graphic vividness which brings them home to us as realities, more

like the characters recorded by a contemporary chronicler than the impersonated passions of second-rate poets or second-hand historians. These are the qualities which we should have looked for in the narrative of a dramatic poet. In this respect Mr. Taylor's poetry reminds us less of his modern contemporaries than of the masters of an earlier and manlier time. The vigorous delineation of character, a quality in poetry commonly associated with humor, has immortalized Chaucer; and it is that which imparts such a noble animation to Dryden's tales, though in his hands it lost its discriminative delicacy and pathos, as well as most of its occasional homeliness.

Poetic truth, in this primary form, truth of character, has for many years been little expected and seldom found. Modern representations of character have for the most part been feeble, vague, and superficial. The cause of this great defect is yet more to be deplored. The delineations of the poet have been copies of copies, or arbitrary creations of fancy, only because the poet has no longer had frequent opportunities of studying from living models. What was once said, a little invidiously, about "matter too soft a lasting mark to bear," applies no longer exclusively to that sex in which the fault might most easily be pardoned. If modern society has reached a higher average of decorous virtue; yet individual robustness—and therefore character—like intellectual greatness, is rarer than it was in ruder times. The aids and appliances which are now multiplied round men, enfeeble them. The shield of law renders it no longer necessary that every man should be competent to his own defense: and the division of labor has forestalled the necessity of intellectual self-reliance, and of that large yet minute development of faculties which was produced when, for the work of one man, the most opposite qualities were required. Industrialism, likewise—while the prosperity which is its just reward, too often betrays it into selfishness—is a sedative to the passions. A certain social uniformity ensues, exercising a retarding force like the resistance of the air or the attrition of matter, and insensibly destroying men's humors, idiosyncrasies, and spontaneous emotions. It does so, by rendering their concealment an habitual necessity, and by allowing them neither food nor sphere. Men are thus, as it were, cast in a mould. Besides—the innumerable influences, intellectual and moral, which, at a period of diffused knowledge like the present, co-exist

and co-operate in building up our mental structure, are often completely at variance with each other in origin and tendency: so that they neutralize each other's effects, and leave a man well stored with thoughts and speech, but frequently without aim or purpose. If to these considerations we add the fact, that greatness and strength are only produced where they are revered, and only revered where required, we shall have gone far to account for that want of robustness which belongs to modern character, and that tameness with which, consequently, it is portrayed.

Nor is this all. It is not individuality alone that is lost when the conventionalities of society overlay the humanities. Simplicity of character is likewise destroyed by a spurious self-consciousness, by subserviency to opinion—that irresponsible censorship—by vanity, and, most of all, by that complexity of life which makes little things great, and shuts great things out from our view. But, without simplicity, ideality cannot exist. The elementary type of character is broken down, therefore, among us; its body losing its marmoreal compactness, and its outline all precision. Robustness, the very substance of character, being thus precluded, as well as individuality and ideality—the two great attributes by which its form is determined—art becomes decorative merely; and the poetic delineation of man, in losing its sublime nakedness, retains but a feeble hold of the true and the real.

These obstacles are indeed less formidable in narrative than in dramatic poetry, because in the former a less vivid sympathy with character is required. While in dramatic poetry character is conceived by the intuition of a passionate sympathy,—in narrative, and especially in epic, it is the offspring mainly of an imaginative contemplation. The tragic poet looks on human action from all sides, and with the eyes of all men; the epic poet regards it from above and with the eyes of the muse. Tragic poetry is for this reason the more versatile and the more ardent. Narrative, when it takes its highest form, that of the epic, is the more comprehensive, impartial, and sublime.

The poem of "Ernesto" is remarkable for its deep pathos and romantic interest. It opens with a striking retrospect—

"Thoughtfully by the side Ernesto sate
Of her whom in his earlier youth, with heart
Then first exulting in a dangerous hope,
Dearer for danger, he had rashly loved.
That was a season when the untravelled spirit,

Not way-worn nor way-wearied, nor with soil
 Nor stain upon it, lions in its path
 Saw none—or, seeing, with triumphant trust
 In its resources and its powers, defied—
 Perverse to find provocatives in warnings
 And in disturbance taking deep delight.
 By sea or land he then saw rise the storm
 With a gay courage, and through broken lights,
 Tempestuously exalted, for awhile
 His heart ran mountains high, or to the roar
 Of shattered forests sang superior songs
 With kindling, and what might have seemed to
 some,
 Auspicious energy;—by land and sea
 He was way-foundered—trampled in the dust
 His many-colored hopes—his lading rich
 Of precious pictures, bright imaginations,
 In absolute shipwreck to the winds and waves
 Suddenly rendered.”

We have only room for the conclusion of
 the love story:

“Once again
 He sate beside her—for the last time now,
 And scarcely was she altered: for the hours
 Had led her lightly down the vale of life,
 Dancing, and scattering roses, and her face
 Seemed a perpetual daybreak, and the woods
 Where'er she rambled, echoed through their
 aisles

The music of a laugh so softly gay
 That Spring with all her songsters and her songs
 Knew nothing like it. But how changed was he!
 Care and disease and ardors unexpressed,
 And labors unremitted, and much grief,
 Had written their death-warrant on his brow.
 Of this she saw not all—she saw but little—
 That which she could not choose but see she
 saw—

And o'er her sunlit dimples and her smiles
 A shadow fell—a transitory shade—
 And when the phantom of a hand she clasped
 At parting, scarce responded to her touch,
 She sighed—but hoped the best.

When winter came
 She sighed again; for with it came the word
 That trouble and love had found their place of
 rest,
 And slept beneath Madeira's orange groves.”

The second form of truth exhibited in Mr.
 Taylor's poetry, is that which may yet more
 properly be termed reality, consisting, as it
 does, mainly in its affinities with life, action,
 and fact—a subject but glanced at in our
 preliminary remarks on occasional poetry.*

* Half the pleasure we take in Cowper's poems
 and letters, is from his throwing his own poetic nature
 into so many familiar incidents. In this manner,
 what are called “Occasional Poems” have touched
 the heart and fancy, and embellished the existences
 of many persons, by showing them that there is a
 poetic side in our daily life, “a shadowy setting off
 the face of things,” which otherwise they might
 have never known.—*Ed. Rev.*, vol. ix. p. 178.

It is not the trifling mind alone, which fails
 to appreciate the need of veracity in poetry.
 The ultra-admirers of the abstract and re-
 condite are apt to underrate its importance
 also. Without denying that a deep philoso-
 phy must be indirectly involved in the high-
 est poetry, we would only observe that the
 foundations of the building may well remain
 underground. A certain degree of plainness
 is absolutely necessary to keep a poet vul-
 gar, in the good sense of the word—that is,
 catholic; for it is his proudest office to take
 his stand, with Homer and Shakspeare, on
 the highways of life, leaving its by-ways to
 those who lack the faculty which elicits the
 beautiful from common things. Moreover a
 thought rendered palpable by being, if we
 may so speak, incarnate in a fact, will thus
 become connected with a feeling likewise;
 and feeling is a solvent through the aid of
 which thought penetrates dull and otherwise
 inaccessible natures. There are other ad-
 mirers of poetry, to whom the imagination is
 all in all. But it is no disparagement of that
 great faculty to observe that though it can
 organize a world of order out of a chaos, it
 cannot create one absolutely out of nothing.
 All species of truths, in fine, are the better
 for mutual fellowship; the breed is the
 sounder for being crossed; and the humble
 truth of literal fact is the alloy, which only
 debases the ideal truth of poetry to make it
 malleable.

The opinion that a close observation of
 outward things is unworthy of poetry pro-
 ceeds, not from too exalted a theory of Art,
 but from an unworthy estimate of Nature;
 as if the latter were something merely ma-
 terial, existed but for temporal purposes, and
 turned up by accident only its various products
 of good and evil. Truth of fact is worthy
 of reverence, on the contrary, because Na-
 ture itself has been modelled upon a frame-
 work of moral truth; while the kindred
 world of circumstance is ruled by Providence.
 The most common events of human life are
 instinct with latent principles, which, if at all
 times detected—as they are on those occa-
 sions which are especially termed providen-
 tial, because they happen to be especially
 noted—would at all times approve themselves
 divine. Among the attributes of the inspir-
 ed writings is to be noted the power with
 which they bring home to us the sublimest
 truths, not by a didactic process, but in brief,
 luminous commentary upon some casual oc-
 currence; drawing forth the truth of the
 idea, as if by electric touch, from the truth
 of fact, which in its ordinary state is at once

its shrine and its veil. So is it with song—that lower form of inspiration which yields us the poetic rather than the spiritual interpretation of nature—that lore which, like a higher lore, is manifested “*nusquam majus quam in minimis*.” But it is not to the common eye that nature reveals this lore. She offers it, indeed, to all; but it is only “a gift of genuine insight” which can penetrate into her meanings. We see for the most part, not that which exists, but that which we select from the mass of surrounding objects, and combine into a perspective of our own arranging. We select, reject, and combine according to some internal formative principle; and a prejudice or a fancy may build up our world. The ordinary condition of men is to have eyes and to see not. It is the prophet who claims the title, of “the man whose eyes are open;” nor do we possess any faculty more exalted or more inspired than that which enables us truly to see what lies around us, and to see that it is good. Among the countless wastes of intellect and power, there are few more deplorable than those committed by poets, (among them are to be found poets of every class except the highest,) who, passing Nature by, have expended ability and industry on worthless themes, recommended but by the fashion of the hour; thus painting their frescoes with adulterated colors and on a tottering wall. While their ambitious works have mouldered into dust, how many an unpretending ballad has escaped, as if by miracle; and when disinterred like some old coin, has circulated from hand to hand, not in consequence alone of the skill that shaped it, but because it bore the sovereign impress of Nature. To all men of genius who have thus labored, may be given that praise which an eloquent and original critic has bestowed upon the English professors of a kindred art; * “that although frequently with little power and desultory effort, they have yet, in an honest and good heart, received the word of God from clouds, and leaves, and waves, and kept it.” Artists trained in this school work in a region as wide as the universe, and as deep as the heart of man. They, in their degree, preach a faith which was delivered once for all, and follow the footsteps of truth whithersoever it goes. They are fellow-laborers with all who have received a commission to teach and have not spoken by an usurped authority. Their subjection to nature has

been their true freedom, a thing never connected with an arrogant independence. The human mind must ever rest upon something; and nature, in tendering her aid to those who add from their own stores as much as they receive from hers, does but substitute the ministry of her works for the prompting of books; thus vindicating that originality which refused to trust itself alone. It is from the union of Nature and the human mind, that Art as well as Science derives its origin and principle of growth. Accordingly, the most ingenious products of the imagination, unfecundated by nature, have always remained barren. Poetry drawn ultimately from experience flows forth in a rich and manly vein; for in its larger harmonies it reconciles all that belongs to our humanity. Poetry, on the other hand, which testifies nothing of what the eye has seen and the hand handled, is innutritious and hard, consisting mainly of *a priori* thoughts, and untested feelings, with no living bond to connect the two classes.

Not less important than truth in character and truth of fact, is that truth which relates to sentiment and to thought. Thought without truth is but serious trifling. There is no subject which will not suggest innumerable thoughts to as many different minds, or to the same mind in its various moods. Of these thoughts, while all are perhaps at first equally imposing, nine out of ten will unfortunately prove unsound. It is by the inspiration of genius and of a right mind that a poet is drawn toward the true thought, and warned away from the rest. One of his chief calls is to vivify true thoughts; and so to strengthen and cleanse the minds of men by the imbreathed virtue of the imagination, as to raise them above the solicitation of inferior suggestions. Our intellectual strength is in proportion as we realize the superior exclusively. It is a mistake to cram poetry with many thoughts; for it is not their multitude but their gravity that makes poetry truly intellectual. It is a still greater mistake to wander in search of originality. Without originality, indeed, there is no true poetry; but where originality exists, it will be found unsought; since, however much the mind of one poet may in structure resemble that of another, his life, which feeds that mind, has been his alone. Originality does not invent, so much as detect, the new; revealing to us what lay about our feet, but lay there unobserved, until a beam fell upon it, as on a dew-drop in the grass, or a stream in a distant landscape. Half the noblest passages in poetry are truisms; but these truisms are the

* “Modern Painters.” By a Graduate of Oxford. Second edition. p. 60.

great truths of humanity; and he is the true poet who draws them from their fountains in elemental purity, and gives us to drink. People are in the habit of supposing that they believe truths with which their inner mind has never once been in contact. They are not aware that, in morals, as in physics, few of the objects with which we seem in contact really touch us; nor that it is impossible to determine how small a particle of vital truth will affect us, if it have once been incorporated with our internal and structural constitution. The difference between a seeming and a real belief is brought home to us in religious matters by vicissitudes chiefly. In poetry—which is concerned with the indicative rather than the imperative of truth—it is by the inspired strokes of genius that we are made to feel, how wide is the gulf which separates the eternal verities of nature from that world of semblance in which our superficial being moves.

At all periods the analogy between moral truth and the truth of poetry has been acknowledged; and great poets have always exercised, either directly or indirectly, a privilege of exhortation, instruction, and reproof, like that which constituted a part of the prophetic "Burden" of old. It is the especial province of poetry to assert the cause of virtue and justice, and to rebuke corruption, whether exalted in high places, or diffused throughout the body of society. Chaucer and Dante shot many a Pythian shaft against the secular ambition of the clergy, the opprobrium of their day. Milton spake, if more briefly, yet with more lasting efficacy in verse than in prose—though his prose was poetry—against the civil oppressions of his time. The social corruptions of a later date, though intertwined with much of generous promise, have yet been regarded with an undazzled eye, and denounced with an unsparing tongue, by the chief poets of our age. Its unspirituality in sentiment, its empiricism in philosophy, its covetousness, its restlessness, and its emptiness, have felt the lash, not of splenetic satirists, but of great moral teachers; who, watching with a sleepless heart the progress of the nation, did not fail to remember that progress is impossible without stability, and that even a "stationary state" in morals, not to speak of retrograde, when overbalanced by a rapid economical advance, must end in subversion and overthrow. To every period in the life of nations, as well as of individuals, is assigned its especial trial. Thus the highest civilization is found to nourish in its bosom social griefs and perils

peculiarly its own—its own vices—its own passions. But, while the lesser wits, "twinkling the miscellanies o'er," put on the livery of their age, its better natures are ranged on the other side. Mr. Taylor has assailed the prominent evil of our times in a narrower circle, and with a weapon short and sharp. His estimate of some important characteristics of English society is expressed in the concluding stanzas of the poem entitled "Lago Lugano."

"Ambition, Envy, Avarice, and Pride—

These are the tyrants of our hearts: the laws
Which cherish these in multitudes, and cause
The passions that aforesaid lived and died
In palaces, to flourish far and wide
Throughout a land—(allot them what applause
We may, for wealth and science that they nurse
And greatness)—seen upon their darker side
Bear the primeval curse.

Oh! England, "Merry England," styled of
yore!

Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund laughter
where?

The sweat of labor on the brow of care
Makes a mute answer—driven from every door!
The may-pole cheers the village green no more,
Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas murmurs rare.
The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs;
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,
Has leisure to be wise?

Civil and moral liberty are twain;

That truth the careless countenances free
Of Italy avouched: that truth did we,
On converse grounds and with reluctant pain,
Confess that England proved. Wash first the
stain

Of worldliness away; when that shall be,
Us shall "the glorious liberty" befit
Whereof, in other far than earthly strain,
The Jew of Tarsus writ.

So shall the noble natures of our land

(Oh! nobler and more deeply founded far
Than any born beneath a southern star,)
Move more at large; be open, courteous, bland,
Be simple, cordial, not more strong to stand
Than just to yield—nor obvious to each jar
That shakes the proud; for Independence walks
With staid Humility, aye hand in hand,
Whilst Pride in tremor stalks.

From pride plebeian and from pride high-born,
From pride of knowledge no less vain and weak,
From overstrained activities that seek
Ends worthiest of indifference or scorn,
From pride of intellect that exalts its horn
In contumely above the wise and meek,
Exulting in coarse cruelties of the pen,
From pride of drudging souls to Mammon sworn,
Where shall we flee and when?

We will quote another remarkable passage in which Thought and Sentiment are enlivened by Passion—Passion in a subordinate capacity, as sustaining moral declamation, and contradistinguishing poetic eloquence from versified rhetoric. It is the conclusion of the poem "written after the return of Sir Henry Pottinger from China," and sums up a vindication of Captain Elliot, Sir Henry's predecessor in the Chinese command:

"What makes a hero?—Not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants and the loud acclaim
Of glutted avarice—caps tossed up in the air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair,
Bells pealed, stars, ribands, and a titular name,
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul or set the heart at ease.
—What makes a hero? An heroic mind
Expressed in action, in endurance proved;
And if there be pre-eminence of right,
Derived thro' pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts
Launched by the country he had served and
loved:
This with a free unclouded spirit pure,
This in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown;
This is the hero's complement and crown:
This untried, one struggle had been wanting still,
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts."

Another form of poetic truth is the truth of passion. Without reality, poetic passion must ever be insincere. The passion of purely ideal poetry plays in the air with flame that has no heat; and in poetry of a meaner sort, rhetoric and exaggeration are, in fact, a device to hide its absence. Poetic passion is a subject but little understood. The cravings of ungovernable appetite, and the ravings of impotent self-will, expressed in swelling sentences hysterically broken, pass for passion with very inflammable, or with very cold readers. Passion, however, like that nature from which it springs, is not often in convulsion; and, like that truth which is its sanction, does not always speak in a loud voice. He has no eye for passion who can describe only its agonies. There are indeed seasons when it is "perplexed in the extreme," and when, mounting to its height, it manifests itself in ruin. Even then there is in it a retributive strength, and a light that illumines the waste. For the most

part, however, it is slow, serious, profound; soft, yet irresistible; consummating; not killing, but making alive; no volcanic outbreak, but that far mightier fire from the heart of things which is revealed only in its benefits, and which, equably diffusing itself, quickens the sacred growth of fruit and flower. There is no subject which poetry can worthily treat without passion, for it is by love only that it penetrates into the life of things, and knows them. The wondering faith of the child, and the ardor of manly passion, are united in that keen poetic sensibility to all beauty, without which the poetic faculty itself lacks a vocation and remains mute. It is not merely when he touches personal relations that Mr. Wordsworth is impassioned, as in his "Complaint of a forsaken Indian Woman," or in that poem, "There is a change, and I am poor," in which so little is expressed, and so much implied; or when, lifting up his heart to embrace nations, he records the "Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland," or breathes that devout dirge over "The Extinction of the Venetian Republic." It is to be found also in all his loftier communings with nature, when he interprets her lonely sighs, or deciphers her hieroglyphics, or "counts for old Time,"

"His minutes, by reiterated drops,
Audible tears, from some invisible source
That deepens upon Fancy."

It clings to the four fraternal yew-trees of Borrowdale as closely as the "unrejoicing berries" with which their boughs are "as if for festal purpose decked;" nor is there in all that mighty forest of poetry:

"High over-arched with echoing walks between,"

in which it might more justly be said that the spiritual inspiration of Pan was for the first time truly heard, than that a merely Pantheistic worship is celebrated—a single leaf which has not been shaken with the breath of Passion, or a fount in which Passion has not dipped her hands.

Passion, too, can be stately and unfamiliar, as in that passage in Mr. Landor's "Count Julian," in which the injured father addresses Roderick:

"The hand that hurled thy chariot o'er its wheels,
That held thy steeds erect and motionless
As molten coursers on some palace gate,
Shakes as with palsied age before thee now."

But to return. The highest and most passionate reality is that which belongs to the cause of truth and justice. That half truth, that

"Most men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And what they learn in suffering, teach in song,"

is based on the relations between passion and truth. Suffering and wrong, so far as they initiate a soaring spirit into the mysteries of a painful, yet purifying, reality, are among the wholesome bitters on which the poet feeds. They give him that tender, yet austere and sharp seriousness, without which the imagination cannot work through the sphere which it must penetrate before it issues into the perfect day. The error, however, into which Mr. Shelley fell, and to a far greater degree Lord Byron, (who, as the former tells us, suggested the lines which we have just quoted,) was the assumption—a most unreasonable one—that the poet must himself be the victim of suffering and wrong. The world is always full of these trials; and surely, if the poet's sympathies be but large enough, he may kindle into a wise indignation, or "share the passion of a just disdain," though he should have no personal injuries to resist or to revenge. Sympathy is essentially connected with reality; egotism, therefore, to a certain degree, must be the antagonist of both. Yet egotism—even the egotism of the most limited egotist—is often mistaken for passion. Lord Byron would in many poems have been thought cold but for the energetic exhibition of self-love—with some persons, to be sure, the least inconstant form of affection. The same is true of Rousseau, who felt much more for himself than others, and whose egotism is commonly reflected in that of his readers, when not resented by it. Rightly to sympathize, the poet ought to be endowed in equal measure with unselfishness and with sensibility; and poetic passion favors this twofold endowment, for it merges the poet's merely individual being, in proportion as it melts it into that of surrounding things.

Truth of passion, though rooted in the soil of a truthful and poetic heart, (and where the moral ground of poetry is shallow, its intellectual growths will ever be stunted,) is in no small degree promoted, as well as guarded, by another species of truth—truth of style. While the importance of style in prose compositions is universally acknow-

ledged, its equal, if not greater importance in verse has been too frequently disregarded by modern poets. With the merely technical rules of style poetry has indeed little concern; just as in its diction it is able (the more apprehensive method of the imagination superseding such aid) to dispense with many particles and copulatives, which are yet necessary in prose as links to unite the leading parts of speech, and define their mutual relations. Those who "build the lofty rhyme" are thus enabled to discard the small stones and rubble, and to rear Cyclopean walls, of materials simple, solid, and proportionally beautiful. But this very independence of what is trivial in style renders attention to its essential principles yet more obligatory. Without a pure and masterly style, a poet may be popular, but he will never become classical. It is also that branch of the poetic art in which the poet meets with the largest return for his expenditure of care; for art, in its higher departments, works unconsciously, and but sophisticates itself when it works by rule. His care, however, must be habitual, conscientious, and temperate; and not the overstrained and morbid labor which corrects and re-corrects until the unity of the original conception is lost, and all freshness has been dissipated. Any excessive tension of the faculties precludes the highest species of art—art which hides itself. A truthful style is a vigorous style; which of itself gives individuality to character, vividness to description, weight, purpose, and point to sentiment and to thought. A truthful style shows itself in two different ways; truth of conception—that is, of the logic and the rhetoric of poetry—and truth of diction. The logic of poetry is indeed distantly related, if at all, to the syllogism of the understanding; but it is not the less certain, as has been observed before now, that the imagination works by a logical method of its own; and that he only who is impressed by its laws is capable of those great acts of induction, deduction, and inference, which are to be found alike in Shakspeare and Bacon, and without which a great poetic creation would be as impossible as a course of scientific discovery. The logic of poetry has, however, humbler functions likewise. A just principle of division, and a sagacious distribution of the subject matter, are necessary, if poetry is to keep as well as to take possession of the hearts of men, which seldom continue permanently divorced from their intellects; and it is for want of some moderate appreciation of categories, that

there are to be found in many a popular poem passages which were they not tricked out in gay apparel, would carry on their very faces the absurdity and incongruity which really belongs to them.

A deficiency of truthfulness in style is yet more noticeable in the bad rhetoric than in the false logic of ordinary poetry. It displays itself first by a superabundance of figures. A metaphor tells us what things are like, not what they are. In many cases indeed this is all that we can know; and the higher species of symbol, by tracing things apparently diverse, to a common law, is unquestionably an organ of philosophy. It is in fact the basis of that analogical argument upon which Bishop Butler has built so stately a fabric, and of that "*Philosophia Prima*," spoken of by Bacon: as such, too, it is of the same kind with the parable, the great oriental method of instruction, which, in one form or another, has flourished on every soil. Where employed in its place it seems impossible to prescribe a limit to its use; for it is the most concise, the most piercing, and the most luminous method of imparting ideas at once comprehensive and subtle. But figurative writing has passed the limits within which it can minister to the purely beautiful, as often as it so penetrates the subject intended to be illustrated, as to destroy its apparent solidity, and to leave no quiet surface for the repose of light and shade. Nor do figures, when used out of place, simply fail in effect. They are exposed to a yet more serious charge. If brought in to make plainer what is already plain, they but confuse the understanding and divert the attention. The result is worse still, if they are introduced for the purpose of ornament; for they then betray an unsusceptibility on the part of the poet to that primal beauty of truth, which finds in obtrusive ornament only an incumbrance. But there is another form of error more mischievous than mere excess. It is, by incongruous images, and yet more by broken or absolutely false metaphors, that untruthfulness in the rhetoric of poetry is fatally evinced. In most such cases there will be a coldness about them, and probably a prolixity of expression, which prove that they were but after-thoughts. Another and more common defect in style is the use of quasi-metaphors in its ordinary texture; a tawdriness which, without imparting significance, destroys all manly plainness, and produces nothing but what is incoherent and inconclusive. Analogous to this defect is that of showy lines, ambitious point, and over-viva-

cious expressions, which, as it were, admire themselves, and mar the context. When Mr. Shelley speaks of

"That paradise of exiles, Italy,"

and Lord Byron describes the human skull as

"The dome of thought, the palace of the soul,"

we neither deny the energy nor the cleverness of the expression. But would Homer, or Dante, or Shakspeare, have variegated their poetic robes with such purple patches? As soon would they have cut capers at a coronation. These are the sallies of an irregular ambition, catching at applause; and they are as inconsistent with that grave, unrapacious, scarcely conscious desire for sympathy, which ought to be a poet's external stimulus, as with that quietness and confidence which is his internal strength.

Another element in style alluded to above, is that of diction. Here, also, the first requisite is truth. Unequivocal words alone carry weight with them. Vivid truth prevents diffuseness also; for truth implies character, and it is through brief, select expression, that thoughts exhibit their characteristic features with a prominence unblunted by details. Clearness and intensity are thus found together; and to write with these is to write with force. Words are frequently called the dress of thought; but they stand to it in a much closer relation, clothing it consubstantially as the skin covers the body, or as the bark covers the tree. We think in language: as our thoughts are, our words will be; nor can we think truthfully without rejecting vague constructions, grammatical irregularities or feebleness, and excess in the use of poetical licenses. Their is a mystery in words; and it is impossible to explain the full power which they possess not only in consequence of their defined meaning, and through their associations, but also from those untranslatable ideas which are yet effectually insinuated into us by their harmony and cadence. Very stately processions of words are frequently marshalled with a very prosaic pageantry; and, on the other hand, where but two or three words are found together, the spirit of poetry may be in the midst of them. It is the singular felicity of our language that, by its two elements, the Latin and the Saxon, two different species of impression are conveyed. Words of a Latin origin address the intellect chiefly, and impart their meaning to it with

a peculiar distinctness. That meaning, however, is arrived at by analysis, and as if by a rapid process of translation; for which reason, it can only be thus presented to the heart and the moral being, as it were through a veil. The Latin element of our language is therefore peculiarly serviceable where dignity is required, and where complex thoughts or delicate gradations of sentiment, like the neutral colors of a picture, are to be revealed. The Saxon element, on the other hand, is the one in which moral truth resides. Its brief appeals come home to us immediately, not mediately; address our whole being and not a portion of it; and thus, borne in upon us instantaneously and intensely, speak directly to the heart, in its own words of pathos and of power. Neither part of our language should be depreciated; but wherever the Saxon part conveys the exact meaning, it conveys it best; and by those writers whose merits are truth and strength, it will ever be made the substance of their diction.

There is yet another department of poetic truth—that, namely, which relates to the picturesque in landscape. A truthful observation of scenery is a different thing from a passionate love of it. In most modern poetry description occupies a large space; (in some instances man becomes but a dot in the landscape;) but it is seldom executed with even technical accuracy, and yet more seldom with a higher truth. The poets of antiquity, on the contrary, regarded picturesque nature as so entirely subordinate to man, that they have hardly left us a single poetical landscape. Humboldt, in his *Kosmos*, citing Schiller, has observed of the Greeks: "With them the landscape is always the mere background of a picture, in the foreground of which human figures are moving." It was rather the pleasurable than the beautiful that they prized in nature; yet their descriptive touches, however light, are always spirited, and are faithful whenever they demand notice and descend to particulars.

We do not agree with those who affirm that either in painting or in poetry truth is sacrificed by the process of poetic generalization. It is, however, necessary to determine what that process, commonly spoken of at random, really is. It does not consist in the description of imaginary scenes made up of finer materials than have affinity with this earth; nor yet in the composition of eclectic landscapes by the arbitrary juxtaposition of natural features modelled upon different types of beauty. It is effected, we should

say, by an instinctive appreciation of those features in a scene which are essential and characteristic, and by the vivid delineation of them, unincumbered by details, which would only conceal them. It requires, therefore, a learned eye, and a knowledge of Nature's comparative anatomy. To generalize is but to mark the generic in contradistinction to the particular; and thus to extricate and exhibit that ideal which nature, while she suggests it, is careful also, as though with a *disciplina arcani* of her own, to veil beneath her multifarious and ever-changing robes. Art, which has neither the life, the variety, nor the fathomless depth of nature, compensates for these defects by discriminativeness; and, exercising a reverential criticism on nature, selects one meaning from nature's countless meanings, isolates it, and places it before us with a luminous precision and permanence. Thus to interpret nature, is not to improve nature; but to bring one of her simpler harmonies within the ken of inferior intelligences, which, in the infinitude of her complex harmonies, would otherwise have found there nothing but confusion. Such generalization is a process of subtraction, not addition—of dividing into groups, not of crowding into masses; and while it renders the scene objectively more general, by divesting it of local and incidental particulars, it at the same time stamps upon the picture the unity of the *genus*, and supplies it with that palpable centre which the finite symmetry of art requires. It reproduces the scene that we behold, not as it was seen only, but as remembered: and it presents it not merely as taken in by the eye of the sense, but as recognized by that eye of the imagination which "half creates" in order that it may wholly receive. For whether we contemplate a scene from nature's exhaustless gallery, or a copy of it by a human hand, something more than attention is requisite. The mind must be active not passive. Nor can we, without a sympathetic energy on our part, truly discern the beauty which lies before us.

A scene rightly generalized is not less but more true than that of which the casual phenomena are reflected as in a mirror, because it presents to us in separate purity the intellectual and abiding truth of nature; and it becomes ideal merely by revealing nature's ideas, which ever correspond with those of a sound imagination. A great portrait-painter will catch a truer likeness than the best possible daguerreotype.* He, too, sees the

* See in "Hay's Science of Proportions in the

essential by becoming blind to the accidental. In nature, as in art, the superfluous is ever at war with the beautiful, the strong, and the spiritual. Old truths have, therefore, still to be rediscovered, the good to be disinterred, and the beautiful to be revealed again. Though the arts that minister to nature can but give her of her own, yet *that* they can give; and poetic generalization, by simply wafting away, as with a purer breath, the cloud that obscures her countenance, imparts to her—

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

The truth of these principles is confirmed by their congruity with the philosophy of the drama, by which it is shown that the ideal in character is attained without any sacrifice of the individual: they coincide, indeed, with that whole theory of art, as old as Aristotle, by which representation is distinguished from servile copying. On such grounds only can art vindicate its proper place, as something above that nature in the concrete, which is the sole domain of the sensual eye; and as rising therefore into harmony with that universal, creative, and exalted nature which the poetic insight alone can reach. It is only when we acknowledge the affinity of the beautiful and the true—perceiving beauty itself to be but the outward manifestation of the highest truth which commensures and reconciles the truth of idea and the truth of fact—that we can appreciate the dignity of art. Art, so considered, becomes the excellence of imagined beauty, yet not illusively; and is at once the widest reality of nature's truth, yet the freest from all participation in the common or the unclean. The "fundamental antithesis" under which successive facts are reduced to ideas, exists equally in the arts as in the sciences, where Dr. Whewell has used it for the expression of philosophical truth.

Untruthfulness in the delineation of outward nature is the fault by which a poet's insincerity is most easily detected; though this is a fault not likely ever to exist in one department only. Untruthfulness in the representation of character is of course observable only by those who have an eye for character; and its absence will be easily

pardoned by all to whom poetry is but an amusement, an opiate, or a dram. False sentiment will find many to sympathize with it; false passion will pass with many who yet could well appreciate true passion; false logic and a general artificialness in style will meet with few sufficiently in earnest to demand truth in such matters, or who have faith enough even to be sceptics. But false description is a scandal to the outward senses; and if a poet plants his willows on the mountain side, or insists upon the yeomanly oak bathing its unbound tresses in the flowing stream, still more should his apples be bold enough to come "before the swallow dares," and his lambs begin to bleat for a better shepherd "when rivers rage and rocks grow cold," he may possibly, if not very much the fashion, fall in with readers who will object to being deceived with their eyes open. Untruthfulness in description is sometimes called want of keeping. We should have included this want by name in our black list of offenses against poetic truth, but that, properly understood, it is less a special offense than the essence of them all. For, truth of keeping is the largest form of truth. Where it exists, not only will truth be found in the various departments which we have enumerated, but those departments of poetry, and indeed all its elements, will be combined in just proportions. More than a certain amount of moral sentiment, for example, will not accord with more than a certain proportion of human passion, however genuine both of them may be. The diction, which would be prolix in dramatic or narrative verse, may be in admirable keeping with that meditative poetry in which a thought has a substantive value on its own account—"filling its horn with light" as it advances from phase to phase, till it stands before us full-faced. Thus also the degree in which description should enter into a poem is a question of keeping. A picture by Raphael would not have been improved, if the landscape part of it had been more prominent.

It is not, indeed, the quantity and prominence of the landscape only, but its character also, which is determined by the general character of the picture; and it has been poetically pointed out,* that those early masters whose predominant characteristics were aspiration and sanctity, chose, as a fit interpreter for the saintly forms in the foreground, a sky whose purity and simplicity should be expressive of the *infinity* of

Human Head and Countenance," (p. 35 and note x.) two passages very applicable to our present purpose, from Cousin's "Philosophy of the Beautiful."
—"Art must devote itself to the production of the ideal and of nature equally."

* "Modern Painters," vol. ii. p. 40.

heaven—the “luminous distance” of evening, with its pale green, or the morning’s “still small voice of level twilight behind purple hills,” so suggestive of “spiritual hope, of longing, and escape.” In corroboration of this remark it will be observed that pictures in which one artist has painted the figures and another the landscape, are not often noted for their harmony or their truth. A still more intimate union has, indeed, been attempted; and there are pictures in which a Venetian hand has supplied the coloring to a Florentine design. If such pictures are among the wonders of art, they are seldom its best examples. The coloring of Titian would have sensualized, and the radiance of Correggio have etherealized the conceptions of Michael Angelo; but the loss of his sublime strength, thus neutralized, would not have been compensated for by any accession of alien qualities. Nor more successful, probably, would have been the experiment, in case those earlier masters, to whom we have alluded, had been able to add the Florentine vigor of design and variety of composition to their own especial merits—spiritual elevation and the quietude of pathetic beauty. It is common, indeed, to express an edifying amazement on account of their want of variety, relief, &c. While many an elegant connoisseur has been doling out to them his supercilious and qualified commendations, young ladies, fresh from the boarding-school, have turned for a moment from the Guido or the Carlo Dolce which they were copying, to glance at a saint of Pinturricchio, Perugino, or the old Seer of Fiesole; and have compassionately wondered that the austere should be unbending also, that the ascetic should be unfamiliar, and that the absorbed should reply to their inquiries with such unloquacious eyes. Objections brought against great works, not on the ground of faults but of deficiencies, are for the most part frivolous and vexatious, for no excellency is attained except by sacrifice. Every great poem, as well as picture, by necessity includes some high qualities in a greater, and some in a lesser degree; and to be perfect, or approach perfection, it must possess them in a due proportion. This proportion is determined, not by external rule, but inwardly, by the imagination, which conceived the poem originally, and conceived it as a whole. Accordingly, the law of just keeping is to be accounted the truth of the imagination. If this proportionate truth be wanting, not only will the result be unsatisfactory, but the work will thus be

proved to have been spurious in its origin; since a work of art, to be genially produced, must be homogeneous or harmonized. It is impossible for a healthy imagination to beget hybrids or monsters; these are not natural conceptions; but it is very easy for an unsteady and uninspired hand to join together a piece of ill-assorted though splendid patchwork.

Meanwhile, a first-rate poem supposes a still higher unity. It is not only the product of the imagination; it is the offspring and exponent of the poet’s total being. Now, the being of man is one; his various faculties exhibiting but different modes of intellectual action, and his manifold principles of thought branching out from a single stem. The unity of the poet’s nature ought, therefore, to be imaged in his intellectual progeny. Every portion of it, as it grows, must be a true reflection from his own mind, or from nature as contemplated by that mind; its elements, however complex, must be fused into a crystalline oneness; its parts must be graduated by a just law of proportion. The result of all, namely, a perfect truth of keeping, will, consequently, be but an expansion of that truth which was inherent in the impulse and germinal idea from which the poem sprang. These observations are borne out by the fact, that every first-rate poet is felt to be the regent of a separate sphere, and the master of a complete poetic world of his own; in which, while every element is proportionate to every other element, it is not the less distinguished by its dissimilarity, both as to relative proportion and intrinsic character, from the corresponding element in the work of other poets. Their mode of viewing life, character, and nature is as different, in the several great poets, as is the species of thought, sentiment, or passion which they express. A corresponding diversity will be always found in their styles, however free from mannerism. In one it is expressive, in another suggestive; in one energetic, in another adroit. In Dante it is intense, in Milton solemn, in Homer divinely familiar and friendly, in Shakspeare elastic and joyously strong, unexhausted in resource, and incalculable as the curves of shells, or the endless variety of outline in forests and clouds. In all it is truthful. For art in its versatility is a shadow of nature’s infinitude; and many revelations still leave the depths of truth unfathomed.*

* The same diversity will be found in the mode in which different poets exhibit the faculty of what

It is from a perfect truth of keeping that poetry chiefly derives its verisimilitude—a quality without which it can make no appeal to the heart. Poetry professes to have witnessed that of which it makes report. If its witness be true, the sympathies of men will eventually seal that truth and receive that witness: if its tidings be but hearsay, its empiricism will be proved by the inconsistent babbling with which men describe what they have not known. Let a man's theme be ever so high or ever so low, he may have seen what he speaks of, or he may have only wished to see it. Burns, when he describes a daisy uprooted by the plough, is not more truthful than Dante, when Dante sings of the choirs that rejoice in heaven. The former sees with true poetic insight that which actually exists; the latter with a more creative eye, but with equal truthfulness, sees that which might exist, and which, if it existed, would appear as it presented itself to him in definite and authentic vision. It is thus that in arduous instances of fore-shortening, positions of the human form which could never have been observed, even in the model, by the outward eye of the painter, are faithfully exhibited by his inspired guesses. Dante's unshaken self-possession in the midst of the marvels around him, is itself a proof that his vision was true; for had it been false, that artificial excitement, which alone could have sustained the illusion, would have swept him into the vortices of splendor and motion which he describes; and he would have written with as unsteady a hand as his imitators have ever done. Self-possession, a thing very different from unimpassioned sedateness, is a note of mature greatness in poetry; and it is so noble a resultant of it that repose itself, which has often been extolled as an ultimate merit in art, may, perhaps, derive no small part of its charm from the fact that it is among the modes by which self-possession is evinced. This is one of the characteristics, which mark the analogy between the inspiration of the true poet and that of the true prophet. Without it enthusiasm runs into madness, and passion is

self-destructive: without it greatness, instead of rolling onward in an ever-ascending wave, perpetually tumbles over like a breaker, and loses itself in foam. Closely allied to self-possession is that rare attribute—poetic moderation—which excludes such exaggerated admiration of one especial excellence as might lead to the neglect of others. The highest poetry rests upon a right adjustment of contending claims. Some persons are advocates of the sensuous, and others of what has latterly been called the subjective; but poetry of the first order reconciles both demands, being of all things the most intellectual in its method and scope, while in its form and imagery it is the largest representation of visible things. Partaking at once of the nature both of Science and of Art, it spiritualizes the outward world while it embodies the world of Thought. It composes also the border warfare between passion and imagination. Though passion frees a man from self, yet it sells him in bondage to outward things: it clasps the material world like a vine, sucks out and circulates its life-blood, stirs up heroic natures to high achievements, and yet, being servile in its nature, it makes the end of their wanderings a blind subjection to Fate. Passion is, therefore, the sanguine life of that tragic poetry which hailed in Bacchus a master—just as the poetry of mirth and grace boasted a protector in Mercury. The imagination, on the other hand, passes through all barriers, spurns the mountain-tops and feeds on each succeeding object, but only till it has gained strength to outsoar it. This is the poetry which sought a patron in Apollo—the lord of light, deliverance, and healing. Passion by itself would violate the freedom, imagination would transcend the limits of art. Whatever qualities tend to maintain this twofold equipoise, to which the innumerable balances of poetry are subordinate, promote its keeping and its truth.

Poetry is a large thing, and poetic truth is but one department of it. There are few of its departments which have not been ably illustrated in the recent as well as the earlier periods of English literature; and to exalt any one of them with exclusive reverence, is among the last things we should desire. The root of theological heresy has been traced to a disposition arbitrarily to select and lift on high some one great verity, which in thus losing its relative position loses half its value. And no doubt such a disposition is equally fruitful in poetical and philosophical heresies. It has seemed to

is called poetical painting. "The representations in the 'Fairy Queen,' in 'Paradise Lost,' and in Dante's 'Inferno,' have each a specific character, appropriate to the poems in which they are found respectively. The first are dream-like, fit for fairyland; the second are cosmological: they are grand symbols of the universe; while Dante's Spirit-world, especially the first division of it, is described with matter-of-fact particularity."—*Appendix to Coleridge's Biographia Literaria*, last edition.

us, however, that we could not better illustrate our views respecting Mr. Taylor's poetry than by these imperfect remarks on that poetic truth, which we account his most striking characteristic; and which, from its inti-

mate relations with strength and with beauty, we deem the foundation of excellence, not only in poetry, but in every art that possesses a moral origin, and subserves a human end.

From the Athenæum.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Comes that question on thy spirit
With the old unrest
Which it brought to souls before thee,
Down the tides of time and story,
Over nations' graves and glory;
Which hath darkly pressed
On the heart of every age,
On the head of many a sage,
Since our wisdom's youth—
Heard like sapping seas beneath
Every hold of human faith—
Pilgrim to the shrine of death,
Ask'st thou, "What is truth?"

Earth will send thee answering voices
From her schools and shrines—
From her heaths and corn-clad valleys—
From her city's sunless alleys—
From all lips that of life's chalice
Drink the mingled wines,
Comes a flood of swift replies,
Gathered where their wisdom lies
By far ways in sooth.
Saith the priest, "What I have taught,"
Saith the sage, "What I have sought,"
And some whisper, "But found not."
Searcher, that is Truth!

Fiercely speak the world's hard workers,
Grin with toil and stain:
"In the growth of halls and manors,
Through the schemes of kingdom planners,
And the strife of creeds and banners,
As they wax and wane—
Vassalage is labor's dower—

Never yet hath walked with power
Human right or ruth.
Pens are hailed and crowns flung by—
Science spanneth earth and sky—
But our millions toil and die.
Searcher, this is Truth!"

There are sadder tones that murmur
From the inward sea:
"Seek thou all earth's wealth bestoweth,
Hope for all her wisdom showeth;
But her love ask not—it goeth
By thy stars, not thee.
If they lend not to thy years
Fortune's hopes or beauty's fears
Of Time's cankering tooth—
Long thy soul may spend its store
Ere thou learn that saving lore
That can love and trust no more.
Searcher, it is Truth!"

Ever thus the dark responses
Vainly rise and fall,
As the sands of life are shaken,
And its passing winds awaken
Chords—it may be long forsaken,
Till the fates recall
Sounds from generations gone:
But the question journeys on,
Yet in tireless youth;
For, as pilgrims to one goal,
Ages to age and soul to soul
Speaketh part, but none the whole,
Of that distant Truth.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ALCHEMY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Among the Ayscough MSS. in the British Museum is to be found one (No. 1118—10) in which occurs a series of questions and answers respecting the Philosopher's Stone, which, it is there stated, "a certain nigromancer named Elardus, in the province of Cattalonia, hath made with the Devell."

As may readily be imagined, from the nature of the subject, one of the interlocutors is very eager, the other very cautious. Elardus pushes home, but the Devil is very cunning of fence, and reveals only just enough to stimulate the questioner to seek for more without his direct assistance.

After some preliminary matter with regard to the actual existence of the stone, the necromancer asks:

"Is it not possible for a man to make this same ston?"

To this the Devil, who exhibits a great deal of pious submission throughout the conversation, and actually does what Lord Byron thought impossible—"talk like a clergyman"—replies:

"Whatsoever God hathe revealed, it is possible for a man to enter into; yf it have a *ppio*, (proportion.) But it were difficult to make the ston; and yet, notwithstanding, it may be made by man."

This is rather vague and misty, but Elardus catches at the last admission, and inquires:

"Whether had Virgill the ston or not?"

The great poet, it must be remembered, was believed, in the middle ages, to be the most renowned magician the world had ever seen, the principal scene of his exploits being laid at Naples.

In his answer to this question, the Devil comes out somewhat more explicitly; he knows he is upon velvet, the Past being a much safer subject than the Future. He says:

"Not he onlye had the ston, but manye other filosofors had the same; and they have written of the same manye bookes with

darke and obskure names and manye operations."

The last part of this statement is as true as if the Devil had not made it.

The colloquy is continued for some time, until, at last, Elardus, tired of beating about the bush, puts it to his friend direct:

"*By what means* and wherefore is it called a ston?"

Stat nominis umbra is the motto of the Devil as well as of Junius, and with a prudence and wariness which would have done honor to a general of the Jesuits, the Father of Lies backs out of the difficulty, making answer:

"I say unto you his name is a ston, and there is not so much liberty given unto me to manifest any further of this matter unto thee."

The question, therefore, as far as the Devil was concerned, remained just where it was. It is possible, taking into consideration the clerical style of his discourse, that he was at the moment under the influence of some compunctious visitings, and forebore to enlighten the world so fully as he has subsequently done. Perhaps, since then, he has had more provocation.

Pearce, the Black Monk, who was the author of one of the "obskure" works above alluded to, seems to have wished the world to understand that he had achieved the Great Secret, for in the rhymed production which bears his name, he says, in treating of the elixir,

"Take erth of erth, erth's moder,
And water of erth, yt is no oder,
And fier of erth that beryth the pryse,
But of that erth louke thou be wyse,
'The trew elixir if thou wilt make.'"

But the reader may go through the entire poem without getting any nearer the mark than the Catalonian necromancer did. Pearce, the Black Monk, like many of his fellow-laborers, was too discreet to reveal his know-

ledge to any but the initiated. What they knew they wisely kept to themselves, though they had no objection to the world's giving them credit for not having had their labor for their pains. One of these philosophers, named Jean de la Fontaine, a native of Valenciennes, who wrote a poem about the commencement of the fifteenth century, intitled "*La Fontaine des Amoureux de Science*," does not confine himself to mere hints, but states with sufficient distinctness that he had actually made the grand discovery, for at the conclusion of his poem he speaks thus :

"J'ay à nom Jehan de la Fontaine :
Travaillant n'ay perdu ma peine :
Car par le monde multiplie
L'œuvre d'or que j'ay accomplie
En ma vie, par verité,
Graces a Sainte Trinité."

Alfonso the Wise was another who had plucked out the heart of this mystery. He speaks in one of his poems (the usual vehicle for conveying alchemical knowledge) of the manner in which he toiled with his master, who *knew how to make the stone*, and afterwards of how they made it together :

"La piedra que llaman filosofal
Sabia facer, e me la enseñó,
Fizimolos juntos despues solo yo;
Con que muchos veces creció mi caudal."

Raymond Lully, who flourished in the time of Edward III., and was a friend of the famous Dominican known as Albertus Magnus, not only testified to the same effect in his poem called "*Hermes' Bird*," but, according to Elias Ashmole, "*was employed to make gold for the king to prosecute war against the Turks*." Edward's real purpose, however, being against France, Lully, "with a patriotism which cannot be too highly commended," refused to supply him from his furnace. He was therefore confined in the Tower, from whence he subsequently escaped." He was probably too much disgusted with the base uses to which the stone might be applied, for his furnace never glowed in France, a circumstance which Philip of Valois must have had cause to regret. His book, however, he left behind him, and Ashmole, who read it, pronounces this opinion upon it: "The whole work is Parabolicall and Allusive, but highly Philosophicall."

These parables and allusions appear to have found an interpreter in one who, doubt-

less, had carefully studied the "*Bird of Hermes*," and if all accounts be true, he did so to advantage. This man was the celebrated Nicholas Flamel, a countryman of Raymond Lully, born at Pontoise, in the year 1328. His parents were poor, and left him little more than the house in Paris, in the Rue des Notaires, which he possessed at the time he was last heard of in France, for of his supposed death we shall have something more to say. He earned a livelihood in Paris as a scrivener, copying deeds or writings in Latin or French; but, looking beyond the narrow limits of his profession, sought his fortune by a darker and more uncertain track than even the law. Chemistry was the mystic guide that beckoned him onward, and the sole purpose for which it was studied in the time of Flamel was because in its unknown depths was supposed to lie the secret of transmuting metals, and with it the art of renewing eternal youth. He became an Hermetic student about the year 1357, while he was yet in his thirtieth year.

Amongst the works which he studied were probably all that treated of the Divine philosophy—the translated writings of Claudius, Ptolemy, and of Geber, of Aben Sina (Avicenna) of Averroes, and of Friar Bacon, as well as those of such of his own countrymen as had distinguished themselves in the science; Raymond Lully, as we have already conjectured, and Jehan de Meung, the collaborator of Guillaume de Lorris, in the "*Romance of the Rose*," but the author also of a treatise which bears the title of "*Les Rémonstrances de Nature à l'Alchymiste errant; avec la réponse du dict Alchymiste*."

But the volume to which he was most indebted, according to his own account, was a very curious book which fell, by chance, into his hands, and cost him only two florins. It is thus described in Miss Costello's "*Memoirs of Jacques Cœur, the French Argonaut*," a work of the highest interest, dramatic as well as historical :

"It was a gilded book, very old, and of very great size, made neither of paper or parchment, like other books, but of the bark, apparently, of young trees, and was bound with leather, (another account says of brass,) curiously wrought with strange characters, written in an unknown, but seemingly an Oriental tongue. The interior was engraved with a short-pointed instrument on the bark, and the characters were Latin, beautifully colored. The book contained three times seven leaves. At the end of the first division was a leaf without any writing, but instead thereof a painting, repre-

senting a rod, with serpents swallowing each other up. At the second division was seen a cross, on which a serpent was crucified; and at the end was painted a desert, with many beautiful fountains, from whence issued numerous serpents, disporting here and there. On the first leaf was written, in large golden capitals, as follows: 'Abraham the Jew, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer and Philosopher. To the Nation of the Jews, by the wrath of God, dispersed through Gaul, Health.' Then followed often-repeated and severe denunciations and maledictions, in which the word 'Maranatha' was frequently used against any who might presume to attempt to read the book, unless he were sacrificer or scribe."

This work contained the *prima materia* of the alchemical science; but, in spite of his being a scribe and able to read Latin, it was perfectly hieroglyphical to poor Flamel, and also, as may be believed, to the partner of his bosom, his wife Pernelle, to whom he showed it. Despairing, after much study, to arrive at the real secret without further assistance, Flamel made a vow to perform a pilgrimage into Spain, to endeavor to find some Jew who, he imagined, might be able to enlighten him on the subject. He accordingly caused his manuscript to be copied, and took the copy with him on his pilgrimage. At Leon, returning after a fruitless search, he fell in with a learned Jew named Canches, (or Sanchez,) to whom he showed it, who immediately professed such anxiety to see the original that he resolved to join Flamel on his journey home.

On the way he interpreted much of the hidden mystery of the volume, but did not live to reach Paris, being taken ill at Orleans, where he died, and Flamel persued his journey alone. He says: "He that would see the manner of my arrival and the joy of Pernelle, let him look upon us two in the city of Paris, upon the door of the chapel of Saint Jacques la Boucherie, close by the one side of my house, where we are both painted kneeling and giving thanks to God." It is very possible that Nicholas was himself the artist, for he is known to have been a proficient in painting, as far as proficiency went in those days.

Although through the assistance of the Jew Canches he had now acquired some insight into the *prima materia*, he was several years before he attained the perfect knowledge necessary for the completion of the great work. But at length he *succeeded in projecting* upon mercury, and converted about a pound weight into pure silver. "This," he declares, "was done in the year 1382, on January 17th, about noon, being Monday, in

my own house, Pernelle being only present." Continuing in the course marked out by his book, on the 25th of April of the same year he at length, *by the operation of the red stone*, projected fine gold, still in the presence of Pernelle.

Husband and wife made a good use of the discovery, devoting the riches they thus acquired to charitable purposes, endowing no less than fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches, all of which were new built, besides innumerable acts of charity in Paris and the village of Boulogne.

In addition to his piety, Flamel was anxious to leave written proofs of his knowledge, and composed his "Summary of Philosophy," after the model of Jehan de Meung's work, and subsequently wrote a commentary on the hieroglyphics which he had erected in the public street, near the Cimetière des Innocens. According to certain biographers, he died in 1419, outliving his wife Pernelle seven years; but they who wrote his epitaph knew nothing of the real state of the case. It was not for one who had discovered the elixir vitæ quietly to render up the ghost, even at the advanced age of ninety-one, which he had reached at the above date; but that no scandal might be rife against him in his native city, where he had done so much good, by confounding him with the Wandering Jew, he took himself off to the East, accompanied by the faithful partner of all his toils, and the sharer in all his fortunes. They feigned sickness and disappeared, two logs of wood being interred in their stead; and that no doubt of the truth of the story may remain on anybody's mind, Paul Lucas, a most conscientious and trustworthy traveller, whose only fault, perhaps, was that of having too large a belief, and who labored under the impression that he had himself seen the Devil Asmodeus in Upper Egypt, declares that he met with a dervise who was intimately acquainted with Nicholas Flamel and his wife; and, moreover, assured Lucas that they were at that time in the enjoyment of perfect health.

We have been thus particular in treating of Nicholas Flamel, because his is the most circumstantial case of hermetic projection on record, which may reconcile those to the possibility of making money who would not believe in the fact without a well authenticated precedent.

The other side of the picture exhibits failures enough, and we shall advert to a few, for the simple purpose of showing what the difficulties were which the most successful

adepts had to encounter. One of these hunters after the Green Lion, as the stone was sometimes called, describes them in the following lines :

"I asked Philosophy how I should
Have of her the things I would ;
She answered me when I was able
To make the water malleable :
Or else the waye if I could finde
To mesure out a yard of winde ;
Then shalt thou have thine own desire,
When thou canst weigh an ounce of fire ;
Unlessse that thou canst do these three,
Content thyself, thou gett'st not me."

These were serious obstacles certainly, but modern chemistry has overcome greater, and the old alchemists, nothing daunted, fought on untiringly.

Ripley, who wrote what he called a "Compound of Alchymie," was not one of the least assiduous ; though all his labors disappeared *in fumo*, thus describes his experiences :

"Many amalgame did I make,
Wenyng to fix these to grett awayle,
And thereto sulphur dyd I take ;
Tarter, eggs whyts, and the oyl of the snayle,
But ever of my purpose dyd I fayle ;
For what for the more and what for the lesse,
Ever more somethyng wanting there was."

He then gives a long list of ingredients, and sums up by saying :

"Thus I rostyd and boylyd, as one of Geber's cooks,
And oft tymes my wyning in the asks I sought ;
For I was discevyd wyth many false books,
Whereby untrue thus truly I wrought ;
But all such experiments awayled me nought ;
But brought me in danger and in combrance,
By losse of my goods and other grevaunce."

Sir Edward Kelley, another unsuccessful neophyte, appears to have been completely disgusted with his constant failures. He exclaims :

"Alle you that faine philosophers would be,
And night and day in Geber's kitchen broyle,
Wasting the chipps of ancient Hermes' tree,
Weening to turn them to a precious oyle,
The more you worke, the more you loose and spoile.
To you I say, how learned soever you be,
Goe burne your books and come and learne of me."

What Chaucer has said upon the subject in the famous "Yeoman's Tale" is familiar to every reader. The whole secret was sup-

posed to be contained in the following Leonine distich :

"Si fixum solvas, faciasq. volare solum,
Et volucrum figas, faciet te vivere tutum ;"

which has been thus "Englished.:"

"If thou the fixed can dissolve,
And that dissolve dost cause to fly,
That flying then to fixing bring,
Then may'st thou live most happily."

So much for the supposed transmuters of metals. We will now consider the question as it has been set before us in Mr. Douglas Jerrold's recent work, the "Man Made of Money."

It was by no laborious course of study, by no painful devotion of every moment snatched from rest and crucibles, alembics, and retorts, that Solomon Jericho, the hero of Mr. Jerrold's story, accomplished the object for which so many have toiled and still are toiling. With him, however, the penalty which all must pay who make a short cut to wealth, began at the very moment of fruition, and the process of the elixir's power was reversed.

Mr. Jericho is a city gentleman, to whom the widow of a certain Captain Pennibacker (who got the brevet after his death) has confided herself and three children, in the belief that her second husband is a man of fabulous wealth, as indeed he is when it comes to be fairly examined.

"She was a woman of naturally a lively fancy—a quality haply cultivated in her sojourn in the East, where rajahs framed in gold and jewels upon elephants were common pictures ; hence, Jericho, of the city of London, was instantaneously rendered by the widow a man of prodigious wealth. She gave the freest, the most imaginative translation of the words—City gentleman . . . What a picture to the imagination, the—City gentleman. All the bullion of the Bank of England makes background details ; the India House dawns in the distance ; and a hundred pennants from masts in India Docks tremble in the far-off sky."

Mr. Jericho has also called in the aid of imagination to heighten the Indian widow's attractions, as every one does, says our author, when money is the theme. "The common brain will bubble to the golden wand."

"It was whispered, sharply whispered to Jericho, that the widow had many relations, many hopes in India. Immediately Jericho flung

about the lady all the treasures of the East. Immediately she stood in a shower-bath of diamonds; elephant's teeth lay heaped about her; and rice and cotton-grounds and fields of opium, many thousands of acres of the prodigal East, stretched out on all sides of her, and on all sides called her mistress. . . . All his life had Jericho trod upon firm earth; but widow Pennibacker whipped him off his leaden feet, and carried him away into the fairy-ground of Mammon; and there his eyes twinkled at imaginary wealth, and his ears turned and stood erect at the sound of shaken money-bags."

As it commonly chances when the imagination has been allowed too much play, both parties are deceived. Mr. Jericho's means barely sufficed for his own necessities, and Mrs. Pennibacker's connection with the monied world was to her disadvantage; she was literally *criblée de dettes*. The lady, however, had more reason for her belief than her husband, as Mr. Jericho, "with all the simplicity of real worth," had spoken "calmly, but withal hopefully, of the vast increase of profit arising from his platina mines." These mines are ever present to Mrs. Jericho's mental vision, and hence a constant tendency on her part, after her marriage, to ask for money. This is Jericho's difficulty, for he is compelled to refuse to give that which he has not got. But his wife has an unbounded belief in his capabilities, and like the daughters of the horse-leech in Scripture, her cry ever is, "Give, give."

On a certain day, when this customary demand had been made, and the customary answer had been returned, with, perhaps, a little more vehemence than usual, Mr. and Mrs. Jericho separated—she, to raise her spirits by a little shopping, and he, to solace his at a quiet little dinner party with a few chosen friends. They both fulfil their missions, Mr. Jericho returning from his in a very rosy, harmonious frame of mind, "full of meat and wine, and his brain singing with fantastic humors." To his exceeding satisfaction he finds on his arrival at home, that his wife has gone to bed.

"Mr. Jericho breathed a little lighter. Such a load was taken off him, that he mounted the staircase tenderly, as though he trod upon flowers; as though every woollen blossom in the carpet, from the stair to the bed itself, was living heart's-case; which it was not."

Noiselessly he enters the bed-chamber, and silently he retires to rest beside his spouse, believing her to be sound asleep.

"Untucking the bed, and making himself the

thinnest slice of a man, Jericho slides between the sheets. And there he lies, feloniously still; and he thinks to himself—being asleep, she cannot tell how late I came to bed. At all events, it is open to a dispute, and that is something. "Mr. Jericho, when can you let me have some money?" With open eyes, and clearly ringing every word upon the morning air, did Mrs. Jericho repeat this primal question. And what said Jericho? With a sudden quail at the heart, and with a thick stammering tongue, he answered, 'Why, my dear, I thought you were sound asleep.'

Not all—and evidence of the fact is given in terms unpleasing enough to Jericho's ears; a regular quarrel ensues, in the course of which he experiences every kind of torture which that sharpest of all weapons, an angry woman's tongue, can inflict; and ever and anon, at every pause in her invective strain, she asks the hateful question, "When will you let me have some money?"

"At last, Jericho—as though a dagger had been suddenly struck up through the bed—bounced bolt upright. There was a supernatural horror in his look; even his own wife, familiar as she was with his violence, almost squealed. However, silently eyeing him through the small murderous loopholes of her lace border, Mrs. Jericho saw her pale-faced husband snatch off his cap, holding it away at arm's length; then, breathing hard, and casting back his head, he cried, in tones so deep and so unnaturally grating, that the poor woman, like a night-flower, shrank within herself at the first sound—'I wish to HEAVEN I WAS MADE OF MONEY!' Mrs. Jericho, considerably relieved that it was no worse, added, in a low, deep, earnest voice, 'I wish to Heaven you were!'"

The accomplishment of this wish is the alchemy of Mr. Solomon Jericho. "Audivere Di mea vota!" may he now exclaim; the gods have heard his prayers, but in an evil hour; for the fulfilment of his desire is attained at the cost of his own existence. Not by a direct compact with the Evil One, but by a gradual wasting away of his person on every occasion when he avails himself of his money-making faculty. The fact is, his heart has been suddenly converted into a mass of bank-paper, every one of its tissues representing a hundred pounds. He makes the discovery by accident, and having once made it, soon repeats it.

"Again he placed his hand to his breast; drew forth another bank-note. He jumped to his feet, tore away his dress, and running to a mirror, saw therein reflected—not human flesh, but over the region of his heart a loose skin of bank-paper, veined with marks of ink. He touched it, and still in his hand there lay another note! His

thoughtless wish had been wrought into reality. Solomon Jericho was, in very truth, a Man Made of Money."

Such is the process by which the mystery of money-making is solved by Mr. Jerrold in the person of his hero. The consequences which result from it may be imagined at the hands of a writer so deeply skilled in laying bare the worst imperfections of our nature. Misery, of course, is the portion of the modern Midas, who literally "drops his blood for drachmas," as he yields to every fresh demand upon his purse; and in the development of his career are well portrayed, by a thousand keen, satiric touches, the subserviency of the world to full-blown wealth, no matter whence its source. The story itself is of the slightest texture. The chief actors in it, after Mr. and Mrs. Jericho, are Basil Pennibacker and his sisters Monica and Agatha; the respective lovers of these young ladies—the Honorable Mr. Candytuft and Sir Arthur Hodmadod—who jilt them; the family of the Carraways, whose pretty daughter Bessy has won the heart of Basil, for, unlike his step-father, he has a heart, though his manners are no more polished than the butcher who damned Mr. Fox's politics; Colonel Bones, who will proclaim his poverty to the world, and is disbelieved, and honored in consequence; Dr. Mizzlemist, the surgeon, who is ruined by being too candid; and a few minor personages, who serve as contrasts and makeweights.

All these characters are well described—after Mr. Jerrold's peculiar fashion; which means, not exactly as we should wish to be described ourselves; for, like *Iago*, Mr. Jerrold is nothing if not critical. The Honorable Mr. Candytuft, the man-tamer, is a fine specimen of the genus whose creed is un-

bounded benevolence for all the world; and Sir Arthur Hodmadod is equally great as the representative of the numerous class who are at a loss to understand their own meaning. They contrast admirably, agreeing only in selfishness.

But, unflatteringly as Mr. Jerrold may paint the individuals in whom he satirizes society, we confess that we like them better than those he tries to render amiable. They seem to us as if they were only maskers, ready at any moment to lay aside their assumed characters, and show their plainness unpainted and ungilded. Basil Pennibacker—the young man with the heart—is the most notable example of this sort; and whatever fortune awaits him in Australia, we are not sorry, at the close of the book, to find that he has emigrated. Others, however, may think differently, and give this young gentleman a good reception; but whether they welcome or wish him at a distance, they must admit that there is quite enough of the devil in his composition to redeem him from being indifferent to any. And so of the rest: our likes or dislikes may be marked forcibly enough, but, agreeing or not with the philosophy, there is no doubt of our having to do with a philosopher—one who takes his particular view of human nature, has courage enough to express, and full ability to sustain it. Examples multiplied to infinite quotation might prove this; but there is no necessity for making the appeal. The "Man Made of Money" is one more identification with the genius of its author.

And so ends our homily on alchemy, which, whether ancient or modern, ends like matrimony—according to the rubric, in amazement; or—according to the experience of some—in disappointment.

"THOU ART LIKE A CALM AND STARRY SUMMER'S NIGHT."

Thou art like a calm and starry summer's night;
On thy sweet lips a tender mystery lies;
It trembles in the depths of those dark eyes—
I know it well, and reverence it aright.

Thou art like a calm and starry summer's night;
Thine eye is weary of the glare of day;

And like a stranger timidly I stray
Mid varied forms too dazzling and too bright.

Thou art like a calm and starry summer's night;
Oh, wouldst thou in those arms the wanderer hold,
The blossoms of this heart thou couldst unfold;
They close by day, but open to the night. KUEKKA

From Fraser's Magazine.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

* * * * *

I COULD scarcely at first believe that they were all dead—that I was never more to hear the voice of parent, brother, or sister—that I was utterly alone in the world. But so it was: within the space of eight months, as the worthy curate told me, the grave had closed over the whole of my family. It was some consolation that my mother had died blessing me; but, nevertheless, I now bitterly repented that I had gone to sea, instead of remaining, as I might have done, to stay and comfort her in her old age. Yet she had approved of the step I took, and after all I acted for the best. Mr. Jones told me that she had said to him, “that I had always been a good and dutiful son to her, and that she hoped, though she was not to live to see it, that I would some day find something to my taste, so that I might settle down contentedly.” She was always such a kind soul.

It was now necessary for me to shape my course anew. If I had been unable before to turn the education I had received to any good account, I thought it very unlikely I should succeed in doing so now. The only thing in that way which seemed to me possible of attainment at the time was a re-engagement as an usher in some school; but I instantly dismissed the idea, for I had had enough of that drudgery at Little Hampton. So being now a tolerable seaman, and seeing nothing else to do, I made up my mind to stick to the only profession I had acquired, and to seek another ship. But as the Neptune had disgusted me with the merchant service, I set off for Plymouth, with the intention of volunteering for the navy, where, besides other advantages, I thought that my natural good qualities and abilities had a better chance of getting fair play.

On reaching Devonport I found there was no ship fitting out for sea just then; but as I had still some money left, and could afford to be idle for a week or two, I resolved to wait a short time and see what might turn

up. I lodged at a tavern called the Rodney, and the time went by quickly enough, for I had never been in that neighborhood before, and there is a good deal to be seen there. I spent almost all my time walking about the Mount Edgecumbe grounds and other places with some acquaintances I had made—it is not difficult to make such in Plymouth—and I enjoyed myself much, for the weather was beautiful: it was the month of August, near its close. However, at the end of a fortnight my reckoning at the Rodney was presented; and when I had paid it, I found I had not money enough left to keep me afloat much longer. I told my situation to the landlord, a very honest man, who said it was not probable that any king's ship would be commissioned at Plymouth for some time, and that my best plan would be to go to Bristol immediately, as there I would have a better chance of finding a good berth in a merchant vessel.

Just as we were talking about it over a glass of grog, a man came in and said—

“Here's a rum go, Jem, (that was the landlord's name;) that other chap has left the Stone, too! I'm blessed if it isn't the third within the last eight weeks!”

“Why, now,” said the landlord to me, “that's the very thing for you, my man—that's to say, always supposing you don't dislike a little confinement and regular hours!”

“What is it?” said I.

“It's one of the keepers of the Stone Light,” replied he, “who has given up the job. What do you say to it? It's the very thing for a man like you, who seem to be a bit of a scholar, and not to like work overmuch.”

Nothing at the time could have been more to my mind, for I little imagined what the nature of the situation was. I lost no time in applying for the post, and my certificates being good, and besides—most unaccountably, as I then thought—no one else offering, I was almost immediately accepted. They said I must engage for six months, as they

were tired of men leaving the place almost as soon as appointed. I said I would engage for a year if they chose; but they smiled and said six months was enough to begin with.

When all was arranged, I began to congratulate myself on my good fortune. I thought, with the landlord, that it was the very thing for me. An easy life, plenty to eat and drink, warm shelter, and tolerably good pay, I considered quite enough to content any reasonable being. I could not understand why my predecessors had given up the service, and thought they must have been men who did not know when they were well off.

Nevertheless, even at that time I thought it possible I might be a little dull now and then; so, that I might have something to amuse myself with, I bought a pack of cards to play with the other keeper, a second-hand musical snuff-box, and an excellent jest-book, with a collection of songs at the end of it. Then, seeing I had no likelihood of being able for some time to put my money to any agreeable use, I spent what remained of it in a jollification at the Rodney; there were two fiddles and a flute, and we danced till morning in a back room. How many years it is since then! And yet that was the last really happy evening I have ever spent.

Next morning I went on board the lighthouse tender, and we sailed for the Eddystone. On the way, one of the men remarked to me significantly that it was a Friday.

"What of that?" said I; "all sensible people ridicule your superstitions about a Friday."

"Well, well," said he, "we shall see."

But I only laughed at him, and told him that so little did I think of what he said, I resolved, since I was going to a desert island on that day, to take the name of Friday, and to call the other keeper Robinson Crusoe. I remember that well; the fact was, I was in the highest spirits.

The weather was fine, and the wind favorable, though light; in about three hours we reached our destination, and effected a landing without difficulty. There was little time lost, some stores the tender had brought off were quickly got out of her; in half an hour she was standing back for Plymouth, and I was left to establish myself in my new abode.

"Well," said I to myself, as I looked about me, "here I am, snug and comfortable. After knocking about the world as I have done, it is something to find such a resting-place; and, disgusted as I am with the coldness and

selfishness of society, it is still better to find myself so effectually removed from it." I little knew what I was saying, or what I was to endure there.

The other light-keeper—good reason I have to remember him—was an elderly man, and a Scot. I was by no means taken with his appearance, for he looked grave and unsocial—anything, in fact, but a jolly companion. However, he was courteous enough at first, showing me all over the lighthouse, pointing out the different apparatus, and explaining to me my various duties. With regard to the last, indeed, he expatiated on them at such length, few and simple though they were, that I was heartily tired of his lecture.

The day passed away pleasantly enough; I had never before seen the interior of a lighthouse, and I found considerable amusement in examining everything about it. The lower part is solid; above that there are four small chambers, one over the other, besides the lantern, or light-room; the two lowest are for holding stores, the third is the kitchen, and in the fourth are the men's berths. I found everything fitted up with the same economy of space and neatness of contrivance which distinguish the arrangements of a ship; indeed, at times, I fancied for a moment I was actually aboard of one. The great difference was that there was so little room to move about in—at least, horizontally; for as to going up and down I soon found that very tiresome.

Of that, however, I thought little; keeping a watch in that comfortable lantern was evidently a very different thing from keeping one in cold and darkness on a wet deck, step fore and aft as one might there; and if I had now and then the trouble of going aloft, it was not to reef topsails in a gale of wind. That reminded me that it was just about the same time the previous year that I was beating to the westward round Cape Horn in the *Neptune*, and I contrasted my position *then* and *now*. *Then* we had three weeks' anxious and incessant toil, during which time not one of us took off his clothes, or had a single hour's good sleep; *then*, with a short Cape-Horn sea perpetually breaking over us, and a most piercing, icy wind dashing the sharp snow in our faces, we had to keep the pumps constantly going; while, to crown all, our provisions had run short. But, of course, I need not repeat all our sufferings. *Now*, with nothing to do but to attend to a lamp and keep a few hours' watch in an easy chair, I would have a warm berth, good food,

good shelter, and sound sleep. There was a difference, indeed!

Poor me! I did not expect that I would gladly have exchanged my situation for that of any of my former messmates, who might be enduring the greatest hardships a sailor can be exposed to; I did not anticipate what I was to suffer in the place where I had hoped to find repose and comfort, nor that it was to be the birthplace of a remorse which would torment me throughout the rest of my life.

However, as I have already said, the first day passed pleasantly enough, and I was more than contented with my situation till the evening came. As it began to grow dusk my comrade and I went up to the lantern, and he showed me how the lighting was managed. After this lesson, being tired of his prosing, I left him to keep the first watch; and understanding that I was to relieve him at midnight, I went below again to our berth.

And then first I began to feel a little lonely.

I began to feel a little lonely, but I persuaded myself it was merely because it was the first night, and that the impression would wear off. Looking about for something to occupy myself with, my attention was attracted by the library of the other keeper—if library that can be called which consisted of half a dozen books ranged on a small hanging shelf. A work by an author named Baxter, two volumes entitled the *Scots Worthies*, Anson's *Voyages*, a *History of Scotland*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and one or two other books whose names I have forgotten, formed the whole collection. Anson's *Voyages* the *Pilgrim's Progress* I had read when a boy, and the rest seemed by no means attractive; indeed, I never had a taste for religious reading. So I did not trouble the Scotchman's library.

Hanging on hooks driven into the wall were a couple of spy-glasses, I took them to pieces one after the other and cleaned them—not that they needed it, but this passed some time. Then I overhauled the various lockers in the place, but found nothing, except a set of signals, with the signal-book, some clothes belonging to the other man, a few carpenter's tools, and some other odds and ends. All this was uninteresting enough, but I was determined not to let my spirits droop; so, though I was not hungry, I went down to where we kept our provisions and took out some cold pork. After making a hearty meal on this, I mixed myself a glass of grog, lit my pipe, and set my musical-box playing.

I sat awhile musing over my past life and adventures, and then it occurred to me that now was a good time for carrying out a project I had often formed, but never had found opportunity to execute, namely, that of writing my memoirs. I jumped at the idea, and immediately began thinking how I should begin; but after I had smoked two or three pipes, and my musical box had run down several times, I found that the time had passed more quickly than I had thought it would, and that it was within an hour of my watch. So as it was not worth while setting myself to begin my memoirs that night, I thought I might as well go up and sit with the Scotchman for the remaining time.

I found him reading the Bible. I confess I was annoyed at this, for though there is no harm in reading the Bible, yet to find my only companion was not merely the grave, sober, unsocial fellow, which the kind of books he had and his whole appearance showed him to be, but that he was a *saint* besides, was really too much; and at the moment I half repented of having taken the situation—at least, I regretted I had not inquired before I engaged myself what sort of a creature my future messmate was. I suppose he discovered my dissatisfaction by my expression of countenance, for as I appeared he laid aside the book, putting in his spectacles as a mark at the place he had been reading.

"Do you never feel a little dull here, old fellow?" said I, overcoming my repugnance to the man, and seating myself. "It is a little lonely here at times, is it not?"

"Yes," replied he, speaking with a horrible Scotch accent, "it is lonesome; but I should be a lone man anywhere, for I have neither kith nor kin left, and I have learned to like being alone."

"Perhaps, then, you would dispense with my company now and always?" retorted I.

"No," said he, "you should not take offense where was none was meant. I am very glad"—

"Oh, I do not easily take offense!" returned I, interrupting him; and as for being alone in the world, I am much in the same case as you. I came back from sea a month ago, and found all my kith and kin, as you call them, dead and buried—mother, sister, two brothers, and all; as for my father, he died long ago."

"A sore dispensation!" said the Scotchman; "but He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—

"Oh, yes, I know all that!" interrupted I,

fearing that he was going to preach; "it is all very true. Besides, people cannot live forever; we must all die some day or another; it is all for the best."

"It is a grand thing to be able to say that all is for the best, if we really feel what we say," replied my companion.

I do not know how it was, but there was something about this man which, from the first, exercised a most dispiriting influence upon me; there was something so fixedly melancholy in all he said and in all he looked. However, I was resolved not to let myself yield to the impression; so I rattled on in my own way, sang a song, fired off a number of capital jokes, and told him all sorts of stories about the adventures I had met with in my changing life, some of which of course, were amusing enough.

But it was all in vain. Though my conversation has always been considered agreeable, it did not seem to please this man. He listened quietly enough, and never interrupted me; indeed he made no remarks whatever; but I saw my cheerfulness was as little to his taste as his sullenness was to mine.

However, the hour passed away; and at midnight, after much prosing about the lamp, the reflectors, and so on, he went below. When he was gone, I could not help thinking what a hard thing it was that a man like me, gifted with natural ability, and having received so excellent an education, should have the same fate assigned me as that stupid and uncultivated old Scotchman; and I wondered when the time would come when I should arrive at the situation to which I felt myself entitled. Alas! it has not come even yet; and how many years have elapsed since I was a keeper in the Eddystone Lighthouse! How many situations, all unworthy of a man like me, have I since had to fill!

However, so it was; I, with all my talents, education, and knowledge of the world, was forced to descend to an equality (or, indeed, as being junior keeper, to an inferiority) to a being without a spark of intellect, whose accomplishments were probably confined to reading and writing, and his notions of life formed from the perusal of the *Pilgrim's Progress*! Yet again I reflected that I was better off than I was in the Neptune, where I was exposed not merely to all kinds of physical miseries, but also to the jeering of my coarse comrades, who, not being qualified to appreciate "Gentleman Dick," as they called me, were ever fain to laugh at him.

"Certainly," thought I, "I am better off here than among those savages;" and when, moreover, I remembered that my money being so much reduced as it was at the Rodney, I must soon either have gone amongst such a set or have been reduced to begging, I regarded my new situation more favorably.

These and such thoughts occupied me some time. I then wound up my watch and tried to settle myself for the night. It was, however, in vain; I was in a restless humor, so I thought I would go down and bring up a glass of grog to keep me company, and also my musical box, which I had forgotten. I went down therefore; the Scotchman was asleep; but some slight noise I made in passing by the berth awakened him, and he started up,

"What is it?" he cried. "What is it? What is the matter? Speak—quick!"

"Nothing at all, old fellow," I coolly replied; "I only want a can of grog and my musical box."

"What! and have you dared to leave the light for that?" exclaimed he, and as he spoke, he rushed up the ladder like a lunatic.

When I had mixed my grog and put my box in my pocket, I followed him, laughing exceedingly at his excitement; for though I knew it was a little irregular for me to have left my post, I thought his conduct most ridiculously absurd.

"Come, old boy," said I, when I reached the lantern, "don't look so glum. Where's the harm of my mixing myself a little three-water grog? Off to your cot with you, or else you'll catch cold in these thin legs of yours, and then I shall have to nurse you. Down with you: I shall not leave the light again."

"Can I depend on you?" said he, in a doubting way that made me laugh anew.

"Oh, yes," I replied; "there is nothing more I want. There, down with you, and turn in again—all's well."

He said nothing more, and went below; I played my musical box for some time, and finished my grog. Then, whether or not the liquor acted as a soporific, or that I was tired after the jovial night we spent at the Rodney, I do not know; but I fell fast asleep, and did not awake till daybreak.

When I awoke and found the day dawning, I hastily extinguished the lamp and descended to rouse my mate. We breakfasted, and then, as I expected, he began.

"Young man," said he, "it was not right of you to leave the light last night, and you must not do it again."

"This morning, you mean," said I. "But never mind that. As to leaving the light for a moment, why, what harm could it do?"

"You have been at sea," returned the Scotchman, "and you must surely know you should not leave your post when upon duty."

"Yes," said I, "but the lighthouse is not a ship. There is no fear of squalls for this craft; there are breakers enough around, but there is no danger—at least for us."

"That's just the thing! that's just the thing!" cried he. "We are, perhaps, safe enough; but if anything were to go wrong with the light, what would become of those for whose benefit the lighthouse was erected?"

"But for five minutes"—

"Not for a single moment may your post be deserted," interrupted he. "You and I are here to tend that light; and if through our negligence anything happen to it, and a vessel were to be lost on this rock, the deaths of all and each of the crew would lie at our door; we should be manslaughterers—murderers! Do not attempt to justify yourself, for you know you were wrong. If I thought—but I dare say it was mere thoughtlessness on your part. You will not do it again? Let us forget it!"

And I did forget it at the time, at least I did not think of it. But deeply did subsequent events—and they came very soon—grave his words upon my mind, "*If through our negligence a ship were lost, the deaths of her crew would lie at our door!*" How often has that dreadful sentence rung in my ears! How often have I in vain tried to shut out the conviction that it was true. *Manslayer!—murderer!* Long after that man's tongue became for ever silent, the words seemed to sound in my ears like the voice of an accusing angel.

But, as I have said, I thought nothing of them at the time; nay, I secretly laughed at the old man's language;—secretly, for there was then something imposing about him, which prevented my doing so openly. However, though I did not care for what he said, I disliked him more than ever, and it was fated that the day was not to pass over without a downright quarrel between us. It arose thus. I had helped myself several times to a little grog—more from want of anything to do, than because I cared for it. This he discovered from seeing the rum in the case-bottle getting near low-water mark. When he observed it, he locked the place

where the spirits were kept, and put the key in his pocket without saying a word. I pretended at the moment not to see this; but soon after, wishing another glass, I went to him, (he was aloft out on the gallery,) and said, civilly, "I'll thank you for the key of the locker, where the rum is."

"No, young man," said he, "I will not give it you. You don't seem to know when to stop; therefore, you shall have your allowance regularly every day, and no more."

"What!" cried I, "what right have you to stop my grog in this fashion? Give up the key, you old sinner, or I'll make you!"

I seized his arm as I spoke; but with the quickness of lightning, and before I could prevent him, he heaved the key over the gallery into the sea.

"Now," said he, brutally, "you thought to use force, because you are younger and stronger than I am. See the consequence! see what you have made me do! You'll get no grog at all now, for you dare not break open the locker; at least you had better not, since if you do, it will speak for itself; but if you let it alone, I shall say nothing, for I am no tale-piet;" by which expression he meant tell-tale.

I gave the spiteful wretch a good shaking, and from that moment we were enemies. I was, perhaps, wrong to do so; but if he could have anticipated what, through his means, I was afterwards to suffer, he would have thought himself well revenged.

It was true enough what he said about my not daring to break open the locker; that would have been discovered the next time the tender came, and the whole story would so have come out. I tried all the other keys I could find, but none would fit. It was also, unfortunately, high water when he threw away the key; and though I went at ebb to seek it, with some faint hopes, my search, as might have been expected, was fruitless.

That day passed away without my feeling particularly dull, for I was too indignant at the old man's conduct to think much about my situation otherwise, and having the first watch that night, I got to my berth at twelve o'clock, and slept soundly.

But after a day or two had passed, I could no longer conceal from myself that my situation was unsupportable; and after a long but fruitless effort to keep up my spirits, I abandoned the struggle. In vain I tried to amuse myself with my jest-book, or to sing some of the songs it contained; in vain I

turned over the pages of some of the works in the Scotchman's library when he was not there. I required to force myself to understand what I read, so wandering were my thoughts; and when I tried to sing, my voice sounded so wretched and lonely, that I found it even aggravated my forlorn state. My musical box, with its perpetual sameness of tune, was not to be borne, and I put it aside. My project of writing my life was given up; I tried it, but could not settle to write, and only finished the first sentence. I had nothing—nothing to do; nothing to look forward to, nothing to wish for, nothing to care about, nothing to excite an idea. And then I was condemned not only to mental, but also to bodily inactivity. I could not relieve my mind by taking physical exercise, for I was caged in that slender tower, and a single step brought me to the extremity of my den. I began to understand and sympathize with the restlessness of wild animals in captivity; but I considered them much happier than I was, seeing they did not possess, as I did, a soul to which imprisonment extended.

Sometimes I thought of what my fellow-creatures on the main-land would be doing, in Plymouth, a few miles off. The contrast that presented itself between their condition and mine was terrible. I pictured them in all the full intercourse of life, moving in the human shoal, casually meeting acquaintances, gaily talking and joking with their friends, marketing, shopping, reading the newspapers, going to the theatre, making parties at each others' houses, running through all the pleasant routine of social existence. I pictured to myself the busy dockyard, with its lively noise of axe and hammer, and the merry bustle of shipwrights and crews; the harbor, where vessels were loading and discharging, where sailors were meeting with their wives and sweethearts; and idlers, but those not idle after the manner of my idleness, were gazing contentedly at the scene. I pictured to myself all the active reality which I knew must have been going on at the time, while I was confined in that horrid tower, without the slightest thing to suggest a thought in my mind, without the smallest incident to occupy my attention, without any one to exchange a word with; for after our quarrel the other man would not speak to me, except when absolutely necessary, and that was seldom.

At morning I pictured to myself the awaking up of the town, the opening of

the shutters, the incipient movement in the streets, the pleasant meeting of the different members of each family, ere they began the agreeable occupations of the day; at evening I pictured the social fireside circles, the domestic chatting, the affectionate "good night," while to me the same periods brought only the wretched and desponding consciousness of isolation and misery, and a similar to-morrow.

The ships that occasionally passed brought none of that interest and excitement which at sea the appearance of a sail always does. I knew that their crews were socially united together—merry, careless, and happy; that they were bound to a port, and had something to look forward to, while I was chained to my rock to suffer its solitude in silence, and without a hope—without a single being in the whole world to feel for me—utterly abandoned. No one man in all these ships' companies would even think of the poor keeper of a lighthouse, and yet he was there for their sakes. A ship's appearance, therefore, only tantalized me. I felt like a wretched castaway, who sees a vessel sail by, which sees not him. The land had the same effect. With a glass I could make out various objects—one or two houses; there the laborer returning from his toil found his fellows to associate with, but I, who could almost see this, was doomed to utter and unchanging solitude.

Sometimes I burst into tears and cried like a child for an hour, but tears brought me no relief. Each day seemed as if it would never end; and when it did come to a close, there was no satisfaction for me, for I knew all succeeding ones would be like it. I had hung up my watch on a nail, that I might more easily mark how time went, but the hands seemed as if they never moved. I would say to myself, "I will not look at it again for a long time; and when I thought a long time had passed, I looked and found it was a few minutes only. At last its ticking irritated me. I put it into my cot to drown the noise; but still I heard it, or thought I heard it. I tried other places with no better success, and at last I broke it in a paroxysm of passion. But I immediately repented having done so, for now I could not know how the hours went on, except by the crawling shadows cast by the sun in the place; that is to say, when the sun shone, as it seldom did in those terrible days.

I had heard that people often came off to see the lighthouse, and I looked wistfully for

such a pleasure, but none ever came in my time.

And so day after day passed. I need not describe each; I could not if I would, for I have no distinct recollection of them. That time is a blank to me—I even lost my reckoning, and ceased to know the days of the month or week. The time seemed an eternity, nevertheless I knew it must be short, and that it bore a very small proportion to the six months I had to endure.

One day I so far conquered my repugnance towards my companion, as to bring myself to ask him if he would play a game at cards. It was long before I could condescend to do so, but I could not hold out any longer; and when I did it I looked to a certainty of relief, for I never thought that he would refuse. But he did, and then I saw there was no help for me. That old man's presence I felt was worse than all. I should have been much better without him. I absolutely loathed his sight. For as it was in his power to make my situation more tolerable, I could not but look upon him as the chief cause of my misery. With a companion like myself, inclined to cheerfulness, I might have got on well enough—I felt, therefore, it was all owing to that sour, selfish being, that I was so wretched; and I looked upon him accordingly with hatred. Even now I hate his memory. For not only was he a cause to me of suffering in his life, but by his death he inflicted on me a dreadful torment, which no time can relieve, and which I must bear till I reach my grave. Hitherto I had been no man's enemy but my own. I had harmed no one, and had been more sinned against than sinning; but that man was destined to make me the author of a crime, which, though it has not met with any punishment from men, and never will, has extracted from me a perpetual penalty in my own remorseful thoughts.

And yet, after all, I know not that it was a crime. In the circumstances in which I was placed I could not have avoided it; if the duty was beyond my powers, can I be held guilty for not having performed it? If I strove to the utmost to fulfil it, and failed only for want of strength, can I be justly condemned? It is easy for me now to think, and it would be easy for others to say, that a little more resolution would have accomplished it; but no one, not even I myself, now, can rightly judge of my situation then.

But to return to my narrative. Every day I grew worse and worse. Well did I at last know why they had smiled when I offered

to engage for a year, and why my predecessors had given up the place. It was, indeed, terrible. At times I was inclined to dash my head against the wall, and so end my miserable life at once; often I was about to throw myself into the sea—it was easy, and all my wretchedness would be ended with the plunge. Several times I went down at low water with the fixed resolution of leaping from the rock, and each time I recoiled. I could not take the decisive step. An indistinct hope of better days withheld me. It was not want of courage, but every time something seemed to say to me, "Not yet—a moment longer." And so the time went by without my doing it. Once, indeed—and this shows I did not want courage—I was very near the accomplishment. I had lain down when the tide was flowing, with the determination of suffering myself to be swept away by the rising water. I saw it coming higher and higher, nearer and nearer. With calmness I watched the waves surge past—there is almost always some swell on the Eddystone—and I marked them as each in succession swept by me; three or four times I noted a large one far off, and felt sure it was the one which was to be my grave—nor did I shrink from them as they came on. Unexpectedly, however, as I was intent on a huge billow at a distance, I found myself carried away a yard or two along the ledge of rock on which I lay; and with the instinctive love of life I clung to it, grasping at the sea-weed, and when the wave had rolled by, I ran up beyond the reach of another, and did not renew the attempt.

Time went on, and still I grew worse and worse. There was a fever in my blood, and a tingling throughout my whole frame; I had a wheeling and whirling sensation in my head. I felt a perpetual desire to do something—anything—I knew not what. It was the natural energy of my temperament rebelling against the torpor to which it was condemned.

Sometimes I thought I was going mad—nay, sometimes I even thought that I had gone mad. I detected incoherency in my thoughts; strange and fantastic ideas began to occupy my mind, and these I expelled with always increasing difficulty. My ideas wandered incessantly; they were without object or connection. I could not tell how they arose; and I began to lose all control over them. I do now believe that I was in a state of incipient insanity, and I would fain be sure of it, for if such were the case, I was not, of course, responsible for what after-

wards happened. Sometimes, in those terrible days, I doubted if I were waking or not; sometimes, indeed, I thought and hoped that the whole was but a frightful dream, from which I should soon be relieved, and smile at having been so troubled by it. But the time passed on, and there was no awaking for me.

Such was my life in the Eddystone Lighthouse. I had often thought that the most dreadful bodily torture to which a man could be put, would be a long compulsory continuance in the same posture. The French, it is said, have invented punishments of this description, and introduced them into their prisons. What such a torture would be to the body, mine was to the mind. And assuredly, if ever there was any one to whom I bore a deadly and implacable malice, and whom I had the power of tormenting in the way I chose, I would simply put him into a solitary cell, deprive him of all intercourse with his fellow-creatures, shut him out from the sound of every human voice, take from him every single thing which could occupy his mind, and secretly watch him, so that he should find no occupation whatever—this I would do if such a punishment, even though inflicted for the greatest offense, were not a thing too hellish to perpetrate—too hellish—for even if it be allowable for grave offenses to kill the body, no consideration could ever justify man in acting the devil's part by corrupting, alienating, and destroying the mind.

During this terrible period I sought refuge as much as possible in sleep. After the first few days, whenever I had the second watch, I regularly laid myself down for this purpose on the floor of the light-room, and generally at that time I slept. This ultimately led to another quarrel with the Scotchman.

It took place thus: One night, soon after my watch had commenced, my mate came up and found me asleep. This, as I found out afterwards—for I had lost all reckoning of time—was just three weeks subsequently to my arrival. When I awoke, I found him quietly seated beside me, reading his eternal Bible. He merely said that I might go below if I liked. I took him at his word, and went down.

Next day, he asked me if I was not ashamed of myself for having fallen asleep, and said he wondered I had not a more conscientious feeling of my duty. I told him my conscience was my affair, not his; and that as for sleeping, I slept so lightly,

that I should certainly awake the moment anything went wrong with the light.

"What!" exclaimed he, "do you really excuse and defend your conduct, friend? Suppose the lighthouse were to take fire—don't you know it has been burned already, and that the lead from the roof ran down the throat of one of the keepers, and was found to the weight of eight ounces in his stomach when the doctor opened his body?"

"Humbug!" said I, "Do you think, you old impostor, to frighten me with your ridiculous inventions?"

"It is as true as that I am here," interrupted he.

"What!" cried I, "do you persist in your lying story? I wonder what *your* conscience is made of, since you talk of consciences—who can believe that molten lead could run down a man's throat? Such tales won't go down mine, I can tell you. Keep them for those who are fools enough to swallow them. I'll sleep with my mouth open next time, and we shall see how much lead I have caught by the morning. And as for the matter of sleeping, neither your cock-and-bull stories, nor your sulky looks, will prevent me doing so if I have a mind—it can do no harm, I tell you; and if I am tired I'll sleep."

He looked at me steadily for some time, but made no reply. Then taking down the signal-book he consulted it for a moment, next he selected two signals from the rest and went up to the gallery. He soon returned, drew the table aside, and took the writing materials out of the locker he kept them in. Then he said:

"I have made the signal for the tender, and now I am going to write a letter to the Board—it is my duty to let them know that you will not do yours."

"Do what you like," said I, carelessly.

The truth was, that I heartily rejoiced things had taken this turn, for though I knew I had rendered myself liable to punishment for a breach of my engagement in having fallen asleep on my post, yet the prospect of being released from that dreadful place, even though it were to go to prison, was perfect ecstasy to me. I immediately went up to the gallery and fixed my eyes eagerly on the point where I expected the tender would appear. For a couple of hours I remained there; and so wrapped was I in the idea of escape, that it was only then I remarked, what I might have seen in a moment, that the sea was running so high that it would be impossible for any boat to come

near the rock. My disappointment was great, for it was the time of the equinox, and there was every prospect of a continued gale. Nevertheless, thought I, even if it blow for a fortnight, a fortnight is not six months. So I kept up my spirits. Little did I dream of what was to happen in that fortnight, and what awful suffering there was yet in store for me in the accursed Eddystone! Little did I dream that, when at last I did escape, it should be with a burden on my soul, from which death alone can relieve me! I went below again.

"Come, old tale-piet," said I to the Scotchman, using his own vulgar expression, "you may keep your epistle till the next post. No boat can come alongside in a sea like this. Your letter can't go, nor I neither—more's the pity."

"We shall see," said he; and as he spoke he made up his letter into a long roll, took up a bottle which he had placed beside him, and slid the paper into it. He then corked the bottle and sealed it carefully.

"Well," said I, "that's a new kind of envelope. I understand now; but I confess I did not think of that."

When the tender came off, which it did in the afternoon, my comrade signalled to them to lie-to a little to leeward; and when they had done so, he heaved the bottle into the sea. It soon drifted down to them, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that my misconduct was fully made known.

On each of the three following days the tender came off, and they made an attempt to land, but in vain. On the fourth and fifth it was blowing a tremendous gale from the S.W., and they did not come at all. During this time the Scotchman did all the duty of the lighthouse, and took all the watching every night, for he said he would not trust me again. I was very well pleased he would not. During these five days I was much less miserable than before, for I had the certainty before me of a speedy release. But much that was awful was to happen to me first.

On the night of the fifth day I turned in shortly after sunset, as I usually did. I had slept, I suppose, some hours, when I was awakened by the sound of the alarm bell, which communicates between the lantern and the berth. Quickly collecting myself, I threw on a pea-jacket and ran up the ladder, not without a smile at the idea that it was during the watch of my careful comrade that something had gone wrong. "We

shall, perhaps, see the experiment of the molten lead performed," said I, laughing to myself. But my laughing was quickly to be stopped.

When I reached the lantern I found the Scotchman stretched upon the floor. He had evidently been taken suddenly ill, and he seemed to be suffering great pain.

"Ah," said he, as I appeared, "you are come at last—what I was afraid of has happened—I feel I am dying, young man."

"Nonsense," returned I, much terrified at the idea. "Cheer up, old boy; what is the matter with you?"

"Worn out—too much anxiety—worn out," said he; "but no matter for that—what will become of the light when only you are here?"

"Never mind the light," said I. "What can I do for you? What will do you good? I'll get you anything you wish—"

"It's of no use," replied he, beginning to speak with difficulty. "Come near, and attend. You must keep watch to-night; and as soon as day breaks, signal that they must come off at all hazards—do you understand? The signal-book is there, under my Bible."

"Yes, yes," said I, scarcely noting his words, for I began to fear his anticipations might be but too well founded, and I was very anxious.

I knelt down beside him and took his hand—it was cold and clammy, and I let it fall again. A minute or two elapsed; I remained silent and motionless, for I did not know what to say or do. Then a strange expression passed over his face, he was evidently getting worse. I grew very frightened. "What is to become of me?" I cried. "Rouse yourself man, throw it off—rouse yourself—"

He tried to articulate something, but I could not make out what it was; after a while, however, he suddenly exclaimed distinctly—

"I have done my duty, I could do no more." Then his face brightened—he started convulsively, and made a feeble effort to rise; but, failing to do so, he fell back again, murmuring, "The light! the light! the light!" Then he was still.

I watched him for a short time in silence, and with terrible feelings; then I called to him several times, speaking louder and louder, but there was nothing except the echo of my own voice. At last I ventured to touch him—a strange thrill passed over me as I did so. I raised his head, his lips were constricted and his eye was glassy.

Through me shot a frightful shudder at

the look of that eye, whose fixed, unmeaning stare—for he was dead—nothing can ever efface from my memory; a cold sweat came out on my brow, and I fled from the place in an agony of fear. I rushed down to the chamber below, drew to the hatchway, and made it fast. I threw myself on my berth in a state of utter despair, putting my fingers in my ears to shut out that awful and thrilling silence; for it was the silence of death—death was in the place with me. I lay there in a half-frenzied state, all huddled together, for I thought I heard slight noises, whisperings, breathings, faint rustlings, as if there was a moving in the room; and in an agony of fear I pressed myself against the wall lest something should get behind me. I suppressed my breath, lest I should be overheard by it. And still the fixed glassy look of the dead man was before my eyes; in vain I shut them to avoid it; there, in the darkness, for the place was quite dark, it was ever fixed on me. Every now and then a shiver of horror passed over me; my blood seemed to flow backwards in my veins; I was utterly overwhelmed and possessed by a tremendous fear. For I was left alone with Death.

That night seemed as if it would never pass away. At last, however, the morning began to dawn, and worn out with excitement I fell asleep. My dreams, strangely enough, were pleasant, and I awoke with a smile on my lips—it was then broad day. For a moment, a single moment, I did not remember what had happened, but instantly it flashed across my mind, and I fell back as if I had received a blow. I felt the full horror of my position. Death was beside me, and I was alone! What I had suffered before from being solitary was absolutely nothing compared with my endurance now. Before, I had, at least, a human being near me, and there was companionship in that, even though I had so little intercourse with him; he might not be beside me, but still I always had it in my power to join him if I chose; he might sullenly refuse to speak to me in general, but still in any emergency he would have done so. But now I was all alone in that tower; or rather, what was far worse, I was cooped up with Death. Death was now my companion—Death shared that place with me.

I am no coward. I have often faced Death without shrinking or fear, but then it was Death as an enemy that I faced. Now, on the contrary, Death was no assailant. He was my fellow-occupant of that spot of

earth. I was in contact with him, and in his presence, and yet lived—lived to know him, and truly did I then feel and know him to be the King of Terrors. Often as he has been personified by the imagination of poets, I do not believe that any one before me ever realized that personification; but I did. Fearful as was to me the thought of the corpse lying above, fearful as was the cold, unmeaning eye, ever terribly present to mine, there was a far greater fear in the indefinite feeling of an invisible power existing beside me—existing as an actual thing that at times went by me, covering me with its shadow—with a shape, though I saw it not, and an actual presence, far the more terrible that my senses could not perceive it.

Nevertheless I endeavored to fulfil the old man's last injunction; indeed I was most desirous to do so, for it was the way of escape for me. Once I began to ascend the ladder for the purpose of making the signal, forbidding myself to think, what, of course, I was but too well aware of, that I would have to pass by the dead body to accomplish it. I took a few steps, but it was in vain, and I descended again. Go into that place!—meet that look!

Afterwards I strenuously endeavored to brace my nerves to the resolution of going up and throwing the body into the sea, for somehow I conceived the notion that if I should do so the intolerable phantasies that haunted me would disappear. It occurred to me, however, that if I threw away the body without any one having seen it, I might subject myself to the suspicion of having murdered my companion, more especially as I might easily be supposed to bear him no good will after the informing and accusing letter he had written. So even if I could have brought myself to go near the corpse I would not have touched it. As for the signal it would, after all, have been of little use, for the storm continued unabated, and it would have been utterly impossible for the tender to have come off.

The day passed thus. It was but a single day, but it seemed to me, and it still seems, as if it was eternity. The evening came. Of course I did not light the lamp in the lantern; I wished to do so, and that most earnestly, for I knew my responsibility and the dangerous consequences that might follow from my not doing it. But it was in vain for me to strive to perform the duty; I dismissed the thought of it from my mind in despair. How often since have I wished that I had had the resolution to do it! But

it is idle to think of it: no fear of punishment or future suffering could have induced me, in my then state, to have entered that place. I felt the presence of Death all about me, but that lantern—it was his very throne!

The night came—that never-to-be-forgotten night! The gale was at its height; the weather, though cloudy, was clear. I was standing at one of the windows, which I had opened to let the wind cool my feverish head. I was looking seaward, listlessly watching the waves breaking on the rock, as they rolled on in huge masses, fell against it with the weight and thunder of avalanches, and streamed away in long diverging sheets of phosphorescent foam. I had been observing them for some time, carelessly and calmly, for to my first paroxysm of horror and fear a kind of idiotic insensibility had succeeded, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the momentary appearance of a light to windward. I thought I must have been deceived, but in a few seconds I saw it again. I then watched for its re-appearance with intense excitement. Again I saw it—there could be no mistake now—again it disappeared. Then I knew for certain that it was the light of a vessel, which the heave of the waves was alternately showing and concealing. The next time I saw it I marked its position carefully, that I might determine what course the vessel was steering, and fervently I hoped to find it was moving across my line of vision. But, alas! no; at each successive reappearance it was still in the same direction, and then I knew that the vessel which bore it was steering straight, or nearly so, for the fatal rock on which I stood. Then a tremendous foreboding seized me, and the voice of my self-accusing conscience spoke terribly. For, through *my* fault, the faithful lantern, which should have warned that ship from the path of destruction, was dark and gave no caution: the noble purpose of the lighthouse was defeated through *me*, and before me rapidly approaching was the sacrifice of my crime. Better far for that fated ship had no lighthouse ever been raised upon the Eddystone, for since such existed, her crew, not seeing the beacon, must have believed themselves far and safe from the dangerous locality—the existence of the lighthouse was, in fact, a snare for them. And this was through *me*.

My first impulse was to run up and light the burners, and I think that at that moment I could have braved the horrors of the lantern. But a moment's reflection told me that

half an hour would not suffice to put it in working order, for as it had burned till it had gone out of itself, all the oil must have been exhausted, and to arrange such a lamp requires some considerable time. And half an hour! I knew that in a few minutes the vessel must either be on the rock or have passed by in safety.

The light came on—rapidly. What were my feelings as it approached! I forgot all my own suffering in my absorbing anxiety for that ship.

She was bearing directly for the rock. I was shaking all, over and could scarcely keep my post at the window. There came the ship, only one man in the world knew her danger; that man was I, and I could do nothing. Impossible as I knew it was to give them any warning, I strove to think of some means of doing so. "Let me be calm and collected," I said to myself, hurriedly, "I must be calm—if anything occur to me afterwards which I might have done, woe be to me if my excitement shall have hindered me thinking of it while it was yet time—some way there must be," so I said to myself, but of course there was none.

The ship still came on, the light was within half a cable's length of me. There was no chance now of her passing by—she must have been steering right on the point where I stood. Swiftly and steadily she came on. I screamed uselessly at the top of my voice.

Suddenly the light swerved from its course. I saw that they had descried the breakers, and put down the helm; they had kept a good look-out—it was no fault of theirs, poor, faithful, and trusty crew. I heard the creaking of the yards as they swung round, and the fluttering of the canvas as it shook in the wind. I saw something white fly past, probably it was a sail blown from the bolt-ropes. But I was now in no suspense, for I knew it was too late and that all was over.

The next instant there came a booming crash, the light disappeared, and I heard the cracking and rattling of the masts as they fell over the side. There was a moment's pause. Then rose loud over all the noise of the storm a confused and general cry—then I distinctly heard the ship's bell tolled—it was their knell, for after that there was nothing more.

I shut the window and seated myself on a stool. I must have become insensible immediately after, for I recollect nothing further till I came to myself and found it broad day.

I rose and began putting the place in order; once or twice I stopped to curse the memory of my late companion, who had been the chief cause of all; but I did not then think much about the catastrophe of the night—it was not to be realized in a moment. “It is all over now, and what cannot be helped should not be regretted; besides, after all, it is only a ship lost, as many a good ship has been before her; we all owe Heaven a death.”

Even so did I talk with myself as I continued busying myself about the apartment, moving things hither and thither without a purpose. But lightly as I thought of it then—it was a kind of insanity to do so—ever since has the burden been increasing which that night laid upon my soul—less and less rest has my troubled conscience known from day to day. In my ears are ever ringing the dreadful words of the old Scotchman, “If through our negligence a ship were lost on the rock, the deaths of all and each of the crew would lie at our door; we should be manslaughterers—murderers!”

Manslayer!—murderer! Manslayer!—murderer!

The secret, too, which I carry about with me—for no living being, except I, knows where that ship was lost—is insupportable. I have been, and am constantly in dread of telling it out, through unwatchfulness or in my sleep, and I perpetually think that people are making allusion to it, or that they suspect me. What, however, is most strange, and I cannot in any way account for it, is, that I have a perpetual desire to tell it to some one—I feel as if I should be better if I did. This, however, I dare not do.

It is this feeling which has led me to execute my often-formed intention of writing my life, and although, before my death at least, no eye but my own will ever see this, I do feel some relief in having reduced it to a narrative. Heavy, heavy has been the load I have borne these many sad, weary years—fain would I hope that the few which remain for me may be less painful.

As it happened the wind had completely fallen soon after the catastrophe, and that day the sea went down sufficiently to allow the tender to come off. Two or three men

landed from her; the first was he who had remarked to me, when I was on my way to the place, that I had set off upon a Friday.

“Told you so, my boy,” said he, as soon as he saw me; “you’ve found out what comes of sailing on a Friday. Sleeping on duty! A pretty idler you are! What if the light had gone out?”

I groaned involuntarily. The man, mistaking the cause, said—

“You may well be ashamed of yourself—where is the old man?”

“He is dead,” said I.

They all started.

“His body is in the lantern,” I continued; “I did not like to move him, and so I left him where he died.”

I then detailed the circumstances, giving as my reason for leaving the corpse untouched the fear I entertained of being suspected of foul play.

“It must have been bad enough sitting watching the light and he lying there,” said the officer, an old midshipman; “you must have had an uncomfortable time of it, my lad. I did not think you were in such an unpleasant situation when I saw your light last night.”

“When he saw the light last night!” Was he mocking me? Was it all known?

It was not. Unaccountable as it may seem, that man was perfectly convinced he had seen the light the previous night. I am sure he would have sworn to it.

And no one, indeed, suspected the truth. It was soon known that the—— Indian had been lost on the coast, for spars and pieces indicative of the ship to which they had belonged, came ashore in a day or two. But no one for a moment thought of her having struck upon the Eddystone.

As for me, the authorities, considering what I had undergone, contented themselves with mulcting me of my wages and discharging me. I sold my broken watch to a Jew for twenty-seven shillings and a glass of grog. I was sorry to part with it, for it was my mother’s; but what could I do? On this small sum I lived miserably enough for a fortnight, when I got a berth in a coasting vessel, the Margaret Turnbull.

* * A pauper, named Richard Smith, died a few months ago in the A—— Union Workhouse. After his death a manuscript was found concealed in his dress. One of the officials, into whose hands the papers fell, made me a present of them, knowing I am curious in such things. The above is an extract, which I have been at the pains of copying out and transmitting to this Magazine, for I think it not only a curious, but a moral-pointing fragment. On a future occasion I may, perhaps, extract some other passages from Smith’s autobiography. I have only further to remark, that in the above narrative I have, for obvious reasons, suppressed the name of the lost ship.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.

1. *The Great Sea Serpent. An Essay, showing its History, authentic, fictitious, and hypothetical.* By Edward Newman.
2. *The Zoologist.* London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster-row, 1848.

THERE is, perhaps, no phase of the human mind more curious or inexplicable than that state of servile submission to authority in matters of belief, which characterizes the majority of mortals. It is, indeed, a humiliating spectacle to behold full-grown men depending implicitly for opinions on the dictates of their fellow-men; prostrating their intellect, distrusting the evidence of their senses, and absolutely turning a deaf ear to conclusions, however obvious, if not reaching them through the channel of acknowledged authority! Can they not comprehend that just conclusions are to be attained alone by a studiously careful consideration of a subject in all its bearings, not by adopting the views—the mere *ipse dixit*—of any man? By the latter course, we not only invest ourselves in a tattered garment of prejudices which every one can see through, but we must also cede the fact, that we have purloined the disreputable clothing which we parade. Now, as there is no position so fatal to the admission of truth as the position of prejudice, so is there no prejudice so degrading as that which is purloined. We do not hesitate to say, that the progress of science in this country is arrested by the strong hand of self-elected authority, and the promulgation of scientific truth retarded by those who arrogate to themselves an exclusive monopoly of philosophic lore. This state of affairs is baneful in two ways; it not only checks the dissemination of recently discovered truths, but it invests the select few with the power of disseminating and positively enforcing the reception of error. It moreover persecutes, with relentless severity, every individual who may have the courage to expose the blunders of any magnate whose influence upon the distribution of the scientific

patronage of government, and of learned societies, might be thereby compromised.

These remarks are, however, levelled at the *system*, not at individuals; and they have been elicited by the more than equivocal reception accorded to an apparently trustworthy announcement of the recent appearance of a certain illustrious individual, whose positive identification might possibly upset some cherished hypothesis, and lead to the necessity of numerous modifications of accepted scientific dogmas.

From their lucubrations, lately paraded before the public, it appears that no one connected with the coteries of scientific exclusives has ever seen the animal whose history Mr. Newman has given us. No bone of a sea-serpent exists in the College of Surgeons. No authentic fragment has reached the British Museum. The eye-witnesses are confined to some two thousand mariners or countrymen, who have no acquaintance with the terms *nematoneurous*, *homogangliatous*, and the like; and the evidence cited in support of the phenomena observed is given by parties scarcely amounting to an eighth part of their entire number, and who, in their general knowledge of technical natural history are not a whit before the great body of eye-witnesses from whom they appear to have been selected at random; and, therefore, neither the great mass of eye-witnesses, nor those selected to give evidence, are worthy of the slightest credence! So say the exclusives.

The present age exhibits many similar instances of learned incredulity; public lectures have been given to show that Shakspeare never existed, that Ben Jonson is a myth; and our witty contemporary, "Punch," declares that Pickford is a myth also. Yet

at this very moment credulity is making exhibitions equally eccentric, and millions believe in the universal efficacy of bread-pills, if sold in the name of some liberally advertising quack doctor. It were a study worthy of the psychologist, this simultaneous exhibition of stolid incredulity and headlong confidence; the first would, perhaps, be traced to a preponderance of self-esteem, the second to a too great development of veneration for others.

It seems to us that the witnesses called on behalf of the sea-serpent afford the very best evidence that could be wished. The majority of our professors and curators would not know a whale from a porpoise, a porpoise from a shark, a shark from an ichthyosaurus, if they beheld these creatures in their native element; it is when beasts are stuffed with straw, or reduced to skeletons, or when fragments of their bones are placed under the compound microscope, that the knowledge of them among these *savans* begins and ends; but the mariner, the whaler, the harpooner, the porpoise-shooter, the practical fisherman—these know the creatures of the deep from each other, and can pronounce with wonderful exactitude, if they see but the smallest portion above the water; they are the men whose sight is sharpened by use, whose book is nature, whose knowledge is practical, and whose evidence on such a subject is far better than any other. The men "who go down to the sea in ships" are they of whom we must inquire its wonders. They, indeed, may see a schull of porpoises following each other, head to tail; they may watch their gambols, and haply single out a big one for a trial of the harpoon or the rifle; but no seaman would mistake them for anything else: the sight is as familiar to him as a string of lawyers to a dweller in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and has certainly no greater similarity to a serpent. In all our inquiries we must have regard to the capacity of a witness for giving information. Even the microscope, the secret-revealing implement of the learned, requires a kind of education on the part of the beholder. Doubtless the mariner who first peeped through the wonder-working tube, would arrive at conclusions as erroneous as the learned fool who comments on the creatures of the deep; but he surely would not venture to print his blunders, or pass off his crude observations as worthy the attention of the world. And yet our *savans* are forever doing this; and forever giving opinions on subjects which they cannot understand; promulgating hypotheses founded on

imagined facts; drawing ideal pictures of nature, and reasoning on them as truths; throwing aside realities for fictions; and hermetically sealing their eyes and closing their ears against the entrance of information, because information itself is supposed to clash with preconceived opinions, to interfere with hypotheses to which they are pledged, and, in fine, to damage their claim to the exclusive disposal of scientific knowledge; their object is to represent all matters as *they would have them*, without any reference to what *they are*. But let us proceed with our inquiry.

The first witness whom we shall call on the part of the sea-serpent is the Rev. Mr. Egede, whose journal of the Greenland mission is a master-piece of minute accuracy; it is illustrated with figures of the human inhabitants, the bears, seals, whales, birds, and plants, distinguished by a fidelity which at that date, 1734, is almost without parallel; indeed, the peculiar structure of the head of the narwhal, or sea-unicorn, proving the single horn to be a tooth on one side of the jaw, developed at the expense of the corresponding tooth on the other side of the jaw, is exhibited with a minute attention to anatomical truth that leaves nothing to be desired. Egede's statements are equally trustworthy with his drawings; there is no attempt at exaggeration, and he appears to be actuated by no other motive than that of modestly disseminating a knowledge of natural history, facts which he had himself observed, and which he believed to be before unrecorded. Not the slightest doubt has ever been entertained, as far as we can discover, of his veracity, piety, and single-mindedness; the indubitable value of the greater part of his observations is sufficient to establish the authority of the whole. The single blot on this reverend gentleman's character appears to be his *having seen a sea-serpent*. He writes as follows:

"On the 6th of July, 1734, there appeared a very large and frightful sea-monster, which raised itself so high out of the water, that its head reached above our main-top. It had a long sharp snout, and spouted water like a whale; and very broad flappers. The body seemed to be covered with scales, and the skin was uneven and wrinkled, and the lower part was formed like a snake. After some time, the creature plunged backwards into the water, and then turned its tail up above the surface, a whole ship-length from the head. The following evening we had very bad weather."

The statement is accompanied by a figure

in which the characters above enumerated are shown.

Now, we have no objection to make every deduction that the most rigid cross-examination could elicit; we are perfectly willing to make every allowance for the emotions of wonder and fear; we will not insist on the height to which the head was raised, or the sharpness of the snout, or the breadth of the flappers, or the scales on the skin, or the distance from the head to the tail. Let the incredulous pare down the marvellous as much as he pleases, and then, after every allowance and deduction, let him say what Mr. Egede saw. The high character of the narrator, and his otherwise unquestioned veracity, are sufficient guarantees for his having seen something: his extraordinary knowledge of the Cetacea and seals, extending to the most minute distinctions of species, proves that his monster could not have been one of these tribes. It seems to us indisputable, that Mr. Egede, from personal observation, and with rigid integrity of purpose, describes and figures an animal decidedly and widely different from any living creature hitherto admitted into our systematic classifications. That it was a sea-serpent, or a serpent of any other kind, certainly does not appear, neither does the writer make any such assertion. In the figure, description and name of Egede's "sea monster," we find nothing to constitute it a serpent; this name appears to have been subsequently applied; and yet, so great is the ingenuity of man, that this very name has been tortured into a proof of the falsehood of Mr. Egede's statement.

We will now proceed to Pontoppidan's "Natural History of Norway," published shortly after Egede's "Journal," and quoting that author's description. Pontoppidan was bishop of Bergen, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen, evidently a good naturalist, and withal a man of unimpeachable veracity; he exhibits no undue credulity; and although he has heard from sailors, and others residing near the coast, a variety of marvellous stories concerning the sea monster, he quotes them doubtingly, and puts his reader on his guard against giving them implicit credence; that a fixed and ineradicable belief in this sea monster existed universally along the coast in Pontoppidan's time, is shown by the following quotation:

"In all my inquiry about these affairs, I have hardly spoke with any intelligent person, born in the manor of Nordland, who was not able to give a pertinent answer, and strong assurances of the

existence of this fish; and some of our north traders, that come here every year with their merchandise, think it a very strange question, when they are seriously asked whether there be any such creature; they think it as ridiculous as if the question were put to them, whether there be such fish as eel or cod."

That an equally firm and ineradicable belief exists at the present day, is shown by a parallel passage, just published in the "Zoologist."

"As some interest has been excited by the alleged appearance of a sea-serpent, I venture to transmit a few remarks on the subject, which you may or may not think worthy of insertion in your columns. There does not appear to be a single well-authenticated instance of these monsters having been seen in any southern latitudes; but in the north of Europe, notwithstanding the fabulous character so long ascribed to Pontoppidan's description, I am convinced that they both exist and are frequently seen. During three summers spent in Norway, I have repeatedly conversed with the natives on this subject. A parish priest residing on Romsdal fjord, about two days' journey south of Drontheim, an intelligent person, whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, gave me a circumstantial account of one which he had himself seen. It rose within thirty yards of the boat in which he was, and swam parallel with it for a considerable time. Its head is described as equalling a small cask in size, and its mouth, which it repeatedly opened and shut, was furnished with formidable teeth; its neck was smaller but its body—of which he supposed that he saw about half on the surface of the water—was not less in girth than that of a moderate sized horse. Another gentleman, in whose house I stayed, had also seen one, and gave a similar account of it. It also came near his boat upon the fjord, when it was fired at, upon which it turned and pursued them to the shore, which was luckily near, when it disappeared. They expressed great surprise at the general disbelief attaching to the existence of these animals amongst naturalists, and assured me that there was scarcely a sailor accustomed to those inland lakes, who had not seen them at one time or another."—*The Zoologist*, p. 2311.

But Pontoppidan does not satisfy himself with any general expressions of belief, however distinct and explicit; he collects and publishes the most direct and positive evidence, and derived from sources which in the present age we should call the most respectable. The first of these is Laurence de Ferry, at that time commander of Bergen. We subjoin the entire statement, premising that the commander, in order to satisfy the bishop, took two of the seamen who were with him before a magistrate, when they both solemnly swore to the truth of the following particulars—

"The latter end of August, in the year 1746, as I was on a voyage, in my return from Trundheim, in a very calm and hot day, having a mind to put in at Molde, it happened, that when we were arrived with my vessel within six English miles of the aforesaid Molde, being at a place called Jule-Næss, as I was reading in a book, I heard a kind of murmuring voice from amongst the men at the oars, who were eight in number, and observed that the man at the helm kept off from the land. Upon this I inquired what was the matter, and was informed that there was a sea-snake before us. I then ordered the man at the helm to keep to the land again, and to come up with this creature, of which I had heard so many stories. Though the fellows were under some apprehensions, they were obliged to obey my orders. In the mean time, this sea-snake passed by us, and we were obliged to tack the vessel about, in order to get nearer to it. As the snake swam faster than we could row, I took my gun, that was ready charged, and fired at it; on this he immediately plunged under the water. We rowed to the place where it sunk down, (which in the calm might be easily observed,) and lay upon our oars, thinking it would come up again to the surface; however, it did not. When the snake plunged down, the water appeared thick and red; perhaps some of the shot might wound it, the distance being very little. The head of this snake, which it held more than two feet above the surface of the water, resembled that of a horse. It was of a greyish color, and the mouth was quite black and very large. It had black eyes, and a long white mane, that hung down from the neck to the surface of the water. Besides the head and neck, we saw seven or eight folds or coils of this snake, which were very thick, and, as far as we could guess, there was about a fathom distance between each fold."

After citing a variety of other instances, giving the names of his witnesses without reserve, Pontoppidan deduces this general conclusion from the entire evidence—

"It appears that this creature does not, like the eel or land-snake, taper gradually to a point, but the body, which looks to be as big as two hog-heads, grows remarkably small at once, just where the tail begins."

And again—

"The eyes of this creature are very large, and of a blue color, and look like a couple of bright pewter plates."

Egede gives us the pointed head, the power of spouting water like a whale, the broad anterior flappers or paddles, the bulky trunk, and the pointed tail. Pontoppidan adds the enormous eyes, the mane, the dorsal protuberances, the sudden narrowing where the trunk ceases and the tail begins.

The next author cited is Sir A. de Capell Brooke. Although in the course of his rambles in Scandinavia this worthy gentleman had not the pleasure of falling in with this creature himself, he nevertheless heard many statements from eye-witnesses respecting it; none of these, however, throw new light on the subject, or assign any characters to the animal which were not previously known. As far as they go, their tendency is to confirm the statements previously published; they relate to the years 1817, 18, 19, and 22. The only subsequent information from the locality in question is contained in the fifteenth number of the "Zoologist;" we quote the entire passage, without abbreviation or alteration.

"In the neighborhood of Christiansand and Molde, in the province of Romedal, several persons, highly respectable and credible witnesses, have reported that they have seen this animal. In general, they state that it has been seen in the larger Norwegian fjords, seldom in the open sea. In the large light of the sea at Christiansand, it has been seen every year, though only in the warmest season, in the dog-days, and then only when the weather was perfectly calm and the surface of the water unruffled. The following persons, whose names are here mentioned, give the subjoined testimony:—Nils Roe, workman at Mr. William Knudtson's, relates: 'I saw the serpent twice, once at noon, and two days afterwards towards the evening, in the fjord at the back of Mr. Knudtson's garden. The first time it was about a hundred feet distant. It swam first along the fjord, then afterwards direct over to the spot where I stood. I observed it for above half an hour. Some strangers who were on the opposite shore fired at it, when it disappeared. The second time it was further from me. It was small, perhaps twice as long as this room (about forty-four feet); while swimming, it made serpentine movements, some to the side, others up and down. I cannot state what thickness it was, but it appeared to be about as thick as a common snake in proportion to its length. It was thinner towards the tail. The head was several times slightly elevated above the surface of the water. The front of the head was rather pointed; the eyes were sharp, and glistened like those of a cat. From the back of the head a mane like that of a horse commenced, which waved backwards and forwards in the water. The color of the animal was a blackish brown.'

"John Johnson (merchant, about sixty years of age): 'I saw the animal some years since in the fjord; it was about a thousand paces distant when nearest to me. It swam very swiftly: in the same time that we rowed about a quarter of a mile to the side from it, it had swam about double the distance. I saw it most plainly when it swam in a semicircle round a tolerably large rock that obstructed its passage; in doing this, it partly raised itself above the surface of the water.

Its color was blackish brown, and about the length of this house (55 feet). With the exception of the head, I did not remark much of its body, as that appeared but little above the surface. Judging from what I observed, I should say the thickness of the body was about that of a stout man. The agitation it caused in the water was very strong. Its movements were serpentine, up and down, like a leech swimming. Lars Johnsen (fisherman at Smölen, about fifty years of age): 'I have several times seen the sea-serpent; but, some time since, twelve years ago, in the dog-days, in the fjord not far from here, one afternoon as I was fishing in my boat, I saw it twice in the course of two hours, and, for some time, quite near me. It came close to my boat, so that it was only about six feet from me. I became alarmed, recommended my soul to God, laid down in the boat, and only held my head so far over it that I could observe the serpent. It swam now past the boat, that was agitated by the ripple caused by its movement in the water, which was previously smooth, and afterwards removed itself. After it had swam a considerable distance from me, I began again to fish. Not long afterwards, the serpent came close to the boat, which was strongly agitated by its movements in the water. I laid down and remained quite still, and, notwithstanding my fright, kept a watchful eye on the animal: it passed me, disappeared, and returned, though not so close as previously, and disappeared entirely when a light wind arose, and ruffled the water. Its length was about five to six fathoms, and the body, which was as round as a serpent's, was about two feet in diameter. The tail seemed to be very round. The head was about as long as a brandy-anker (ten-gallon cask), and about the same thickness; it was not pointed, but round. The eyes were very large, round, and sparkling. Their size was about the diameter of the box here (five inches), and they were as red as my neckerchief (crimson). Close behind the head, a mane, like a horse's, commenced along the neck, and spread itself on both sides, right and left, while swimming on the water; it was of tolerably long hair. The mane, as well as the head and the rest of the body, was brown as this looking-glass frame (old mahogany). Spots, stripes of other colors I did not observe, nor were there any scales; it seemed as if the body was quite smooth. Its movements were occasionally fast and slow, which latter was the case when it neared my boat; I could clearly observe it; it was serpent-like, and moved up and down. The few undulations which those parts of the body and tail that were out of the water made, were scarcely a fathom in length. These undulations were not so high that I could see between them and the water. When Lars Johnsen had given this explanation, he was shown the drawing which Pontoppidan has given of this animal. He looked at it with astonishment, smiled, and said he found a great resemblance between it and the animal he had seen. He likewise said that some of the other sea-serpents he had seen were a great deal longer than the one above described.

"Mr. William Knudtson and Candidatus Theologiæ Bochlum, gave the following written account—We together saw the sea-serpent in a narrow fjord, at a distance of about one-sixteenth of a mile (half an English mile,) for about a quarter of an hour; afterwards it dived, and came up so far from us, that we could not see it plainly. The water was smooth as a mirror, and the animal had, as it moved on the surface, the appearance of a serpent. Its motions were in undulations, and so strong that white foam appeared before it, and at the side, which stretched out several fathoms. It did not appear very high above the water, and its length was quite discernible. Once it stretched its head quite erect in the air. The body was somewhat dark, and the head nearly black; it had nearly the form of an eel or snake, and a length of about one hundred feet, and in proportion to it an inconsiderable thickness. The breadth diminished remarkably from the head, so much so that the tail ended in a point. The head was long and small in proportion to the throat, as the latter appeared much greater than the former, probably as it was furnished with a mane.' Foged (Sheriff) Götsche made the following remarks—I saw the sea-serpent for some time in a small fjord, first from a boat, afterwards from the beach, several minutes, at a distance of from thirty to thirty-six feet. In the beginning, it swam round the fjord at Torvig; afterwards it went into the deeps. I saw its head stretched considerably out of the water. I remarked as well two or three undulations of the fore part of the body. Its motion was not like that of an eel, but consisted in waving undulations, up and down. They were excessively strong, and caused tolerably large waves; they were largest at the forepart of the animal, and towards the back gradually lessened. The traces of them I discerned in a length of eight to ten fathoms, and a breadth of two to three fathoms. The head seemed blunted, and had the size and form of a ten-gallon cask; the undulations of the body were round, and about the dimensions of a good timber stock (twelve to fourteen inches square). The entire length of the animal I could not judge, as it was not possible to observe the extremity. Its color appeared to be dark gray. At the back of the head there was a mane, which was the same color as the rest of the body.'

"The writer of this article received letters from Mr. Søren Knudtson, stating that a sea-serpent had been seen in the neighborhood of Christiansand by several people; and from Dr. Hoffman, a respectable surgeon in Molde, lying on a considerable fjord to the south of Christiansand, Rector Hammer, Mr. Kraft, curate, and several persons, very clearly saw, while on a journey, a sea-serpent of considerable size.

"The Rev. Mr. Deinboll, Archdeacon of Molde, gives the following account of one which was seen last summer near Molde. The 28th of July, 1845, J. C. Lund, bookseller and printer; G. S. Krogh, merchant; Christian Fiang, Lund's apprentice; and John Elgenses, laborer, were out on Romsdale-fjord, fishing. The sea was, after a

warm, sunshiny day, quite calm. About seven o'clock in the afternoon, a little distance from shore, near the ballast-place and Molde Hooe, they saw a long marine animal, which slowly moved itself forward, as it appeared to them, with the help of two fins, on the fore part of the body nearest the head, which they judged from the boiling of the water on both sides of it. The visible part of the body appeared to be between forty and fifty feet in length, and moved in undulations like a snake. The body was round, and of a dark color, and seemed to be several ells (an ell two feet) in thickness. As they discerned a waving motion in the water behind the animal, they concluded that part of the body was concealed under water. That it was one connected animal they saw plainly from its movement. When the animal was about one hundred yards from the boat, they noticed tolerably correctly its fore part, which ended in a sharp snout; its colossal head raised itself above the water in the form of a semicircle; the lower was not visible. The color of the head was a dark brown, and the skin smooth. They did not notice the eyes, or any mane or bristles on the throat. When the serpent came about a musket-shot near, Lund fired at it, and was certain the shots hit it in the head. After the shot he dived, but came up immediately. He raised his head in the air, like a snake preparing to dart on its prey. After he had turned and got his body in a straight line, which he appeared to do with great difficulty, he darted like an arrow against the boat. They reached the shore, and the animal perceiving it had come into shallow water, dived immediately, and disappeared in the deep.

"Such is the declaration of these four men, and no one has any cause to question their veracity, or imagine that they were so seized with fear that they could not observe what took place so near them. There are not many here, or on other parts of the Norwegian coast, who longer doubt the existence of the sea-serpent. The writer of this narrative was a long time sceptical, as he had not been so fortunate as to see this monster of the deep; but, after the many accounts he has read, and the relations he has received from creditable witnesses, he does not dare longer to doubt the existence of the sea-serpent."

"P. W. DEINBOLL.

"*Molde, the 29th Nov. 1845.*"

The next account we shall quote, is that of an *American* sea-serpent, but seen by a party of five English officers, whose names and rank are given at full length. The passage is extracted from the fifty-third number of the "*Zoologist*," and we are not aware that it has elsewhere appeared in print. Nothing can be more precise and circumstantial than this account; and we think our readers will be struck with the remarkable similarity between this and the more recently published statement of Captain M'Quhae.

It is *impossible* to believe that two distinct parties, without communicating with each other, could by any chance have placed on record statements so similar, if they were not strictly true.

"On the 15th of May, 1833, a party consisting of Captain Sullivan, Lieutenants MacLachlan and Malcolm of the Rifle Brigade, Lieutenant Lyster of the Artillery, and Mr. Ince of the Ordnance, started from Halifax in a small yacht for Mahone Bay, some forty miles to the westward, on a fishing excursion. The morning was cloudy, and the wind was S.S.E., and apparently rising; by the time we reached Chebucto Head, as we had taken no pilot with us, we deliberated whether we should proceed or put back, but after a consultation, we determined on the former, having lots of ports on our lee. Previously to leaving town, an old man-of-war's-man we had along with us, busied himself in inquiries as to our right course; he was told to take his departure from the Bull Rock, off Pennant Point, and that a W.N.W. course would bring us direct on Iron Bound Island, at the entrance of Mahone or Mecklenburgh Bay; he, however, unfortunately told us to steer W.S.W., nor corrected his error for five or six hours; consequently we had gone a long distance off the coast. We had run about half the distance, as we supposed, and were enjoying ourselves on deck smoking our cigars, and getting our tackle ready for the approaching campaign against the salmon, when we were surprised by the sight of an immense shoal of grampuses, which appeared in an unusual state of excitement, and which, in their gambols, approached so close to our little craft, that some of the party amused themselves by firing at them with rifles; at this time we were jogging on at about five miles an hour, and must have been crossing Margaret's Bay. I merely conjecture where we were, as we had not seen land since a short time after leaving Pennant Point. Our attention was presently diverted from the whales and 'such small deer,' by an exclamation from Dowling, our man-of-war's-man, who was sitting to leeward, of, 'Oh! sirs, look here!' we were started into a ready compliance, and saw an object which banished all other thoughts save wonder and surprise.

"At the distance of 150 to 200 yards on our starboard bow, we saw the head and neck of some denizen of the deep, precisely like those of a common snake, in the act of swimming, the head so far elevated and thrown forward by the curve of the neck as to enable us to see the water under and beyond it. The creature rapidly passed, leaving a regular wake, from the commencement of which, to the fore part, which was out of water, we judged its length to be about eighty feet; and this is within, rather than beyond the mark. We were, of course, all taken aback at the sight, and with staring eyes and in speechless wonder stood gazing at it for full half a minute: there could be no mistake, no delusion, and we were all perfectly satisfied that we had been favored with a view of the 'true and veritable sea-serpent,'

which had been generally considered to have existed only in the brain of some Yankee skipper, and treated as a tale not much entitled to belief. Dowling's exclamation is worthy of record, 'Well, I've sailed in all parts of the world, and have seen rum sights too in my time, but this is the queerest thing I ever see'—and surely Jack Dowling was right. It is most difficult to give correctly the dimensions of any object in the water. The head of the creature we set down at about six feet in length, and that portion of the neck which we saw, at the same; the extreme length, as before stated, at between eighty and one hundred feet. The neck in thickness equalled a bole of a moderate sized tree. The head and neck of a dark brown or nearly black color, streaked with white in irregular streaks. I do not recollect seeing any part of the body.

"Such is the rough account of the sea-serpent, and all the party who saw it are still in the land of the living—Lyster in England, Malcolm in New South Wales with his regiment, and the remainder still vegetating in Halifax.

W. Sullivan, Captain, Rifle Brigade, June 21st, 1831.

A. MacLachlan, Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade, August 5th, 1824.

G. P. Malcolm, Ensign, Rifle Brigade, August 13th, 1830.

B. O'Neal Lyster, Lieutenant, Artillery, June 7th, 1816.

Henry Ince, Ordnance Storekeeper at Halifax.

"The dates are those on which the gentlemen received their respective commissions."

Concerning other American sea-serpents, many of the accounts have been so improbable, that Mr. Newman concludes it better to pass them over in silence. He, however, gives all that appears authentic.

In the year 1817, the reports of the appearance of a sea-serpent off the coast of Massachusetts were so frequent, and the accounts seemed so circumstantial, that a little band of naturalists, associated under the title of the Linnæan Society of New England, determined to investigate the subject, and obtained the able assistance of Mr. Nash, a most respectable magistrate at Gloucester (U. S.), who examined a number of witnesses on oath; and, notwithstanding great disparity in their depositions, it seems utterly impossible to discard evidence so seriously given, especially when the magistrate, in his letter which accompanies the depositions, asserts that he himself, on the 14th of August, watched the animal for nearly half an hour, and that all the witnesses whose depositions he took were men of fair and unblemished reputation. The learned society, in concluding a report of thirty-seven pages, says, "We have seen and heard sundry other statements, on various authorities, relating to

an animal said to have been seen at sea by various persons; but we do not insert them in our report because we consider the foregoing testimony sufficient to place the existence of the animal beyond a doubt, and because they do not appear so minute and so well authenticated as the preceding documents." The depositions in question are too lengthy for quotation in our pages, but the reader who wishes to decide for himself in this interesting question, should carefully study the entire evidence as collected by Mr. Newman.

For the same reason, we must pass over the account of two remarkable animals seen in the Western Islands of Scotland, and proceed to the recent statements made by an officer in the naval service of Great Britain.

"The following very interesting report respecting the appearance of the extraordinary animal seen by some of the officers and crew of Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, has been forwarded to the Admiralty by Captain M'Quhae:

"Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, Hamouaze, October 11.

"Sir—In reply to your letter of this date, requiring information as to the truth of a statement published in the *Times* newspaper, of a sea-serpent of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, under my command, on her passage from the East Indies, I have the honor to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at five o'clock, P. M., on the 6th of August last, in latitude 24° 44' S., and longitude 9° 22' E., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N. W., the ship on the port tack, heading N. E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, with whom and Mr. William Barrett, the Master, I was at the time walking the quarter-deck. The ship's company were at supper.

"On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea, and as nearly as we could approximate, by comparing it with what our maintop-sail-yard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60 feet of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognized his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S. W., which it held on at the pace of from 12 to

15 miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

"The diameter of the serpent was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water: its color a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and officers above-mentioned.

"I am having a drawing of the serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by to-morrow's post. PETER M'QUHAE, Captain. To Admiral Sir W. H. Gage, G. C. H., Devonport." —*Times*, October 13, 1848.

It seems strange that a letter to the Admiralty was required before the subject was considered worthy of the slightest investigation. Giving, as we do, the most implicit credit to Captain M'Quhae's statement, as a straightforward narrative of what he believed the truth, yet, as a contribution to science, and especially that science which is pre-eminently one of facts, we must say that it scarcely equals in value that of Captain Sullivan, and is infinitely less important and satisfactory than the previous statements published in the "*Zoologist*," or the "*Report of the Linnæan Society of New England*." One fact, however, is to be gleaned from Captain M'Quhae, *namely*, that no undulation, vertical or horizontal, was observed, and no mention is made of the sinuosities, lumps, folds, or coils so often spoken of by other eye-witnesses.

It was a matter of course that an official statement, like that of Captain M'Quhae, should call into action the pens of that scientific clique of which we have already been speaking, and who, to a man, were pledged to declare the sea-serpent a myth and an imposition. If such positive assertions were to pass unnoticed, the existence of a sea-serpent must meet with general credence, and the worth of their own scientific dicta must be called in question. At the meetings of the learned, the growing faith in a sea-serpent pressed hard on the exclusives. In the daily and weekly papers it was obviously gaining ground: the magnates were becoming small; their enunciations were being given to the wind. The time had now arrived for them to be up and doing. It is almost a pity that a special meeting of obstructives was not convened for the "putting down" of Cap-

tain M'Quhae. The ridicule incident on the publication of such heterogeneous opinions emanating from the same body of high and mighty potentates in science might thus have been avoided; but now it will, we think, be apparent to the general reader that the object of the disputants is to throw discredit on Captain M'Quhae's statements at all risks; and as long as this desirable end is gained, the mode of attainment is quite a secondary consideration. The first fling at the captain was a letter in the *Times*, written to show that the *Dædalus* could not have been sailing on the larboard tack when in the position described; but an abler pen soon convinced the public that the writer himself was on the wrong tack, and that he exhibited ignorance rather than knowledge throughout his fluent and caustic epistle. The assailants being beaten off here, advanced a second explanation, that the captain's sea-serpent was a *Boa constrictor*; then, with inconceivable rapidity it became a floating spar, an eel, a schull of porpoises, a bunch of sea-weed, a lamprey and a shark. After the lesser stars had been twinkling in this way for ten days or a fortnight, Professor Owen took the field, and lo! the sea-serpent is converted into a seal:

"*Mons parturit; nascitur ridiculus mus.*"

"The sketch [this was a reduced copy of the drawing of the head of the animal seen by Captain M'Quhae, attached to the submerged body of a large seal, showing the long eddy produced by the action of the terminal flippers] will suggest the reply to your query, 'whether the monster seen from the *Dædalus* be anything but a Saurian?' If it be the true answer, it destroys the romance of the incident, and will be anything but acceptable to those who prefer the excitement of the imagination to the satisfaction of the judgment. I am far from insensible to the pleasures of the discovery of a new and rare animal! but, before I can enjoy them, certain conditions—*e.g.*, reasonable proof or evidence of its existence—must be fulfilled. I am also far from undervaluing the information which Captain M'Quhae has given us of what he saw. When fairly analyzed, it lies in a small compass; but my knowledge of the animal kingdom compels me to draw other conclusions from the phenomena than those which the gallant captain seems to have jumped at. He evidently saw a large animal moving rapidly through the water, very different from anything he had before witnessed—neither a whale, a grampus, a great shark, an alligator, nor any of the larger surface-swimming creatures which are fallen in with in ordinary voyages. He writes, 'On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent,' (read 'animal,') 'with the head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the

sea. The diameter of the serpent' (animal) 'was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head; its color a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat.' No fins were seen, (the captain says there were none; but, from his own account, he did not see enough of the animal to prove his negative.) 'Something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed washed about its back.' So much of the body as was seen was 'not used in propelling the animal through the water either by vertical or horizontal undulation.' A calculation of its length was made under a strong preconception of the nature of the beast. The head, *e. g.*, is stated to be, without any doubt, that of a snake; and yet a snake would be the last species to which a naturalist conversant with the forms and characters of the heads of animals would refer such a head as that of which Captain M'Quhae has transmitted a drawing to the Admiralty; and which he certifies to have been accurately copied in the 'Illustrated London News' for October 28, p. 265. Your lordship will observe, that no sooner was the captain's attention called to the object 'than it was discovered to be an enormous serpent;' and yet the closest inspection of as much of the body as was visible *à fleur d'eau*, failed to detect any undulations of the body, although such actions constitute the very character which would distinguish a serpent or serpentiform swimmer from any other marine species. The foregone conclusion, therefore, of the beast's being a sea-serpent, notwithstanding its capacious vaulted cranium and stiff inflexible trunk, must be kept in mind in estimating the value of the approximation made to the total length of the animal, as 'at the very least sixty feet.' This is the only part of the description, however, which seems to me to be so uncertain as to be inadmissible in an attempt to arrive at a right conclusion as to the nature of the animal. The more certain characters of the animal are these: Head, with a convex, moderately capacious cranium, short obtuse muzzle, gape of the mouth not extending further than to beneath the eye, which is rather small, round, filling closely the palpebral aperture; dark brown above, yellowish white beneath; surface smooth, without scales, scutes, or other conspicuous modifications of hard and naked cuticle. And the captain says, 'Had it been a man of my acquaintance I should have easily recognized his features with my naked eye.' Nostrils not mentioned, but indicated in the drawing by a crescentic mark at the end of the nose or muzzle. All these are the characters of the head of a warm-blooded mammal; none of them those of a cold-blooded reptile or fish. Body long, dark brown, not undulating, without dorsal or other apparent fins; 'but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed washed about its back.' The character of the integuments would be a most important one for the zoologist in the determination of the class to which the above defined creature belonged. If any opinion can be deduced as to the integuments from the above indication, it is that the species had hair, which, if it was too short and close to be distinguished on the head, was visible where it

usually is the longest, on the middle line of the shoulders or advanced part of the back, where it was not stiff and upright like the rays of a fin, but 'washed about.' Guided by the above interpretation of the 'mane of a horse, or a bunch of sea-weed,' the animal was not a cetaceous mammal, but rather a great seal. But what seal of large size, or indeed of any size, would be encountered in latitude 24° 44' south, and longitude 9° 22' east—viz. about 300 miles from the western shore of the southern end of Africa? The most likely species to be there met with are the largest of the seal tribe, *e. g.* Anson's sea-lion, or that known to the southern whalers by the name of the 'sea-elephant,' the *Phoca proboscidea*, which attains the length of from 20 to 30 feet. These great seals abound in certain of the islands of the southern and antarctic seas, from which an individual is occasionally floated off from an iceberg. The sea-lion exhibited in London, last spring, which was a young individual of the *Phoca proboscidea*, was actually captured in that predicament, having been carried by the currents that set northwards towards the Cape, where its temporary resting-place was rapidly melting away. When a large individual of the *Phoca proboscidea* or *Phoca leonina* is thus borne off to a distance from its native shore, it is compelled to return for rest to its floating abode after it has made its daily excursion in quest of the fishes or squids that constitute its food. It is thus brought by the iceberg into the latitudes of the Cape, and perhaps further north, before the berg has melted away. The poor seal is compelled to swim as long as strength endures; and in such a predicament I imagine the creature was that Mr. Sartoris saw rapidly approaching the *Dædalus* from before the beam, scanning, probably, its capabilities as a resting-place, as it paddled its long stiff body past the ship. In so doing, it would raise a head of the form and color described and delineated by Captain M'Quhae, supported on a neck also of the diameter given; the thick neck passing into an inflexible trunk, the longer and coarser hair on the upper part of which would give rise to the idea, especially if the species were the *Phoca leonina*, explained by the similes above cited. The organs of locomotion would be out of sight. The pectoral fins being set on very low down, as in my sketch, the chief impelling force would be the action of the deeper immersed terminal fins and tail, which would create a long eddy, readily mistakable by one looking at the strange phenomenon with a sea-serpent in his mind's eye, for an indefinite prolongation of the body.

"It is very probable that not one on board the *Dædalus* ever before beheld a gigantic seal freely swimming in the open ocean. Entering unexpectedly from that vast and commonly blank desert of waters, it would be a strange and exciting spectacle, and might well be interpreted as a marvel; but the creative powers of the human mind appear to be really very limited; but on all the occasions where the true source of the 'great unknown' has been detected—whether it has proved to be a file of sportive porpoises, or a pair of gigantic sharks—old Pontoppidan's sea-serpent

with the mane has uniformly suggested itself as the representative of the portent, until the mystery has been unravelled.

"The vertebræ of the sea-serpent described and delineated in the 'Wernerian Transactions,' vol. i., and sworn to by the fishermen who saw it off the Isle of Stronsa, (one of the Orkneys,) in 1808, two of which vertebræ are in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, are certainly those of a great shark, of the genus *Selache*, and are not distinguishable from those of the species called 'basking shark,' of which individuals from 30 feet to 35 in length have been from time to time captured or stranded on our coasts.

"I have no unmeet confidence in the exactitude of my interpretation of the phenomena witnessed by the captain and others of the *Dædalus*. I am too sensible of the inadequacy of the characters which the opportunity of a rapidly passing animal, 'in a long ocean swell,' enabled them to note, for the determination of its species, or genus. Giving due credence to the most probably accurate elements of their description, they do little more than guide the zoologist to the class, which, in the present instance, is not that of the serpent or the saurian.

"But I am usually asked, after each endeavor to explain Captain M'Quhae's sea-serpent, 'Why there should not be a great sea-serpent?'—Often, too, in a tone which seems to imply, 'Do you think, then, there are not more marvels in the deep than are dreamt of in your philosophy?' And freely conceding that point, I have felt bound to give a reason for scepticism as well as faith. If a gigantic sea-serpent actually exists, the species must of course have been perpetuated through successive generations from its first creation and introduction into the seas of this planet. Conceive, then, the number of individuals that must have lived and died, and have left their remains to attest the actuality of the species during the enormous lapse of time from its beginning to the 6th of August last! Now, a serpent, being an air-breathing animal, with long vesicular and receptacular lungs, dives with an effort, and commonly floats when dead; and so would the sea-serpent, until decomposition or accident had opened the tough integument and let out the imprisoned gases. Then it would sink, and, if in deep water, be seen no more until the sea rendered up its dead, after the lapse of the æons requisite for the yielding of its place to dry land—a change which has actually revealed to the present generation the old saurian monsters that were entombed at the bottom of the ocean of the secondary geological periods of our earth's history. During life the exigencies of the respiration of the great sea-serpent would always compel him frequently to the surface; and when dead and swollen—

'Prone on the flood, extended long and large,'

He would

'Lie floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove.'

Such a spectacle, demonstrative of the species if it existed, has not hitherto met the gaze of any of the countless voyagers who have traversed the seas in so many directions. Considering, too, the tides and currents of the ocean, it seems still more reasonable to suppose that the dead sea-serpent would be occasionally cast on shore. However, I do not ask for the entire carcass. The structure of the backbone of the serpent tribe is so peculiar, that a single vertebra would suffice to determine the existence of the hypothetical Ophidian; and this will not be deemed an unreasonable request when it is remembered that the vertebræ are more numerous in serpents than in any other animals. Such large, blanched, and scattered bones on any sea-shore would be likely to attract even common curiosity; yet there is no vertebra of a serpent larger than the ordinary pythons and boas in any museum in Europe.

"Few sea-coasts have been more sedulously searched, or by more acute naturalists, (witness the labors of Sars and Lovén,) than those of Norway. Krakens and sea-serpents ought to have been living and dying thereabouts from long before Pontoppidan's time to our day, if all tales were true; yet have they never vouchsafed a single fragment of their skeleton to any Scandinavian collector; whilst the other great denizens of those seas have been by no means so chary. No museums, in fact, are so rich in the skeletons, skulls, bones, and teeth of the numerous kinds of whales, cachalots, grampuses, walruses, sea-unicorns, seals, &c., as those of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; but of any large marine nondescript, or indeterminable monster, they cannot show a trace.

"I have inquired repeatedly whether the natural history collections of Boston, Philadelphia, or other cities of the United States, might possess any unusually large ophidian vertebræ, or any of such peculiar form as to indicate some large and unknown animal; but they have received no such specimens.

"The frequency with which the sea-serpent has been supposed to have appeared near the shores and harbors of the United States has led to its being specified as the 'American sea-serpent;' yet out of the 200 vertebræ of every individual that should have lived and died in the Atlantic since the creation of the species, not one has yet been picked up on the shores of America. The diminutive snake, less than a yard in length, 'killed upon the sea-shore,' apparently beaten to death, 'by some laboring people of Cape Ann,' United States, (see the 8vo pamphlet, 1817, Boston, page 38,) and figured in the 'Illustrated London News,' October 28, 1848, from the original American memoir, by no means satisfies the conditions of the problem. Neither do the *Sacropharynx* of Mitchell, nor the *Ophiognathus* of Harwood—the one four and a half feet, and the other six feet long; both are surpassed by some of the congers of our own coasts, and like other murenoid fishes and the known small sea-snakes (*Hydrophis*), swim by undulatory movements of the body.

"The fossil vertebræ and skull which were

exhibited by Mr. Koch, in New York and Boston, as those of the great sea-serpent, and which are now in Berlin, belonged to different individuals of a species which I had previously proved to be an extinct whale, a determination which has subsequently been confirmed by Professors Müller and Agassiz. Mr. Dixon, of Worthing, has discovered many fossil vertebræ in the Eocene tertiary clay at Bracklesham, which belong to a large species of an extinct genus of serpent (*Palæophis*), founded on similar vertebræ from the same formation in the Isle of Sheppey. The largest of these ancient British snakes was twenty feet in length; but there is no evidence that they were marine.

"The sea saurians of the secondary periods of geology have been replaced in the tertiary and actual seas by marine mammals. No remains of Cetacea have been found in lias or oolite, and no remains of Plesiosaur, or Ichthyosaur, or any other secondary reptile, have been found in Eocene or later tertiary deposits, or recent, on the actual sea-shores; and that the old air-breathing saurians floated when they died, has been shown in the 'Geological Transactions,' (vol. v., second series, p. 512.) The inference that may reasonably be drawn from no recent carcass, or fragment of such, having ever been discovered, is strengthened by the corresponding absence of any trace of their remains in the tertiary beds.

"Now, on weighing the question, whether creatures meriting the name of 'great sea-serpent' do exist, or whether any of the gigantic marine saurians of the secondary deposits may have continued to live up to the present time, it seems to me less probable that no part of the carcass of such reptiles should have ever been discovered in a recent or unfossilized state, than that men should have been deceived by a cursory view of a partly submerged and rapidly moving animal, which might only be strange to themselves. In other words, I regard the negative evidence, from the utter absence of any of the recent remains of great sea-serpents, krakens, or Enaliosauria, as stronger against their actual existence than the positive statements which have hitherto weighed with the public mind in favor of their existence. A larger body of evidence, from eye-witnesses, might be got together in proof of ghosts than of the sea-serpent. RICHARD OWEN, Lincoln's Inn Fields, November 9, 1848."—From the *Times*.

Now, we are willing to admit that this is a pleasant and plausible piece of writing, and extremely well calculated to answer the author's purpose, which is to make the world believe that the existence of the sea-serpent is as improbable as the existence of a ghost. We do not wish to hurt the feelings of ghost-seers by expressing an opinion as to these nocturnal gentry; but there is one essential difference between a ghost and the sea-serpent, and it is this: that rigid investigation is constantly damaging the reputation of the one, while it evidently and confessedly adds

to the good name of the other. Let the sceptic visit Norway, and he will come back a firm believer in the sea-serpent! but let him visit a locality said to be haunted by a ghost, and it is ten to one but he will discover a policeman in the pantry or the servants' bed-room. In another instance, we think the learned Professor reckons without his host; he assumes that mariners, because non-naturalists, do not know a seal when they see one. This is a manifest error; the men who see sea-serpents are familiar with seals, and, as we have already said, are not likely to make such mistakes. Again, the learned Professor gives the creature a "capacious, vaulted cranium," thus making it like a seal. This also is a manifest error; the head was *remarkably flat*—so remarkably flat, that the eye-witnesses dwell on this character (without knowing its tendency) as one worthy of especial notice; and the error here is so extraordinary, that we have thought it desirable to avail ourselves of the liberality of the proprietors of the "Illustrated London News" to republish one of the very drawings of the animal to which the Professor alludes, as having appeared in that journal. Let our readers turn to any work on zoology in which seals are figured, and compare the likeness. Again, the learned Professor wants to fix an ophidian nature on the supposed sea-serpent; because a sea-serpent it must be a serpent: this is also a manifest error. A sea-mouse is not a mouse, a sea-urchin is not an urchin, a sea-horse is not a horse, a sea-lion is not a lion, and so on in every instance where the word *sea* is used as a prefix. Has Professor Owen yet to learn, and must we have the pleasure of teaching him, that the term sea-mouse is given to a certain animal residing in the sea, because of a real or fanciful resemblance to a mouse, but which has no kind of anatomical affinity to the Glires? The same, again, with the urchins: the Professor might diligently hunt all the museums in the universe without success, for the vertebræ of marine mice and marine hedgehogs, and thence he might as logically conclude that sea-mice and sea-urchins are as fabulous as ghosts. In fine, we do not find a single passage in the Professor's epistle that will bear the scrutiny of an inquirer after truth. But we must hear the captain's reply.

"Professor Owen correctly states, that I 'evidently saw a large creature moving rapidly through the water very different from anything I had ever before witnessed, neither a whale, a

grampus, a great shark, an alligator, nor any of the larger surface-swimming creatures fallen in with in ordinary voyages.' I now assert—neither was it a common seal nor a sea-elephant, its great length and its totally differing physiognomy precluding the possibility of its being a 'Phoca' of any species. The head was flat, and not a 'capacious vaulted cranium'; nor had it 'a stiff inflexible trunk'—a conclusion to which Professor Owen has jumped, most certainly not justified by the simple statement, that no 'portion of the sixty feet seen by us was used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation.'

"It is also assumed that the 'calculation of its length was made under a strong preconception of the nature of the beast;' another conclusion quite the contrary to the fact. It was not until after the great length was developed by its nearest approach to the ship, and until after that most important point had been duly considered and debated, as well as such could be in the brief space of time allowed for so doing, that it was pronounced to be a serpent by all who saw it, and who are too well accustomed to judge of lengths and breadths of objects in the sea to mistake a real substance and an actual living body, coolly and dispassionately contemplated, at so short a distance too, for the 'eddy caused by the action of the deeper immersed fins and tail of a rapidly moving gigantic seal raising its head above the surface of the water,' as Professor Owen imagines, in quest of its lost iceberg.

"The creative powers of the human mind may be very limited. On this occasion they were not called into requisition, my purpose and desire being, throughout, to furnish eminent naturalists, such as the learned Professor, with accurate facts, and not with exaggerated representations, nor with what could, by any possibility, proceed from optical illusion; and I beg to assure him that old Pontoppidan having clothed his sea-serpent with a mane could not have suggested the idea of ornamenting the creature seen from the *Dædalus* with a similar appendage, for the simple reason that I had never seen his account, or even heard of his sea-serpent until my arrival in London. Some other solution must, therefore, be found for the very remarkable coincidence between us in that particular, in order to unravel the mystery.

"Finally, I deny the existence of excitement or the possibility of optical illusion. I adhere to the statements as to form, color, and dimensions, contained in my official report to the Admiralty, and I leave them as data whereupon the learned and scientific may exercise the 'pleasures of imagination' until some more fortunate opportunity shall occur of making a closer acquaintance with the 'great unknown'—in the present instance, most assuredly no ghost. P. M'QUEEN, late Captain of Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*."—*Times*, November 21, 1848.

To ourselves the evidence appears irresistible, "that a certain marine animal of enormous size does exist, and that it differs

essentially from any living animal described in our systematic works." To this animal, mariners have given the very appropriate name of *sea-serpent*, from its inhabiting the sea, and from its supposed resemblance to a serpent. It is fifty or sixty feet in length—perhaps seventy feet—but we may gather from the multitude of statements that fifty or sixty is a perfectly safe estimate; it is long in proportion to its bulk, its neck and tail being of much less circumference than its body; the junction of the tail and body is marked by a rapid diminution in size; it has a sharp-pointed snout, flat-topped head, powerful teeth, very large eyes, and blow-holes, like the Cetacea, from which it spouts water; it has two very large and powerful flappers, or paddles, with which it makes its way when on the surface of the water; it has a dorsal, or cervical crest-fin or mane; its skin is smooth.

We think it will readily be admitted that no animal answering such a description is known in our methodical arrangements; nay, we very much doubt whether it would not be considered as altogether disturbing these arrangements; geology, however, offers something approaching a solution. In the splendid work of Mr. Hawkins on the "Extinct Monsters of the Ancient Earth," we find the delineation of forms quite as remarkable as that which we have attempted to describe from attested depositions. Concerning one of them, Dr. Mantell writes:

"The *Ichthyosaurus* had the back of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head and sternum of a lizard, the paddles of Cetacea, and the vertebræ of fish. Some of the species attain the magnitude of young whales. . . . The orbit is very large. . . . Like turtles, the animal had four paddles, composed of numerous bones enveloped in one fold of integument, so as to appear an entire fin, as in the Cetacea. The fore-paddles are large, and, in some species, are formed of one hundred bones; the hind are smaller, and contain but thirty or forty. . . . The nostrils, as in the Cetacea, beneath the orbits. . . . Its skin appears not to have been covered with scales."—*Wonders of Geology*, ii. 434.

Here is the description of another animal:

"The *Plesiosaurus* differs from the *Ichthyosaurus* in the extreme smallness of the head, and enormous length of the neck. The latter is composed of upwards of thirty vertebræ—a number far exceeding that of the cervical vertebræ in any known animal. This reptile combines in its structure the head of a lizard with teeth like those of a crocodile, a neck resembling the body of a

serpent, a trunk and tail of the proportions of those of a quadruped, and paddles like those of turtles. It has been compared to a serpent threaded through the body of a turtle."—*Id.* 435.

Another animal in many points resembling them, but now generally referred to the Cetacea, is described by Dr. Harlan, and probably equalled the largest whale in size. The bones of this creature were exhibited in America as those of a fossil sea-serpent. This, we believe, was the act of a mere puffing exhibitor; and the bones are said to have been arranged without any kind of anatomical accuracy.

The descriptions of these animals, written simply as scientific records, are quite sufficient to convince the reflecting mind that, at one period of this earth's existence, its seas were teeming with creatures which, if admitted into our recent fauna, would solve the problem at once. If the Ichthyosauri, Plesiosauri, Basilosauri, and cognate or intermediate genera, were still recognized as inhabitants of the North Atlantic Ocean, no one would be disposed to contest the point that one or other of the tribe had been seen at different periods and places, and had been intended by the descriptions we have quoted; but to suppose such beings now existent, is said to be a violation of geological law. Here, however, we will quote an author of high repute—no other than the venerable and universally respected Kirby—to show that the geological law is not accepted without question:

"It has been calculated that the depth of the sea in any part does not exceed thirty thousand feet, or a little more than five miles. This, compared with the diameter of our globe, about eight thousand miles, may be regarded as nothing. What a vast space then, supposing it really hollow, may be contained in its womb, not only for an abundant reservoir of water, but for sources of the volcanic action which occasionally manifests itself in various parts, both of the ocean and *terra firma*! Reasoning from analogy, and from that part of the globe which falls under our inspection, it will appear not improbable that this vast space should not be altogether destitute of its peculiar inhabitants. We know that there are numerous animals on the surface of the globe that conceal themselves in various places in the daytime, and only make their appearance in the night. It would, therefore, be perfectly consistent with the general course of God's proceedings, and in exact harmony with the general features of creation, that he should have peopled the abyss with creatures fitted, by their organization and structure, to live there; and it would not be wonderful, that some of the saurian race, especially the marine ones, should have their station in the subterranean

waters, which would sufficiently account for their never having been seen except in a fossil state."—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise*, i, 33.

The author confessedly alludes to the Plesiosaurus, Ichthyosaurus, and their congeners, expressing a belief that the huge eyes of Ichthyosaurus, with their nictitant membrane, enabled these creatures to see in the dark. We merely mention Mr. Kirby's hypothesis, to show that one at least of the *élite* of science holds that marine saurians still exist in a centromundane metropolis of reptiles; our conclusions would rather place these creatures nearer to the atmospheric air, which they certainly breathe. We can scarcely imagine a beast with genuine lungs to have his residence four thousand miles away from any element that he could respire. And again, our experience in moles, and such like workers underground, is not in favor of their possessing such prodigious eyes. But what geological law is violated by Kirby's hypothesis, or by our author's? Who shall say that a tribe of animals is extinct? * Does not the crocodile occur in the wealden, cheek-by-jole with the Plesiosaurus? and do not crocodiles still exist? Is not the elephant both fossil and recent?—is not the hyæna fossil and recent?—do not insects, scarcely distinguishable from our own, exist in the secondary series? We have seen the impressions of the wings of dragon-flies that would defy the scrutiny of an entomologist to distinguish them from those of recent genera. Hence we infer, that although certain species, now found in a fossil state, may perhaps no longer exist in a recent state, yet there is no law of nature, no analogical reasoning, which should forbid the existence of their congeners. Although we may not, perhaps, have the identical species of Plesiosaurus discovered by Miss Anning, and described by Mr. Conybeare, yet there is nothing to forbid the existence of a cognate species! So that it is perfectly consistent with the profoundest discoveries of the geologist to imagine the Enaliosaurians existing in their pristine glory. All that geology would require is, that the Norwegian species should not be identical with those of the lias or the wealden.

* This question seems likely to be set at rest. Since the foregoing observations were in type, we have been favored with a sight of the proof-sheets of the "Zoologist" for January, (No. 73,) in which is an authenticated announcement of the discovery of living Enaliosaurians, of immense size, in the Gulf of California.

Seeing, then, that unquestionable evidence brings before us an animal not known in our methods; seeing that this animal presents many points of similarity to the Enaliosauri; seeing that geology offers no impediment to the supposition that Enaliosauri still exist;—we trust that it will neither be considered impossible nor improbable that, in certain unknown forms of the Enaliosauri, a key to the mystery of the sea-serpent will eventually be found.

It were assuredly "a consummation devoutly to be wished," that the animal which led to so much angry discussion among the learned, should speedily reveal himself in some less "questionable shape" than he has hitherto deigned to assume; and then we can fancy some pre-appointed Hamlet, in reference to the form in which the beast will probably reveal itself to his astonished gaze, addressing the "dread thing" somewhat in the following fashion:

"Tell

Why thy *long-buried* bones, *hearsed* in *earth*
Have burst their *coverings*! Why the *sepulchre*,
Wherein we *thought* thee quietly inurned,
Hath open'd his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete *flesh*,
Revisit'st thus the *waters* of this *world*,
Making *day* hideous; and we fools of *science*,
So horribly to shake our *cherished systems*,
With *things* beyond the *wishes* of our souls?"

In these observations, we rather adopt the views of our author than advance them as original. We feel that it is not the province of a review like ours to originate a scientific theory. We are free as the air we breathe, to praise, to bear with, to criticise, or absolutely to annihilate, the hypotheses of others; but we do not advance counter-hypotheses of our own. We hope and believe that the rational mode of estimating the value of evidence by the trustworthiness of the witness—long since admitted in law, but first introduced by Mr. Newman into science—will obtain converts, who will leave no stone unturned until the sea-serpent is either established as a "great fact," or its history proved to be a mere invention. Until that day arrives, we are willing to plead guilty of believing those whose competence to observe is unquestionable, and whose disposition to speak truth is unquestioned.

NT-ON.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE BIRTH OF DAY.

RESTLESS, and tired of wooing sleep, I rose,
And climbing to the summit of a neighboring hill,
Beheld the morn put forth her lovely arms,
And draw apart the gauze-like draperies
Of her eastern bed: she smiling thence,
As joy-expectant as a fair young bride
Whose love's blest consummation is at hand.
Oh, 'twas a glorious sight! and, to the full,
Mine eye I feasted with the ripening charms of morn.

Beneath me lay the sea, waveless and still;
Stretching far out!—away!—and yet away!—
Laving, as it seemed, the pale blue sky
That looked its boundary-wall.

A western breeze—
A soft and whispering breeze—passed o'er me,
And adown the hill; saluting on its way
The sweet wild flowers, and shaking thence the dew;
Then, floating o'er the sea, formed mimic waves—
Far out, for many a mile!

Gaily, then rose
The Sun, from the blue water's furthest verge,
And wedded with the Morn. From them, anon,
Came forth the Day—a lovely summer Day!
That till the evening lived in golden smiles,
Then died away in rich and mellow light!

COLIN RAE BROWN.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LETTER OF ADVICE FROM AN EXPERIENCED MATRON TO A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

LET other women say what they will, I for my part will ever maintain that a wife should always keep before her mind the very words of the marriage ceremony; and among others, the promise she has made to "love, honor and obey." This last word, I know, sounds ugly to many of my own sex; but that is entirely from a misapprehension. They suppose it to mean that a wife is to be a *slave* to her husband. And, to be sure, if you lived in a country of savages, and were fool enough to marry one of them, you might, I admit, be considered as fairly bound by your own act to be his slave; because among savages a wife is so regarded. And so again, if you took an oath of allegiance to the autocrat of Russia, you would make yourself his slave, because such is the Russian constitution.

But when we in this country swear allegiance to the king, we do not bind ourselves to take his proclamation for law, but only to obey him according to the constitution and custom of this country. And on the same principle you promise to obey your husband agreeably to the institutions and customs of a civilized country in the nineteenth century.

The king, we know, is "in all causes and over all persons, within these his dominions, supreme;" that is, no Act of Parliament is valid till it has received the royal assent, and no minister of state, or judge, &c., can hold office except under the king's "sign manual;" but we know, also, that in practice the king never thinks of refusing the royal assent to any bill that has passed both Houses of Parliament, however distasteful it may be to him. And whatever papers his ministers put before him, he must sign; else they would not remain in office. And he cannot really appoint any ministers he may fancy; because no man could continue in office who could not command a majority in parliament. He may, perhaps, sometimes wish his "servants, the ministers," at the bottom of the sea, and his "faithful Com-

mons" along with them; but still he must do what his ministers bid him, and they must do whatever parliament insists on. The "royal supremacy" consists, as all the world knows, in this: that he is required not only to let ministers and parliament do what they please, but also to issue his "royal commands" to that effect. They must act according to their own will, and he must declare it to be *his* will also, and must back it by his authority, even though his own private inclination should be quite another way.

Such, as we all know, is our glorious constitution. And somewhat like it is the constitution of the marriage-state. That is, the husband is to be in all things supreme, you being virtually the ruler in the wife's proper department, but taking care, as far as possible, that your husband's sanction, and indeed command, should support whatever you do. You are, in your own proper sphere, his representative, just as a judge represents the king; and you are to show your loyal obedience to him by doing your utmost to enforce compliance with all that he, in your person, shall decree and direct, and to bring him to give his sanction, as he is in duty bound to do, to all your decisions in your own department.

And what *is* the wife's proper department? Evidently her *household*. Domestic management, almost all would say, belongs to the woman; as the trade or profession, or public business, belongs to the man. By domestic concerns I do not mean merely the office of a housekeeper, but all that relates to *home*: the servants, the children, social intercourse with friends and neighbors: all this, as well as the house and furniture, and the management of expenditure, belongs to the wife.

In the humbler walks of life all people understand this. A carpenter, for instance, or a bricklayer, is reckoned a good husband if he keeps to his chisel or his trowel, works hard all the week, and regularly brings home

his earnings to his wife. And it is *her* business to see that he and the children are fed, and clothed, and lodged as they should be. If he spends part of his earnings at the alehouse, the poor wife may be *forced* to submit; but she is not bound in duty. On the contrary, if she can scold him or scratch him away from the alehouse, she is bound, in obedience to him, to do so; because she *represents* him in her own proper department, and is acting by his authority—that is, by the authority of his right reason in opposition to his folly. And if he should stop part of his wages to buy a pair of shoes, without first consulting with her whether he wants them more than she does a new cap, she is to put a stop to this irregular proceeding if she can. He is *rebell*ing against *his own* lawful authority, which is, in these matters, vested in her.

Now it is just the same in all situations in life. Let the physician attend to his patients, and the lawyer to his clients, and the squire receive his rents, &c.; and let each of these confine himself to these his professional duties, and let his wife manage the expenditure of his income in all particulars. What can be plainer than the words, “*with all my worldly goods I thee endow*?” Having once made over all that he has, or ever shall have, to the wife, it is most unfair that he should seek to recall any part of it. And the wife, though she may sometimes be unjustly resisted, is bound to obey her husband in this most solemn and deliberate decision of his, to the utmost of her power; and, as far as possible, to control the whole expenditure of her husband’s income.

There are exceptions to every general rule. I have known men who had a great turn for ordering dinner, and ladies who had an aversion to it. And I have known a woman who could manage a farm, or decide a law-question, better than her husband, and whose husband was willing so to employ her. But these cases are like that of the Amazons, where the women went to war and the men sat at home and spun. As a general rule, we know that men have, by nature, a superiority in *strength*, which enables them to go through labors and dangers, mental as well as bodily, from which females should be exempt; and that by education they are qualified for exercising the several trades or professions by which they are to maintain their families. On the other hand, women are endowed (besides all the graces and amiabilities of the sex) with a great superiority of quickness, tact, and delicate dis-

cernment, in all the every-day affairs of life. In all these, therefore, the husband ought to be completely guided by his wife. And this shows the wisdom of our ancestors in making the husband “endow with all his worldly goods” the wife he has chosen. The wife is dependent on the husband, and clings to him for support, just as a hop-plant climbs on its pole, and a sweet-pea on the sticks put to support it, and as the vine in Italy was, according to the language of the poets, “married to the elm.” But if you could conceive a hop-pole, or a pea-stick, or an elm, imagining that those plants were put there on purpose for its adornment, you would tell them that this was quite a mistake—that the climbers are cultivated for their flowers or fruit, and that the stakes or trees are placed there merely for *their* sake, and must not claim any superior dignity or worth over the plants they support. Now just such is the office of the husband. And this state of things is what people approach to more and more in proportion as they advance in civilization. Among mere savages the wife is made to yield to brute force, and is a mere drudge. In barbarian countries women are shut up; in more civilized they are left free, and have more control. And in dear England, the glory of all nations, they have a higher place, proverbially, than any where else.

It is your business to keep up the honor of your sex, by keeping your husband’s baser part (what he is sometimes disposed to call “himself”) in due subjection to his better part, his wife.

How far you will be able to succeed in this, must depend partly on the disposition—the tameableness of the person to whom you are united. But you are bound, in dutiful obedience to your husband—that is, to the marriage constitution—to the compound being called man-and-wife, of which he is the ostensible, and you the virtual guide—to come as near to this state of things as you are able. I know what a distressing duty I am imposing on a being such as woman—naturally submissive, meek, complying. Nothing but a strong sense of duty can induce you to do such violence to your nature as to accept, and even assume, the office of guiding and controlling such a (comparatively) coarse animal as a man; but your duty to him requires it. And even when he is disposed to resist the control which he ought to submit to, you must stoop to all means of inducing him to comply, partially, if not entirely.

But even men themselves may supply you with examples to rouse your emulation, and induce you to make some sacrifice to duty. Do you not see men (selfish as we know man is compared to woman) consenting to be ministers of state? They undertake the laborious task of providing for the good government of the country; they bear being reproached, instead of thanked for it; it takes them sometimes several hours, or days, of alternate coaxing and threatening to induce the king to issue his "royal commands," to them to do what they judge best, and which he utterly dislikes; and they make long speeches in parliament, and use every kind of manœuvre to get a bill passed for their country's good; and all because they know that the country could not be well governed without them.

All this should inspire you with emulation. You should consider that no exertion is too great to enable you to make your superior judgment available in the service of your husband, even though he should be so stupid as not to perceive the benefit. For, after all, you will, perhaps, not be able to succeed completely. Some husbands are given to insist on interfering in the expenditure of income, the management of children and of servants, and other domestic concerns. But you must do the best you can, always remembering that every shilling your husband spends without your leave is downright robbery, though you may be obliged to submit to it; and that whatever household control he assumes is an act of usurpation—the worst kind of usurpation, just as many account suicide the worst kind of murder—for it is rebellion against *himself*, you being in your own department his representative, and invested with all his authority.

Husbands must be managed according to their dispositions. There is no one kind of treatment that will suit all alike. You must try the mode you think most likely to suit your own husband's character, and if that does not succeed, try another. But it is much better if you can hit on the right system at once, than to have to make a change. In particular, the *imperious* mode—the straightforward, determined assumption of authority—which succeeds very well with some meek-spirited men, and is the only plan with some cowardly ones, is a very dangerous course if it does fail. A man whom his wife has attempted to bully, and without success, is apt to become totally unmanageable by all methods afterwards. And the same may be said of scolding. It succeeds

admirably with some men; but when it does not succeed, it weakens a wife's influence.

Generally speaking, therefore, I should recommend gentle means to *begin with*; and harsher modes to be resorted to afterwards, if the former fail. Many men are governed by their *affections*. For though a man is a very unfeeling, hard-hearted animal, compared with one of us, still there are many of them that have affection enough to be ruled through the means of that. And though they are generally too unfeeling to shed tears themselves, except on very rare occasions, it is well worth trying whether a man may not be softened by his wife's tears when he is disposed to be refractory. But take care not to wear it out. To be always crying on very slight occasions, may so accustom a man to the sight that his heart will become (as Dickens expresses it) quite *water-proof*.

Perseverance, again, will succeed with some men when nothing else will. I have known men who could stand coaxing, and scolding, and weeping, fairly wearied out by incessant importunity, just as many people are *bothered* into giving to a beggar. I would have you try the other ways first; but, if everything else fails, it is worth trying whether a man may not be wearied out, so as to give way merely for the sake of hearing no more about it.

But in all cases I strongly recommend you never *openly* to claim power, nor to *boast* of governing your husband, either to him or any one else. You may sometimes, like the dog in the fable, miss the substance by catching at the shadow. And, at any rate, it has a bad appearance in most people's eyes.

Your glory should be, not only to take care that your husband should do what he ought, but that he should be compelled to confess that it is *his own* choice. It is glorious to represent yourself as submitting with angelic meekness to the imperious sway of your lord, when in reality you have prevailed on him to give way, and to be guided by your better judgment to do just what you think best. When you have prevailed on him to buy you a smart dress, which in heart he grudges, or to set up his carriage, or to change his residence, or to cut an old acquaintance, or to change his name, or to frequent parties which he detests, &c., you should whisper to all your friends, as a great *secret*, that Mr. — would have it so, and that, though you said all you could to persuade him to the contrary, finding him bent upon it, you felt it your duty to comply.

And if ever he should protest against your saying this, do not scruple to contradict him most vehemently, and to insist on it that you merely yielded to his wishes; which, after all, is, as I have already explained, quite true, since in these matters *your* will is to be considered as his.

I may as well mention, by the way, that letters either to or from you, are perfectly sacred from a husband's eye. And if ever, under any circumstances, or for whatever reason, he has opened a letter to you, though he might know it to be a tradesman's bill that he was to pay, let him have no peace day or night for some time. But, on the other hand, you have a perfect right to see all *his* letters, because there is always a likelihood that they may relate to *domestic* matters, which are *your* province. I know there are husbands so unreasonable that they absolutely will not allow this, and then you must e'en yield to brute force. Nor would I say that it is worth while, if your husband is very resolute on this point, to risk a quarrel about it. Only remember what your rights are, and enforce them when you can.

I would recommend you, however, not to mention to others that you open his letters; but, on the contrary, flatly deny, both to them and to him, that you ever do so. If he should particularize to you some instance of it, you can find some reason why it was *necessary* in that particular instance, which is the *only* one that ever occurred. All the other instances you must remember to forget entirely.

One point there is in which many husbands are particularly apt to encroach, the management and control of children. I have known a man act as if he really thought the children belonged to the father as much as to the mother. And yet what a mere nothing is the love, and care, and anxiety of a father, compared with that of a mother! And how incomparably inferior is a man's judgment to a woman's in all that relates to the care and education of children! All this you must take due care to impress on your children, lest they should make the mistake of feeling a disproportionate—that is, an equal—degree of regard for their father. In order to impress this wholesome lesson the more fully both on them and him, you should take care to let most of the indulgences and gratifications appear to proceed from *you*, and the restraints, and privations, and punishments from *him*. "Papa won't allow this," and "Papa insists on so and so," even when it is your own will that they are required to

comply with. And if ever he is disposed to censure or complain of any of the children, or to deny or forbid them anything, do you make your appearance as intercessor in the *child's* presence, so as to present an agreeable contrast to him. Should he venture to remonstrate against this, or, indeed, to remonstrate on any point in the presence of the children, you should complain bitterly of the cruelty of finding fault with you before *your own* children. And take care to do *this* before *them*; that is, to do what *would* be the very thing you are censuring, if the children were to be considered as *his* no less than yours. Nothing will more effectually impress on their minds that it is not so, and that the children are the rightful property of the mother.

With servants I don't think it advisable to go quite so far; only let them all understand that it is to you they must look for directions as to all they are to do. And as for his dismissing, or engaging, or retaining any, without your permission, that is to be regarded as a flagrant encroachment on your rights, which must be resisted to the uttermost.

As to friends, if there are any of your husband's whom you dislike, either because you suspect he is disposed to treat them with confidence, (which ought to be yours exclusively,) and to consult with them, and give them a place in his heart; or because they have committed the unpardonable offense (to you) of doing him some important service, or because their company bores you, or because their wives are disagreeable, or for any other reason, it is your duty to alienate him from them to the best of your power.

It is well known that there can be no real love without jealousy. And, therefore, when you made a vow to love your husband, *you* engaged to do your best that he should love no one else—woman or man—except such as, being your own friends, are, so far, a part of yourself. But jealousy, I need hardly say, is never to be *acknowledged*, but always strenuously denied. Your husband, on the other hand, is to be bitterly reproached if he should ever dare to manifest the least jealousy of any friend of yours, female or male, whom you may find it convenient to consult with as to the best way of fulfilling your difficult task of managing such a creature as a man, and to talk over domestic grievances.

Various occasions will present themselves for prejudicing him against those whom you wish to keep from too close an intimacy. One mode, which is particularly successful with some men, is, to twit him with being

led, governed, kept in leading-strings, by any one whom he is disposed confidentially to consult with. You may hint how much the world perceives and laments that a man of his good sense should be so much at another man's disposal, instead of thinking and acting for himself. And it will not be difficult for you, if you exercise any tolerable ingenuity, to *make* this true. If you hint, as a great *secret*, to each of your friends, how deplorably your husband is misled by Mr. So-and-so, and what a pity it is that he does not assert his independence, you will soon find that the world will say what you represent them as saying.

And here you are to observe that you must always, in speaking to your husband, or to any one else, of his friends, take for granted (as it is well known such is generally the case with *men*) that his friendship is founded on a mere capricious *fancy*. His esteem for them, and the good qualities he attributes to them, are to be set to the account of his partiality. And he is partial to them *because* they are his friends. They *became* his friends, not on account of any real merit, but because he took a fancy to them. On this assumption you must always proceed. Any degree of kindness and hospitality, therefore, which you show towards any of his friends whom you like, you are always to represent as a favor done to *him*—as an indulgence of a fancy of his.

Then, as for the procedure you are to adopt towards those friends of his whom you *don't* like, I need hardly point out to you how easily you may make your house unpleasant to them. If you are scrupulously and stiffly civil, distant, cold, and unwilling to enter into conversation, and on the watch to introduce whatever topics are the most likely annoy them, they will gradually draw off towards other houses in which they meet with a warmer welcome from the lady.

What I have said respecting friends, applies, in a great degree, to all other sources of enjoyment which your husband may have that are at all independent of you. His gun or fishing-rod, his pencil, his horses or dogs, his books or his garden, &c. are all to be regarded by you as more or less *rivals*; and you must take measures to prevent his obtaining too much gratification from them.

You yourself are bound, as a good wife, to be yourself a never-failing source of gratification to him. And this must be done, not merely by cultivating those obvious arts of pleasing, in which hardly any woman needs be instructed who is earnestly bent on putting

forth her attractions, but by tempering all these with that ingredient which is indispensable for the fastidious taste of man, *variety*. The charms of variety are proverbial. To make a man happy by a constant unvarying display of amiable qualities, is as mistaken an attempt as to think of composing a piece of music without discords, or to prepare a feast consisting of everything luscious, without salt, mustard, pepper, or vinegar. We enjoy fine weather ten times the more from our uncertainty when it will come, and how long it will last. In climates which have a constant blue sky and hot sun month after month, people get heartily weary of it. And, in respect of female society, the resort of men to *polygamy* in countries where it is permitted, shows how strong is the passion of men for variety.

This variety a good wife must furnish in her own person. It is the chief art for maintaining a strong hold on her husband's affections. To be constantly sullen and cold, or constantly peevish and complaining, or forever overbearing and violent, is to be like a climate of incessant rain and fog, or of perpetual storm. To be always kind, and yielding, and good-humored, is as tiresome and insipid as a climate of perpetual calm and bright sunshine. And every one knows how ungratefully indifferent or unkind, husbands generally are to wives who treat them with this uniform gentleness and kindness—this surfeit of amiability.

A perfect wife resembles that favorite liquor of the male sex, *punch*. Well-made punch is neither too strong nor too weak, too sweet nor too sour, but a judicious compound of all contradictions. Different palates, indeed, and constitutions, are suited by different proportions; but *some* mixture there must be for every one. The *spirit* may be considered as representing intellectual vigor, and knowledge of important subjects. A blue-stocking lady, therefore, is a strong dram of brandy, which most gentlefolks don't like at all, or only a very little on rare occasions. The *water* corresponds to ordinary chat about the passing occurrences of the day. This, by itself, is insipid, and only serves to quench the thirst we feel for social intercourse—for talking and hearing; but it is a good *vehicle* for something more agreeable. The sugar, of course, represents kindness, endearments of every sort, and, not least, flattery. A great deal of it, by itself, is cloying to the last degree; but it is a most acceptable addition to the other ingredients. And the lemon juice answers to opposition, contradiction, reproach, sarcasm, scolding, and every-

thing that gives a pungent acidity to one's intercourse, and takes off the flatness of it.

It is your business, then, to temper these ingredients together so as to produce that agreeable compound which is necessary to gratify a man's taste for variety. Some men of obtuse palates will bear a good deal of acidity; while to others a very little will make their eyes water, and set their teeth on edge. But whenever you find you have overdone it, throw in plenty of sugar; and you will find this incalculably more acceptable than if you had given him nothing but sugar, sugar, sugar, all along. It is like the *resolution of a discord* in music. I dare say you may have observed that, in a person whose ordinary demeanor is cold and reserved, or harsh and morose, when some occasion occurs that he finds it worth while to be very gracious, in order to get votes or to carry some other point, he will be received with open arms, and will run round your obliging, good-humored fellows, in popularity. However, due regard, as I have said, must be paid to the peculiar taste of the particular man you have to deal with. Only remember that *some* variety is necessary for all. Woman's charm is well known to consist, as the poet says, in her being

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
And *variable* as the shade
By the light-quivering aspen made."

And observe, in this admirable description, that "*uncertain*" is part of it. If your changes are *regular*—fits of good and of ill-humor, of talking and silence, &c., coming at fixed intervals, or called forth by known circumstances, so as to be foreseen, it takes away all the amusing interest of variability. Never let the man know beforehand, with anything like certainty, what will please or what will displease you. But sometimes give him a sudden shower when he was calculating on fair weather; and sometimes treat him to a bright blue sky when he was apprehending a storm.

Of course, however, you will remember, on the whole, to give him rather more sugar in his punch in proportion as he behaves well, and to let anything that crosses your inclinations always call forth more of the acid. But nothing should be done in extremes. It was, I think, one of the seven sages that gave it as a maxim, to consider your friends as persons who might hereafter be your enemies, and to treat your enemies as if they might some day be your friends. You should act on a somewhat corresponding maxim. Take care to

avoid an irreconcilable quarrel. Never go so far, on the one side, as to declare that you have lost all love and esteem for your husband, nor say anything that it would be difficult to retract. You might break altogether the line that holds your fish. And, on the other side, when you are disposed to be gracious, never be *quite* satisfied, lest the man should grow careless and fancy himself quite perfect. In accepting with much gratitude and good-humor something that he has done right, you must accept it only as an *instalment*, and always have some little matter behind to complain or to call for.

Of course I need hardly tell you that your husband has no business to *find fault* with you on any occasion. To form and regulate such a delicate thing as a female character, is a task utterly unsuitable to the coarse and clumsy mind of a man. He might as well undertake to superintend your toilet; and if he has the love and admiration for you which he ought to have, he will never see any faults in you, even if you have any. He will rather be looking to his own, and trying to render himself less unworthy of you. But still you should always profess the most earnest *desire* to be instructed, and admonished, and told of your faults. You must always represent yourself as open to conviction, and glad of reproof; for any one who should question this, would be denying you credit for that modest diffidence and humility which are so characteristic of our sex, and so becoming. Your exemption, therefore, from censure and reproof should appear to arise not from your being *unable to bear* censure and reproof, but from your never *needing* any. Your husband's finding no fault with you is to be understood as proceeding not from your objecting to be *told* of your faults, but from your not having any.

Now, some men are so stupid and perverse as not to understand all this; and when you talk much, as you ought to do, of your imperfections and of your great anxiety to have a faithful monitor at hand to point out your failings, the blockheads will have the impudence to take you at your word, and set to work in sober sadness to look out for, and tell you of, your imperfections, and instruct you, forsooth, how to improve your character!

It requires some management to get rid of this impertinence without giving up your claim to that modest diffidence which I have just mentioned—without acknowledging, in short, that you don't like to be told of your faults.

The general rule is, to acknowledge in *general* terms that you are a mere mass of imperfections, but stoutly to deny each *particular* charge. Every body knows that we are all "miserable sinners," and all quite ready to confess it cheerfully, but any one particular instance of sin is a charge to which most people vehemently plead not guilty; and, as a general rule you must go on this plan. Your ordinary course must be to maintain that such and such a particular fault is just the very one you are most incapable of; and that in this or that particular instance you were perfectly in the right. This plan, however, will not do to be acted on exclusively. You must often resort to other modes of procedure to put a stop to this impertinent censorship.

One way is to take every admonition, however calmly given, as the result of personal *resentment*. For it is plain that no one who loves and admires you as he ought, would ever find fault with you. Anything therefore, which your husband may blame, you may consider him as viewing in the light of a *personal offense*. You must express your sorrow for having made him *angry* with you, implore his *forgiveness*, and lament your want of power to give him satisfaction. On this point you must make a resolute stand, whatever may be his disavowals of anger and his calmness of demeanor, which you are to set down, without hesitation, as feigned. This will probably cure him of his dream of playing the monitor, censor, instructor, critic, counsellor, &c., for *your* benefit, and at your request. When he finds that every admonition or censure is sure to be set down to self-love, as originating in resentment at some personal annoyance to himself, and is supposed to be given for *his own* sake, and not for yours, he will probably desist.

Another good plan is to understand him always as *meaning* much more than he says. If he object, for instance, to your having made some imprudent purchase, what he *means* is, of course, that he has no confidence at all in your judgment in anything, and regards you as a fool, not fit to be entrusted with money or business. If he make any remark on your having advanced some unsound opinion, or let out something before company which had been better not mentioned, he *means* that you and all other women are chattering simpletons, who had better never talk about anything but the weather. If he remonstrate with you for being snappish or sulky on some occasion, his meaning is that he considers you as ill-tempered and altogether dis-

agreeable. If he thinks some dish at dinner ill dressed, his meaning is that there is never anything at his table fit to eat, and that you starve him. And so in other cases.

You remember, I dare say, the fairy-tale of the princess whom her cruel step-mother intended to scourge most severely, and who was preserved by a beneficent fairy, who converted the rods, unperceived, into a bunch of feathers; so that when the savage dame thought her victim was flayed, she was barely tickled. Now suppose some malignant fairy could play a contrary trick on a tender mother, and secretly change the twigs with which she was gently chastising her child into a cat-o'-nine-tails, or Russian knout, so that she could not give the gentlest tap without fetching streams of blood, she would, of course, be obliged to give up whipping altogether. This must be your plan. And when your husband finds that the gentlest admonition is always understood as a most severe rebuke, and a charge of high crimes and misdemeanors, and that no disavowal of his will ever be listened to, he will give up the game.

And to strengthen your interpretation of his meaning, you may sometimes represent him as *saying* a little more than he really did say; because you are inwardly sure that if he did not utter those very words, they were in his mind. To put in or leave out some little word, such as "always," or "never," will make anything that he may have said as unjust and offensive as it ought to be made to appear. And as for denying his words, why, if they passed in a *tête-à-tête* between you two, your assertion is as good as his.

As for the charges themselves thus brought against you, it will often have an amiable appearance if, instead of strenuously denying them, you meekly submit to his hard opinions, only lamenting that he should think so very ill of you, and compassionating his sad lot in being tied to a wife so incapable of making him happy, and wishing yourself *dead* that he may unite himself to a more suitable companion. This delicate hint that *he* wishes *you* dead, will put a stop, if he have not a heart of rock, to all complaints and fault-finding hereafter; especially if you throw in some allusions to your friends, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, how happy a couple *they* seem to be, and how gratifying it must be to *her* to find that she can give her husband satisfaction. And she, perhaps, will be, at the very same time, making a similar use of *you* and your husband; pointing you out to

hers as a model of a happy couple ; and like you, taking for granted that because there is no bickering going on before company, the *tête-à-tête* intercourse goes on just as smoothly.

With your female friends in private, however, you may have much useful conversation. You may compare notes as to your respective private grievances, and set forth your claims to the praise of self-denying patience in bearing and doing so much in carrying on the difficult business of managing such a (comparatively) selfish and perverse animal as a man. And you may take lessons from each other as to the right conduct of curtain lectures, and all other means that are to be used for polishing down, by rougher or gentler friction, the asperities of the male character.

The task is a hard one, certainly ; on account of the coarser material of which man is formed. For man, you know, was "made of earth, and woman was made of man ;" and the signs may still be seen of this original coarseness. But when you see how much may be made of horses and dogs, and even

of wild hawks, by skilful training—how they are taught to come when they are called, and to do as they are bid—you must never despair of taming a husband.

But I must remind you, in conclusion, that in conversation with your female friends, and with your own relatives, and indeed with all, it must never be forgotten that your husband is your own exclusive *property*, and that no one else is to be allowed either to blame or to praise him but yourself. Any disparagement of him by another is to be resented most vehemently, inasmuch as he is a part of yourself, and the very man you have chosen out of all the world ; and any commendation of him is to be understood as a covert censure of *yourself*—as an insinuation that you are not worthy of so good a husband. Whatever you may think proper to say to him, or of him, yourself, you must not allow others to be so impertinent as to bring him under their jurisdiction, by presuming either to find fault with him or to commend him. He belongs to you ; and no one must be permitted to encroach upon your undoubted prerogative.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

THE fields were clad in tints of green,
The hedge-rows deck'd with leaves were seen,
Fresh flowers unfolded to my sight,
The air was mild, the heavens were bright ;
I knew not what the change might be,
Nor what had wrought this change in me.

The woods assumed a darker hue,
From bough to bough blithe songsters flew,
Sending to me their joyous greeting,
And balmy odors round me fleeting ;
I knew not what the change might be,
Nor what had wrought this change in me.

Fresh life, sweet sounds, and fragrant air,
Bright colors met me everywhere ;
All seem'd in harmony conspiring,
My soul with lively transport firing ;
I knew not what the change might be,
Nor what had wrought this change in me.

"Surely," thought I, "some Power unknown,
From his bright sphere to ours is flown,
Himself the rarest gifts revealing,
By sweets and flowers of gracious healing ;

For what this sudden change can be
I know not, nor how wrought in me.

"Perchance begins a glorious reign,
When dust shall rise to life again ;
When trees shall move like living creatures,
And beasts gain human souls and features,
For what this sudden change can be
I know not, nor how wrought in me."

Whilst thus I mused, nor yet could tell,
My bosom glowed with mightier swell ;
A lovely maiden passed me smiling,
Her glance both soul and sense beguiling,
Nor knew I what the change might be,
Nor what had wrought this change in me.

The dazling sunbeams blind my eyes ;
"Tis Spring !" a voice within me cries ;
Oh, blessed time ! the winter past,
Earth's icy fetters burst at last,
Her sons who long have pined in sadness,
Shall live like God's in joy and gladness !

Now knew I what this change must be,
And what had wrought this change in me.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

Life of Sir Astley Cooper, interspersed with Sketches from his Note-Books of Distinguished Contemporary Characters. By BRANSBY LAKE COOPER, Esq., F. R. S. 2 vols. London. 1843.

PART I.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER died in his seventy-third year, on the 12th of February, 1841—that is, upwards of eight years ago—and with him was extinguished a great light of the age. He was a thorough Englishman; his character being pre-eminently distinguished by simplicity, courage, good nature, and generosity. He was very straightforward, and of wonderful determination. His name will always be mentioned with the respect due to signal personal merit, as that of a truly illustrious surgeon and anatomist, devoting the whole powers of his mind and body, with a constancy and enthusiasm which never once flagged, to the advancement of his noble and beneficent profession. His personal exertions and sacrifices in the pursuit of science were almost unprecedented; but he knew that they were producing results permanently benefitting his fellow-creatures, at the same time that he must have felt a natural exultation at the pre-eminence which they were securing to himself over all his rivals and contemporaries, both at home and abroad, and the prospect of his name being transmitted with honor to posterity. What an amount of relief from suffering he secured to others in his lifetime! not merely by his own masterly personal exertions, but by skilfully training many thousands of others* to—*go, and do likewise*, furnished by him with the principles of sound and enlightened surgical, anatomical, and physiological knowledge! And these principles he has embodied in his admirable writings, to train

succeeding generations of surgeons, so as to assuage agony, and avert the sacrifice of life and limb. Let any one turn from this aspect of his character, and look at him in a personal and social point of view, and Sir Astley Cooper will be found, in all the varied relations of life—in its most difficult positions, in the face of every temptation—uniformly amiable, honorable, high-spirited, and of irreproachable morals. His manners fascinated all who came in contact with him; and his personal advantages were very great. Tall, well proportioned, of graceful carriage, of a presence unspeakably *assuring*;* with very handsome features, wearing ever a winning expression; of manners bland and courtly, without a tinge of sycophancy or affectation, the same to monarch, noble, peasant—in the hospital, the hovel, the castle, the palace. He was a patient, devoted teacher, during the time he was almost overpowered by the multiplicity of his harassing and lucrative professional engagements! Such was Sir Astley Cooper; a man whose memory is surely entitled to the best exertions of the ablest of biographers. Oh, that a Southey could do by Astley Cooper as a Southey did by Nelson!

"No one," observes Mr. Cooper, the

* "Sir Astley Cooper has, on one occasion, stated in his memoranda that he had educated *eight thousand surgeons*!"—*Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 426.

* "From the period of Astley's appointment to Guy's," says Dr. Roots, in a communication to the author of this work, (vol. i., p. 315.) "until the moment of his latest breath, he was everything and all to the suffering and afflicted; his *name* was a host, but his *presence* brought confidence and comfort; and I have often observed that on an operating day, should anything occur of an untoward character in the theatre, the moment Astley Cooper entered, and the instrument was in his hand, every difficulty was overcome, and safety generally ensued."

nephew of Sir Astley, and author of the work now before us; "has hitherto attempted to render the history of any surgeon a matter of interest or amusement to the general public."* We cannot deny the assertion, even after having perused the two volumes under consideration, which are the production of a gentleman who, after making the remark just quoted, proceeds truly to observe, that "no author has had so favorable an opportunity"—i. e. of rendering the history of a surgeon a matter of general interest—as himself, "for few medical men in this country have ever held so remarkable a position in the eyes of their countrymen, for so long a period, or endeared themselves by so many acts of conduct, independent of their profession, as Sir Astley Cooper."†

Mr. Bransby Cooper became the biographer of his uncle, at that uncle's own request,‡ who also left behind him rich materials for the purpose. We are reluctantly compelled to own that we cannot compliment Mr. Cooper on the manner in which he has executed the task thus imposed upon him. He is an amiable and highly honorable man, every way worthy of the high estimation in which he was held by his distinguished kinsman, and whose glorious devotion to his profession he shares in no small degree. He is also an able man, and a surgeon of great reputation and eminence. He must, however, with the manliness which distinguishes his character, bear with us while we express our belief that he cannot himself be satisfied with the result of his labors, or the reception of them by the public. He evidently lacks the leading qualities of the biographer; who, at the same time that he has a true and hearty feeling for his subject, must not suffer it to overmaster him; who, conscious that he is writing for the public at large, instinctively perceives, as himself one of that public, what is likely to interest and instruct it—to hit the happy medium between personal and professional topics, and to make both subordinate to the development of THE MAN, so that we may not lose him among the incidents of his life. It is, again, extremely difficult for a man to be a good biographer of one who was of his own profession. He is apt to take too much, or too little, for granted; to regard that as generally interesting, which is so only to a very limited circle; and, often halting between two opinions—whether to write for

the general or the special reader—to satisfy both. From one or two passages in his "Introduction," Mr. Cooper seems to have felt some such embarrassment,* and also to have experienced another difficulty—whether to write for those who had personally known Sir Astley, or for strangers.† Mr. Cooper, again, though it may seem paradoxical to say so, knows really *too much* of Sir Astley, that is, has so identified himself with Sir Astley, his habits, feelings, character, and doings, as boy and man, as the affectionate admiring pupil, companion, and kinsman, that he has lost the power of removing himself, as it were, to such a distance from his subject as would enable him to view it in its true colors and just proportions. These disadvantages should have occasioned him to reflect very gravely on the responsibility which he was about to undertake, in committing to the press a memoir of Sir Astley Cooper. He did so sadly too precipitately. Within sixteen months' time he had completed his labors, and they were printed, ready for distribution to the public. This was an interval by no means too short* for a master of his craft—a ready and experienced biographer, but ten times too short for one who was not such. A picture for posterity cannot be painted at a moment's notice, and in five minutes' time; which might perhaps suffice for a gaudy daub, which is glanced at for a moment, and forgotten forever, or remembered only with feelings of displeasure and regret. Mr. Cooper felt it necessary to put forward some excuses, which we must frankly tell him are insufficient. "Professional duties, engagements, and other circumstances of a more private nature," cannot "be accepted as an apology for the many defects to be found in these volumes."‡ A memoir of Sir Astley Cooper, by Mr. Bransby Cooper, ought never to have stood in need of such apologies. If he had not sufficient time at his command, he should have considerably delayed the preparation of the Memoir, or committed his materials to other hands, or subjected his performance to competent revision. As it is, we look in vain for discrimination, and subordination, and method. Topics are introduced which should have been discarded, or handled very, very differently. Innumerable communications from friends and associates of Sir Astley are incorporated into the work, in their writers ip-

* Introd. p. xi.

† Introd. p. xi.

‡ Ibid. p. ix.

* Introd. pp. x. xi.

† Ibid.

‡ Introd. pp. xv. xvi.

sisima verba; and this is positively treated by Mr. Cooper as a matter of congratulation!* Again, the progress of the Memoir is continually interrupted by subsidiary memoirs of persons who had been casually or professionally connected with Sir Astley, but of whom the public at large knows nothing, nor cares for them one straw. We modify our complaint, on this score, as far as concerns the sketches of his contemporaries by Sir Astley himself, which are generally interesting and faithful, and occasionally very striking. It grieves us to speak thus plainly of a gentleman so estimable and eminent as Mr. Bransby Cooper, and justly enjoying so much influence and reputation; but, alas! *Maga* knows not friend from foe, the moment that she has seated herself in her critical chair. Unworthy would she be to sit there, as she has for now four hundred moons, were it otherwise.

The work before us came under our notice at the time when it was published—early in the year 1843; and the very first passage which attracted our attention was the following, lying on the threshold—in the first page of the Preface. It appeared to us to indicate a writer who had formed strange notions of the objects and uses of biography. Speaking of the “*moral benefit*” to be derived from perusing memoirs of those whose exertions had raised them to eminence, Mr. Cooper proceeds to make these edifying and philosophical observations: “Those who are in the meridian of their career, *endeavor to discover a gratifying parallel* in themselves; whilst the aged may still be reconciled to the result of their pilgrimage, if less successful, by adopting the comfortable (!) *self-assurance* that the *frowns of fortune*, or *some unlooked-for fatality*, have alone prevented them from enjoying a similar distinction, or becoming equally useful members of society.”† Indeed! if *these* be the uses of biography—thus to pander to a complacent overweening vanity, or “minister” poison to minds diseased, embittered, and darkened by disappointment and despair, let us have no more of it. No, no, Mr. Cooper, such are not the uses of biography, which are to entertain, to interest, to instruct; and its “moral benefit” is to be found in teaching the successful in life humility, moderation, gratitude; and stimulating them to a more active discharge of their duties—to higher attainments, and more beneficial uses of them on behalf of

their fellow-creatures; and also to remind them that their sun, then glittering at its highest, is thenceforward to descend the horizon! And as for those who have failed to attain the objects of their hopes and wishes, the contemplation of others’ success should teach lessons of resignation and self-knowledge; set them upon tracing their *failure* to their *faults*—faults which have been avoided by him of whom they read; cause them to form a lower estimate of their own pretensions and capabilities; and if, after all, unable to account for failure, bow with cheerful resignation—not beneath the “frowns of fortune,” or yielding to “fatality,” but to the will of God, who gives or withholds honor as He pleaseth, and orders all the events of our lives with an infinite, an awful wisdom and equity. We regard this use of the words “frowns of fortune,” and “unlooked-for fatality,” as inconsiderate and objectionable, and capable of being misunderstood by younger readers. Mr. Cooper is a gentleman of perfectly orthodox opinions and correct feeling, and all that we complain of, is his hasty use of unmeaning or objectionable phraseology. In the very next paragraph to that from which we have been quoting, he thus laudably expresses himself upon the subject. “It will be a useful lesson to observe that such distinction is the reward of early assiduous application, determined self-denial, unwearied industry, and high principle, without which, talents, however brilliant, will be of slight avail, or prove to be only *ignes fatui* which betray to danger and destruction.” And let us here place conspicuously before our readers—would that we could write in letters of gold!—the following pregnant sentences with which Sir Astley Cooper was wont, as President of the College of Surgeons, to address those who had successfully passed their arduous examination, in announcing to them that happy event:

“Now, gentlemen, give me leave to tell you on what your success in life will depend.

“*Firstly*, upon a good and constantly increasing knowledge of your profession.

“*Secondly*, on an industrious discharge of its duties.

“*Thirdly*, upon the preservation of your moral character.

“Unless you possess the first, KNOWLEDGE, you ought not to succeed, and no honest man can wish you success.

“Without the second, INDUSTRY, no one will ever succeed.

“And unless you preserve your MORAL CHARACTER, even if it were possible that you could

* Introd. pp. xiv. xv.

† Preface, pp. v. vi.

succeed, it would be impossible you could be happy."*

Peace to your ashes, good Sir Astley! honor to your memory, who from your high eminence addressed these words of warning and goodness to those who stood trembling and excited before you, and in whose memory those words were engraved forever!

The passage which we have above first quoted from the preface of the work before us, was, we own, not without its weight in disinclining us to read that work with care, or notice it in *Maga*. Our attention, after so long an interval, was recalled to the work quite accidentally, and we have lately read it through in an impartial spirit; rising from the perusal with a strong feeling of personal respect for Mr. Cooper, and of regret that he had not given himself time to make more of his invaluable materials—thereby doing something like justice to the memory of his illustrious relative, and making a strong effort at the same time, to “render the history of a surgeon a matter of interest and amusement to the general public.” While, however, we thus censure freely, let us do justice. Mr. Cooper writes in the spirit of a gentleman, with singular frankness and fidelity. His many expressions of affection and reverence for the memory of Sir Astley, are worthy of both. When, too, Mr. Cooper chooses to make the effort, he can express himself with vigor and propriety, and comment very shrewdly and ably on events and characters. One of the chief faults in his book is that of showing himself to be too much immersed in his subject; he writes as though he were colloquially addressing, in the world at large, a party of hospital surgeons and students. For this defect, however, he scarcely deserves to be blamed; the existence of it is simply a matter of regret, to the discriminating and critical reader.

The two volumes before us are rich in materials for the biographer. We can hardly imagine the life of a public man more varied, interesting, and instructive, than that of the great surgeon who is gone: and we have resolved, after much consideration, to endeavor to present to our innumerable readers (for are they not so?) as distinct and vivid a portraiture of Sir Astley Cooper as we are able, guided by Mr. Bransby Cooper. If our readers aforesaid derive gratification from our labor of love, let them give their thanks to that gentleman alone, whose candor and

fidelity are, we repeat it, above all praise. We are ourselves not of his craft, albeit not wholly ignorant thereof, knowing only so much of it as may perhaps enable us to select what will interest general readers. Many portions of these volumes we shall pass over altogether, as unsuitable for our purposes; and those with which we thus deal, we may indicate as we go along. And, finally, we shall present some of the results of our own limited personal knowledge and observation of the admirable deceased.

Astley Paston Cooper came of a good family, long established in Norfolk, and there is reason for believing that there ran in his veins some of the blood of the immortal Sir Isaac Newton.* He was born on the 23d August, 1768, at a manor-house called Brooke Hall, near Shottisham, in Norfolk. He was the sixth of ten children, and the fourth son. His father was the Rev. Samuel Cooper, D.D. (formerly a pensioner of Magdalen College, Cambridge,) then rector of Yelverton in that county, and afterwards perpetual curate of Great Yarmouth—a large cure of souls, numbering sixteen thousand, among whom he discharged his pastoral duties with exemplary faithfulness and vigilance, and was universally beloved and respected. He was also a magistrate, in which capacity he was conspicuous in suggesting and supporting schemes of public utility and benevolence. He was one of two sons of Mr. Samuel Cooper, a surgeon at Norwich, a person of considerable professional reputation, and possessed of some literary pretensions. He left a handsome fortune to each of his sons, Samuel and William, and spent the evening of his life in the house of his elder son at Yarmouth, but died at Dunston, in Norfolk, in 1785. The younger son became an eminent surgeon in London, and exercised, as will be presently seen, considerable influence on the fortunes of his celebrated nephew. Dr. Cooper was the author of various works on the religious and political subjects principally discussed at that eventful period.† In the year 1761, while yet a curate, he married a lady of large fortune, Maria Susannah, the eldest daughter and heiress of James Bransby, Esq., of Shot-

* His great-grandfather, Samuel Cooper, married Henrietta Maria Newton, the daughter of Thomas Newton, Esq., of Norwich, a relation—it is believed the nephew—of the great philosopher.—Vol. i. p. 1.

† His works are highly spoken of, and a list of them given, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxx., pp. 89, 177.

tisham, who was descended from an ancient Yorkshire family, the head of which was Geoffrey de Brandesbee. She appears to have been a lovely woman, equally in person, mind, and character, and possessed also of some literary reputation, as the author of several works of fiction, of a moral and religious character. She was an exemplary and devoted mother, and exercised a powerful and salutary influence over all her children, especially her son Astley, the dawn of whose eminence she lived to see, with just maternal pride and exultation; dying in the year 1807, when he was in his thirtieth year. Several of her letters to him are given in these volumes, and they breathe a sweet spirit of piety and love. Thus, on both sides, he was well born, and his parents were also in affluent circumstances, enabling them to educate and provide satisfactorily for their large family.

Astley took his Christian name from his godfather, Sir Edward Astley, then M. P. for the county of Norfolk, and the grandfather of the present Lord Hastings. His second name, Paston, was the maiden name of his maternal grandmother, who was related to the Earl of Yarmouth. As his mother's delicate health would not admit of her nursing him, as she had nursed all her other children, the little Astley was sent, for that purpose, to a Mrs. Love, the wife of a respectable farmer, a parishioner of Dr. Cooper's;* and on returning home he received

* Sir Astley Cooper always strongly reprobated the practice of a mother's neglecting to suckle her child, when able to do so; and we thank his biographer for giving us the following convincing and instructive passage from one of the illustrious surgeon's latest publications. We commend it to the attention of every fine lady mother, who may stand in need of the reproof: "If a woman be healthy, and she has milk in her breast, there can be no question of the propriety of her giving suck. If such a question be put, the answer should be, that all animals, even those of the most ferocious character, show affection for their young—do not forsake them, but yield them their milk—do not neglect, but nurse and watch over them; and shall woman, the loveliest of Nature's creatures, possessed of reason as well as instinct, refuse that nourishment to her offspring which no other animal withholds, and hesitate to perform that duty which all the mammalia class invariably discharge? Besides, it may be truly said, that nursing the infant is most beneficial both to the mother and the child, and that women who have been previously delicate, often become strong and healthy while they suckle.

"A female of luxury and refinement is often in this respect a worse mother than the inhabitant of the meanest hovel, who nurses her children, and brings them up healthy under privations and bodily

the zealous and affectionate attentions of his exemplary mother, who personally instructed him, as soon as he was able to profit by her exertions, in English grammar and history, for the latter of which he always evinced a partiality. He was initiated by his father into Greek and Latin; but his classical acquirements never enabled him to do more than read a little in Horace and the Greek Testament. As soon, in fact, as his boyish attention had ceased to be occupied with the classics, he seems to have bade them farewell, and never, at any period of his life, did he renew or increase his acquaintance with them. His only other preceptor, at this early period, was Mr. Larke, the village schoolmaster, who taught writing, arithmetic, and mathematics to Dr. Cooper's children, of all of whom Astley seems to have done him the least credit. Astley was about thirteen years old when he ceased to receive the instructions of Mr. Larke, and was of a gay, volatile disposition, full of fun and frolic, and utterly reckless of danger. He had a charming deportment from his earliest youth; his manners were so winning, and his disposition was so amiable, that he was a universal favorite, even with those who were most frequently the victims of his frolicksome pranks. Wherever danger was to be found, there was Astley sure to be—the leader in every mischievous expedition which he and his companions could desire. His adventurous disposition frequently placed his limbs, and even his life, in danger. He would often, for instance, drive out the cows from a field, himself mounted on the back of the bull; and run along the eaves of lofty barns, from one of which he once fell, but luckily on some hay lying beneath. He once climbed to the roof of one of the aisles of the church, and, losing his hold, fell down, to the manifest danger of his life—escaping, however, with a few bruises only. Once he caught a horse grazing on a common, mounted him, and with his whip urged the animal to leap over a cow lying on the ground. Up jumped the cow

exertions to obtain subsistence, which might almost excuse her refusal.

"The frequent sight of the child, watching it at the breast, the repeated calls for attention, the dawn of each attack of disease, and the cause of its little cries, are constantly begetting feelings of affection, which a mother who does not suckle seldom feels in an equal degree, when she allows the care of her child to devolve upon another, and suffers her maternal feelings to give place to indolence or caprice, on the empty calls of a fashionable and luxurious life."

at the moment of the startling transit, and overthrew both horse and rider; the latter breaking his collar-bone in the fall. If vicious and high-mettled horses were within his reach, he would fearlessly mount them, without saddle or bridle, guiding them with a stick only. Was there a garden or orchard to be robbed, young Astley was the chieftain to plan the expedition, and divide the spoil. "Who can say," observes his biographer,* "that the admiration and applause which young Astley obtained from his fellows for his intrepidity in these youthful exploits, were not, in truth, the elements of that love of superiority, and thirst for fame, which prevented him ever afterwards from being contented with any but the highest rank in every undertaking with which he associated himself?" There may be some truth in this remark; but let it also be borne in mind—that youth may not be led astray by false notions—that this love of adventure and defiance of danger have often been exhibited in early years, by those who have turned out very different from Astley Cooper, and proved themselves to be the silliest, most mischievous, and most degraded of mankind—the very curses of society.

One of the earliest incidents in young Astley's life, was one which exposed him to great danger. While playing with an elder brother, who happened to have an open knife in his hand, Astley ran heedlessly against it; the blade entering the lower part of his cheek, passing upwards, and being stopped only by the socket of the eye. The wound bled profusely, and the injury sustained was so great, as to keep him a close prisoner, and under surgical treatment, for a long time; and Sir Astley bore with him to the grave the scar which had been made by the wound. Two other incidents happening about the same time, when he was in his twelfth or thirteenth year, present young Astley in an interesting and striking point of view. Some of the scholars belonging to a boarding-school in the village, were playing together one day near a large pond, when the bell had summoned them to return to their duties. As they were going, one of them snatched off the hat of one of his companions, and flung it into the pond. The latter cried bitterly for the loss of his hat, and from fear of being punished for not returning with the others to school. At this moment came up a young gentleman dressed, according to the fashion of that day, in a

scarlet coat, a three-cocked hat, a glazed black collar or stock, nankeen small-clothes, and white silk stockings, his hair hanging in ringlets down his back. This was no other than Astley Cooper, returning from a dancing school held at a neighboring inn, by a teacher of the art, who used to come from Norwich. Observing the trouble of the despoiled youngster, Astley inquired the cause; and having his attention directed to the hat in the water, he marched in with great deliberation, and succeeded in obtaining the hat, having waded above his knees, and presenting a somewhat droll object as he came out, his gay habiliments bedaubed with mud and water. The other circumstance alluded to is certainly very remarkable, when coupled with his subsequent career. One of his foster-brothers, while conducting a horse and cart conveying coals to some one in the village, unfortunately stumbled in front of the cart, the wheel of which passed over his thigh, and among other severe injuries, lacerated the principal artery. The danger was of course imminent. The poor boy, sinking under the loss of blood, which the few bystanders ineffectually attempted to stop by applying handkerchiefs to the wound, was carried into his mother's house, whither young Astley, having heard of the accident, quickly followed. He alone, amidst the terror and confusion which prevailed, had his wits about him, and after a few moments' reflection took out his pocket handkerchief, encircled with it the thigh *above the wound*, and bound it round as tightly as possible, so as to form a ligature upon the wounded vessel. This stopped the bleeding, and kept the little sufferer alive till the arrival of a surgeon. The self-possession, decision and sagacity, displayed by little Astley Cooper on this occasion, are above all praise, and must have produced a deep impression on the minds of his parents, and, indeed, upon any one who had heard of the occurrence. It is barely possible that he might have originally caught the hint through overhearing such subjects mentioned by his grandfather or his uncle, the surgeons. This is hardly likely; but, even were it so, it leaves the self-possessed and courageous youth entitled to our highest admiration. In after years, Sir Astley Cooper frequently spoke of this circumstance as a very remarkable event in his life, and that which had first bent his thoughts towards the profession of surgery.* This is very probable. The in-

* Pp. 47, 48.

* Vol. i, p. 57.

* ward delight which he must have experienced at having saved the life of his foster-brother, and receiving the grateful thanks and praises of his foster-mother and her family, must have contributed to fix the occurrence in his mind, and to surround it with pleasing associations.

In the year 1781, Dr. Cooper and his family quitted Brooke for Yarmouth, on his being appointed to the perpetual curacy of the latter place. Astley was then in his thirteenth year. Sixty years afterwards, the great surgeon, who had a strong attachment to particular places, made a pilgrimage to the scene of his gay and happy boyhood at Brooke, at that time a pretty and retired village, and hallowed by every early and tender association. He found it, however, strangely altered, as he gazed at it, doubtless with a moistened eye and a throbbing heart. Let him speak for himself; for he has left on record his impressions. Having dined at the village inn, he says:

"I walked down the village, along an enclosed road, dull and shadowed by plantations on either side; instead of those commons and open spaces, ornamented here and there by clean cottages. The little *mere** was so much smaller than in my imagination, that I could hardly believe my eyes; the great mere was half empty, and dwindled into a paltry pond. On my right were the plantations of Mr. Ketts, overshadowing the road, and for which numerous cottages had been sacrificed; on my left, cottages enclosed in gardens. Still proceeding to the scenes of my early years, on the right was a lodge leading to Mr. Holmes's new house, and water with a boat on it—a fine mansion, but overlooking the lands of Mr. Ketts. I then walked on to the vicar's, Mr. Catsell, but he was out. I looked for the church mere, and it was filled up, planted, and converted into a garden. I looked for the old Brooke Hall, the place of my nativity, and the seat of the happiness of my early years; for the road which led to it and its forecourt—its flower-gardens and kitchen gardens, its stable-yard and coach-houses—and all were gone. The very place where they once were is forgotten. Here we had our boat, our swimming, our shooting—excellent partridge-shooting—in Brooke wood tolerable pheasant-shooting—woodcocks; in Seething Fen abundance of snipes—a good neighborhood, seven miles from Norwich, almost another London, where my grandfather lived; we knew everybody, kept a carriage and chaise, saw much company, and were almost allowed to do as we liked; but the blank of all these gratifications now only remains.

"The once beautiful village is now swallowed up by two parks—cottages cut down to make land for them—commons enclosed," &c.

On the page opposite to that on which these remarks are written, Sir Astley has roughly sketched the village as it had stood in his childhood, and as he found it on the occasion of his revisiting it.

On reaching his new residence at Yarmouth this apparently incorrigible Pickle betook himself with renewed energy to mischief and fun; "indulging more easily," says Mr. Cooper, "and on a larger scale, in those levities, the offspring of a buoyant heart and thoughtless youth, which had already distinguished him in the more limited sphere which he had just quitted. . . . These irregularities, however, were never strictly opposed to the interests of virtue and honesty—nor, indeed, ever exhibited anything but repugnance to those mean, though less serious faults, which often intrude into school-boy sports and occupations. They were, on the contrary, characterized by cheerfulness of temper, openness of character, sensibility of disposition, and every quality of an ingenuous mind."* Very soon after his arrival, his temerity led him into a most perilous adventure—one which might have been expected to cure his propensity to court danger.

"Soon after Dr. Cooper's arrival in Yarmouth, the church underwent certain repairs, and Astley, having constant access to the building from his influence with the sexton, used frequently to amuse himself by watching the progress of the improvements. Upon one occasion he ascended by a ladder to the ceiling of the chancel (a height of seventy feet,) and with foolish temerity walked along one of the joists—a position of danger to which few but the workmen, who were accustomed to walk at such an elevation, would have dared voluntarily to expose themselves. While thus employed, his foot suddenly slipped, and he fell between the rafters of the ceiling. One of his legs, however, fortunately remained bent over the joist on which he had been walking, while the foot was caught beneath the next adjoining rafter, and by this entanglement alone he was preserved from instant destruction. He remained for some time suspended with his head downwards, and it was not until after repeated and violent efforts that he succeeded in jerking his body upwards, when, by catching hold of the rafter, he was enabled to recover his footing. I believe, from the manner in which Sir Astley used to refer to this adventure, that he always re-experienced to a great degree the horror which filled his mind at seeing the distance between him and the floor of the chancel, when he was thus suspended from its ceiling."—(Pp. 70, 71.)

Very soon afterwards he nearly lost his

* A common term in Norfolk for an isolated piece of water.

* Vol. i, pp. 61, 62.

life in an adventure on the sea, characterized by his usual semi-insane recklessness.* By-and-by he betook himself to pranks seriously annoying to his neighbors and townfolk—breaking lamps and windows, ringing the church bells at all hours, slyly altering the town clock, and so forth—whereby "Master Astley Cooper" became, as lawyers would style it, the "common vouchee" whenever any mischief had been perpetrated. Mr. Cooper gives an account of several whimsical exploits of young Astley at this period, one of which we shall quote; but all display an amusing sense of the humorous on the part of their perpetrator.

"Having taken two pillows from his mother's bed, he carried them up to the spire of Yarmouth church, at a time when the wind was blowing from the north-east, and as soon as he had ascended as high as he could, he ripped them open, and, shaking out their contents, dispersed them in the air. The feathers were carried away by the wind, and fell far and wide over the surface of the market-place, to the great astonishment of a large number of persons assembled there. The timid looked upon it as a phenomenon predictive of some calamity—the inquisitive formed a thousand conjectures—while some, curious in natural history, actually accounted for it by a gale of wind in the north blowing wild-fowl feathers from the island of St. Paul's! It was not long, however, before the difficulty was cleared up in the doctor's house, where it at first gave rise to anything but those expressions of amusement, which the explanation, when circulated through the town, is reported to have excited. I think that my uncle used to say that some extraordinary account of the affair, before the secret was discovered, found its way into the Norwich papers."—(Pp. 73-4.)

On one occasion he was imprisoned in his own room by his father, as a punishment for a very thoughtless joke which had occasioned serious alarm to his mother. Shortly after locking the door upon the young scapegrace, his father, walking with a friend in his favorite walk near the house, was astonished at hearing, from above, a cry of "sweep—sweep!" in the well-known voice of a neighboring chimney-sweeper. On looking up, he beheld his hopeful son in the position of a sweep, who had reached the summit of the chimney, and was calling out to attract the attention of passers-by in the street below. "Ah," quoth the good doctor to his friend, "there is my boy Astley, again! He is a sad rogue; but, in spite of his roguery, I have no doubt that he will yet be a shining character."†

Though thus partial to rough sports and adventures, he was even at this early age, very susceptible of the effect of female beauty, and the charms of female society. A lad so handsome as he, and of such elegant and winning manners and address, could not fail to be a great favorite with the softer sex. So indeed he was. And as a proof of his attachment to *them*—shortly after he had left Brooke for Yarmouth, being then only thirteen years old, he borrowed his father's horse, and rode a distance of forty-eight miles in one day, to pay, unknown to his parents, a visit to a girl of his own age, a Miss Wordsworth, the daughter of a clergyman residing in a village near that which the Coopers had quitted for Yarmouth. In after life, he never mentioned this little circumstance without lively emotion; and Mr. Cooper expresses himself as at a loss to explain how this early intimacy had failed of leading to the future union of the youthful couple. Such was young Astley Cooper in his early years; blessed with an exemplary mother, who sedulously instilled in his mind, as into those of all her children, the precepts of virtue and religion; equally blessed with an amiable and pious father, and happy in the society of his brothers and sisters; with cheerful, buoyant animal spirits, whose exuberance led him into the pursuit of comparatively innocent adventure, untinged by mean or vicious characteristics; and exhibiting, under all his wild love of fun, an under-current of intellectual energy, warranting that prediction of future distinction which, as we have seen, was uttered by his father about the period of which we are speaking. It was not likely that a boy of his character should always remain satisfied with the position which he then occupied. He must have felt inward promptings to something worthy of the capabilities of which he was secretly conscious; and it is interesting and satisfactory to be able to point out the circumstances which determined him to enter that particular walk of life, and department in science, which he afterwards occupied with such transcendent distinction. The very interesting incident which first bent his thoughts in that direction, has been already mentioned. It has been already stated that he had an uncle, Mr. Samuel Cooper, an eminent surgeon in London, the senior surgeon of Guy's Hospital. This gentleman was in the habit of visiting his brother, Dr. Cooper, at Yarmouth; and with his varied and animated conversation young Astley became more and

* Vol. i. pp. 71, 72.

† Ibid. p. 81.

more delighted as he recounted the exciting incidents of London social and professional life. The uncle seems, in turn, to have been pleased with the vivacity and spirit of his nephew; and thus it was that Astley conceived an intense desire to repair to the great metropolitan scene of action, of which he was hearing so much, and could so easily imagine much more. It does not seem to have been any particular enthusiasm for surgery and anatomy that actuated him at that early period, but probably nothing more than a taste for pleasure and excitement,* which he felt could be gratified to an indefinite extent in London life. He had even committed himself to the adoption of his uncle's profession, without having indicated any desire to achieve excellence or eminence in it. The spark of ambition seems to have fallen into his ardent temperament, on witnessing the terrible operation for stone, performed by a Dr. Donnee, of Norwich. This fact we have on his own authority.† In the year 1836, he paid a visit to Norwich, and on quitting it, wrote the following letter, enclosing £30 for the hospital, to Dr. Yelloly:

"MY DEAR SIR: It was at the Norfolk and Norwich hospital that I first saw Dr. Donnee operate in a masterly manner; and it was this which inspired me with a strong impression of the utility of surgery, and led me to embark in it as my profession."

How mysterious the impulse which thus determines men to the adoption of particular pursuits! Some to music, others to poetry, to painting, to sculpture: some to the moral, others to the physical sciences: some to the art of war, others to divinity, law or physic: some to criticism and belles-lettres, others to simple money-making. It is rarely that a man achieves real distinction in a pursuit which is forced upon him. He may follow it creditably, but eminence is generally out of the question: it is only where a man voluntarily adopts a walk in life, in accordance with inward promptings, that a likelihood of success and distinction is begotten. Dr. Johnson observed that genius was great natural powers accidentally directed; but this can hardly be accepted as a true or sufficient definition. A man of wonderful musical or mathematical capabilities, may have his attention accidentally directed to a sphere of action where those capabilities will never have the opportunity of developing themselves. It would seem, in truth, as if

Providence had implanted in many men great aptitudes and inclinations for particular pursuits, and given them special opportunities for gratifying such inclinations. Look, for instance, at a lad witnessing the operation to which we have alluded; nine out of ten would look on with dismay or disgust, and fly terrified from a scene which excites profound interest, and awakens all the mental powers of a youth standing beside him. And this was the case with Astley Cooper, whose enthusiasm for the profession of surgery was kindled on witnessing one of its most formidable and appalling exhibitions.

Doubtless the two brothers—the parson and the surgeon—themselves sons of a surgeon of provincial celebrity, made short work of it as soon as they had ascertained young Astley's inclination for the profession of which his uncle was so eminent a member, and in which he possessed such facilities for advancing the interests of that nephew. It was therefore agreed that Astley, then in his sixteenth year, should become his uncle's articulated pupil. As, however, it was inconvenient for Mr. Cooper to receive pupils into his own house, he effected an arrangement with a very eminent brother surgeon, Mr. Cline, one of the surgeons of the neighboring hospital, (St. Thomas,) by means of which young Astley became an inmate with the latter gentleman. This matter proved to have been, in one respect, managed very prudently. Mr. Cooper intimates* that young Astley would have found his own mercurial disposition, and flighty habits, incompatible with those of his rough and imperious uncle, who was, moreover, a very severe disciplinarian. Mr. Cline, on the other hand, was a man of easy and engaging manners, of amiable disposition, and perhaps the finest operating surgeon of the day. To these advantages, however, there were very dismal drawbacks, for he was both a Deist and a democrat of the wildest kind—associating, as might be expected, with those who entertained his own objectionable and dangerous opinions—with, amongst others, such notorious demagogues as Horne Tooke and Thelwall. It is probable† that Astley's worthy father and mother were ignorant of these unfavorable characteristics of Mr. Cline, or they never would have consented to their son entering into such contaminating society. We shall here present our readers with a striking sketch, from the pencil of Sir Astley himself in after life, of the gentleman to

* Vol. i, p. 85.

† Vol. ii, p. 421.

* Vol. i p. 88.

† Ibid. p. 100.

whom his uncle, Mr. Cooper—who could not have been ignorant of Mr. Cline's disfiguring peculiarities—had thought proper to intrust his nephew:—

"Mr. Cline was a man of excellent judgment, of great caution, of accurate knowledge; particularly taciturn abroad, yet open, friendly, and very conversable at home.

"In surgery, cool, safe, judicious, and cautious; in anatomy, sufficiently informed for teaching and practice. He wanted industry and professional zeal, liking other things better than the study and practice of his profession.

"In politics a democrat, living in friendship with Horne Tooke.

"In morals, thoroughly honest; in religion, a Deist.

"A good husband, son, and father.

"As a friend, sincere, but not active; as an enemy, most inveterate.

"He was mild in his manners, gentle in his conduct, humane in his disposition, but withal, brave as a lion.

"His temper was scarcely ever ruffled.

"Towards the close of life he caught an ague, which lessened his powers of mind and body."—(P. 98-99)

The poisonous atmosphere which he breathed at Mr. Cline's, produced effects upon young Astley's character which we shall witness by-and-by. They proved, happily, but temporary, owing to the strength of the wholesome principles which had been instilled into him by his revered parents. Mr. Cooper gives us reason to believe that a mother's eye had been almost the earliest to detect traces of the deleterious influences to which her son had become subject in London; and perhaps the following little extract from a letter of this good lady to her gay son, may bring tender recollections of similar warnings received by himself, into the mind of many a reader:—

"‘Remember, my dear child,’ says Mrs. Cooper to him, after one of his visits to Yarmouth, ‘wherever you go, and whatever you do, that the happiness of your parents depends on the principles and conduct of their children. Remember also, I entreat, and may your conversation be influenced by the remembrance, that there are subjects which ought always to be considered as sacred, and on no account to be treated with levity.’”—(P. 96.)

Astley took his departure from Yarmouth for London in the latter part of August, 1784, being then in his sixteenth year. He experienced all the emotion to be expected in a warm-hearted boy leaving an affectionate home, for his first encounter with the cold, rough world. His own grief gave way,

however, before the novelty and excitement of the scenes in which he found himself, much sooner than the intense solicitude and apprehension on his account, which were felt by the parents whom he had quitted! Mr. Cooper shall sketch the personal appearance of Astley at this period; no one who ever saw Sir Astley Cooper will think what follows overstrained:—

"His manners and appearance at this period were winning and agreeable. Although only sixteen years of age, his figure, which had advanced to nearly its full stature, was no less distinguished for the elegance of its proportions, than its healthy manliness of character; his handsome and expressive countenance was illumined by the generous disposition and active mind, equally characteristic of him then as in after life; his conversation was brisk and animated, his voice and manner of address were in the highest degree pleasing and gentlemanly; while a soft and graceful ease, attendant on every action, rendered his society no less agreeable than his appearance prepossessing."—(P. 90.)

The period of his arrival in London had been of course fixed with reference to the opening of the professional season—viz. in the month of October, when the lectures on medicine, surgery, anatomy, physiology, and their kindred sciences, commence at the hospitals, and, in some few instances, elsewhere. Mr. Cline's house was in Jeffrey's square, at St. Mary Axe, in the eastern part of the metropolis; and in that house Mr. Astley Cooper afterwards began himself to practise. His propensities for fun and frivolity burst out afresh the moment that he was established in his new quarters; and for some time he seemed on the point of being sucked into the vortex of dissipation, to perish in it.

He quickly found himself in the midst of a host of young companions similarly disposed with himself, and began to indulge in those extravagances which had earned him notoriety in the country. One of his earliest adventures was the habiting himself in the uniform of an officer, and swaggering in it about town. One day, while thus masquerading, he lit upon his uncle in Bond Street; and, finding it too late to escape, he resolved to brazen the matter out. Mr. Cooper at once addressed him very sternly on his foolish conduct, but was thunderstruck at the reception which he met with.

"Astley, regarding him with feigned astonishment, and changing his voice, replied, that he must be making some mistake, for he did not understand to whom or what he was alluding.

• Why,' said Mr. Cooper, 'you don't mean to say that you are not my nephew, Astley Cooper?' 'Really, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing any such person. My name is — of the —th,' replied the young scapegrace, naming, with unflinching boldness, the regiment of which he wore the uniform. Mr. William Cooper apologised, although still unable to feel assured he was not being duped, and, bowing, passed on."—(P. 401.)

As soon as the lecture-rooms were opened, young Cooper made a show of attention, but without feeling any real interest in them. His uncle, at the same time, (2d Oct., 1784,) proposed him as a member of the Physical Society, into which, on the 16th of the same month, he was admitted. This was the oldest and most distinguished society of the kind in London, numbering among its supporters and frequenters nearly all the leading members of the profession, who communicated and discussed topics on professional subjects at its meetings. The rules were very strict: and we find our newly admitted friend infringing them on the very first meeting ensuing that on which he had been introduced, as appears by the following entry in the journal of the society—"October 23d, 1784. Mr. &c., in the chair. Messrs. Astley Cooper, &c., &c., fined sixpence each, for leaving the room without permission of the president.*

It is hardly to be wondered at that so young and inexperienced a person should have found attendance at the meetings of the society very irksome; the matters discussed being necessarily beyond his comprehension. We find, therefore, that during the first session he was continually fined for non-attendance. The first paper which he communicated was, singularly enough, on cancer in the breast—a subject to which, throughout his life, he paid great attention, and on which he was earnestly engaged when death terminated his labors.† Whether he had selected this subject himself, or any one else had suggested it, does not appear; but the coincidence is curious and interesting. A very few months after Astley's introduction to the profession, he found the yoke of his stern and rigid uncle too heavy for him, and, in compliance with his own request, he was transferred as a pupil to Mr. Cline, at the ensuing Christmas (1784.) From that moment his character and conduct underwent a signal change for the better. This was partly to be traced to the stimulus which he derived from the superior

fame of his new teacher, and the engaging character of his instructions and professional example. Certain, however, it is, that Astley Cooper had become quite a new man. "After six months," says he himself,* "I was articled to Mr. Cline; and now I began to go into the dissecting-room, and acquire knowledge, though still in a desultory way." His biographer states that "Astley Cooper seems at once to have thrown away his idleness, and all those trifling pursuits which had seduced him from his studies; and at the same time to have devoted himself to the acquisition of professional knowledge, as well by diligent labor in the dissecting-room, as by serious attention to the lectures on anatomy, and other subjects of study in the hospitals."† He had, at this time, barely entered his seventeenth year; and such was the rapidity of his progress that, by the ensuing spring (1785) he had become as distinguished for industry as formerly he had been notorious for idleness, and had obtained a knowledge of anatomy far surpassing that of any fellow-student of his own standing.‡ His biographer institutes an interesting comparison between Astley Cooper and the great John Hunter, at the period of their respectively commencing their professional studies. Both of them threatened, by their idle and dissipated conduct, to ruin their prospects, and blight the hopes of their friends; both, however, quickly reformed, and became pre-eminent for their devotion to the acquisition of professional knowledge, exhibiting many points of similarity in their noble pursuit of science. Astley Cooper, however, never disgraced his superior birth and station, by the coarser species of dissipation in which it would seem that the illustrious Hunter had once indulged—for illustrious indeed, as a physiologist and anatomist, was John Hunter; a powerful and original thinker, and an indefatigable searcher after physical truth. Mr. Cline had the merit of being one of the earliest to appreciate the views of this distinguished philosopher, whose doctrines were long in making their way;§ and Mr. Cline's sagacious opinion on this subject, exercised a marked and beneficial influence on the mind of his gifted pupil, Astley Cooper. During Astley Cooper's second year of professional study, (1785–6,) he continued to make extraordinary rapid progress in the study of anatomy, to which he had devoted himself with increasing energy; and his efforts, and

* Vol. i. p. 106.

† Ib. i. p. 107.

* Ib. p. 112.

† Ib. p. 114.

† Ib. p. 113.

§ Ib. p. 94.

his progress, attracted the attention of all who came within his sphere of action. From a very early period he saw, either by his own sagacity, or through that of his skillful and experienced tutor, Mr. Cline, that an exact and familiar knowledge of anatomy was the only solid foundation on which to rest the superstructure of surgical skill.

"We now find him," says his biographer, "devoting himself with the most earnest activity to the acquisition of a knowledge of anatomy—one of the most valuable departments of study to which the younger student can devote himself, and without a thorough knowledge of which, professional practice, whether in the hands of the surgeon or physician, can be little better than mere empiricism. The intense application which Astley Cooper devoted to this pursuit, in the early years of his pupilage, was not only useful, inasmuch as it furnished him with a correct knowledge of the structure of the human frame, the form and situation of its various parts, and the varieties in position to which they are occasionally liable; but it paved the way for those numerous discoveries made by him in 'pathological anatomy,' which have always been, and must continue to be, the sources of so many advantages in the practice of our profession."—pp. 117, 118.

He was chiefly stimulated to exertion in this department by the ambition to become a "demonstrator" of anatomy in the dissecting-room—an office greatly coveted, being "the first public professional capacity in which anatomical teachers of this country are engaged."* Mr. Cooper thus clearly indicates the duties of this important functionary:

"There is scarcely any science, in the early study of which constant advice is so much required as in the study of anatomy. The textures which it is the business of the young anatomist to unravel, are so delicate and complicated; the filaments composing them so fine, and yet so important; that in following them from their sources to their places of destination, and tracing their various connections, he is constantly in danger of overlooking or destroying some, and becoming bewildered in the investigation and pursuit of others. To direct and render assistance to the inexperienced student under these difficulties, it is the custom for one or more accomplished anatomists, demonstrators as they are styled, to be constantly at hand."—pp. 119, 120.

At the time of which we are speaking, a Mr. Haighton, afterwards better known in the profession as Dr. Haighton, was the demonstrator in the school presided over by

Mr. Cline; but he was extremely unpopular among the students, on account of his coarse, repulsive manner, and violent temper. Young Cooper's great affability and good-nature, added to his known connection with Mr. Cline, his constant attendance in the dissecting-room, and his evident superiority in anatomical knowledge, caused him to be gradually more and more consulted by the students, instead of Mr. Haighton, who was greatly his superior in years. Astley Cooper perfectly appreciated his position. "I was a great favorite," says he,* "with the students, because I was affable, and showed that I was desirous of communicating what information I could, while Mr. Haighton was the reverse of this." Astley Cooper knew that, in the event of Mr. Haighton's surrendering his post, he himself was already in a position to aspire to be his successor, from his personal qualifications, his popularity, his growing reputation, and the influence he derived through his uncle (Mr. Cooper) and Mr. Cline. Yet was the ambitious young anatomist barely in his eighteenth year!

Feeling the ground pretty firm beneath him—that he had already "become an efficient anatomist," he began to attend Mr. Cline in his visits to the patients in the hospital; exhibiting a watchful scrutiny on every such occasion, making notes of the cases, and seizing every opportunity which presented itself of testing the accuracy of Mr. Cline's and his own conclusions, by means of *post-mortem* examinations. At the Physical Society, also, he had turned over quite a new leaf, being absent at only one meeting during the session, and taking so active a part in the business of the society, that he was chosen one of the managing committee. At the close of his second session, viz: in the summer of 1780, he went home, as usual, to Yarmouth, and was received by his exulting parents and friends with all the admiration which the rising young surgeon could have desired. His mother thus expresses herself in one of her letters to him at this time, in terms which the affectionate son must have cherished as precious indeed:

"I cannot express the delight you gave your father and me, my dearest Astley, by the tenderness of your attentions, and the variety of your attainments. You seem to have improved every moment of your time, and to have soared not only beyond our expectations, but to the utmost height of our wishes. How much did it gratify me to observe the very great resemblance in person and

* Vol. i. p. 119.

* Vol. i. p. 124.

mind you bear to your angelic sister! the same sweet smile of complacency and affection, the same ever-wakeful attention to alleviate pain and to communicate pleasure! Heaven grant that you may as much resemble her in every Christian grace as you do in every moral virtue!"—p. 134.

During his sojourn in the country, he seems to have devoted himself zealously to the acquisition of professional knowledge, and to have formed an acquaintance with an able fellow-student, Mr. Holland, who in the ensuing year became his companion at Mr. Cline's, at whose residence they prosecuted their anatomical studies with the utmost zeal and system. During this session, Astley Cooper found time, amidst all his harassing engagements, to attend a course of lectures, delivered by John Hunter, near Leicester square. It required no slight amount of previous training and scientific acquisition, to follow the illustrious lecturer through his deep, novel, and comprehensive disquisitions, enhanced as the difficulty was by his imperfect and unsatisfactory mode of expression and delivery. Nothing, however, could withstand the determination of Astley Cooper, who devoted all the powers of his mind to mastering the doctrines enunciated by Hunter, and confirming their truth by his own dissections. The results were such as to afford satisfaction to the high-spirited student for the remainder of his life; but of these matters we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. During this session, he caught the gaol-fever from a capital convict whom he visited in Newgate, and, but for the affectionate attentions of Mr. Cline and his family, would, in all probability, have sunk under the attack. As soon as he could be safely removed, he was carried to his native county, and in a month or two's time was restored to health.

It was during this session that he seems to have commenced his experiments on living animals, for the purpose of advancing anatomical and physiological knowledge. The following incident we shall give in the language of Mr. Holland, the companion above alluded to, of Astley Cooper:

"I recollect one day being out with him, when a dog followed us, and accompanied us home, little foreseeing the fate that awaited him. He was confined for a few days, till we had ascertained that no owner would come to claim him, and then brought up to be the subject of various operations. The first of these was the tying one of the femoral arteries. When poor Chance, for so we appropriately named the dog, was sufficiently recovered from this, one of the humeral arteries was

subjected to a similar process. After the lapse of a few weeks, the ill-fated animal was killed, the vessels injected, and preparations were made from each of the limbs."—p. 142.

It is impossible to peruse this paragraph without feelings of pain, akin to disgust, and even horror. The poor animal, which had trusted to the mercy, as it were to the honor and humanity, of man—was dealt with as though it had been a mere mass of inanimate matter! One's feelings revolt from the whole procedure: but the question after all is, whether reason and the necessity of the case, afford any justification for such an act. If not, then it will be difficult, as the reader will hereafter see, to vindicate the memory of Sir Astley Cooper from the charge of systematic barbarity. On this subject, however, we shall content ourselves, for the present, with giving two passages from the work under consideration—one expressing very forcibly and closely the opinions of Mr. Bransby Cooper, the other those of an eminent physician and friend of Mr. Cooper, Dr. Blundell:

"By this means only," says Mr. Cooper, speaking of experiments on living animals, "are theories proved erroneous or correct, new facts brought to light, important discoveries made in physiology, and sounder doctrines and more scientific modes of treatment arrived at. Nor is this all; for the surgeon's hand becomes tutored to act with steadiness, while he is under the influence of the natural abhorrence of giving pain to the subject of experiment, and he himself is thus schooled for the severer ordeal of operating on the human frame. I may mention another peculiar advantage in proof of the necessity of such apparent cruelty—that no practising on the dead body can accustom the mind of the surgeon to the physical phenomena presented to his notice in operations on the living. The detail of the various differences which exist under the two circumstances need hardly be explained, as there are few minds to which they will not readily present themselves."—p. 144.

"They who object," says Dr. Blundell, "to the putting of animals to death for a scientific purpose, do not reflect that the death of an animal is a very different thing from that of man. To an animal, death is an eternal sleep; to man, it is the commencement of a new and untried state of existence. . . . Shall it be said that the objects of physiological science are not worth the sacrifice of a few animals! Men are constantly forming the most erroneous estimates of the comparative importance of objects in this world. Of what importance is it now to mankind whether Antony or Augustus filled the Imperial chair? And what will it matter, a few centuries hence, whether England or France swept the ocean with her fleets? But mankind will always be equally interested in the great truths deducible from science,

and in the inferences derived from physiological experiments. I will ask, then, whether the infliction of pain on the lower animals in experiments is not justified by the object for which those experiments are instituted, namely, the advancement of physiological knowledge? Is not the infliction of pain, or even of death, on man, often justified by the end for which it is inflicted? Does not the general lead his troops to slaughter, to preserve the liberties of his country? It is not the infliction of pain or death for justifiable objects, but it is the taking a savage pleasure in the infliction of pain or death, which is reprehensible. . . . Here, then, we take our stand; we defend the sacrifice of animals in so far as it is calculated to contribute to the improvement of science; and, in those parts of physiological science immediately applicable to medical practice, we maintain that such a sacrifice is not only justifiable, but a sacred duty."—pp. 145, 146.

We have ourselves thought much upon this painful and difficult subject, and are bound to say that we feel unable to answer the reasonings of these gentlemen. The animals have been placed within our power, by our common Maker, to take their labor, and their very lives, for our benefit—abstaining from the infliction of needless pain on those whom God has made susceptible of pain. *A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast*, (Proverbs, xii, 10.) that is to say, does not wantonly inflict pain upon it, or destroy it; but if a surgeon honestly believed that he could successfully perform an operation on a human being, so as to save life, if he first tried the operation upon a living animal, but could not without it, we apprehend, all sentimentality and prejudice apart, that he would be justified in making that experiment. *Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.*—(Luke xii. 6, 7.) The reader need not be reminded whose awful words these are; nor shall we dilate upon the inferences to be drawn from them, with reference to the point under consideration.

Availing himself of a clause in his articles of pupilage, entitling him to spend one session in Edinburgh, he resolved to do so in the winter of 1787—taking his departure for the north in the month of October. Seldom has a young English medical student gone to the Scottish metropolis under better auspices than those under which Astley Cooper found himself established there, at the commencement of the medical year. He had letters of introduction to the most eminent men, not only in his own profession,

but in the sister sciences. He was little more than nineteen years of age, and even then an admirable anatomist, and bent upon extracting, during his brief sojourn, every possible addition to his professional knowledge. He instantly set about his work in earnest, hiring a room for six shillings a week at No. 5 Bristo street, close to the principal scene of his studies, and dining for a shilling a day at a neighboring eating-house. This he did, not from compulsory economy, for he was amply supplied with money, and free in spending it, but from a determination to put himself out of the way of temptation of any kind, and to pursue his studies without the chance of disturbance. His untiring zeal and assiduity, with his frequent manifestation of superior capacity and acquirements, very soon attracted the notice of his professors, and secured him their marked approbation. During the seven months which he spent there, he acquired a great addition to his knowledge and reputation. His acute and observant mind found peculiar pleasure in comparing English and Scottish methods of scientific procedure, and deriving thence new views and suggestions for future use. The chief professors whom he attended were, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Black, Dr. Hamilton, and Dr. Rutherford; and he always spoke of the advantages which their teaching and practice had conferred upon him, with the highest respect. Of Dr. Gregory, Mr. Cooper tells us several interesting anecdotes, illustrative of a rough, but generous and noble character.* On the 1st December, 1787, Astley Cooper was elected a member of the Royal Medical Society, the meetings of which he attended regularly; and so greatly distinguished himself in discussion, by his knowledge and ability, that on his departure he was offered the presidency if he would return. He always based his success on these occasions, upon the novel and accurate doctrines and views which he had obtained from John Hunter and Mr. Cline. His engaging manners made him a universal favorite at the college, as was evidenced by his fellow-students electing him the president of a society established to protect their rights against certain supposed usurpations of the professors. He was also elected a member of the Speculative Society, where he read a paper in support of Dr. Berkeley's theory of the non-existence of matter. From the character of Sir Astley Cooper's mind and studies, we are not disposed to give him credit for being

* Vol. i. pp. 161, 166.

able to deal satisfactorily with such a subject, or, indeed, with anything metaphysical. Though a letter from Professor Alison* represents Astley Cooper as having "taken an interest in the metaphysical questions which then occupied much of the attention of the Edinburgh students," we suspect that for "metaphysical" should be substituted "political." He himself speaks thus frankly on the subject—"Dugald Stewart was beyond my power of appreciation. *Metaphysics were foreign to my mind, which was never captivated by speculation.*"† Throughout his career he proved himself to have here taken a proper view of his capacity and tendency. He was pre-eminently a practical man, taught in that spirit, and enjoined the cultivation of it. "That is the way, sir," he would say, "to learn your profession—look for yourself; never mind what other people may say—no opinion or theories can interfere with information acquired from dissection."‡ Again, in his great work on *Dislocations and Fractures*, he speaks in the same strain :

"Young medical men find it so much easier a task to speculate than to observe, that they are too apt to be pleased with some sweeping theory which saves them the trouble of observing the processes of nature; and they have afterwards, when they embark in their professional practice, not only everything still to learn, but also to abandon those false impressions which hypothesis is sure to create. Nothing is known in our profession by guess; and I do not believe that, from the first dawn of medical science to the present moment, a single correct idea has ever emanated from conjecture alone. It is right, therefore, that those who are studying their profession should be aware that there is no short road to knowledge; that observations on the diseased living, examinations of the dead, and experiments upon living animals, are the only sources of true knowledge; and that deductions from these are the solid basis of legitimate theory."—p. 53.

In one respect, he excelled all his Scottish companions—in the quickness and accuracy with which he judged of the nature of cases brought into the Infirmary—a power which he gratefully referred to the teaching and example of his gifted tutor Mr. Cline.§ The young English student became, indeed, so conspicuous for his professional acquirements and capabilities, that he was constantly consulted, in difficult cases, by his fellow-students, and even by the house-surgeons. This circumstance had a natural tendency to sharpen his observation of all the cases com-

ing under his notice, and to develop his power of ready discrimination. This, however, was by no means his only obligation to the Scottish medical school; he was indebted to the peculiar *method* of its scholastic arrangements, for the correction of a great fault, of which he had become conscious—viz: the want of any systematic disposition of his multifarious acquirements. "This order," says Mr. Cooper, "was of the greatest importance to Sir Astley Cooper, and gave him not only a facility for acquiring fresh knowledge, but also stamped a value on the information he already possessed, but which from its previous want of arrangement, was scarcely ever in a state to be applied to its full and appropriate use." The correction of this fault, which gave him afterwards his well-known facility of using for each particular case that came before him, all his knowledge and experience that in any way could be brought to bear upon it, Sir Astley always attributed to the school at Edinburgh. If this advantage had been gained, the seven months spent in that city were, indeed, well bestowed.

At the close of the session, Astley Cooper determined, before quitting the country, to make the tour of the Highlands. He purchased, therefore, two horses, and hired a servant, and set off on his exhilarating and invigorating expedition without any companion. "I have heard him," says his biographer,* "describe the unalloyed delight with which he left the confinement of the capital to enter into the wild beauties of the mountain scenery. It seemed as if the whole world was before him, and that there were no limits to the extent of his range." He has left no record of the impressions which his tour had produced on his mind. On his return, while in the north of England, he suddenly found himself in a sad scrape; he had spent all his money, and was forced to dismiss his servant, sell one of his horses, and even to pawn his watch, to enable himself to return home!† This dire dilemma had been occasioned, it seems, by a grand entertainment, inconsiderately expensive, which he had given to his friends and acquaintance on quitting Edinburgh. He himself said that this entertainment made a deep impression on his mind, and prevented him from ever falling into a similar difficulty.‡ To this little incident may doubtless be referred a considerable change in his disposition with regard

* Vol. i. p. 213.

† Ibid. p. 172.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 53.

§ Vol. i. p. 173.

* Vol. i. pp. 174, 175.

† Ibid. p. 175.

‡ Ibid. p. 178.

to pecuniary matters. When young, he was liberal, even to extravagance, and utterly careless about preserving any ratio between his expenditure and his means. Many traits of his generosity are given in these volumes.

Astley Cooper always spoke of his sojourn in Scotland with satisfaction and gratitude; not only on account of the solid acquisition of professional knowledge which he had made there, and the generous cordiality and confidence with which he had been treated by both professors and students; but also of the social pleasures which he had enjoyed, in such few intervals of relaxation as his ravenous love of study permitted. He was, we repeat, formed for society. We have ourselves frequently seen him, and regard him as having been one of the handsomest and most fascinating men of our time. Not a trace was there in his symmetrical features, and their gay, frank expression, of the exhausting, repulsive labor of the dissecting-room and hospital. You would, in looking at him, have thought him a mere man of pleasure

and fashion; so courtly and cheerful were his unaffected carriage, countenance, and manners. The instant that you were with him, you felt at your ease. How such a man must have enjoyed the social circles of Edinburgh! How many of its fair maidens' hearts must have fluttered when in proximity to their enchanting English visitor! Thus their views must have been darkened by regret at his departure. And let us place on record the impressions which the fair Athenians produced upon Astley Cooper. "He always spoke of the Edinburgh ladies with the highest encomiums; and used to maintain that they possessed an affability and simplicity of manners which he had not often found elsewhere, in conjunction with the superior intellectual attainments which at the same time generally distinguished them."* But, in justice to their southern sisters, we must hint, though in anticipation, that he twice selected a wife from among them.

* Vol. i. pp. 172, 173.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A FEW have borne me honor in my day,
Whether for thinking as themselves have thought,
Or for what else I know not, nor inquire.
Among them some there are whose names will live,
Not in the memories, but the hearts of men,
Because those hearts they comforted and raised,
And, where they saw God's images cast down,
Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
From the worn features and disfigured limb.
Such thou art, pure and mighty! such art thou,
Paraclete of the Bartons! Verse is mute
Or husky in this wintry eve of time,
And they who fain would sing can only cough;
We praise them even for that. Men now have left
The narrow field of well-trimmed poetry
For fresher air and fuller exercise;
And they do wisely; I might do the same

If strength could gird and youth could garland me.
Imagination flaps her purple wing
Above the ancient laurels, and beyond.
There are brave voices that have never sung
Olympic feats or Isthmian; there are hands
Strong as were his who reined the fiery steeds
Of proud Achilles on the Phrygian plain;
There are clear eyes, eyes clear as those that pierced
Through paradise, and hell, and all between.
The human heart holds more within its cell
Than universal Nature holds without.
This thou hast taught me, standing up erect
Where Avon's genius, and where Arno's meet.
I hear another voice, not thine nor theirs,
But clear, and issuing from the fount of Truth.
*None can confer God's blessing but the poor;
None but the heavy-laden reach His throne.*

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

POPULAR LIFE IN BERLIN.

Berliner Volksleben. (Popular Life in Berlin.) By Ad. Brennglas. Leipsig. 1847.

THOSE who visited the Prussian capital last autumn, found that a striking change had taken place in its external character and aspect. Instead of the showy equipages that used to crowd the streets, only a solitary carriage would now and then hurry by, as if ashamed to be seen; the plumes and the epaulettes, and the glittering jackets that were wont to be the glory of the promenade, "*Unter den Linden*," were stowed away in odd corners, like things to be ashamed of; the lieutenants of the Royal Prussian Guard—the pride and ornament of the confectioner's shop, who used to look down with such pitying wonder on all who were not of the guard, or, perhaps, not even of noble birth—if they made their appearance at all were unrecognizable, for they had cast their gay skins, and were reduced to the level of mere mortals. Before the public buildings, the place of martial-looking grenadiers had been supplied by scrubby little burghers in ambiguous costume, whose warlike weapons jolted about uneasily on their shoulders, as not accustomed to the place; and, to crown all, a complete market for cheap newspapers had been set up under the windows of the palace of the Prince of Prussia, and politics—the dainty dish so long in Prussia thought only fit to set before a king, or be tasted in circles of the initiated—was become the common food of the million, its most sacred mysteries were being bawled about the streets by mere ragamuffins.

But all this was some months ago. It is not improbable that the more recent turns of the wheel of fate may have restored the uniforms to their pride of place, and that Berlin is itself again.

In ordinary times a description of popular life in a great city, faithful when it was written, would not require much alteration within less than two years after; and as the general current of social existence is often less affected by political events than, at a

distance, we are apt to imagine, it is not impossible that the changes that have taken place, though striking to the eye of a stranger, lie mostly on the surface. We have heard of an old lady who had lived in Paris through the whole period from the first French Revolution to Louis the Eighteenth, and who yet never heard of Buonaparte. Men are born and die, marry and are given in marriage, and go through the majority of daily occupations, better or worse, even in times of revolution. In some cases, no doubt, where the strongest feelings of the human heart have been concerned in political changes, society has been at once stirred to its depths; but frequently the breeze has seemed but to have ruffled the surface, leaving the great current of life sweeping on in the same direction as before. The changes produced in it have not been felt till long afterwards. It is not impossible that this may be found to be the case in Prussia; there is some appearance of the movement having been rather political than social, exhibiting itself more in noisy demonstrations in the street, than making itself felt in the shop and the fireside; and we have no doubt that the sayings and doings of the Berliners, as set down in the humorous and life-like sketches before us, may be found on the whole as accurate as on their first publication. We have been induced to notice them, because we know of no other book that conveys so lively an idea of the capital of Prussia, "its daily walk and conversation;" and also because it appears likely that English readers, who have acquired their German chiefly from books, might be at first repelled by the odd Berlin cockney dialect, in which most of these sketches are written. Such as have visited the country, especially if they have had any intercourse with the classes described, will find little difficulty, and they will seldom or never be disgusted by the coarse caricature style so

often employed for portraits of "the people." With the keenest eye for the absurdities of his fellow-townsmen, Mr. Brennglas unites a warm appreciation of their excellencies; and he even carries his love of his native city so far as to make some feeble attempts to deny the natural ugliness of its site. "It is not so very bad," he says, (*so schlimm ist es nicht*)—"and, besides, there are so many railroads now, and it is so easy to get out of it"—a kind of apology that reminds one of the American housewife's excuse when asked to lend her washing-tub, "I haven't got one, and besides, the hoops are off."

He defends the society of Berlin from the charges of frivolity and affectation so often brought against it. The *æsthetic* tea-parties, which have figured so conspicuously in the accounts of travellers, and which have made so much mirth at their expense, he declares to be confined to a few small circles. One of the points in which the Prussian differs from most of the capitals of Germany is, that the influence of the nobility of birth is there far inferior to that of the aristocracy of intellect, of art, science, and industry. In public or private circles, the claims of talent are universally admitted; and even among the lowest of the people, superior knowledge is sure to meet with respect. The love of literature is carried to an extent scarcely seen elsewhere. Reading is to a Berliner one of the first necessities of life. He must read before he eats and drinks, and often eats and drinks for the sake of reading. The great confectioners' shops—which form so striking a feature of the city, some of which take from sixty to seventy journals and periodicals of various kinds, and where, as a matter of course, prohibited books and papers are always to be obtained—depend for their custom more on the love of these indulgences, than on the weakness in favor of "sweetstuff," that has been generally attributed to the good citizens. "Only the Lieutenants of the Guard," says our author, "eat cakes for the sake of eating."

The most humorous and characteristic portions of these volumes would suffer so much by translation, that we are unwilling to present them to such a disadvantage. Local character loses so much of its individuality by being stripped of the dialect, which is not so much its dress as its skin, as to be scarcely recognizable. The attempt to render, for instance, the "humors" of Herr Rentier Buffey, the *épiciér* of Berlin, either into ordinary English, or into "Lon-

don particular," would be as injurious as to make Sam Weller speak broad Scotch, or Mrs. Sarah Gamp respect the relative pronoun. Instead, therefore, of giving any extracts, we shall throw together a few particulars that may serve to afford to such of our readers as have not visited it, a glimpse of a city to which at present a more than ordinary interest attaches. Berlin is to Prussia, in a great measure, what Paris is to France; and in Prussia, according to the opinion—well or ill-founded—of many Germans as well as of many well-informed foreigners, may be studied the future history of Germany.

A stranger, visiting Berlin, may obtain a view of the finest part of it, the Friedrichstadt, by looking through the iron-work of the Brandenburg and Potsdam gates; where also he may obtain, looking in the contrary direction, a view over the pleasant shades of the Thiergarten, in former days a thick dark forest, where Joachim II. hunted wild animals. But the ground has been cleared of the masses of fallen leaves shed upon it by a hundred autumns, and is clothed with bright grass; the marshy spots have been drained, and smooth paths lead beneath the venerable oaks and lofty luxuriant beech and lime trees, on the right hand to the river Spree, on the left between beautiful villas and gardens to Charlottenburg. The broad road running through the centre, between cafés, flower-gardens, and country-houses of the wealthy classes, is a grand promenade, where all on whom nature, birth, merit, or back-stairs influence has conferred distinction, come to inhale fresh air, and display rich dresses, orders, fine eyes, little feet, proud coats of arms, brilliant equipages, richly-laced liveries, false ringlets, false roses, or stupid faces which are real.

By the river-side the less elegant promenaders drive away care with merry music and tobacco, and birds sing on all sides, and the blue sky smiles alike over all.

On the opposite side of the river lies the village of Moabit, and gay-looking boats lie in readiness to convey us thither, but we must first take a flight round Berlin. Crossing the Thiergarten, then, we come to the animated village of Schöneberg, behind which was the Berlin and Potsdam railroad—and here we rest our wings a moment upon the *Kreutzberg*, or Hill of the Cross—the highest summit of which, the Berliners say, is full seventeen feet above the level of the sea, but which, being the loftiest point in the neighborhood, offers the best prospect of Berlin.

Beyond the *Kreutzberg* and its houses of

entertainment, separated from Berlin by a meadow and an arm of the Spree, lies a woody ground called the *Hasen*, or Hare-heath, where soldiers and citizens practice shooting at a mark, and where are to be found bowling-greens, billiard-tables, chairs and tables under green trees, ham, sandwiches, and beer-glasses a foot and a half high; besides many a pretty little retired spot for confidential communications, where there are no other lookers-on than the little birds in the trees, or the butterflies on the grass.

Proceeding along the *Land-uehr*, an arm of the Spree, with banks gay with blooming flowers, and in summer animated by the presence of thousands of bathers, we come to the pretty village of Treptou, and perceive on the other side of the river its equally pretty opposite neighbor, Stralau, the trees and the gay pleasure-gardens of both mirrored in the broad Spree, which is covered with boats and heavy-laden barges. . . . From here, continuing the circuit of Berlin, we pass through corn and potato-fields, to the Frankfort gate, and thence, with little variation, again to the Brandenburg gate. Seldom here is the monotony of sand-hills, windmills, dusty roads, and flat corn-fields interrupted by anything as pretty as a pleasure-garden or as interesting as a cemetery adorned with monuments, fragrant with flowers, and shaded by weeping willows, oaks, and limes; though the railroads have done something to enliven this desolate region, through which lies the way to many villages that form favorite objects for the ruralizing parties of the Berliners.

Having now reached, again, the point from which we set out, we may enter the Brandenburg gate, by which, also, the Goddess of Victory, in a chariot and four, is making her triumphal entry, and pass along, between lines of palace-like edifices, which flank the celebrated promenade "*beneath the Limes*" (*Unter den Linden*), to the royal palace, which the author denominates the heart of Berlin—the central point of its whole circulation, as the quarter of the Friedrichstadt, containing the spiritual organs—the university—the academy—the theatres, &c., may represent the head. From the palace gardens a fine view is obtained of the magnificent buildings of the museum, the cathedral, the arsenal, the palace of the late king, of the Prince of Prussia, the opera-house, &c. The "*Gens-d'armes Markt*" is one of the finest open places to be seen in any city of Europe; and the verdant and flowery crescent of the Leipsiger Strasse, and the dark, solemn,

Williams' Place, bordered with ancient lime-trees, where the stone heroes of the Seven Years' War stand dreaming of their heroic exploits, are worthy of mention.

The "Long Bridge" across the Spree connects the new and the old, the elegant and fashionable, with the busy and toiling Berlin—what we may call the drawing-room and the workshop of the city; although it is true that of late the railroads have in some measure confounded this distinction, by giving an air of bustle and business to the aristocratic indolence of the Friedrichstadt.

This bridge leads into the ancient city of Berlin—founded by Albrecht the Bear, the noisiest and most bustling quarter of the town. In the narrow winding pass of the Königs Strasse (King's Street) with its high houses, there is from morning till night no moment of quiet or rest from the unceasing throng and rattle of wheels. From this quarter comes all that supplies the material wants of the city, and here also are the courts of law, the police-offices, most of the prisons, the distilleries, the great mass of the shops for provisions, and the dwellings of the working-classes. The other quarters of the town are not so strikingly distinguished from each other as these two; in them we find newly built palaces rising and looking down proudly on the huts where misery finds a refuge.

There are few cities according to Mr. Brennglas, where people work harder than in Berlin. The tradesmen and mechanics are generally busy till a late hour; the *employees* of the government are perpetually at their desks, though a great deal of what they write might as well be spoken. There are few professed idlers, and in scarcely any of the hotels and coffee-houses are people to be found, as in Paris or Vienna, playing at cards, billiards, or dominoes from morning till night; the coffee-houses are only busy in the middle of the day and in the evening; but on the other hand, the confectioners are very numerous and on a grand scale. Their shops, however, afford, as we have said, other attractions besides the tarts and cakes. But let us take a glance at life in Berlin as it exhibits itself in the streets.

"It is four o'clock in the morning. The old grey-bearded watchman, wrapped in furs, armed with a spear, and carrying a horn, wakes himself up for the last time to cry the hour, and then leaves the approaching day to take care of itself. Presently the washwoman, in large fluttering cap and cotton apron, is seen lighting herself along to her daily toil with a little lantern; the

subalterns of the Berlin and English Gas Company hastily extinguish their lamps, and wonder that the sun will consent to shine for nothing; the bakers' apprentices open the shops of their opulent masters,* and then go round with their carts to the various public houses of entertainment with their allowance of daily bread, as well as daily biscuits, rolls and rusks. Soon come in from the country the peasants' carts, some drawn by horses, and some by dogs, and filled by peasant women looking tired already. Here and there a door opens creaking, as if unwilling to begin its day's work; the houses seem to rub their eyes and shake themselves—bolts and bars fly back—windows open—man goeth forth to his work and his labor until the evening—and the world sets about to make another page of universal history."

Let us look a little closer at some of the figures that make up the moving picture. Among the earliest abroad are the humble class of traders who make a living by bringing sand from the environs to supply the kitchens of Berlin.

"A lad of eighteen, and one about three years younger, are in possession of a machine made of four boards, nailed together, which has just as good a right to be reckoned among carts as some certain German contrivances have to be called constitutions. Before this vehicle there plods along slowly, with sunken head and projecting bones, a venerable horse, which has been bought in the market for the sum of two-and-two-pence. The appearance of the owners harmonizes well with that of these their animate and inanimate possessions.

"The sand-boy is lightly attired, that is to say, without coat or boots, but he has a colored waistcoat, a very colored one, for it was several colored waistcoats before it became one; its history, therefore, is the reverse of that of our German fatherland. The waistcoat is almost wholly unbuttoned, and leaves fully displayed a shirt, which perhaps has no very obvious claims to public notice, and the sand-boy also wears what we must call trousers, possibly to prevent the aforesaid shirt from fluttering in the wind, for I have not been able to perceive any other purpose that they answer. If, however, any fair lady should see anything objectionable in them, I must remind her that it is by no means improbable that the sand-boy might, on similar grounds, remonstrate against her costume at the evening party last night.

"In the early morning, then, the two young commercial gentlemen (the firm of Fritz and Co.) are seated in their equipage, and are taking their accustomed way through the Halle gate to the Kreutzberg; but as soon as they have the town behind them, they take out two very short pipes, fill them with tobacco, and begin to smoke. The odor emitted by the weed might be thought peculiar, but it cannot be otherwise than agreeable, for

it is the produce of their native soil. It burns brightly, however, and sends out into the summer air blue clouds, upon which the smokers are soon borne into the sphere of the ideal."

The head partner in the firm falls into a mood of philosophical contemplation, and after he has intimated that he has a thought, and the younger has naturally expressed his surprise at the occurrence—

"'It came into my head lately, while I was still going to the parson, to examination, that if man is made of dust, we must be carrying on the most important business in the world. We trade in men, so to speak, and are therefore as good as two Emperors.'

"How then?"

"Don't you see, stupid? If a fellow's ever so rich and so proud, he dies and goes to dust—so, I hold now in my fist, you see, Peter, the stuff that may have once made half-a-dozen blockheads. You know, Peter, in the first book of the Bible it says how man was formed of the dust of the ground.'

"Yes,' says the critical Peter, 'but I've never been able to make it out. Dust won't hold together you see—it has no constitution, as one may say.'

"Oh, I'll tell you, Peter! Of course God Almighty must have taken a little water to mix with it; man must have some kind of moisture; he can't do without that.'

This Peter is willing to admit, and the elder partner pursues his meditations, and moralizes on the fact of having the remains of officers, privy-counsellors, ministers, watchmen, poets, and many more, all mingled indiscriminately together to be sold for a few *groschen* the bushel.

"Well! I didn't think now men had been so cheap. We ought to put it in the paper.'

"Yes, and there's something else I've been thinking of. The gentles folks have this sand strewed upon their floors, and that's the way, you see, they learn to trample men under their feet.'

Amidst these ethical and metaphysical reflections, the sand-dealers have filled their cart, for which, be it observed, they had purchased a permission from government, and are soon once more in the streets of the city, uttering their accustomed cry of "sand! sand! Fine white sand!" They are not long before a red-cheeked servant-girl signifies her wish to enter into a business transaction with them; and here we are tempted to give a specimen of dialogue in the original, that our readers may see what kind of tongue passes for German in Berlin.

"Ju'n Morjen Jungfer.'

"Ich bin deine Jungfer nich.'

"Nu worum den nich? Ich habe jhnen doch noch nicht jedhan.'

* In most of the great cities of Germany, the privileges of bakers, butchers, &c., are sold at a high price, so they require considerable capital, and make a proportionate profit.

"*Ne aber Du kannst mir Mamsell nennen.*"

"*Ach so, als wie Mamsell? J herrjees, hör'n se mal, dadruf kann et mir jar nich aukommen. Jeben Se mir en Dreier mehr nuf de Molle, und ick will Jhnen Fraülein tüeliren.*"

"*Is jut. Is jut. Lass man Deine Wize sind.*

* *Schwadronnire nicht so viel. Seh Dir den Sand an—da is noch en Rest—ob da nich Steener drin sind!*"

"Fritz goes and examines the sand.

"*Ne! Da find keene Steener mang den Sand, dais sand mang de Steener!*"

After a long and keen encounter of wit, and a passionate declaration of love on the part of the merchant, he sells two-penny-worth of sand and goes on his way rejoicing to his next customer.

Berlin is now broad awake. The droshkies are beginning to move in long rows towards the various railroads; military bands march through the streets playing lively airs; officers in showy costume come prancing along on full-blood horses; perhaps a hearse followed by six mourning coaches (Berlin takes great pride in its mourning coaches) and ten or twelve carriages, trails slowly towards the gate on its way to the cemetery; the hawkers of fruit, vegetables, and fish are in full cry; the handmaids of Clio—videlicet, the young women in the employ of the newsvenders—run about from house to house with their baskets full of intelligence; and the numerous shoe-blacks hasten from one furnished lodging to another, to perform their daily service for single gentlemen, and polish and purify—alas! only the outward man. There is one going into that lodging-house who has nine masters—one literary gentleman, two lawyers, two *Hofrütbe*, one student, two barons, and one tradesman—for whom he performs more or less of the services of a valet. When he merely brushes clothes and clean shoes, he receives a consideration of rather more than two shillings per month; and when he runs on errands, perhaps two or three times that sum; and, besides this, Heaven sends him odd jobs and presents here and there, so that, as his claims on life are not exorbitant, he is cheerful and content, and seldom in want of money, as the young Baron to whom he is now going always is. The dandy is still in bed with parched lips, a fevered pulse, and dark shadows round his eyes; he looks but poorly now, but when he has made his toilette, and given audience to his hair-dresser, his boot-maker, his tailor—or perhaps a legal functionary who has come on this occasion in his stead—and to a Jew money-lend-

er, he will be seen again in full bloom in the fashionable world. It is now the middle of the day—carriages are rolling along to the favorite drives—droshkies are tearing through the streets from the railways; in the hotels all hands are full, and all legs in motion. Here students are studying the last communistic and atheistic pamphlets; there *gens d'armes* are going to levy a distress, and take away the beds from a poor family; many shops fill with customers, many eyes fill with tears; loungers stand sauntering before the windows of print-shops, or look into booksellers to find out at least the titles of the new books, (often, the best part of them;) people drive or ride to the Thiergarten, or "the Limes," or pay visits, and gossip, and cheat, and flirt, as usual. On the benches, under the trees, young men sit talking of the progress of the species and the "absolute idea." All over the town postmen with their yellow collars and cuffs are running up and down stairs, with their bundles of hopes and fears, and disappointments, and plans and wishes; and there on the bridge stands an unfortunate father of a family, gazing into the dark waters of the Spree, which, perhaps, before this time to-morrow, will be flowing over his lifeless body.

The sun is setting. People come pouring out of the shops of the Swiss confectioners; the "Correspondents from Berlin" looking pleased, for they have picked up intelligence enough to furnish matter for the next post for their respective papers; Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, repair to private rooms to finish their discussions; a solitary adherent of absolute monarchy goes home by himself, and takes with him some bonbons for his wife. Where are these various groups bound for? For the concerts—the winter garden—the Italian opera—the French theatre—the mercantile and scientific lecturers—the anti-champagne club—the "Keep-on-your-hat Society"—*—to the saloons, to the Colosseum, to musical meetings—to Polytechnic, Statistical, Geographical, Philological, Antiquarian, Religious, Temperance, Social, or Benevolent Associations. Faint lights are twinkling from garret-windows, where poor mechanics are still hard at work, and will be for hours to come

* The polite practice of pulling off the hat to acquaintances in the street, was not long ago carried to such excess in Berlin, as to lead to the establishment of a society with the above title, with a view to save the enormous consumption of beaver, and weariness of muscle consequent on this courtesy.

—theatres are brilliantly illuminated—carriages drive through the streets to balls and parties—political toasts are received with three times three—and the night watchman comes out again, calls “past ten o’clock,” and sees that on his beat all the street-doors are shut. *Gens d’armes* order merry gentlemen to take their cigars out of their mouths—a doctor’s carriage drives rapidly past—“there is some one determined not to die without medical assistance”—here, in this ground-floor dwelling, you can hear a dispute going on about the German Catholics—from others come songs in favor of liberty.

Gradually the streets become more and more silent, dark, and lonely, carriages return from parties—eleven o’clock, twelve o’clock strikes—the last hackney-coaches go nodding wearily home to their stables—the last cigar-shops put up their shutters—in the hotels and wine-houses there is still noise, and from afar is heard faintly the music of a serenade; but all else is hushed—everybody goes to bed, and whoever is not kept awake by care and sorrow, goes to sleep, while stars twinkle, and God wakes and watches over all.

From the English Review.

FEMALE IMMORALITY—ITS CAUSES AND REMEDIES.

Report of the Association for the Aid and Benefit of Dress-makers and Milliners. London. 1848.

WE cannot content ourselves with showing only the brighter and purer side of the female portion of the community, while we are oppressed with the dreadful consciousness, that there is another portion in the midst of us which is given up to the advancement of the mystery of iniquity, which is undoing the work of God’s Spirit, and is itself undone, which is hurrying in sin and woe to the fiery indignation of God. It makes the heart ache to think how many tread, and we may add, with unwilling feet, the way of certain death; how many, from the humbler classes, once daughters of the Church, are among the living instruments of the Evil One, and are entirely in his power; how many who have been baptized, are now serving devils and doing the work of hell—ruined themselves, and now spreading ruin. We might wish to cast such a subject in the shade; we might like to pass by on the other side, and turn away our thoughts from a question so full of pain, so beset by difficulties, so shunned, so feared by the over-refined and over-sensitive spirit of the age. But while we hear on all sides of the improved condition and altered temper of the Church; while we are congratulating our-

selves on the infusion of fresh life and activity into a once-dormant body; while, with much complacency, we are fastening our eyes on the tokens of good that shine around us, we cannot but feel ourselves urged to point to one vast and hideous mass of living iniquity, which may well check our over-hasty congratulations and humble us to the very dust. There are, doubtless, signs of renewed and awakened life; there are gleams of hope in the Church’s sky; there are the stirrings of heart inspiring us with great thoughts; and we are far from wishing to depress or damp warm and ardent minds that turn from heavy times to the brightening horizon of the Church. But still let us face our true condition, and not throw a veil over the darker parts of our present state. The blots will not disappear, because we refuse to look; neither are we riding on a safe tide when we shut our eyes to the rocks. And hence, if there are in the midst of us guilty multitudes of fallen women, who are contending daily against the Church, who are undermining those whom the Church is training up, who are sapping out the spiritual life of thousands of the opposite sex, and are themselves a sort of living sui-

cides—but surely it is wise bravely to look this mighty evil in the face.

With fallen women we have hardly dealt at all; the painfulness of the subject, the difficulty, the delicacy, have been among the excuses with which we have tried to shift off our responsibility; but yet the responsibility is on us still. We have but to consider one great office of the Church, to see the burden of unfulfilled duties that rests upon us; we allude to her office as one who should call sinners to repentance; who should supply cells of penitence to returning wanderers; who should go after the lost sheep in the wilderness; who should seek, as a mother, to reclaim her erring daughters as well as her erring sons; who should impose penitential discipline, and preach in all its fullness the great doctrine of gospel repentance.

Now we cannot but confess, that this office has been but feebly exercised, and this doctrine of repentance but only in part proclaimed, and that with but little system and little discipline. First of all, as regards male penitents, we see them suffered to regain their place without any Church correction, however secret; any confession of sin. Those who have notoriously brought scandal on the Church have but to “steady down,” as it is called, “to turn over a new leaf,” and they are admitted, without any profession of penitence for that scandal, to the very fullest, highest privileges. The path of return is not rough or full of shame; there is no outward discipline for their outward acts of disobedience.

And not only this, but the doctrine of repentance is but partly preached; the need of restitution is left out; it is not insisted on in the cases of those who are known to have transgressed. Of those who have given themselves to youthful lusts, and now grieve over their stained and dishonored youth, how few have made restitution!—how few have been pressed to make it! Even when they have been brought to positive seriousness of life, they do not try to heal those very wounds which they have made, or to give alms for the reformation of that very class of sinners which they have helped to swell. They may be merciful to the poor, generous to hospitals, promoters of schools, contributors to churches; in these various ways the feeling of penitence instinctively breaks forth; they want to do something in an opposite direction to their former life, and they seize hold of those more prominent channels in which to cast their penitential offerings. But if the doctrine of repentance were fully

taught or fully preached, besides these acts of general mercy, penitential gifts would be required for the advancement of purity, for the restoration of the fallen of the opposite sex. To give to schools is not to make restitution for the lusts of the flesh. Repentance has not borne its own proper fruit. Alas! what little difficulty would there be in supporting ten times the number of female penitentiaries, if male penitents had acted up to the principle of restitution! If, in the very way in which they sinned, they endeavored to make amends!

In this way then, that is, from this imperfect teaching, the male penitent really suffers; he regains his place too easily, and is not pressed to perform the penitential act proper to his peculiar sin; his penitence finds vents, voluntarily, in self-chosen and less appropriate alms-giving. It would be clearly good for him to concern himself in the recovery of the fallen daughters of the Church; as he has helped to increase that degraded company of most wretched sinners, so in his altered and repentant state should he be taught to lessen, by all possible means, that guilty host of outcast women. But how fearful is the wrong done to these female wanderers, when the male penitent is not urged to restitution! Not only does *he* fail to bring forth the proper fruit of repentance, but *they* fail to have the benefit of his repentance: that fruit would have been for their gain; but as he directs his penitential feelings into other channels, they are left to wander without hope, to sin without any to call them from their sin; nay, as is often the case, when they arise and go to the few penitential hospitals that seem to invite them to enter in, they are driven from the doors for want of room. As it is, we venture to say, that not one among a thousand male penitents has ever done more than *feel* sorrow for his companions in sin.

Not only, however, is the doctrine of repentance softened down towards the men who err, but as it fails in severity on the one side, it exceeds in severity on the other: men are too easily lifted up, women are too pitilessly cast down; too little of stern discipline is used towards the one, while all the vials of human wrath and condemnation are poured out upon the other. The one suffer too little, the other too much. As the legitimate discipline of the Church is relaxed, so the irregular discipline substituted in its place wants that principle of equity, of impartiality, of pity mixed with strictness, which characterizes all the sentences of the

Church. How well might the sin-stained daughters of the Church yearn for the very severest forms of her discipline! The world passes upon them a practical excommunication far sterner, far more pitiless, far more intolerable than the heaviest excommunication of the Church; for, by the one, they are cast out forever from the pale of social intercourse and fellowship, whereas the other casts them out for a season only, that being chastened for their profit and put to shame, they may be moved to repentance. When repentance comes, then the door again is opened; the wanderer is welcomed home; the sentence is reversed; the sinner is reconciled to the Church, and, after a certain penitential progress, is admitted into full communion, full fellowship with the elect. How can we compare with this strict, yet merciful system the conduct of the world towards these offenders? On them, indeed, the world hurls its fearful "anathema maranatha," the worlds of external excommunication, and the door of its pardon is closed forever against youthful sin in one sex, which it over-easily forgives and forgets in the other.

Nay, if we venture to speak of pity, or of milder forms of treatment, we run risks of being accused of a morbid sympathy for the vicious; of encouraging the young to hurry into the ways of vice, by offering them a place of repentance, by preaching evangelical repentance, by holding forth the hope of forgiveness, and by giving them opportunities for the amendment of life. And yet, as though this strange fear of telling fallen women that they may be forgiven were deserving of marked reproach, there is no class of sinners so often specified in the gospels as receiving our Lord's forgiveness.

While, indeed, we speak of pity, we must not forget the circumstances under which so many fall; we take no true view of the degree of sinfulness in such a sin, if we set it apart from all its surrounding circumstances, and then gaze at it abstractedly. Commonly, however, this sin is considered in an abstract way, or rather it is looked upon in its worst circumstances; fallen women are commonly supposed to have yielded to an inordinate love of pleasure—to have given rein to their lust—to have been driven on solely by passion, and thus to have fallen. This is supposed to be the ordinary history of those who are now treading an unceasing round of sin. Now, even if this were a true picture of the state of the case, we should ask for pity for those whom passion has blinded and betrayed: even to them the doctrine of re-

pentance should be preached; they are not castaways or reprobates at once, whatever they may become; one short course of indulged passion is not to shut them out from all sound of the hope of pardon. To have fallen once is not a gospel synonym for lasting excommunication. Let it be true, that they had good guides in their youth, happy homes, kind parents, holy training, gifts of God's Spirit, stirring voices of conscience in the midst of their sin—still, we say, they should not be utterly given up, though they went against all these restraining influences.

But, as a matter of fact, we are treating an exception as a rule. All the writers who have studied this question, whether English, Scotch, or French, agree in telling us that we misjudge the case, if we suppose that the mass of women fall simply by the force of unbridled passion, of an unrestrained and unruly love of pleasure. However disinclined we may be to give up our accustomed view of this class of sinners, yet the more we read and the more we inquire of those competent to speak, the more we shall be convinced that, though guilty pleasure may come in as a partial incitement to sin, the stronger tempters are altogether of a different kind. In short, inquiry will help to soften our feelings towards these our erring sisters, by setting before us the many palliating circumstances which have combined, in most cases, to lessen the willfulness of the fall.

Thus the writers we allude to unanimously place *Poverty* among the principal and most active causes of female dishonor. Over-work and under-pay stand out as the most prominent temptations to this sin. When, indeed, we are told that the various kinds of sempstresses yield the largest quota to these sinful hosts, it needs no prophet's eye to detect the hand of Poverty in the act of beckoning them on to sin. Poverty, poverty, we repeat, is often the principal, and pleasure the second, in these cruel woundings of girls' souls. "What"—we quote from a copy of *The Times*, which is before us—"What," asked Mr. Norton of the prisoner, "were you paid for making these shirts?"

"Prisoner.—2s. 6d. a dozen, your worship, or 2½d. apiece."

"Mr. Norton.—What! 2½d. apiece! Well, that seems to be an *improvement*; for I recollect a memorable case which came before me, where two women were paid only 1½d. a shirt for what they made; but, from the exposure that then took place of this system of starvation and hard work, I

was in hope the practice was much improved."

We again take up *The Times*, of the same period last year, and extract another case. "In answer to a question from the magistrate, the witness stated that the price paid by the warehouse for making the shirts was only 1s. 6d. per dozen; and that she was paid at the rate of 1s. 3d. per dozen; but although, out of that, she had to provide the needles and thread for the work, she allowed the prisoner the same amount as she received. The constable who captured the prisoner said that, upon going to the house where she lodged, he found her in a miserable attic, entirely destitute of either furniture or food, and still stretched upon her bed, which consisted of a heap of rags in one of the corners of the room. She was evidently very wretched, and in the last state of destitution, and handed him a duplicate for the articles, which she said she had pledged to save herself from starvation. When asked if she wished to say anything, the prisoner, who was very much agitated, assured the magistrate that what she had stated to the officer was the fact. With even incessant application, she could not make more than three shirts a day, which only produced her 3½d.; and as she found it impossible to exist upon that, she was obliged to pledge the work, upon which she obtained 3s. 6d."

Facts like these, which, alas! might be multiplied to any extent by those conversant with needlewomen's pay in our larger towns, reveal an intensity of trial and a violence of temptation not easily to be withstood. Whether it shall be theft or dishonor to the exhausted frame and the weakened, hunger-maddened mind, seem the only points left for choice, and may depend somewhat upon the natural passion or appetites of the various women; and we must not think that in such an hour, when the mind is in the midst of vibrations the most terrible, doubting whether hunger can be driven off, or whether sin has become something like a necessity, we must not think that strong religious principle is at the beck of the agonized soul; we must not think that a tithe of these poor women have had anything of religious instruction, or anything to confirm the scanty instruction which had been picked up by short attendance at school. The educational statistics of our larger towns show us how little the schoolmaster has been abroad among the bulk of the population; while of those who have been able to pick up some

scraps of religious knowledge, the greater part have been hurried into busy life too soon to have received any deep impressions, and have been under no religious control in the most critical period of their life. We must not, therefore, lay all the blame upon those who fall into sin under such circumstances; we see defects both in our social and our ecclesiastical system, which, in all fairness, must be taken into account as palliating the errors of the poor.

In speaking of the effects of *Poverty* as a tempter on the masses of women employed as sempstresses, we will turn to another class which also yields a large number of deserters to the ranks of sin—we allude to the race of inferior servants, who have the hardest places and the worst pay. On this point, we will quote a leading article of *The Times* of June last, which was occasioned by a very painful letter, detailing the course of the friendless and orphan children who are reared in our unions:

"Our readers will hardly fail to remember a letter which appeared in these columns the week before last, on the miserable prospects of a large number of the female population in this and other great cities. . . . The writer observes: 'On attending, a short time since, at the workhouse of one of our parishes, I was struck by the happy, contented, and generally prepossessing appearance of a hundred or two little girls, who were playing in the court; and I inquired of the master, in the course of conversation, what usually became of them after leaving the workhouse. His reply was startling and horrifying in the highest degree. 'Why, sir,' he replied, 'I am sorry to say that five out of every six, if not nine out of every ten, become street-walkers. They leave here at thirteen or fourteen years of age, and are usually put to the poorer sort of housekeepers, who, for the most part, are uneducated people, and use the poor girls badly, expecting them to do the part of grown-up women; and so they come back to us two or three times over, till they are about seventeen or eighteen, when, instead of coming back, they take to the streets.' I inquired whether this was the case in other London workhouses. He replied, 'Yes,' he thought so. Can anything be more terrible to contemplate? The Bishop of Salisbury, in his last charge, made some observations of very much the same melancholy purport. He, too, had been struck with the externals of the Union schools, the neatness, the regularity, the happy and well-fed appearance of the girls, and their progress in their studies. He had, however, subsequently ascertained that, as a general rule, they turn out very ill. So convinced are we that such must be the case, that we have often wished, yet almost feared, to see a faithful record of the future lives of these children. Where children are brought up under the care of

parents or friends, their conduct and fortunes are a matter of the deepest concern to a vigilant circle. In these humble materials consists the historical knowledge of the poor. The consciousness of occupying a place in the daily thoughts of affectionate friends or inquisitive neighbors, has a great effect in sustaining the moral sentiment in the hour of temptation. The poorest child knows that in the deepest recesses of life, and the farthest corners of the land, it is surrounded by a cloud of witnesses in those who have known it from its childhood, who will expect to hear of its career, who will ask for tidings, and will judge that no news must needs be the worst. Thus a golden tie still binds to her rural home the poor girl who does hard service in a dingy back-street of the metropolis. The unhappy units of life, turned out of the great pauper machine, possess no such aids. To them, heartless functionaries supply the place of parents and friends; and their companions in the race of life only vie for the priority of their fall. What human eye weeps for the poor workhouse girl, sunk to her irrecoverable doom? As she falls, so she must lie. Down she sinks to the bottom, and the ocean of life rolls over her as if no such thing as she had ever seen the light of day."

In these facts we have been bringing our readers among the stern realities of life and of life's temptations; and some, perhaps, who have treated female error as though it were all a matter of wildness, may be softened into pity as they place before their mind the starvation of the drudging, dreary needlewomen, or the trials of friendless workhouse girls in the grinding service which they are compelled to take.

While we were writing these lines, an Appeal reached us on behalf of schools in Devonport, with a fresh view of the poverty which tempts another class—the families of sea-faring men in our various ports. The "Appeal" (a very interesting one it is) tells us that—

"The situation of a sailor's family is peculiarly forlorn and unprotected. It is but seldom blessed with a father's watchful eye; added to which, a sailor, from his habits, is proverbially ignorant and careless of domestic concerns. The mother is compelled to eke out the allowance reserved by the government from her husband's pay, amounting to about 4s. 6d. a week, by employments away from home, as hawking fish about the streets of Devonport and other neighboring towns; or she toils day by day with her needle at plain work or stay-making, to add a trifle (seldom more than 2d. or 3d. a day) towards their support. Meanwhile the little ones are generally neglected, exposed to contact with evil in every shape, almost without check or hinderance. A large portion of the girls, after they reach the age of twelve or thirteen years, are lost to God. A few

go to service; the greater part either grow up in idle habits at home, or for wages of 1d. or 1½d. a day are congregated together in the houses of persons who take in needlework from the shops; deprived of religion or moral instruction, they contaminate one another. Pride, levity, and fondness of dress, thus fostered, prepare them for entire degradation."

But we will now pass from the power of poverty, coupled with over-work, to the effects of over-work alone on the bodily and spiritual frame. We are told by the writers upon this subject, that not only the inferior ranks of sempstresses help largely to fill our streets with sin, but that the higher classes of workwomen, the young girls in notable milliners' establishments, swell the stream of guilt. No wonder. When we examine the mode of life which the better class of milliners' assistants are wont to spend, we are not surprised to hear of their fall, even though want does not goad them on. Over-work is, of itself, a tempter of great strength; it must be so; God's law of labor cannot be overdone without loss to body or soul, or both. Once let persons be forced to override their strength, and exceed that sentence of toil which is upon Adam's family, and we must expect, as a necessary consequence, bodily and spiritual prostration; we must expect either early decay of bodily powers or demoralization, or both. The factory inquiries reveal frightful views of distorted limbs, diseased and emaciated frames, weakened minds, and utter oblivion of all religious truth and principle. Now, we believe the detestable principles of the old factory system are widely at work at this very hour, in a large number of milliners' establishments; that is, though the assistants or apprentices may be fairly paid, they are fearfully over-worked.

Mr. Paget's excellent tale of "The Pageant," which our readers may remember, is, we fear, "an over true tale;" it holds good at this very day; and though he erred in pointing to a particular house, and spoke of facts which it was hard to substantiate in law, yet his account of the sufferings of young milliners generally, without reference either to the better or worse class of houses, was not over-colored. Indeed, with all the exertions which that tale and other revelations caused to be made on behalf of the young dress-makers, the improvement in their condition has been but slight, and that condition is indeed most terrible. Thus, the Report of "The Association for the Aid and Benefit of Dress-makers and Milliners" for the past

year tells us, that "the committees have caused express inquiries to be made respecting the hours of work, both in London and in the country towns; and the information received justifies them in stating, that, although there are still, unhappily, numerous exceptions, a marked amelioration has on the whole been the result of the efforts made by the Association. The reduction which has already been effected must in itself be satisfactory to all who contributed towards the attainment of so desirable an object." Most rosy and hopeful words! but we descend abruptly from these cheerful strains to something like a "dead march," a lamentable conclusion. "But"—that chilling, wintry "but," always ready to freeze hope—"but the committees are still more gratified to learn that there is, at the present time, a general impression among those who are connected with this occupation, that at no very distant period the hours of work will be reduced to twelve per diem!" Can this be true in a Christian land? Are the delicate frames of mere girls ground down, exhausted, withered, by this inhuman trade, by labor that runs over the twelve hours of man's day of labor? Are all the show and glitter and gaiety and fine apparel and fashionable attire of the women of higher rank bought at the price of such suffering of mind and body as is involved in labors of such length? Is it true that the female drudges of the higher female world are oppressed with something that approaches the reality of Egyptian bondage? Talk of slavery abroad—surely we want a Wilberforce at home; surely the steps of humanity must now move amid silks and satins, and there find, in the midst of rustling brocades and gay bonnets and wreaths of flowers, the pale victims of English cruelty.

The first causes of all these unholy tasks are to be found in the unthinking crowd of refined women, who flutter in the luxurious and elegant scenes of gay life. With these frightful facts of female suffering, the gay plumage that we see abroad drives our thoughts into the heated rooms where the exhausted and fainting girls prepare the show, and ball-room splendor seems like a guilty sight, as we remember the midnight watches of those who deck the female part of those brilliant scenes.

Alas! alas! what is going on in the midst of us? What under-currents of misery there are, which do not meet the eye as it glances along the glittering shops of our large towns! The world has a gay frontispiece, but there

are hideous pages in the book. Think of these multitudes of girls, living upon "the general impression" which they are to be "gratified to learn," that "at no very distant period"—some ten years, we suppose—"the hours of work will be reduced to twelve per diem!" God help you, poor children of the needle! sadder words we never read; surely we may say, that not only "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," but that hope is itself an unhopeful thing, when we are to cheer ourselves with the prospect of twelve hours' toil "at no distant period." There are indeed exceptions to these fearful practices; we know of those who rule their establishments in the fear of God, and, being deeply warmed with the principles of the Church, truly care for those over whom they are put in charge. May their number be increased, for they are but few as yet!

And what comes of all this over-work? for to this point we must return. The results may be guessed; the young dress-makers are utterly unfit to meet temptation; mind and body being overtaxed, are unequal to contend with the suggestions of evil, whether in themselves or others; the whole system is in a weak and morbid state, overwrought, and fluctuating between nervous excitement and depression. After more than twelve hours' toil, can we expect the well-balanced, well-judging, calm, and self-possessed mind? Can the soul be in its healthful and vigorous state, so as to be able to resist temptation with all the vigor needful for the victory? Surely the poor victims are caught by the tempter when they are least prepared; and if any milk of human kindness or equity runs in our veins, we must at least mix pity with reproof when we see them fall under such trying circumstances. Nor is it surprising that they should in some sort rush to ruin. While some in their weakened state are besieged and fall, others, when the hated wheel of labor stops at last, yearn for some pleasure to fill the little pause, some excitement to stimulate the sinking pulse, some mirth and cheerfulness to brighten the scanty leisure of this dreary, drudging life. This love of pleasure, at all times natural in the young, is of course apt to take a morbid turn when all the frame, bodily and spiritual, is in a morbid state; and we may be sure that excess of toil will always have a reaction in excess of pleasure; the one extreme is the parent of the other; the string of the bow, stretched too tightly, breaks at last; the mind and body, strained beyond their due mark, be-

come disordered and unstrung. Hence, the fevered lip is tempted to quaff the cup of guilty pleasure, which, in its cooler hour, it would have spurned for guileless relaxation.

Having seen, then, another form of temptation which besets the females of the lower ranks of life, we will pass from the fruits of over-work to still another cause of ruin that prevails in our manufacturing towns—the mixture of sexes in factories. In factories certainly great improvement is taking place; but improvement is a comparative term, and effects the most frightful follow the combination of girls and youths, as it is at present managed. The evils of this combination are indeed aggravated by one of the causes of sin just discussed—we mean, over-work; there comes an inordinate love of pleasure, especially of sensual pleasure, where the true law of labor has been transgressed. We were lately told by one before whom the painful fact had been brought, that, out of a large number of factory girls, confirmed last year in one of the largest manufacturing towns of the north, not one had kept her purity. All had fallen; all came as penitents to that holy rite. A large portion of this mischief was laid to the mixture of sexes at time of work, or to the congregating of the young when work ceased. We must remember also, as bearing upon this particular point, that the promiscuous living of the poor in their own homes paves the way to ruin, by loosening true notions of purity and decency in early life: the principle of modesty has been diluted at home, and thus, when the girl grows up, and is thrown with companions of the opposite sex, she has not, so to speak, a fair start; she does not come properly armed for the attack; her modesty has already been lowered, and the bloom of natural feeling has been rubbed off. The dwellings of the poor, whether in town or country, lay the foundation of much sin; and we hail the erection of model lodging-houses as one of the greatest and most practical instruments for the improvement of the morals and modesty of the poor. Mr. Talbot, the secretary of “The London Society for the Protection of Young Females,” gives us some fearful facts relative to the condition of the dwellings of the poor. We will furnish our readers with a single sample of these facts. “From a paper read by C. Bowles Fripp, Esq., at the statistical section of the meeting of the British Association, it appears that in Bristol there were in 1839,

556 families,	each occupying part of a room.
2,224	one room only.
2,412	close and confined apartments.
4,752 children	above seven years old sleeping in the same room with their parents.

We need not indeed multiply facts of this kind, as even in the best country parishes it is hard to find cottages sufficiently large, or so well arranged, as to accommodate the inmates with due regard to proper separation of sexes. Neither will we speak at large upon the defects of education, the want of schools, the hurried preparation for confirmation, the example of parents, the fascination of attentions from persons of higher rank than themselves; all of which are to be considered when we pass judgment on the fallen daughters of the Church. Enough, we trust, has been shown to dissipate the idea, strongly fixed in many minds, that the mass of erring women go astray out of mere wantonness and love of pleasure; and to prove that there is a host of palliating circumstances that greatly lessen the wilfulness of their sin. We think, too, that what we have said is enough to show there is urgent need for considering and for improving the condition of the whole race of women in the lower ranks of life. There must be some great defects in the social system, where vice can fairly claim for itself so large a number of palliating circumstances; and while we freely confess the need of an expanded ecclesiastical system, to give educational and other direct religious advantages to the poor, yet over-work and over-labor come rather within the scope of civil jurisdiction, guided by a Christian spirit.

Now we must not sit down in the bewildered inactivity of despair, as though all these social evils breaking out into so much vice were beyond a remedy. Many remedies may be required, and many may be difficult to procure; but still the improvement of the female population is, at least, to be attempted, even though there may seem small prospects of any considerable success. For ourselves, looking to these two great tempters, poverty and over-work, whether acting alone or in concert, we cannot but be convinced that a vigorous, well-directed, and well-managed system of female emigration stands out at once as the most effectual means of checking these strong enticements to sin. To drain off to some degree the surplus female population, is the work that at once presents itself to our thoughts. We may increase schools, multiply churches, but these will not raise wages nor buy bread.

They may help the besieged to hold out longer in time of siege, but this is all; thirteen or fourteen hours of work in a close room cannot be borne without hurt both to soul and body; and we little know the power of hunger in loosening principle, where principle has taken root. We must reduce the number, to reduce the temptations of women; and if we treat them as so many "hands," the business-like and mechanical view of the sex, we find, that while we have an excess at home, there is a great demand for these living implements of industry abroad. Our colonies ask for female immigration. The last of the colonization circulars issued by government, furnishes us with the most authentic accounts of the want of women, while so many thousands are pining in England for the very scantiest subsistence. In New Brunswick we are told that "labor, such as the business of the country requires, is both scarce and dear; and that 1000 good and healthy laborers (*with their families*, equal to 5000 souls) would find employment." Of South Australia it is said, that "young unmarried females, who emigrate to South Australia without friends or relations on board, are, on arriving in the colony, at once removed from the vessel bringing them to a house in Adelaide, where every necessary comfort is in readiness for their reception. They are placed under the immediate control of a matron; and a committee of ladies have benevolently undertaken to assist them in finding suitable employment;" this is proof enough of the demand. In New Zealand we read that "dairywomen and respectable female servants were much wanted." When we come to wages, we have evidence of the want, not of needlewomen, but of servants. In New South Wales, a plain cook's wages vary from 24*l.* to 28*l.* per annum; dairy-maids, from 17*l.* to 25*l.*; housemaids, from 18*l.* to 28*l.* In Van Diemen's Land the same class of servants varies from 10*l.* to 25*l.* per annum; and needlewomen in that colony can obtain 20*l.* to 30*l.* a year. To a well-governed system of female emigration we therefore look, as the means of raising the price of female labor here to such a height as to supply at least the necessities of life, and to prevent the exhaustion of the frame by over-work.

As regards the female population that remains at home, many measures for its improvement present themselves. Increased provision in the dwellings of the poor, better arrangement and subdivision of rooms, are points deeply to be considered by all owners

of such property. The matter should be more looked into; country squires may profitably traverse their estates, and inspect the accommodation which their cottages afford. In such an inspection they will find much to shock them; and, doubtless, many will be moved to lessen the evils which, for want of inquiry, they little suspect to exist. In large towns, so great is the number of friendless and orphan girls who live by the needle, and are condemned to hide themselves in wretched comfortless attics, that we feel, if more cheerful and more comfortable houses could be provided for them after their work, many would be saved from the ways of sin. A model-lodging for needlewomen would, we conceive, be a great boon; and if there were a common hall for breakfast and tea, they might, by their combined resources, have sufficient nourishment as well as fellowship. Such a house placed under rule, and conducted on good principles, might save many a lonely girl from seeking for false excitement, and hurrying from her silent dreary garret to gay scenes of dissipation. We will not venture to do more than allude to the more religious preventives that are now urgently required: more schools, increased pastoral visitation and watchfulness, plainer speaking in our pulpits on the lusts of the flesh, according to Apostolic examples, warmer religious instruction in the schools we raise, longer and more careful preparation for confirmation—these are points which press themselves into our minds, but on which we will not trust ourselves to speak at length.

While we are thus hopefully busying ourselves with fair schemes for the prevention of female vice, we feel ourselves drawn back to the consideration of their state who have already fallen. Preventive measures may benefit the children that are growing up in the perilous atmosphere of the lower walks of life, but there are thousands already sick in soul, already under the power of sin, already leprous and unclean. What is to be done for that large mass of women, young in years, yet deeply steeped in sin? We have considered the palliating circumstances under which so many fall; we have required that these circumstances should be fairly weighed in the measurement of their guilt, under the full impression that the just and candid consideration of their case would rouse pity and deep compassion; we are sure that these feelings of pitifulness will rise in those who have hitherto too hastily condemned or left the fallen to lie in the pit, as though it were a wilful and self-chosen fall. But if there is

cause for compassion, then surely it is not enough for us to sigh over our fallen sisters, at the thought of all the wasted beauty, and youth, and health yielded to purposes most vile and dragged in the dirt. It is not enough to have aching hearts, as amid our own safe houses, with all the privileges of our holy faith, our thoughts turn to those perishing multitudes who have been beaten down by temptations we have never known. Surely Christian pity is not to end in sighs or bitter thoughts; surely, with all this sin and wretchedness, these beginnings of hell in the midst of us, we need vigorous, energetic, self-denying compassion; we need some great and active endeavors to lift up them that are fallen, in the name of Him "who receiveth sinners," to search out with all earnest love the stray sheep caught in the thickets of this evil world and almost dead. The Church must be up and doing in this cause; the members of the Church must hasten to give holy shelter to those who can be fetched back. All that we can see of practical compassion is here and there some dismal

house at the outskirts of a town, entitled "a penitentiary," and calculated to receive but a scanty fellowship of penitents. If we put all these penitentiaries together, we find them utterly unequal in magnitude to the evil with which they cope, ill-supported, scraping on from year to year with a sort of consumptive life, and attracting little sympathy or interest. An increase of penitentiaries is loudly called for, as the first step of practical pity. The sentence of utter, final excommunication passed by the world on fallen women, must not be allowed any longer to violate the plain terms of the covenant of grace; mercy must practically be shown, and places of refuge, houses of mercy, supplied for those who are moved to rise up and confess their sins. The Church cannot without peril shrink from taking this cause in hand. It has been pushed aside too long. The subject is not to be dropped by common consent; souls are perishing; a great burden of neglect is on us. A plain duty is plainly put before us.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

SEE PLATE.

THERE lived at Caën, in the department of Calvados, a young woman, named Marie Anne Charlotte Corday. She was five-and-twenty years of age. Her father, a decayed gentleman, was still living, but she had left him to reside with an aunt at Caën. This young woman was a grand-daughter of the great dramatist, Pierre Corneille, and the spirit of the grandsire lived in his descendant. Her form was tall and graceful, her features regular and beautiful; but there was mingled with a woman's softness of expression, something of the resolve which marks a manly face. Her complexion was illuminated by the freshness of youth, beauty, and health; her dress was suited to her moderate means; her habits were temperate and simple. Though brought up in a con-

vent, she was no stranger to the philosophical ideas which were then spreading over France; for even the bars of the convents could not keep out the books which were in vogue. Her early religious impressions were replaced by the philosophy of Jean Jaques Rousseau; and her exalted imagination was raised to the heroic pitch by the ever-living portraits of Plutarch. She embraced the revolution with ardor; she dreamed, as the wife of Roland had dreamed, of a republic in which simplicity and virtue should reign. But the excesses of the Jacobins had dispelled the pleasing illusion, and the men of the Gironde, who once seemed destined to realize her happy visions, were imprisoned or fugitives. Petion, Louvet, Barbaroux, and other deputies, had come to

Caën to stir up the departments of the north, and to combine the elements of resistance to the convention.

The reign of terror had already commenced in Paris; the guillotine was receiving its tribute of victims, and the horrid engine was expected to make the tour of France. One name above all others was associated with the guillotine, the name of him who had for years called for heads, and measured his demands only by thousands. The unquiet mind of Charlotte required action; and she meditated a deed of vengeance against the greatest culprit in France. She resolved to go to Paris. She had two interviews with Barbaroux, and she asked and obtained from him a letter of introduction to a member of the convention who could introduce her to the minister of the interior. She pretended that she had a petition to present to the government, in favor of Mademoiselle Forbin, who had been the friend of her youth. Barbaroux gave her a letter to Duperret, one of the 73 deputies of the party of the Gironde. She went to see her father, and told him she was going to England. On the 9th of July, early in the morning, she made up a little packet, which she put under her arm, quitted her aunt's house, and journeyed to Paris in a conveyance, which, as she said, contained some "good Montagnards." She reached Paris on the 11th of July, and went to the Hôtel de Providence, in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, where she slept soundly from five in the afternoon till next morning. She called on Duperret the next day, but could not see him till the evening. She asked him to introduce her to Marat, the minister of the interior; but this was only a pretext. In her letter to Barbaroux she said she was sorry that she had called on Duperret, for this very evening, by a decree of the convention, the seals were placed on all the movables of Duperret, as one of the suspected, and her visit put him in danger. Duperret came the next day, and went with her to Marat, but the minister could not see them, and Duperret took leave of her at the door of her hotel. She had learned that Marat did not now go to the convention, for her first design was to kill him there; he was suffering from illness, but still scribbling at home with his wonted unwearied diligence. After leaving Duperret, Charlotte found her way to the

Palais Royal, not to admire or to be amused. She looked for a cutler's shop, where she bought a strong knife, with an ebony handle, and concealed it under her neckerchief. She returned to her lodgings, and wrote a letter to Marat, in which she told him that she was from Caën, and could give him important information, and she would be with him at one. She went, but could not see him; upon which she left a second letter, well calculated to sharpen the jealous curiosity of the friend of the people; it was dated the same day: "I wrote to you this morning, Marat; have you received my letter? I cannot believe it, because they refused me your door. I hope you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat it, I am just from Caën; I have to reveal to you secrets of the utmost importance for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unfortunate, and that is enough to give me a right to your protection. Charlotte Corday." Charlotte said in her letter to Barbaroux, "I confess that I employed a perfidious artifice to induce him to receive me; all means are good in such circumstances." She left her hôtel at seven in the evening, and knocked at Marat's door. The woman who kept the door would hardly let her in, and tried to prevent her from going up stairs. The noise brought Marat's mistress out, who refused to admit her into the apartments. A loud altercation ensued, and Marat, who judged, from what was passing, that the visitor was the writer of the two letters, called out to let her in. Marat, wasted with disease, horrid and disgusting to look at, was in his bath, covered with a dirty piece of linen, all but the upper part of his chest and right arm. He was writing on a rough plank, which rested on the bath, a letter of denunciation to the convention. Marat asked about Normandy, and he took down the names of the deputies there, and of the administrators of Calvados, who were at Evreux. He told Charlotte, by way of consolation, that they should all be guillotined. These words decided his fate. She drew the knife from her bosom, and with a strong arm plunged it to the hilt in his body. He cried out once, and no more. The water was dyed red; Marat was bathed in his own blood.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE EXPEDITION OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO THE OASIS OF JUPITER AMMON.

ONE of the most singular incidents in the history of Alexander the Great is his visit to the temple of Jupiter Ammon. What it was undertaken for everybody knows. Dissatisfied with being reputed the son of Philip, the great leader of the Macedonians resolved to discover for himself a greater father; and fixed, for this purpose, on no less a personage than the Ammon of the Egyptians. In developing a great system of conquest, men have employed different instruments, according to the character of the age in which they lived. Alexander placed much reliance on superstition; and had his lot been cast in earlier times, when the primitive faiths of nations had as yet received no wound from scepticism, there can scarcely be a doubt that not only would the story of his celestial parentage have obtained credit, but he himself would have been raised to the rank of a divinity, and received the adoration of the whole pagan world.

But the son of Philip found himself cramped, in the development of his genius, by the sarcastic incredulity of the times. The philosophers had been so long and so successfully engaged in a war with Olympus, that the gods and goddesses, once so ingenuously believed in, had been obliterated almost entirely from the thoughts of men, and come to be regarded as mere poetical creations, pleasant to read about, but nothing else. Alexander, however, determined upon making trial of whether it were possible to revive a decayed superstition. He pretended devoutly to believe in his own divine origin; and, after the battle of Issus, and the conquest of Syria and Egypt, while the whole civilized world was resounding with his name, and illuminated, as it were, by the glory of his victories, he seized on what appeared to him the auspicious moment for consulting the greatest oracle in Africa, in order to impress his troops and subjects generally with that profound reverence for his person which philosophy and the spirit

of Grecian politics had rendered it so difficult to inspire.

There seems to us to have been yet another motive for Alexander's visit to the Oasis, which none of his historians, ancient or modern, has yet, so far as we are aware, discovered. He knew that a great part of the prosperity of Egypt depended upon commerce; and as his ambition was not purely military, but embraced every form of civilization, he was desirous of laying open the route to the interior of Africa, and probably of extending his dominion over the whole of that continent. But as in antiquity an intense dread of the dangers to be encountered in the desert already prevailed, he wished to make an experimental march through a portion of the wilderness, that, with his own eyes, he might ascertain the real state of the case, and afterwards abandon or carry out his design, according as this attempt should prove fortunate or otherwise.

The ancients, though not quite so ignorant as we suppose them, were yet far from being acquainted with the geography of Africa. Unknown regions, as well as unknown powers, are apt to inspire dread; and their imagination consequently peopled the wastes of Lybia with monsters, and chimeras, and invisible influences destructive of human life. Poets do not always invent. They often only give expression to popular opinion. We may judge, therefore, of the degree of awe with which the African wilderness had inspired the civilized natures of those ages by the fabulous horrors which the fancy of poets spread like a cloud over the whole interior. Alexander himself, though the disciple of Aristotle, and nurtured to a certain extent in scepticism, was not altogether proof against the spirit of his age. Incredulity by no means implies the absence of superstition. A man may, by study, uproot from his mind the religious creed of his contemporaries; but, while engaged in this process, may suffer his imagination to be impregnated by other princi-

ples no less at variance with philosophy. Paganism, in its loftier and more poetical forms, died out with the republics; but there still remained in Macedonian times, an invincible faith in terrestrial wonders, in miracles of physical nature, and whatever appeared to lie beyond the boundaries of mere national traditions.

For this reason Alexander's army could scarcely, by any authority, have been induced to undertake an expedition to the desert for political purposes. But over these rude men, though not over their leaders, paganism exerted an irresistible sway. What religion commanded, they would cheerfully undertake; so that, when their general gave out that his design was to consult the oracle, a lively enthusiasm was kindled among his followers, who uncomplainingly prepared to accompany him. Unfortunately, the historians of antiquity, with the exception, perhaps, of Herodotus, are little apt to indulge in explanations; so that events and circumstances which would be perfectly intelligible if we knew in what they originated, and how they were brought about, now, at this distance of time, appear marvellous, or altogether past belief. We are told, however, that the escort—for it seems to have been nothing more—which accompanied Alexander to Ammonium, carried a supply of water and provisions on camels; and that, through accident or negligence, they were, at the end of four days, nearly perishing with thirst, and would in all likelihood have been cut off but for the timely occurrence of a storm of rain.

Those whose experience of the desert has been acquired much further inland, are surprised to hear of rain, and almost inclined to treat it as a fable. But Mr. Bayle St. John,* the latest traveller who has visited the Oasis, and, with the exception of Browne, the only Englishman who has ever been at Siwah, speaks, in his highly interesting and instructive work, of vast cisterns, tanks, and reservoirs cut in the solid rock, which in old times retained the produce of the showers for the purpose, chiefly, of irrigation. But this system would not appear to have been adopted

so early as the age of Alexander of Macedon. It was apparently at a much later period, when the Greek colonies of Cyrenaica had been filled with a hardy and enterprising population, that the idea suggested itself of extending the domains of agriculture over these seemingly sterile wastes. Experience had taught them that, in Africa, wherever there is moisture there is fertility; and that, consequently, by the aid of irrigation, the desert may be made to bloom like the rose. They also discovered that, for at least one hundred and fifty miles from the Mediterranean, rain falls constantly at certain seasons of the year in lesser or greater quantities, which, being received in water-tight tanks, may, by artificial means, be preserved from evaporation, and distributed over the country, so as to convert the otherwise fleeting dust into a prolific soil. At the present hour the southern and eastern skirts of the Libyan desert are in many places fringed with vegetation, where the peasants retain sufficient courage to develop their industrial instincts. Water is conveyed from the Nile through small channels, and distributed over the sand, which, while moist, is sowed with the seed of cucurbitaceous plants, which, creeping, and spreading around their large thick leaves, assist in retaining moisture in the soil. It was the same plan, doubtless, which was followed in this part of Marmarica. Melons, water-melons, gourds, cucumbers, pumpkins, prepared the way for vineyards and palm groves. Gardens were everywhere formed in the hollows, vineyards on the slopes, until cultivation had imparted a second life to the soil, which was further enriched by the congregation and presence of men and animals.

No historical record remains of the manner in which these wastes of sand were rendered prolific; but, by studying the processes elsewhere followed, and carefully considering the remains of civilization still existing, we may form what will probably be a tolerably correct idea of the extent to which tillage was carried, as well as of the manner in which it was pursued. Mr. Bayle St. John is a very able and careful observer, and, while following in the track of Alexander the Great, was not so dazzled by the glory of his military exploits as to neglect the relics of the less showy but more valuable arts of peace. His researches in this part of the desert throw great light on Alexander's movements. Travelling much more slowly than the Macedonians, he and his companions had leisure to observe, and would

* "Adventures in the Libyan Desert and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon." By Bayle St. John. London: Murray. 1849. The style of this volume is easy, polished and elegant, and its descriptions full of freshness and poetry. There is no redundancy. Every word used is introduced for a special purpose; and the reader, when arrived at the end, wishes it were twice as long. This is praise which can be bestowed on very few books indeed, but the "Adventures in the Libyan Desert" highly deserve it.

appear to have been particularly attentive in studying, every circumstance which could throw light on this the wildest of all the expeditions of the conqueror of Darius. Historians in the later ages of Grecian literature had relinquished the system of Herodotus and Thucydides; they no longer judged it necessary to visit the regions they described, to converse with and live among the people whose manners and institutions they undertook to illustrate, but, like the mere *litterateurs* of the present day, contemplated mankind through their libraries; and, when they had arranged a few polished periods, and connected together the ideas supplied by others, imagined they had written history.

For this reason, it is impossible to institute a comparison between the condition of Marmarica, or even of Ammonium itself, in those days, with the state in which we now find them. But then, as now, there were Bedawins in the desert. Further to the west, there were Mogrebins and Berbers, with other tribes now extirpated by war or lost by the admixture of races. War also, it would seem, formed the favorite amusement of these independent tribes, though they would appear to have applied themselves with much diligence to trade and commerce, and all the processes of industry practicable in such climates and under such governments as they enjoyed. As from the eastern, so from the western desert, the Bedawins came down every year to buy corn in Egypt, or rather, perhaps, to barter their dates, antelope skins, charcoal, precious stones, and odoriferous gums and spices, for that great staple of human subsistence. Alexander followed the traces of these caravans, which, having been marked out by the nature of the ground, continue to be the very same to the present hour. We may imagine the Macedonians, therefore, drinking at the well of Emrum and Jemäima, passing through the gates of the Milky Mountains, traversing the wild and terrific pass of the Crow, lingering awhile at the little oasis of Garah, and ultimately arriving at that *ἀναχωρησις*, or island of the blessed, which the god Ammon had selected as the seat of his greatest oracle.

The future editors of Arrian and Quintus Curtius, Plutarch and Diodorus Siculus, will find many of their perplexities removed by the assistance of Mr. Bayle St. John's little volume, which is learned without pedantry, and breathes a healthful air of enthusiasm without the slightest affectation of it. Many persons who still continue to read ancient authors, consider it necessary to defend them-

selves against the charge of pedantry, by yielding but a mitigated belief to anything they read; as the common failing once was to adopt, without doubt or reasoning, whatever antiquity had left us, so it is at present the fashion to look down upon the writers of those times as little better than barbarians. But judgment is shown, not by indiscriminately rejecting everything, but by knowing when to believe, and when to call in question. For example, the ancients tell us that certain regions with which they were familiar, exhibited in their day signs of immense fertility, whereas they have now for ages been smitten with the curse of barrenness. What, in this case, are we to do? Shall we, with many critics, altogether set aside the testimony of the old historians, and maintain that such as the world is now it has always been? Or shall we investigate, and endeavor to discover whether there may not have been causes in operation which would sufficiently account for the changes that have taken place? Greece, before it was disforested, possessed many large rivers, and innumerable small streams and brooks. The former have now dwindled into rivulets, while the latter have ceased to exist. The explanation is easy. The sources of rivers are not in the earth, but in the heavens; and forests are the channels through which Jove pours his moisture into the bosom of the earth. As these in Greece have been swept away, the clouds now pass over the mountains without resting there, and exhaust their treasures in the unproductive sea. This truth was well understood in antiquity, and has been strikingly exemplified in our own day by what has occurred in the Mauritius. When we took that island from the French, we found the summit of nearly all the hills and mountains clothed with woods, which, with more enterprise than wisdom, we forthwith proceeded to cut down. The immediate consequence was, the shrinking or drying up of the streams; and we should soon have converted the whole island into a desert, had we not discovered our error in time, and endeavored, as far as possible, to repair the mischief already done, by making fresh plantations on the mountains, which, as they grew, effected their purpose as before.

In the oases, the ignorance of modern times, accompanied by more than corresponding idleness, has effected a still more deplorable metamorphosis. The ancients knew no other way of expressing the extreme beauty and fertility of these spots, than by comparing them to the Amenti of the Egyp-

tians, those happy and fortunate islands, blessed with everlasting sunshine, in which the souls of the virtuous, when emancipated from their tabernacles of clay, enjoy eternal felicity. The oldest of the epic poets of Greece speaks in the following terms of these fabulous isles :

"Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime,
The fields are florid with unfading prime ;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow ;
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale."

The Æolian bard, also, who possessed an imagination of singular vigor and fertility, speaks of these happy abodes with equal enthusiasm :

"But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phæbus with an equal ray,
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ.
There no uneasy wants restrain,
To vex th' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And waste their strength with unabating toil,
A frail, disastrous being to maintain ;
But in their joyous, calm abodes,
The recompense of justice they receive,
And in the fellowship of gods,
Without a tear, eternal ages live ;
While, banished by the Fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious soul infest.
But they who, in true virtue strong,
The third purgation can endure,
And keep their minds from fraudulent wrong
And guilt's contagion pure—
They through the starry paths of Jove
To Saturn's blissful seat remove,
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the blest island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain ;
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears ;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Arrayed in golden bloom, refulgent beams ;
And flowers of golden hue that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams :
These, by the blest in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolled heads and clustering locks adorn."

All the other poets, and some prose writers of antiquity, whose subject would permit them to digress to the *μαχαρὰν νῆσον*, delighted to indulge their fancies with pictures of these verdant paradises. There rose the fane of Ammon—there welled forth in sparkling brilliancy the Fountain of the Sun—there the palm groves yielded an inexhaustible

supply of white, yellow, and blue dates. There was tasted in perfection the fruit of the lotus tree—not that symbolical lotus which maddened the senses in the Nilotic valley—but the real fruit of the earth, in taste like a mangustene, and in color like gold painted with streaks of red. Side by side with these grew also the banana's most luscious fruit, and the cooling water-melon, and the refreshing pomegranate with its crimson seeds, with a thousand smaller luxuries, not the least of which are fragrant flowers, the most ethereal of all earth's children.

When Mr. Bayle St. John stood on the summit of the Mount of Tombs, after having visited the ruins of Ammon's Temple, and cooled his lips at the Fountain of the Sun, he discovered on all sides enough to justify the most glowing descriptions of antiquity. In the story of the phantom camel, the gardens of Irem are compared to an emerald set in a golden ring. The Oasis of Siwah or Jupiter Ammon might easily be made to rival the paradise of Sultan Shedad.

Gardens more luxuriant than those of Rosetta, large palm groves, thickets of banana, pomegranate, olives, and fig-trees ; fields of bright green Egyptian clover, intersected in all directions by pebbly streams and fringed brooks, and encompassed by the desert, and ranges of salt lakes with margins as white as snow ; these are some of the features which impart beauty to the Oasis. But there are others. The desert itself is replete with savage beauty. Rolling its wild waves towards this small valley, as if to engulf it in torrents of sand, the power of nature stops at a given spot, while the salt lakes interpose between the ever-restless ocean and the sweet, green isle which it encompasses. The spaces covered with dazzling salt are compared by our traveller himself to glaciers just beginning to melt ; and when he descends from his lofty point of view, and comes to speak of the beauties of the country in detail, he dilates with much pleasure on the many agreeable walks he took during his stay. There is generally a garden wall or a fence on either hand of the lanes, with pomegranate trees bursting over it in redundant luxuriance, and hanging their rich, tempting, purple fruit within reach of the hand, or the deep green fig-tree, or the apricot, or the huge ragged leaf of the banana, or the olive, or the vine. The spaces between them are not left idle, being carpeted with a copious growth of bursim and lucerne, that loads the air with its fragrance, and is often chequered

with spots of a green light that steals in through the branchy canopy above. Sometimes a tiny brook shoots its fleet waters along by the wayside, or lapses slowly with eddying surface, nestling gently between grassy banks, or babbling over a pebbly bed. Here and there a wide bridge of palm-trunks is thrown across, but the glassy current frequently glides at will athwart the road. At one place there is a meadow, at another a copse; but on all sides the date-trees fling up their columnar forms, and wave aloft their leafy capitals. Occasionally a huge blue crane sails by on flagging wing to alight on the margin of some neighboring pool; the hawk or the falcon soars or wheels far up in the air; the dove sinks fluttering on the bough; the quail starts up with its short, strong, whirring flight; and sparrows, with numerous other small predatory birds, go sweeping across the fields. Sometimes you may observe the hard-working black turning up huge clods with his mattock; asses are driven past, laden with dried "aghouli;" files of camels move along in the distance on the borders of the desert. From some points the castellated capital is descried down a long vista; or the village of Gharmy rises aloft on its inaccessible rock; or the majestic fragment of the sanctuary of Ammon, which has so bravely stood the brunt of ages, may be seen still standing erect in the midst of its silent glade.

The reader of imagination will easily be able to represent the Macedonian conqueror and his followers proceeding between these garden walls, beneath the shade of pomegranates, fig-trees, and bananas, to learn the response of the oracle. In those days the Ammonians were not unaccustomed to magnificence. Princes and ambassadors from all parts of the pagan world, thronged thither to consult the Jupiter of the Nile; and, therefore, when Alexander, with the hereditary pomp of his nation, and more than its hereditary pride, proceeded towards Ombeidah, he displayed, perhaps, scarcely a shade of grandeur beyond what the natives of the Oasis had witnessed before.

When he arrived at the temple, and entered within the Temenos, or sacred inclosure, the chief priest, advancing, addressed him in the name of Ammon, as the son of that god; to which Alexander replied, that he accepted the title and acknowledged it. The first question he put—for, in regard to his being the son of Ammon, the priests had anticipated his wishes—was, whether he should be able to achieve the conquest of the

whole earth? To which the ready reply was, that his father had destined him to become universal lord of mankind. Then, forgetting his divine parentage, and obeying the natural impulse of the affections, he demanded whether all the persons concerned in his father's murder had been punished? To this the priest replied, that it was not in the power of mortal man to injure his father, but that the individuals engaged in the assassination of Philip had already paid the penalty of their crime. He then went on to say that Alexander should prove invincible till raised in due time to his place among the gods. His followers then came forward and put no other question than this, whether it were lawful for them to pay divine honor to their victorious king? To which the priest, with ready flattery, replied that Ammon willingly consented they should adore his son.

The history of this transaction shows that, although mankind still consulted oracles, they put but very little faith in them; for it could not but be evident to all observing men present, that the whole affair was a theatrical exhibition got up to impose upon the vulgar. In the earlier ages it was different; oracles were not then organized impostures, though they were, of course, always based on the unfounded supposition that heaven, when consulted in a particular manner, deigned to give audible responses to the inquiries of man. Whoever is acquainted with the natives of the East, must be aware how prone they still are to superstition, and how easy it is to excite their enthusiasm and impose upon their credulity. They believe, and never affect to deny, that the world is filled with several orders of spirits, whose business or whose pleasure it is to hold intercourse with man, to guide his present actions, and to reveal to him the color of the future. If there be less of this feeling in the West, you must not thence conclude that it is, or ever can be, extinct. Indeed, travellers even from England often exhibit in the valley of the Nile a stretch of credulity, which would do no discredit to the most illiterate Arab. If, then, we carry our minds back to the infancy of civilization, when the whole philosophy of nature was a still greater mystery than it is now, it would not be difficult to conceive how men could persuade themselves into the belief that they were holding intercourse with heaven. Even at the present day the wanderer from Europe feels, as he breathes the air of the desert, that it is pervaded by the influence of superstition. He listens at night with a sort of

breathless eagerness, as if he expected the voice of nature to become audible, because there are influences at work around him which induce him to personify her, to clothe her with intellectual attributes, and to imagine that she sympathizes visibly with man.

Still, from the tenor of Alexander's questions, and the replies made to them, it is impossible to doubt that the whole was a political stratagem, put in play by the conqueror, in conjunction with the priests of the Nile, for the purpose of operating on public opinion. The vulgar easily seize upon rumor, and convert it into truth. Accepting it with doubt and misgiving at first, they soon familiarized it to their minds, and found themselves interested in maintaining what they received without examination. The saying of the oracle was soon spread through all lands; and it cannot be doubted that it reached the valley of the Nile before the return of the son of Ammon himself. He was destined to become the king of the whole earth. Ammon had declared so much; and, therefore, though the king of Persia might still choose to fight for his crown, the idea insinuated itself into his army, and unbraced the sinews of those most devoted to his service. It was a precisely similar idea that sat on the edge of Mohammed's sword, and gave him perpetual victory. He was the prophet; commissioned to instruct the nations, and, at the same time, to subdue them. It was therefore, in some respects, impious to contend against him.

Alexander, though a man of genius, and an astute statesman, was still too little the master of his own passions to keep up the imposture. Constantly allured and subdued by pleasure, by wine, feasting, and the blandishments of women, he often forgot the thought of empire, and descended to the level of his meanest courtier; gradually yielding more and more to the suggestions of his senses, a poison put a period to his life, and sent him still victorious to the stars. Literally, therefore, was the declaration of the Oracle fulfilled. He met with no serious reverses during his whole life, as he went on adding kingdom after kingdom to his empire,

while he was every day losing more and more his command over himself.

It was in the footsteps of this man, Mr. Bayle St. John went to and returned from the Oasis of Siwah, which few Europeans have visited since the Oracle ceased to utter responses. It is now inhabited by a fierce race of Berbers, imbued with all the prejudices of El-Islam, but still capable of being subdued by long-continued acts of forbearance and courtesy. During the stay of Mr. St. John and his companions, however, they displayed the most inhospitable disposition; though, towards the end, they exhibited some tokens of a desire to make amends for their ill-behavior. A few weeks more would probably have opened for the travellers the way into the City of Salt; but they were weary of ill-usage, of being shot at in their tents at night, of being refused provisions, and incessantly threatened with starvation. We cannot wonder, therefore, that when, at the eleventh hour, the Sheikh of the Oasis entreated them to prolong their stay, and even to return when they had actually started, they should have persisted in quitting so disagreeable a race, with whose caprice and insolence nothing but the moderation and curiosity of travellers could have induced them to put up so long. The reader, we think, will derive much pleasure and instruction from Mr. Bayle St. John's volume, which describes a portion of the desert which has very rarely been visited. We ourselves have beheld it far southward, within the tropics, where the atmosphere is never moistened by a single shower, where no cloud is ever visible, and where the sun rises and sets in unmitigated splendor from one year's end to another. This grand monotony is not beheld in Marmarica. There the travellers sometimes walk beneath a canopy of rosy clouds, which cover the whole arch of the horizon for a few minutes before the sun goes down. This also is beautiful, though we prefer the imperturbable serenity which broods over the interior wastes, and renders them so delicious to the imaginative traveller.

ITALIAN REFUGEES.—Accounts from Marseilles represent that city as being literally inundated with Italian refugees. They were flying in all directions from Genoa, to escape being massacred in the midst of popular

emeutes, or robbed by Piedmontese soldiers, or killed by those of Radetzky. The routes to Switzerland and to France were crowded with these unfortunate refugees. More than 300 arrived at Marseilles in one day.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

LITERARY IMPOSTURES OF LAUDER AND BOWER.

MR. ISAAC D'ISRAELI, in his "Curiosities of Literature," has remarked that some of the most sinister literary forgeries in modern times have been perpetrated by Scotchmen, and he instances Lauder and Bower—two of the *blackest* sheep of the world of letters. The disgraceful fraud of which the former stands convicted, so unparalleled for its meanness, baseness, and dishonesty, has justly condemned him to eternal infamy, and rendered his name a by-word of contempt. To the credit of English literature, it did not indeed long remain undiscovered, and it may at least be said to have had one beneficial effect—that of placing the unwary on their guard against an unscrupulous disputant, and of demonstrating the importance and necessity of occasionally verifying a quotation, and testing a doubtful assertion.

William Lauder was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he acquired the reputation of considerable scholarship. It is not improbable, however, that his unamiable disposition displayed itself in some shape during his academical career, for at its close he was unsuccessful in all his efforts to obtain preferment in the University. He was first a candidate for the professorship of Latin, and afterwards for the office of librarian. Having been in both instances rejected, he tried for one of the masterships of the High School, and was also unsuccessful. In 1739, he published an edition of Johnson's Latin translation of the Psalms, with other passages of sacred poetry; but, however creditably he might have executed his task, the speculation was not a profitable one. Soured by disappointments, he came to London, where we find him engaged, at the time he became notorious, as a teacher of the classics. In 1747 he commenced his attack on the reputation of Milton, in various communications to the "Gentleman's Magazine," in which the great poet was denounced as an unprincipled plagiarist. These papers having led to some controversy, and excited some attention, Lauder was induced

to collect them, and in 1750 he republished them in a volume, entitled, "An Essay on Milton's use and abuse of the moderns in his *Paradise Lost*;" with the motto, taken from Milton—

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

The work is preceded by a characteristic advertisement from Lauder, which states that "Gentlemen who are desirous of securing their children from ill example, or are themselves inclined to gain or retrieve the knowledge of the Latin tongue, may be waited on at their own houses by the author of the following Essay;" an announcement certainly calculated to convey the idea that the "canny Scot" regarded his erudite performance as an excellent mercantile speculation, and favorable medium of publicity. To render the work more remarkable, the preface and postscript were contributed by Dr. Samuel Johnson. The latter contained a charitable appeal on behalf of Milton's granddaughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, who was then living and in great distress, as will appear from the following quotation from the Rev. Dr. Newton's *Life of Milton*, with Johnson's eloquent remarks—

"Such is the caprice of fortune, this granddaughter of a man who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years, with her husband, kept a little chandler's or grocer's shop for their subsistence, lately at the Lower Holloway, in the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock Lane, not far from Shoreditch church."

"That this relation is true cannot be questioned; but surely the honor of letters, the dignity of sacred poetry, the spirit of the English nation, and the glory of human nature, require that it should be true no longer. In an age in which statues are erected to the honor of this great writer, in which his effigy has been distributed on medals, and his work propagated by translations and illustrated with commentaries; in an age which, amidst all its vices and all its follies, has not become infamous for want of charity, it may be surely allowed to hope that

the living remains of Milton will be no longer suffered to languish in distress."

The authors from whom Lauder accused Milton of borrowing without acknowledgment, were some of them all but unknown in what was then called the learned world. Among them were Masenius, a Jesuit of Cologne; Taubmann, a German; and Staphorstius, a learned Dutchman. From these and other authors passages were quoted, in some of which there was a general resemblance, and in others a close similarity to the most admired portions of *Paradise Lost*. Many of Milton's admirers were surprised and confounded to find their idol in some instances a mere translator, the appropriator of the language and imagery of a few laborious versifiers, whose obscurity had secured him from detection. Having apparently established his charges by quotations, Lauder artfully proceeded to support them by indirect evidence, of which we annex a specimen—"Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew," he says, "in 1675 published a work, entitled '*Theatrum Poetarum*, or a Complete Collection of Poets, ancient and modern,' which performance is probably nothing else but a short account of all the poetical authors in his uncle's library, of which he had the perfect use and knowledge by his having been employed by him as an amanuensis. In the exercise of this office, he must have been privy to the secret practice of his uncle in rifling the treasures of others, and that he was privy to it, I think is manifest from his passing over in silence, in the above-mentioned piece, all those authors that Milton was most obliged to." Farther on, he suggests a still more remarkable proof of Milton's felonious practices. "I cannot," he continues, "omit observing here, that Milton's contrivance of teaching his daughters to read, but to read only, several learned languages, plainly points the same way as Mr. Phillips's secreting and suppressing the books to which his uncle was most obliged. Milton knew well the loquacious and incontinent spirit of the sex (!), and the danger on that account of entrusting them with so important a secret as his unbounded plagiarism; he therefore wisely confined them to the knowledge of the words and pronunciation only, but kept the sense and meaning to himself."

But Lauder's triumph was of short duration. The detection of the imposition and the chastisement of the impostor fell into able hands. Upon its first publication, the

work attracted the attention of the Rev. John Douglas, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, whose jealous regard for the reputation of Milton induced him to investigate its contents. Confident of the great poet's integrity, and not content with Lauder's assertions, he proceeded with considerable pains to search for the passages which had been quoted from Masenius, Staphorstius, Grotius, and others. The result was most triumphant; in nearly every instance he found that Lauder had tampered with the text, and had impudently inserted several lines from a translation of the *Paradise Lost* in Latin hexameters, by William Hogg, and others of his own manufacture. The detection was so complete, that the impostor had no alternative but confession. A full avowal of the fraud was accordingly drawn up by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who naturally enough considered his reputation somewhat involved in the transaction, and after some demur, signed by Lauder. Upon a calm review of the whole circumstances of the case, we cannot, however, absolve Johnson from all blame. That he was the dupe of the impostor, and entirely innocent of the fraud, will be readily admitted, but can it be said that he exercised a proper discretion in giving his sanction and support to a charge, the accuracy of which he had not taken the trouble to investigate? It is to be feared that his latent hostility to Milton—his rooted abhorrence of the "sour republicanism" of the great Puritan poet—prompted him to lend a readier ear to Lauder's assertions than can be justified on principles of fairness and candor. When referring to the subject in after years, he said with characteristic sententiousness, believing it perhaps the best defense he had to offer, "In the business of Lauder I was deceived, partly by thinking the man too frantic to be fraudulent."

After the appearance of Mr. Douglas's reply, the following advertisement, (which we quote as a literary curiosity in its way,) was inserted in the public newspapers by Lauder's publishers—

"White Hart, in Paternoster Row,
London, Nov. 28, 1750.

"Upon the publication of the Rev. Mr. Douglas's Defence of Milton, in answer to Lauder, we immediately sent to Lauder, and insisted upon his clearing himself from the charge of Forgery, which Mr. Douglas has brought against him, by producing the books in question.

"He has this day admitted the charge, but with great insensibility.

"We therefore disclaim all connection with him, and shall for the future sell his book only

as a masterpiece of fraud, which the public may be supplied with at 1s. 6d. stitched.

"JOHN PAYNE,
"JOSEPH BOUQUET."

In a second edition of his *Defence of Milton*, Mr. Douglas was enabled to give the result of some further investigations, and the details of Lauder's confession. Among many other instances of audacious fraud, he quotes the following, which may serve as a specimen of the whole. "In the eighty-eighth page of his (Lauder's) *Essay*, we meet with a very extraordinary interpolation. There he has quoted, as from Ramsay, a Scotch poet—

'*Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,*'

a line which never existed but in Virgil. Upon my asking him his reason for being guilty of so unnecessary a piece of fraud, he made no other apology, but that he thought the insertion of this line would be a great improvement to the text of Ramsay. Like an abandoned pickpocket, he cannot abstain from his infamous occupation, even when there can be no temptation to exercise it."

A curious instance of another description of fraud is afforded in one of his communications to the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," where he quotes two lines from the "*Adamus Exul*" of Grotius—

"*Lacusque vivi sulphuris semper fluunt
Et ampla vacuo spatia laxantur loco*"—

which he asserts were thus borrowed and appropriated by Milton—

"And lakes of living sulphur ever flow,
And ample spaces"—

a translation which it must be presumed is Lauder's own, as the passage is not to be found in Milton!

Notwithstanding the complete exposure of his fraud, his abject apology, and infamous character, in 1754 Lauder commenced another attack on the reputation of Milton, by the publication of a tract, entitled, "*King Charles I. vindicated from the charge of plagiarism brought against him by Milton, and Milton himself convicted of forgery,*" &c.

"Destroy his web of sophistry in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again."

The alleged object of this pamphlet was to vindicate the authenticity of a prayer in the *Icon Basilike*, (a work commonly attrib-

uted to King Charles I.) The introductory sentences clearly show that Lauder was still smarting under the infliction he had received from the pen of Mr. Douglas, and his clumsy attempts at vindication are somewhat amusing. He had intended to publish a collection of modern Latin poets from whom Milton had borrowed; "but all at once," he says, "my hopes were dashed to pieces, and my project entirely defeated, by the Rev. Mr. Douglas, who, conscious of the unpopularity of my subject, unfairly and ungenerously took occasion for an overcharge of twenty or thirty lines in my *Essay on Milton*, to discredit the reputation of the whole; though, I still maintain, with no more justice than if, by paying twenty pieces, he should falsely or vainly imagine he had conscientiously discharged a debt of a thousand." In his former work he had disavowed any feeling of hostility towards Milton, and had even spoken of him with respect and admiration; he now threw off the mask, and with frantic malignity denounced him as "an odious and presumptuous liar, an abandoned monster of mankind, of insatiable avarice, of unbounded ambition, implacable malice, unparalleled impudence, and shocking impiety."

But little attention was paid to the raving and railing of the wretched Zoilus, however clamorous and indecent, after his recent and complete discomfiture. Consigned upon all hands to contumely and neglect, it is not surprising that he should have sought relief in exile. The last we hear of him is, that he kept a school for some time in the island of Barbadoes, and died there about the year 1771.

The exposure of Lauder was not the only service of the same kind rendered by Mr. Douglas to the literary world. With equal address he unmasked another impostor who occupied for some years a large share of the public attention, but whom we will dismiss with a very brief notice. Archibald Bower, the individual to whom we allude, was born at Dundee in the year 1686, and at the age of sixteen was sent to the Scotch Jesuit college at Douay. Four years afterwards he was removed to Rome, and admitted into the order of Jesus. After the usual novitiate, he was sent to Fano, and he afterwards became philosophical reader in the college of Arezzo. He was from thence transferred to Macerata, where he remained till the year 1726. He had now reached the age of forty, a period of life when the passions are generally supposed to be under the control

of the judgment; he had hitherto manifested no distaste for the pursuits in which he had been educated, when all at once he came to the resolution of quitting the Jesuits, and flying from Italy. It was afterwards alleged by him, as the principal reason for his departure, that he was shocked and disgusted by the cruelties practised in the Inquisition, but his enemies assign a very different cause,—namely, a disgraceful abuse of his ecclesiastical functions, which rendered it dangerous for him to remain where he was. His escape was attended with some difficulty, and he has worked it up into a narrative highly colored, and diversified with marvellous incidents and adventures. Having taken refuge in England, he avowed himself, with some reservation, a convert to Protestantism. "I declined," he says, "at first conforming to any particular church, but suspecting all alike, after I had been so long and so grossly imposed on, I formed a system of religion to myself, and continued a Protestant for the space, I think, of six years, but a Protestant of no particular denomination." Considerable interest was taken by the public in the supposed proselyte; many generous and powerful friends came forward to assist him, and being a man of ability, he easily obtained literary employment. It is rather a singular fact that he was engaged on the Universal History with George Psalmanasar, the celebrated impostor of Formosan notoriety. In the course of a few years he had saved a considerable sum of money, with which he resolved to purchase a life annuity. Proceeding to London for this purpose, according to his own account, he accidentally met with one Mr. Hill, a Jesuit, "who transacted money matters as an attorney," with whom he concluded a bargain. Whatever might have been the real nature of this transaction, it seems very clear that Bower, notwithstanding his assumed Protestantism, was in constant intercourse and communication with the princi-

pal English Jesuits, and this was satisfactorily shown by Mr. Douglas, in a pamphlet, entitled, "Six Letters from Archibald Bower to Father Sheldon, Provincial of the Jesuits in England," in which his double-dealing and hypocrisy were proved by incontrovertible evidence. Matters stood thus when he published the first volume of his "History of the Popes," which called forth another pamphlet from his indefatigable adversary. He was now charged by Mr. Douglas not merely with religious duplicity, but with a piece of shameful plagiarism in appropriating to himself the work of De Tillemont, a French historian, without notice or acknowledgment. In order that there might be no mistake, Mr. Douglas printed a few chapters of De Tillemont page by page with Bower, and thus triumphantly exposed the fraud. A lengthened controversy followed, and dull and uninteresting as the details of such a dispute may now appear, no less than twenty-two pamphlets were published on the subject. The dishonesty and hypocrisy of Bower were thus made patent to the world. Mr. Garrick, it is said, at one time contemplated caricaturing him on the stage, in revenge for a contemptuous notice in the impostor's "Summary view of his controversy with the Papists," in which he had spoken of Mr. Garrick as a "gentleman who acted on the stage, and Mrs. Garrick, alias Violetta," as a lady "who within these few years danced upon the stage. The gentleman, though no Roscius, is as well known and admired for his acting as the lady for her dancing, and the lady was as well known and admired for her dancing as the gentleman is for his acting; and they are in that sense *par nobile*." We may conclude this article by stating that Archibald Bower died in the year 1766, at the age of eighty, and that he was buried in Marylebone churchyard, where a monument was erected to his memory, with an inscription attesting his purity and innocence.

INSANITY OF ROSSINI.—Rossini, the most popular of living composers, is stated, in private letters from Italy to Paris, to have become insane. He had not been able to bear up against the shock of political events. Persecuted as a moderate, by a revolutionary faction who were exasperated at the ruin of their cause—having escaped miraculously from a furious band who had come to kill

him, and who not having found him, had shot him in effigy—Rossini only preserved his life, and his great mind has been shattered by such terrible emotion. Great composers would seem to be especially liable to these attacks of mental derangement. Mozart, Donizetti, and now Rossini, are on the list of illustrious victims.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Tour in the United States. By Archibald Prentice.

The record of a tour undertaken for the purposes of health and information in the summer of last year, by a man well qualified to judge of the capacities, manners, and prospects of the American people. Mr. Prentice was a member of the Council of the late "League;" and he brings the subject of free commerce prominently forward in these letters—but not in a way to annoy even the most fastidious and anti-political reader. On all other points he is singularly free from prejudice, and gives his impressions of men and things in a calm and dispassionate tone which at once entitles them to confidence. If we cannot assert that Mr. Prentice has added much to our knowledge of the country visited, we can say that he has added a pleasant gossiping book to our library of transatlantic travel. An hour or so could hardly be more amusingly spent than in following him from the "staid and aristocratic" festivities of Astor House, in New York—now become not less famous in story than our own "Clarendon"—to his anchorage in the Mersey, after a passage of just ten days; which he reminds us, in conclusion, is just the length of his last sea voyage, twenty years ago, from Glasgow to Liverpool.—*Literary Gazette.*

History of Mary Queen of Scots. By Jacob Abbott.

With some nice engravings, representing Scotland three hundred years ago, and the principal scenes in the sorrowful life of Mary, this is an interesting volume for youthful readers. No discussions, either political or moral, of a nature unsuited to their age, are admitted, and there is simply the tale of royal sufferings to occupy the mind with pictures of stern and unstable times.—*Literary Gazette.*

Frontenac; a Poem. By Alfred B. Street.

Mr. Street is one of the writers of whom his country has reason to be proud. His originality is not less striking than his talent. In dealing with the romance of North American life, at a period when the red man waged war with the European settler, he has skilfully preserved that distinctive reality in ideas, habits, and action, characteristic of the Indian tribes, while he has constructed a poem of singular power and beauty. In this respect, "Frontenac" is entirely different from "Gertrude of Wyoming," which presents us only with ideal portraiture. Mr. Street has collected all his materials from nature. They are stamped with that impress of truth which is at once visible, even to the inexperienced eye, and, like a great artist, he has exercised his imagination only in forming them into the most attractive, picturesque, and beautiful combinations.

We can best give an idea of Mr. Street's produc-

tion by saying that it resembles one of Cooper's Indian romances thrown into sweet and various verse. The frequent change of metre is not, we think, advantageous to the effect of the poem as a whole, and the reader uninitiated in the pronunciation of Indian proper names may find their frequent recurrence a stumbling-block as he reads; but the rapidity of the narrative, the exciting incidents of strife and peril which give it life and animation, and the exquisite beauty of the descriptive passages, must fascinate the mind of every class of readers, while the more refined taste will dwell with delight on the lovely images and poetic ideas with which the verse is thickly studded.—*Britannia.*

Visits to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. Robert Curzon, Jun.

A subject full of interest and character is here treated with that neat and gentlemanly pleasantness of style which would impart piquancy to topics in themselves far more threadbare. Mr. Curzon's "visits" to the monasteries were principally paid a dozen years ago, before the summer tourist had begun to turn to the East, as though the journey were a mere "nothing." But by none among the travelling brotherhood or sisterhood have the haunts there sojourned in been so dwelt upon as in any respect to forestall Mr. Curzon's book.—*Spectator.*

Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K. B. Edited by Mrs. Gillespie Smyth. 2 vols.

This correspondence is worthy the pious care with which it has been collected and produced. Sir R. M. Keith was a favorable specimen of the English ambassador in the last century. With him, diplomacy was not regarded as a kind of amateur trifling, at once amusing and profitable, but a serious profession, requiring skill, experience, and diligence. His social qualities and ready wit, while they gained him the favor of every one with whom he was brought into contact, never interfered with his regular transaction of business. Under the most bland exterior he concealed a resolute spirit and a sound judgment. His honesty was incorruptible; his truth never suffered suspicion; nor did his honor ever contract a stain.—*Britannia.*

The Earth's Antiquity in harmony with the Mosaic Record of Creation. By James Gray, M.A.

A welcome light to many yearning for settled opinions on this interesting question. No distortion of facts here; no violence of supposition—volcanoes raging and coal running down their sides, coal mixed with silex, called shale, flying up above the surface, &c.; no compromise either on the side of Scripture or of science; but a solution (we trust satisfactory

to all but the bigoted) upon a basis preserving the integrity of both records—the written and the operated alike.

The origin of the work was the desire to allay an anxiety raised in the author's mind by the startling statements made at meetings of the British Association respecting the earth's vast antiquity. The Rector of Dibley searched for a work to elucidate, in consistency with the Divine Revelation, the facts of an archaic earth; but no such work being found, a personal investigation has happily resulted in the removal of his many doubts and scruples. And the object of the pages before us is to show to others that, "although geology does indeed, in its disclosures relative to an antique world, make large demands upon our belief, and call for a considerable modification of currently entertained biblical interpretations, yet, that the Scriptures of God remain in the midst of these novel revelations conspicuous still as the great standard of truth, manifesting more and more, from every scrutiny, their origin from the one Omniscient Mind, whose finger and whose tongue, whatever may be the apparent discrepancy, ever are in unison, speaking one voice, revealing one consentaneous course of action, alike in his works and in his word."—*Literary Gazette*.

Campaign in France in the Year 1792. Translated from the German of Goethe. By Robert Farie.

This translation of the great German's experience of the invasion of France in the famous campaign of the Duke of Brunswick is not inopportune at this time, when partisan zeal is clamoring loudly for armed intervention in more than one European country—against the sense of the majority of the people. It may be of use at such a moment to go over the horrors and disasters of the campaign of 1792 with such a guide. The book is rendered into its new tongue, on the whole, smoothly and idiomatically.—*Athenaeum*.

The Sea Lions; or, the Lost Sealers. By the Author of "The Red Rover." Three vols. Dently.

Mr. Fenimore Couper had some of the qualities which might have made him the Defoe—as he has occasionally been called the Scott—of America. But defective taste, absence of artistic purpose, and want of mercy on his public have been too strong for his genius. No novel by the author of "The Red Rover" can be utterly disregarded; but few among his recent essays can hope to stand upon the same shelf as their progenitors, produced at a period ere his faults were so fully fixed.—*Athenaeum*.

Adventures in the Lybian Desert and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By Bayle St. John. Murray.

That the common Eastern tour would by no means continue to satisfy the ambition of even the average Eastern tourist must have been foreseen for some time; and accordingly varieties of enterprise are now beginning to attract the halter or the sojourner at Cairo or at Alexandria. English ladies are not content to return home unless they have ridden up into the Rock City of Petra: gentlemen

who used to find the Desert by itself wild enough for their ambitions, must now "do" the Oases if they intend to be distinguished among the fraternity of travellers. Only one Englishman, Mr. St. John believes, had before his own visit in September, 1847, penetrated so far as Jupiter Ammon's "island in the sea of sand." The book is agreeably devoted to his adventures on the journey to "the fane of Ammon" and back again.—*Athenaeum*.

The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace. Vol. I. 4to.

This historical work will extend from 1816 to 1848. The first part was compiled by Mr. Knight, the publisher; the remainder by Miss Martineau.

The volume contains nearly six hundred pages, is illustrated by the portraits of many eminent men, and a number of well-executed maps. It extends from 1816 to 1830, embraces the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, and brings us down to the era of the Reform Bill.

The work appears to us fairly written, although contemporaneous history is difficult to write without prejudice to some party, especially by those who have entered eagerly into the struggles described.

The volumes are most valuable, and will be most valued as records of dates and of facts; and in that point of view they were required in the form in which they are now published.—*Tait's Magazine*.

A Fable for Critics. New York: Putnam.

It is the great fault of American smartness that it will be too smart. The wit of our transatlantic neighbors is waste and wilful—the fun spasmodic. The American humorist loves the cap and bells of the old jester; but shakes them, nevertheless, with a variation of his own. The sharp and exaggerated forms of his 'cuteness' are the one, single distinguishing characteristic which the national literature has as yet displayed.

The book before us is a very clever *jeu d'esprit*, continually marred by its over liveliness. Whim and sense and quaint thinking and fanciful expression and facility of rhyming, which should have been the materials of a clever satire, are all allowed to exhaust themselves to no effect, because the author has none of them "well in hand." Epigrams with real sharp points make no wounds because they fly so very light of feather. The title-page itself gives the key-note of the liveliness, but certainly not that of the cleverness beneath. It is as follows: "Reader! walk up at once (it will soon be too late) and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate *A Fable for Critics*; or better—I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike, an old-fashioned title-page, such as presents a tabular view of the volume's contents—a *Glance at a few of our Literary Progenies* (Mrs. Malaprop's word) from the Tub of Diogenes; that is, a Series of Jokes By a Wonderful Quiz, who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and grace, on the top of the tub. Set forth in October, the 21st day, in the year '48, by G. P. Putnam, Broadway." In fact, here is much that is true in criticism and clear in characterization, discredited by the farce of the tone and the frippery of the language.—*Athenaeum*.



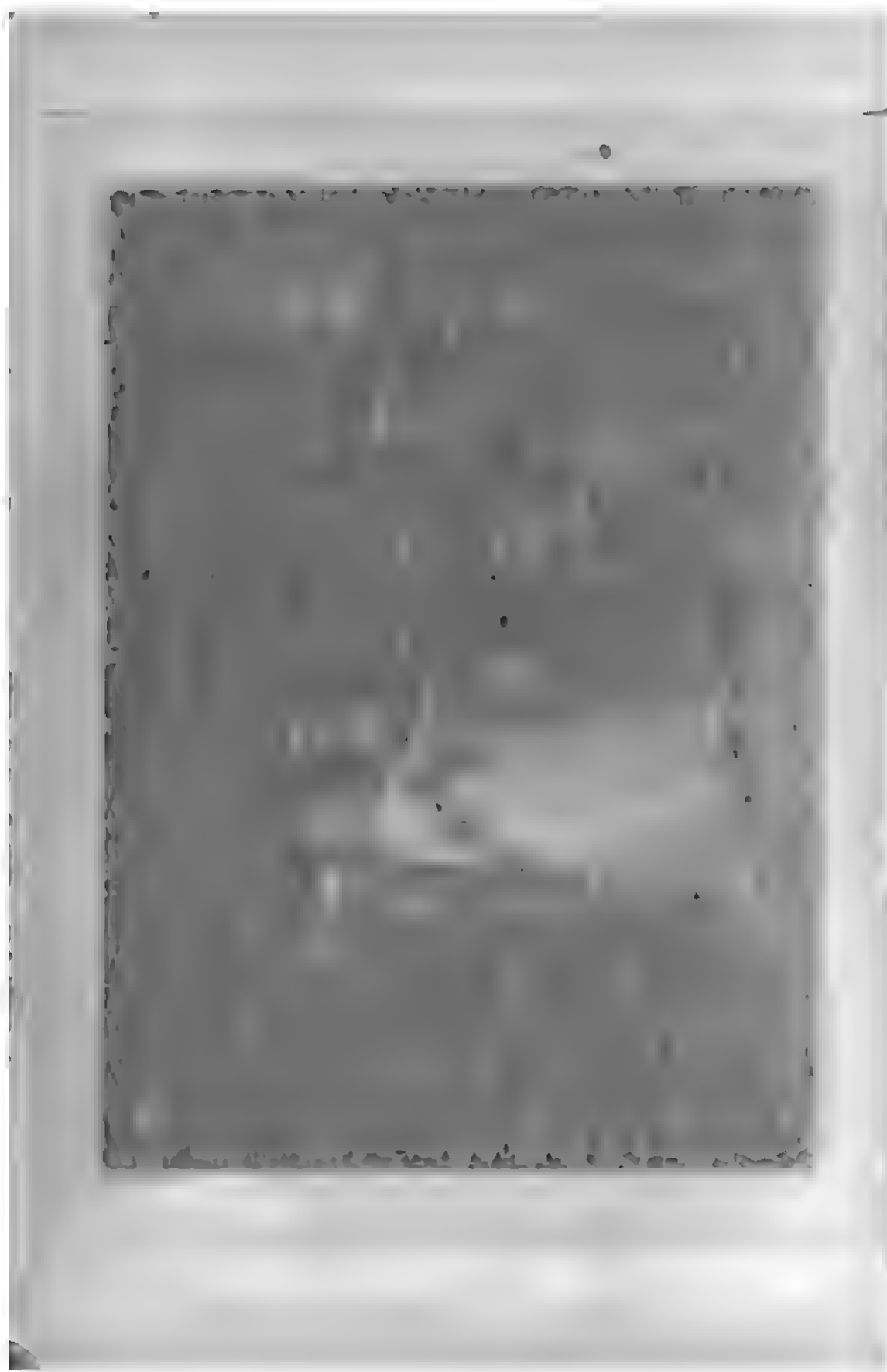


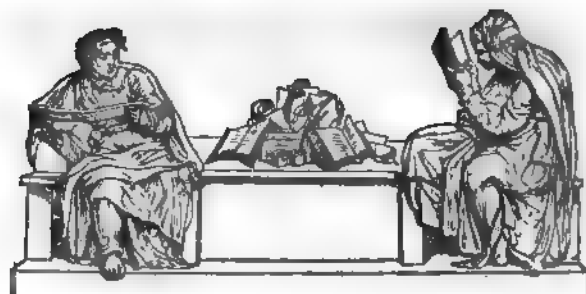


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JULY, 1849.

From the North British Review.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

1. *Mémoires de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino.* Ecrits par lui-même. Londres, 1836.
2. *Le Duc de Reichstadt ; notice sur la vie et la mort de ce Prince.* Par M. de MONTBEL, ancien Ministre du Roi Charles X. Paris, 1832.
3. *Histoire de Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte.* Par A. HENNEQUIN. Paris, 1848.
4. *Œuvres de Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte.* Paris, 1849.
5. *History of the year 1848.* By W. K. KELLY. London, 1849.

IN the year 1785, there died at Montpellier, in the prime of life, a Corsican lawyer, who, in his early youth, had fought by the side of Paoli in the war of Corsican independence, but had afterwards submitted to the fortune that had attached him, together with about 150,000 persons, his fellow-islanders, all of Italian origin, as subjects to the crown of France. His place of residence was the town of Ajaccio, in his native island, where he held the post of assessor to the judicial court; but business obliged him occasionally to visit France, and it was during one of those visits that he died. He left a widow, still a young and beautiful woman, and eight children, of whom the eldest was but seventeen years, and the youngest only three months old. Left in somewhat straitened circumstances, the chief reliance of the family was in a rich old uncle, an ecclesiastic in

the Corsican Church. Two of the children, indeed, had already, in a manner, been provided for. The eldest, a son, had begun the study of the law. The second, a youth of sixteen, had completed his education at the military academies of Brienne and Paris, and had just received, or was on the point of receiving, a sub-lieutenancy of artillery in the French king's army. It was on this young soldier, rather than on his elder brother, that the hopes of the family were fixed. Even the poor father's ravings on his death-bed, it is said, were all about his absent boy, Napoleon, and a "great sword" that he was to bequeath to him.

Sixty-four years have elapsed since then—two generations and part of a third—and what changes have they not seen in the fortunes of the Corsican family! In the first, issuing from their native island, like some

band of old Heracleidæ, and pushing, with their military brother at their head, into the midst of a Revolution that was then convulsing Europe, these half-Italian orphans, whose dialect no one could recognize, cut their way to the centre of the tumult, seize the administration, and are distributed as kings and princes among the western nations. In the second, shattered and thrown down as by a stroke of Apocalyptic vengeance, they are dispersed as wanderers over the civilized world, to increase their numbers, and form connections everywhere. And now, again, at the beginning of a third, there seems to be a gathering of them towards the old centre, as if for a new function in regard to the future. Let us glance for a little at these successive chapters of a most extraordinary family-history, not yet ended.

The outbreak of the Revolution in 1789-90 found the Bonapartes all living together at Ajaccio—the eldest, Giuseppe, or Joseph, in his twenty-third year, a lawyer entering into practice; the second, Napolione or Napoleon, now twenty-one years of age, a lieutenant of artillery on leave of absence; the third, Luciano, or Lucien, a hot-headed young man, five years younger than Napoleon, (one or two intermediate children having died,) and fresh from the College of Autun; the fourth a daughter, Marianna-Anna, afterwards called Eliza, then in her fifteenth year; next to her, Luigi or Louis, a boy of twelve or thirteen; and lastly, the three youngest, still mere infants, Maria-Annonciada, afterwards called Pauline, Maria-Carolina or Caroline, and Gierolamo or Jerome. In the same house with the Bonapartes, and about three years older than Joseph, lived the Abbé Fesch, a half-brother of Madame Bonaparte. All the family, as indeed almost all the Corsicans at that time, were admirers of the Revolution; but the most fervid revolutionist of all was Lucien, who was the juvenile prodigy of the family, and whose speeches, delivered at the meetings of a popular society that had been established at Ajaccio, were the delight of the town. Joseph, older and steadier, took his part, too, in the general bustle; while the lieutenant amused his idleness by long walks about the island, and by writing various essays and sketches, among which is mentioned a History of the Revolutions of Corsica, a manuscript copy of which was forwarded to Mirabeau.

At the second great epoch of the Revolution (1792-3) the Bonapartes were again assembled at Ajaccio, Napoleon having just

returned from that memorable visit to Paris, during which he and Bourrienne, sauntering through the streets, saw the mob attack the Tuileries. At this time the Corsicans were in a fever of excitement, having just received back among them their long-lost idol Paoli, whom the course of events had permitted to return from his exile in England, and whom the French King and National Assembly had invested with the supreme authority in his native island. To the Bonapartes the return of the old friend of their father was particularly welcome; and Joseph and Napoleon willingly gave him their help in the government of the island, while young Lucien, who was his chief favorite, went to live with him as an adopted son. But the progress of the Revolution had stirred strange thoughts in the heart of the veteran. Disgusted with the conduct of the Parisian leaders, he was secretly planning a revolt under the patronage of England, the result of which should be the permanent emancipation, as he hoped, of his darling island from all foreign thralldom. Accordingly, in January, 1793, the Corsicans, under Paoli, again unfurled their old flag of independence. But a movement like this, though it might carry away the rude peasantry of the island, could not draw with it educated young men like the Bonapartes, accustomed to see the future of Corsica only in that of France. Exposed, therefore, to the vengeance of Paoli and his adherents, they were obliged hurriedly to escape from the island altogether, and to cast themselves, as refugees of the Revolution, on the hospitality of their adopted country. What a waif was then cast ashore on France in that Corsican lady and her eight children!

Marseilles became the head-quarters of the Bonaparte family during the Reign of Terror. Here, from 1793 to 1796, they were severally to be either seen or heard of—Joseph, employed as a commissary of war, living in the town, wooing, and at last (1794) marrying a Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, another of whose daughters became the wife of a young officer, named Bernadotte; Napoleon, occasionally at Marseilles, but usually absent in Paris, or elsewhere, already a general of brigade, having been raised to that rank for his services at the siege of Toulon, yet grumbling at his poverty and inactivity, and thinking his brother Joseph “a lucky rogue” in having made so good a match; Lucien, a young firebrand, known over the whole district as “Brutus Bonaparte,” and extremely

popular as a Republican orator, first at Marseilles itself, and afterwards at the small town of St. Maximin, some leagues distant, where he held a civil commission under the Convention, and where, in 1795, he married Mademoiselle Boyer, the sister of an inn-keeper; and lastly, the five younger members of the family living under the same roof with their mother and the Abbé Fesch, and supported jointly by Napoleon and Joseph.

The fall of Robespierre and his party (July, 1794) was a temporary blow to the fortunes of the Bonapartes, connected as they were, on the whole, with that side of the Revolution. General Bonaparte, arrested, and, though almost immediately liberated, still suspected and degraded, thought of quitting France to seek employment in the Turkish service. His brothers Joseph and Lucien lost their appointments and shared the same disgrace. It was not till after the famous 13th Vendemiaire, (4th October, 1795,) when Napoleon blew the insurgent mob to pieces with grapeshot, and thus established the government of the Directory, that the fortunes of the Bonapartes were decided. Appointed in consequence of the supreme command of the army of Italy, Napoleon was able instantly to provide for three of his brothers. Joseph and Lucien received important civil appointments in connection with the army; and young Louis, after a short training at the artillery school of Chalons, was to go to serve under his brother in Italy. To these members of his family, General Bonaparte, before his departure for Italy, in March, 1796, was able to introduce, in the character of relatives, three other persons, whose names were thenceforward to be conspicuous in his history—his bride Josephine, the widow of the Viscount de Beauharnais, then in her thirty-third year, and consequently six years his senior; and that lady's two children by her former marriage—a boy, Eugene, aged about sixteen, and a girl, Hortense, aged thirteen years.

By the splendid successes of Bonaparte in Italy and in Egypt, (1796-9,) a still higher position was earned for his family in the public regard. Corsica, abandoned by the English in 1796, and immediately recovered by the French, was proud to claim as her sons men of such note in Paris as the Bonapartes. In the Council of Five Hundred, both Joseph and Lucien sat as deputies from their native island. Here, partly from their own activity, and partly from their connection with the great General of the Republic, they became at once important men; and Joseph,

on his return from an embassy to the Papal States in 1798, was elected to the secretaryship of the Assembly. The same year (1797) that saw the two brothers in the Council of Five Hundred, saw two of their sisters married—the eldest, Eliza, to Felix Bacchioni, a Corsican of good family, but then only a captain of infantry, and, as Bonaparte thought, not a suitable match for his sister; and the second, Pauline, who was the sprightliest and most beautiful of the three, to General Leclerc, an excellent officer of humble origin, who had become enamored of her during a military mission to Marseilles, and who carried her off from hundreds of despairing lovers. Eliza and Pauline being thus married, and Louis being absent in Italy, where he served along with young Eugene Beauharnais on the staff of his brother, there remained under their mother's roof at Marseilles only Caroline and Jerome, the former about seventeen, and the latter about fifteen years of age.

After the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, (9th October, 1799,) the various members of the Bonaparte family were all re-united in Paris round the persons of the First Consul. Madame Bonaparte, with Caroline and Jerome, came up from Marseilles in the winter; and with them, or about the same time, came, infinitely to the annoyance of the First Consul, hosts of unknown relations by marriage—Bacchioni, Boyers, Clarys, Leclercs, and other odd people from the country—all building high hopes on their connection with the great man that had become the head of the State.

The position of the Bonapartes during the Consulate was that of the first family in France. Joseph, performing the functions of Councillor of State and Tribune, was intrusted by his brother with various important diplomatic commissions, and, among them, with the business of arranging the Concordat with the Pope in 1801. The publication in 1799 of a romance called "*Moina*," had already made him known as an author. Lucien, who had also just made his first literary attempt in a romance called "*Stellina*," published in the same year, was appointed Minister of the Interior, superseding in that office the celebrated mathematician, Laplace. As Minister of the Interior he displayed very great talent and activity; and discourses delivered by him on various public occasions during his brother's Consulate may yet be read with interest. To his two brothers-in-law, Bacchioni and Leclerc, the First Consul also behaved handsomely. Bacchioni

was raised to a colonelcy, and marked out for farther promotion, more for his wife's sake than his own; and Leclerc was first appointed to the command of the army of Portugal, and afterwards (1801) sent out as Governor of the West Indian island of Hayti or St. Domingo, which had been in a state of insurrection since the emancipation of the blacks in 1794. In this expedition Leclerc was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte, accounts of whose fêtes, balls *al fresco*, and magnificent gracefulness, mingle, in the French narratives of the expedition, with the horrors of the yellow fever and the massacres of negro warfare. Meanwhile, Pauline's younger sister, Caroline, was given in marriage at home to a dashing cavalry officer in her brother's army, named Joachim Murat, the son of an innkeeper at Perigord. The history of Louis Bonaparte under the Consulship of his brother was a singular one. Sent by his brother from Italy with dispatches to the Directory, in 1796, he had (being then in his nineteenth year) met at Paris Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, the daughter of an *émigré* Marquis, a relative of Josephine's first husband, and had fallen violently in love with her. Informed of the circumstance by an old friend of the family, who feared that a marriage relationship with a Royalist house might prove injurious to the interests of the Republican general, Bonaparte, to break off the connection, had hastily removed Louis from Paris on a pretended military mission to Lyons. Neither this absence, however, nor the subsequent campaign in Egypt, could remove the impression that had been made on the young man's heart; and Mademoiselle de Beauharnais having been shortly afterwards married to M. de Lavalette, frustrated passion resulted, in a character naturally pensive and affectionate, in a settled and unconquerable melancholy. The entire subsequent conduct of Louis towards his brother was a silent reproach for that one act of fraternal cruelty; and Napoleon, on his side, conscious of the wrong he had done, tried to atone for it by the peculiar kindness with which he ever afterwards treated the unfortunate Louis. After having served as a dragoon officer against the Chouan insurgents of La Vendée, Louis was recalled to Paris. Here Josephine, who had long desired a counterpoise in her husband's family against the influence of his brothers Joseph and Lucien, which she knew to be hostile to her, worked hard to bring about a marriage between him and her daughter Hortense. The young man, still full of his first love, avoided

all advances; nor was Hortense more willing, her heart having been already given to the handsome Duroc, the favorite aide-de-camp of Napoleon. The manœuvres of Josephine, however, prevailed over all obstacles; a ball at Malmaison brought affairs to a point; and on the 4th of January, 1802, was celebrated, amid the rejoicings of the Court, this marriage of state-arrangement—a marriage, on both sides, of reluctance and tears. Hortense's brother, Eugene Beauharnais, had, in the mean-time, notwithstanding his youth, been raised by his all-powerful step-father, to the rank of general; while Jerome Bonaparte, a young scapegrace of sixteen, had entered the naval service, and having gone out, as a ship's lieutenant, in the expedition to St. Domingo under his brother-in-law Leclerc, had, on his return, been sent back, as captain of a frigate, to cruise between Martinique and Tobago. Meanwhile Madame Lætitia, the mother of the Bonapartes, was living in Paris, enjoying the success of so many that were dear to her. Even her half-brother, the Abbé Fesch of Ajaccio, had not been forgotten; ecclesiastical forms having been restored in France, Napoleon took advantage of having a relative in holy orders, and, through his influence with the Pope, had him created first (1802) a Bishop, and afterwards (1803) a Cardinal.

The accession of Napoleon to the imperial dignity, (18th May, 1804,) opened a new era in the history of the Bonaparte family. Civil titles and decorations having been restored, the relatives of the Emperor naturally formed the nucleus of the new aristocracy, that was created in France. Joseph, now thirty-seven years of age, and who was already senator, and grand-officer of the Legion of Honor, was named Prince of France, and Grand Elector of the Empire. Lucien, who was also grand-officer of the Legion of Honor, would have had the same honors as Joseph, had he not about this time incurred the displeasure of his peremptory brother. Napoleon had never been satisfied with the marriage that Lucien had contracted in his youth with Mademoiselle Boyer, the innkeeper's sister of Saint-Maximin, and when, after that lady's death, Lucien again frustrated the scheme of a high alliance, by marrying (1803) the beautiful Madame Jourbeteau, a young widow whose husband had died at Saint Domingo of yellow fever, the rage of the Emperor knew no bounds. Lucien, who was moreover sufficiently high-spirited to differ from his brother occasionally in matters of policy, quitted France altogether, and

(1804) took up his residence in Rome, where he was kindly received by Pope Pius VII., who had previously contracted a personal regard for him. In Rome or its neighborhood, accordingly, Lucien Bonaparte continued to reside during the first years of the Empire, a man of Republican sentiments and liberal tastes, patronizing the arts in a munificent way, talking somewhat freely of his brother, and known to be engaged on a great epic poem in the French language, the subject of which was the Life of Charlemagne, and, in particular, the connection of that hero with the early Papacy. More obedient to his imperial brother than the literary and republican Lucien, Louis Bonaparte was created Prince and Constable of France; Cardinal Fesch received the Archbishopric of Lyons; Eugene Beauharnais was made a prince; Murat also became a prince, and a marshal of the Empire; Bacciochi shared his wife's dignity as a French princess; and Pauline Bonaparte who had returned a widow from Saint Domingo, where the yellow fever had carried off Leclerc, and who had been given in second marriage (Nov. 1803) to the Italian Prince Camille de Borghese, became also a French princess in her own right, and continued to reside in Paris, the delight of the salons, and the pride of her imperial brother, whom she alternately pleased and provoked by her haughty sisterly ways. A separate establishment, with secretaries, chamberlains, &c., was also assigned to the mother of the Emperor, or, as she was now called, MADAME MERE; and with this was conjoined, by way of occupation, a special office created expressly for her by the admirable good taste of Napoleon, and designated the Protectress-ship-general of Charitable Institutions. Lucien was not the only one of her sons for whom the poor lady had to intercede with the Emperor. The young sailor, Jerome, the Benjamin of the family, with whose conduct Napoleon had more than once found fault, was again in disgrace. Driven from his cruising station at Martinique by English vessels, he had touched at the North American coast, and had there (1803) married a Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a Baltimore merchant. When the young couple came to Europe in 1805, Napoleon would not receive the bride as a member of the imperial family; and, at length, not without opposition on the part of the young sailor, the marriage was annulled after one or two children had been born.

The same *Senatus-Consultum* that raised Napoleon to the Empire, provided for the

succession in case of his death. By this decree the imperial crown was settled, first, on Napoleon, and his legitimate male descendants in the order of primogeniture, to the perpetual exclusion of females. Secondly, failing these, on any son or grandson of any of his brothers that Napoleon might adopt, and on the heirs-male of such son or grandson. Thirdly, on Napoleon's eldest brother Prince Joseph Bonaparte, and on his heirs-male in due order; and fourthly, on Napoleon's third brother, Prince Louis Bonaparte, and on his heirs-male in the same order. The exclusion of Lucien and Jerome shows that they were not in such favor with Napoleon as the other two brothers. When, on the 27th November, 1804, the decree was referred for ratification to the French people in their departments, the result was as follows: total number of votes, registered 3,524,254; affirmative votes, 3,521,675; negative votes, 2579.

Another stage still was in reserve in the career of the Bonapartes. A succession of victories and conquests (1805-10) made Napoleon master of continental Europe from the Atlantic on the one side to and beyond the Danube on the other. Here again his relatives and friends were of signal assistance to him. So long as he was only Emperor of France, they had formed but the nucleus of a nation's aristocracy; but now, distributed over a wider space, and bulking individually larger, they were to fulfil his designs as vassal kings and princes among foreign populations.

The following was the manner in which the various members of the Bonaparte family were distributed over Europe during the plenitude of the imperial power. To Eugene Beauharnais was assigned the vice-royalty during Napoleon's life, with the subsequent possession in full, of the so-called kingdom of Northern Italy. To Joseph Bonaparte was assigned (1806) the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; but afterwards, (1809,) greatly to the regret of the Neapolitans, to whom he had rendered himself dear by his really efficient and conscientious government, Joseph was transferred to the less stable throne of Spain. He was succeeded on the throne of the Sicilies by his brother-in-law Murat, whom Napoleon had already created Grand Duke of Berg; nor did the Neapolitans suffer from the change, for Murat and his wife Caroline Bonaparte, fulfilled the duties of king and queen better than any royal pair, their predecessors excepted, that had occupied the Neapolitan throne within recollection. In the parts of Italy that lay be-

tween the Northern kingdom and the kingdom of Naples, territories were assigned to the other sisters of Napoleon—the duchy of Guastalla to the Princess Borghese, and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, with the principalities of Lucca and Piombino, to the Princess Eliza, who, though conjoined with her husband Bacchiocchi in the sovereignty, so completely set him aside in the actual administration, as to procure for herself the name of “the Semiramis of Lucca.” While Spain and Italy were thus provided for, the more northern and eastern parts of Europe were not overlooked. In May, 1806, the inhabitants of Holland received an admirable king in the melancholy and amiable Louis; while Jerome had the kingdom of Westphalia created for him out of certain Prussian and Hessian provinces, and other fragments of the dissolved German empire. As even then the Napoleonic influence in the Germanic parts of Europe might not have been sufficiently strong, care was taken to fortify it by several new alliances arranged by Napoleon between disposable members of his family, and native Germanic houses. Thus for Eugene Beauharnais, who was still unmarried, a wife was found in the Princess Amelia Augusta, the daughter of the King of Bavaria; and in lieu of his former American wife, so harshly parted from him, King Jerome of Westphalia received a royal bride in the Princess Katharina, the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Upon all these distributions and alliances of her sons and daughters, the venerable Madame Lætitia is said to have looked with a calm and only half-believing eye, living quietly at Paris, and carefully economizing her income. “Who knows,” she is reported to have said, “but I may have to keep all those kings and queens one day?” Her son Lucien was the only one of her family that did not wear a crown. At an interview between the two brothers at Mantua, after the peace of Tilsit, Lucien had, indeed, been offered his choice of several thrones, if he would divorce his wife and contract a new alliance agreeable to the Emperor. This offer, however, he had steadily refused, and returning to the Roman dominions, he was glad to retreat into literary leisure at his estate of Canino, near Viterbo, talking somewhat less of politics, and employing himself on the last cantos of his bulky epic, now drawing to a close. The Pope, his constant friend, enrolled him among the Roman nobility with the title of Prince of Canino.

When, to the facts just enumerated, we

add that Prussia and Austria were servile through defeat, that Sweden was governed by the Frenchman Bernadotte, a relative of the Bonapartes, that Russia was acquiescent, and that only Great Britain was stubborn and irreconcilable, we shall have an idea of the distance that Napoleon had advanced in his path to universal empire. To secure what had already been attained, to put all else within his grasp, and to give to the work of his life that roundness and finish that he wished it to have in the eyes of posterity, only one thing farther seemed necessary—his own marriage, namely, with a Princess of the House of Austria. By such a measure, it seemed, two things would be accomplished—the East of Europe would be permanently linked with the West, forming a confederacy so vast in the body, that mere extremities like Russia, Sweden, and Great Britain, would be forced to give in to it; and the triumphant work of modern genius would be guaranteed in a manner satisfactory to the spirit of progressive civilization, by being grafted on the gnarled stock of the whole European past. By such calculations of a moral algebra, did Napoleon reconcile himself to these two important steps in his life—his divorce from the Empress Josephine, registered the 16th of December, 1809; and his marriage with the Archduchess Maria-Louisa, daughter of Francis II. To consummate all his expectations from this marriage, only one thing remained to be desired—the birth of a son. In this also his wishes were satisfied; and on the 20th of March, 1811, the booming of a hundred and one guns over Paris proclaimed the birth of a King of Rome. At his christening, a few days afterwards, the imperial child received the name of Napoléon-François.

But the star of Napoleon had reached its zenith. The disastrous invasion of Russia, followed by the memorable campaigns of 1813–14, laid the work of years in ruins; the entry of the Allied armies into Paris, 31st March, 1814, was the crowning stroke of misfortune; and on the 4th of April was signed the famous act whereby Napoleon unconditionally abdicated, for himself and his heirs, the empire he had so long held. Retaining the imperial title, and receiving from France, as a tribute for his past services, an annual revenue of six millions of francs, (£240,000,) the conqueror was to be shut up for the rest of his days, a splendid European relic, in the little island of Elba. For ten months he endured the captivity, the assembled diplomatists of Europe mean-

while re-arranging at Vienna the chaos that he had left behind him ; but at length the old spirit prevailed in him ; France again contained the Emperor ; Louis XVIII. fled ; and the fluttered diplomatists, kicking over the table at which they had been sitting, had to postpone further proceedings till they should again have caged their imperial bird. But the struggle was short, for the decree had gone forth ; the last hopes of Napoleon were crushed on the field of Waterloo ; and a few months more saw him confined to the distant and solitary rock where he was to wear out the remainder of his grand existence, and from the peaks of which he was still visible to half the world ; a figure to be surpassed, in its kind, only by that of the possible man yet to come, who, receiving the planet in the more manageable shape, to which our telegraphs and our engines for locomotion are fast reducing it, shall deal not with a mere portion of it, like Napoleon, but with its whole rotund mass, handling Europes and Australias as his units, instead of Spains and Englands, absorbing reluctant China in his empire, among whose myriads even Napoleon was unheard of, and pioneering the way by some stupendous despotism, for that concluding era of our civilization, when the human race shall exist but as one self-conscious whole.

At the death of Napoleon in St. Helena, (5th of May, 1821,) there were alive of his family the following individuals : his wife, Maria-Louisa, and her son the ex-king of Rome ; his mother, Madame Lætitia, and her half-brother, Cardinal Fesch ; his four brothers, Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, with their respective families ; his youngest sister, Caroline, the widow of Murat, with her family ; and finally, his step-son, Eugene de Beauharnais, and his step-daughter, Queen Hortense, the wife of his brother Louis. Three of his relatives, therefore, had deceased in the interval—his first wife, the Empress Josephine, whose death had taken place at Malmaison, on the 19th May, 1814, while Napoleon was at Elba ; his second and favorite sister, Pauline, the Princess Borghese, who, abandoned by a timorous husband in 1814, when the fate of the Bonapartes seemed sealed, had gone to cheer her brother's exile at Elba, and returning thence, had died at Rome in 1815, leaving no children ; and his eldest sister, the wife of Bacchiocchi, who had died at Trieste on the 6th of August, 1820, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. Of the remanent members of the family, scattered, as they

were, at the time of Napoleon's death, over all parts of the civilized world, we have now to trace separately the farther fortunes.

And, first, of Maria-Louisa, and her infant son, the king of Rome. Left in Paris by Napoleon, when he set out on the campaign of 1814, the responsibility of protecting them was entrusted to Joseph Bonaparte, who, having been finally expelled from Spain in June, 1813, when the Peninsular war had been brought to a close, had since acted as one of his brother's assistants in the work of retrieving his Russian losses, and had been invested, at this important juncture, with the military command of Paris, in nominal subordination to the regency of the Empress. The orders of Napoleon on his departure had been, that, in the event of an interruption of communications between his army and the capital, the Empress and her son should by all means be placed out of the way of danger. Accordingly, on the news of the approach of the Allies upon Paris, they removed from the Tuileries, and went to Rambouillet. Joined at Rambouillet, after a few hours, by Joseph, the fugitives proceeded to Blois ; and here it was that they heard of the capitulation of Paris, (20th March, 1814,) and of the subsequent abdication at Fontainebleau. One solitary proclamation, dated the 7th of April, and calling on the French people to disregard the proceedings at Paris, and rally round herself and her son, marked the residence of the regent at Blois. When, however, the day after it had been issued, her advisers, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte, wished her to accompany them with her son into the south of France, there to make a last effort, she positively refused. Accordingly, committing herself to the care of the Count Schouvalou, whom the Allied Sovereigns deputed to Blois to wait upon her, she suffered her advisers to consult their own safety by dispersing themselves, and then rejoining her father at Rambouillet, awaited leisurely, like a cold wife and a dutiful daughter, whatever decision the Allies might come to. The provision made for her was sufficiently generous. While her husband was to enjoy in solitude his small sovereignty and large pension at Elba, she and her son, breaking forever all connection with him, were to pass under the tutelage of Austria ; she receiving the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, in full property and sovereignty ; and her son as heir to these duchies, renouncing his title of King of Rome, and assuming that of Prince of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla.

It was on the 2d of May, 1814, that the son of Napoleon quitted the soil where so great a fortune had awaited him, and which he was never to revisit more. A journey of many days conveyed him and his mother from the Rhine to Schönbrunn; crowds gathering in all the towns on the route to see them pass with their escort. The Imperial palace at Schönbrunn, the beautiful summer retreat of the royal family of Austria, where Maria-Louisa had spent her infant years, and where, ere he had contracted his alliance with her, Napoleon had dictated the disorganization of her father's empire, became the residence of the illustrious exiles. Here the infant received the caresses of his Austrian relatives of the Imperial House, who, on examining his features in detail, were delighted to discover in them, as they thought, the true Austrian character. During the sittings of the Congress of Vienna, too, the sovereigns, and other distinguished strangers that were assembled in the Austrian capital, could ride out to Schönbrunn to pay their respects to the daughter of Francis, and to see her little son. So some months passed, when suddenly the startling news reached both Vienna and Schönbrunn, that Napoleon was again in France. Letters even were received by Maria-Louisa from her husband, requiring her immediate return to France with her son; but these, as well as the letters sent to her father, demanding her restoration, remained unanswered. The sovereigns made their preparations; Europe was once more in arms; and the Empress and her infant awaited the issue in the quiet splendors of Schönbrunn. There were some rumors of attempts to carry them off; at all events, a few victories gained by Napoleon would, certainly, have restored them in triumph to his arms, together with all that he had lost; but this was not to be; and the battle that decided so much else, decided that Maria-Louisa and her son were to remain at Schönbrunn. In Napoleon's second abdication, indeed, drawn up three days after the battle of Waterloo, the renunciation was made expressly in favor of his son, whom, accordingly, the document proclaimed Emperor of the French, under the title of Napoleon II. But, though Fouché and others made a stand for a settlement on these terms, as being both the most legal and the most agreeable to the wishes of the nation, the Allied Powers, including even the Emperor of Austria, refused their consent, and Louis XVIII. was reinstated on the throne.

The life of the young Napoleon makes but a meagre little story, interesting, one might say, only from its very insignificance. As if to sever him completely from all the circumstances that had marked his birth, he had hardly set his foot in Austria when the very name he bore was taken from him. The arrangement has been mentioned whereby the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla were assigned to Maria-Louisa, with the reversion to her son. A protest, however, having been lodged against this arrangement by the ex-Queen of Etruria, who demanded the duchy of Parma in behalf of *her* son, the diplomatists were obliged to adjust the matter by a compromise. Maria-Louisa, accordingly, was to possess Parma and the other two duchies during her lifetime; but the reversion of them at her death was to belong, not to her son, but to the Bourbon claimant, Don Charles Louis. Thus was the young Napoleon stripped even of the small heritage that had been guaranteed to him out of all that was once to have been his. During his mother's life, he was to depend on her; and only after her death was he to enter on the possession of a property assigned to him by his grandfather—an estate in Bohemia with a revenue of about £20,000. In the mean time, laying aside his baptismal name of Napoléon-François, he was to assume the name and title of Francis Joseph Charles, Duke of Reichstadt, ranking, by virtue of that title, among the nobility of the Austrian Empire immediately after the princes of the Imperial family, and the Archdukes of Austria.

Only three years of age, when he came with his mother to reside at Schönbrunn, the young Duke of Reichstadt spent the whole remainder of his life either there or at Vienna; only on one or two occasions travelling from either beyond the distance of a few miles. By his grandfather, the Emperor, as well as by all the other members of the Royal family, he seems to have been always treated with extreme kindness. After the departure of his mother for her Italian States, he was committed to the care of various masters, under the superintendence of an Austrian nobleman of rank, the Count Maurice de Dietrichstein. Regarding his early education, only two facts of any interest are mentioned; his excessive reluctance at first to learn German, which, however, soon became more his own than French; and his fondness for historical reading, and especially for books relating to the career of his father. As a boy, he was, on the whole,

dull, grave, and mirthless; but docile and affectionate.

The news of his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, is said to have produced a visible effect on him. It was evident, indeed, that the boy, young as he was, had been brooding in secret over the mystery of his own changed condition, and cherishing, as well as he could, the thought of his connection with the extraordinary being whom he could dimly recollect as his father; whose busts and portraits he could still see; and who, as they tried to explain to him, was now living shut up in an island on the other side of the earth, whither the nations of Europe had conspired to send him for their own safety. This thought of his father became the boy's single passion; and when he could no longer think of that father as still existing on the earth, his respect for his memory amounted to a worship. Every book that could tell him anything about his father he devoured with eagerness; and if he chanced to hear of the arrival of any one at Vienna who had had personal relations with the Emperor, he was uneasy till he had seen him. At last, to gratify this anxiety for information about his father, his tutors, at his grandfather's command, began to instruct him systematically in modern history and politics; concealing from him nothing, says M. de Montbel, that could enlighten him as to the real course of his father's life, and its effects on the condition of Europe, and only adding such comments and expositions as might make him aware, at the same time, in what points his father was to be reprehended. Perplexed by such lessons in history according to Metternich, the poor boy did his best to come to the right conclusion, and to express himself judiciously to his tutors regarding what he was taught to consider his father's errors and excesses. In all cases of feeling and instinct, however, his reverence for the memory of his father prevailed. The very books that his father had liked, such as Tasso and Ossian, became, for that reason, his favorites. His father's campaigns and dispatches he made a subject of diligent study, using them as the texts for his own military lessons. In short, before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read and re-read everything that had been written regarding Napoleon, and had fixed in his memory all the most minute particulars relating either to his military or his political life, the names of his generals, his chief battles, and the various incidents in his long career, from his birth

in Corsica to his burial in St. Helena. One point in this great history he would dwell on with special interest—that where, amid universal acclamations, he himself had come into the world, the unconscious heir of a mighty empire.

This brooding on the past naturally assumed, as he grew up, the form of a restless anxiety respecting the future. That he, the son of Napoleon, was no common person; that, as the owner of a great name, superior actions and qualifications would be required of him; that in some way or other, he must take part in the affairs of Europe—such was the idea that inevitably took possession of him. The pedantry of his teachers appears to have fostered it to an undue extent. If, for example, the poor youth contracted an admiration for the poet Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticise the poet for him, and to reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit what in his case would be the signal impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling in love with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to reason him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his peculiar situation, and his importance in the public eye. With this notion of the peculiarity of his position brandished before him from morning to night, he would go moping about the imperial court, an amiable youth, the prey of unknown cares. And what, after all, *was* the peculiarity of his situation, except extreme insignificance? A pensioner, in the mean time, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, (his mother's second marriage in 1828 with the Count Neipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before,) doomed to inactivity by the very misfortune of too great a name, was there not a mockery in all this solicitude of which he found himself the object? Haunted, it would appear, by some such feeling, and yet carried forward by the restless sense that he must do something or other to merit his name, he seems to have grasped eagerly at the only chance of activity that was presented to him—military promotion in his grandfather's service. Hence the assiduity with which he pursued his military studies, and the regularity with which he presented himself on horseback at all reviews and parades, the Viennese pointing him out to strangers on such occasions as the son of Napoleon. When at last, after going through the previous grades, he was permitted by his grand-

father to assume the rank and uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, his delight was unbounded. For three days the poor youth appeared at the head of his regiment, giving the word of command; on the fourth he was laid aside with loss of voice and hoarseness.

There was one quarter of the political horizon, however, to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged; to which his dying father had bequeathed him with such solemn injunctions that they should be true the one to the other; and where, even yet, there were myriads of veteran hearts that beat high at the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had indeed isolated him from all means of direct communication with his native country, and had made him, in many respects, an alien from it; but certain chords there were that no force could snap, and that still secretly bound him to France. “I know no one at Paris,” he said to a French officer that was on the point of returning home after a visit to Vienna, “but salute for me the column in the Place Vendôme.” On the other hand, if he was personally forgotten or unknown in the city that he thus knew only from the map, there were at least principles and men there that were ready to burst out in his behalf. So, at all events, it appeared when the Revolution of July, 1830, came to be transacted. Had the young Napoleon been in Paris, or near it, when that revolution occurred, how different might have been the issue! “Absent as he was,” says Louis Blanc, “if an old general of the Emperor had but pronounced his name to the people, while Lafitte and Guizot were chaffering for the Duc d’Orléans, France might have had a Napoleon II. instead of a Louis-Philippe.” Some timid Bonapartist attempts, it appears, were actually made. In Paris, one Bonapartist, who came to a meeting of the leading politicians with the name of the Duke of Reichstadt on his lips, was dexterously locked up in a room till the business was over. Communications were even conveyed to the Duke himself. When the news of the revolution reached Vienna, the young man could not conceal his agitation; he even requested, it is said, in the flutter of the moment, to be allowed to go to the assistance of Charles X. But with the news of the accession of Louis-Philippe, other thoughts succeeded. One evening, as he was ascending a staircase in the imperial palace, a young woman, enveloped in a

Scotch plaid, rushed forward from a landing-place where she seemed to have been waiting, and taking his hand, pressed it eagerly to her lips. His tutor, who was with him, asked her business. “May I not kiss,” she said, “the hand of my sovereign’s son?” and immediately disappeared. For some time, the incident could not be explained; but at length no doubt remained that the fair stranger was his cousin, the Countess Camerata, a married daughter of his deceased aunt Bacchiochi. On a visit to Vienna, the Countess had constituted herself the medium of communication between the Bonapartists and her young cousin, to whom she even ventured, some months after the Revolution of July, to address a letter, encouraging him, even then, to assume a decided part. From these, and all overtures of the same kind, the poor youth seems to have shrunk with a kind of dutiful horror; and his excitement regarding the Revolution of 1830 soon subsiding into a calmer mood, he began, we are told, to write down, in the form of an essay, a series of very Austrian reflections on his own life, and the relations in which he stood to France. Only once did his agitation return—on the occasion, namely, of the political movements in his mother’s state of Parma. When the news of these movements reached Vienna, he was extremely anxious to be allowed to go to Italy to his mother’s assistance; but neither on this occasion could his wish be granted.

From the very first, indeed, it had been seen that the young Napoleon could not live long. Undoubted symptoms of the presence in his constitution of the seeds of that malady that had carried off his father early presented themselves; and to these were added other symptoms, too clearly marking him out as the prey of consumption. From being a handsome, delicate boy, he had suddenly shot up, before his eighteenth year, into a tall, feeble, and sickly, though still handsome young man, the constant care of the imperial physicians. Towards the end of the year 1831 he became rapidly worse, and was obliged to abstain from his military exercises, and from all active exertion whatever. During the winter of that year, and the spring of 1832, he lived at Schönbrunn, almost wholly confined to his chamber. It had been resolved to remove him to Naples, should it be possible to do so, in the autumn of 1832; but the disease made such progress, that before that time the fatal result had taken place. For many weeks he had been in great pain, and incapable of any

change of position, save that of being wheeled to a window-balcony overlooking the gardens of Schonbrunn. Even this was at last beyond his strength; and, stretched on his bed in great suffering, he waited anxiously for his release. Maria-Louisa arrived from Italy only in time to see him die. It was on the 22d of July, 1832, and in the very room that had been occupied by his father on his famous visit to Schonbrunn, that he breathed his last. Some days after, there was a funeral procession through the streets of Vienna, and the body of Napoleon's son was committed to the imperial vaults. The people of Vienna showed much feeling on the occasion; cholera had just been thinning their own households.

While the heir of Napoleon was thus living and dying at Vienna, the minor Napoleonidæ were dispersed over the world, gazed at everywhere as relics of a grandeur that had passed away.

Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-king of Spain, who had retired into Switzerland after the catastrophe of 1814, with an income of £20,000 secured him by the Allies, had rejoined his brother on his escape from Elba, and had taken part in the transactions that preceded the battle of Waterloo. After that battle, and the subsequent abdication in favor of Napoleon II., he accompanied his brother to Rochefort, with the intention of embarking with him for America. The presence of English cruisers on the coast rendering their joint escape impossible, Napoleon gave himself up to the captain of the *Bellerophon*, and Joseph was obliged to emigrate alone. Arriving at New York in the month of September, 1815, he settled ultimately in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, purchasing land, and becoming a practical farmer on a large scale. Here, under the name of the Count de Survilliers, he continued to reside for many years. So popular did he make himself with the Americans that, when he returned to Europe on a temporary visit in 1832, they regretted his loss as that of an important and well-known citizen. In Europe it was imagined that some political design was involved in this return of the eldest Bonaparte from the other side of the Atlantic. It was especially remembered that, by the *Senatus-Consultum* of 1804, the succession to the empire was to devolve upon him, in default of any direct male heir of Napoleon, and hence rumor sought to establish a connection between his arrival and the death of the Duke of Reichstadt. The more likely sup-

position was, that this journey, undertaken by an old man of sixty-five, arose simply from a natural desire on his part to see old friends and relatives, and especially his wife and two daughters, who had intended to follow him to America when he went there, but had afterwards seen occasion to remain in Europe. The three years that Joseph was absent from America he spent chiefly in England. In 1835, however, he again crossed the Atlantic; and it was not till 1841, that, obtaining leave to pass the remainder of his chequered life in Italy, he finally quitted his American home. The last years of his life were spent between Genoa and Nice. He died on the 7th of April, 1845, at the age of seventy-seven.

The fortunes of Jerome Bonaparte, after the fall of his imperial brother, were somewhat upheld by the rank of his wife, the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Retaining nominally the crown of Westphalia, even after the disastrous result of the Russian campaign, in which he took so conspicuous a part, he was obliged finally to resign it in 1814, receiving from his father-in-law the title of the Prince de Montfort. Flying to his brother's side in 1815, he held a command at Waterloo, and it was to him that Napoleon left the task of collecting the wreck of the French army after the defeat. On his brother's deportation to St. Helena, Jerome rejoined his wife in Wurtemberg, where, shielded by her affection against the harshness even of her own father, who would willingly have separated her from a man so fallen in fortune, he continued to reside for some years in comparative wealth and comfort, as a German nobleman and land-owner. He was able to purchase property in Italy and Switzerland, in both of which countries he occasionally resided after 1822. In 1835 he lost his excellent and devoted wife, who died at Lausanne, leaving three children—two sons and a daughter. The daughter was married (1841) to the Russian Count Demidoff; the elder son died in 1847, leaving the title of Prince de Montfort to his brother Napoleon Paul.

Made a widow in 1815 by the execution of her brave and good-hearted husband, Murat, Caroline Bonaparte, with four children that remained to her, settled, after various changes of place, at Trieste, where, under the name of the Countess of Lipona, (anagram for *Napoli*,) she resided with her sister Eliza. Eliza dying in 1820, Caroline remained at Trieste till 1836, when she returned to Paris. Here she resided for some

time, enjoying a pension from Louis-Philippe; but finally she removed to Florence, where she died in May, 1839, at the age of fifty-seven. Of her four children, the eldest, Napoléon-Achille-Murat, (born in 1801,) formerly Crown Prince of Naples, went to America to push his fortune in 1820, married there, and resided at New York, practised as an advocate in Georgia, bought land in Florida, came over on a visit to Europe in 1831, but returned to the United States, and wrote a book, "on their moral and political condition;" and finally, in 1839, more completely an American than his uncle Joseph, returned to Europe, and died in 1847. His younger brother, Napoléon-Lucien-Charles, once Prince of Pontecorvo, went through a similar career—going to America when young, marrying an American wife, entering into practice as a lawyer at New York, and yet, notwithstanding this virtual naturalization, finally brought back to Europe by the ineradicable Napoleonic instinct. His two sisters, likewise born to a royal inheritance, were married, the one to Count Rasponi, the other to the well-known patriotic Italian, Count Pepoli, recently resident as a political exile in London, where he held the Professorship of Italian Literature in University College.

Perhaps the most fortunate branch of the Napoleonidæ, since the fall of the Emperor, has been that of which Josephine's son, Eugene Beauharnais, was the head and representative. Unconnected with the final effort in 1815, although he had taken part in the Russian campaign, and in all the subsequent transactions of 1813-14—resulting for him in the loss of his Italian vice-royalty—he resided after Napoleon's downfall in the dominions of his father-in-law, the king of Bavaria, by whom he was created Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. Dying in 1824, he left his widow with two sons and six daughters. The marriage alliances of these sons and daughters have rivalled even those that have aggrandized the house of Saxe-Coburg. Of the daughters, the eldest married (1823) Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, then crown-prince, and now king of Sweden; the second married Frederic, prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the third married (1829) the widower Don Pedro I., then Emperor of Brazil, and afterwards Regent of Portugal in the name of his daughter, Donna-Maria; and the fourth married (1841) Count William of Wurtemberg. Of the two sons, the elder became (1835) the husband of his sister's

step-daughter, Donna-Maria, queen of Portugal, but died in the same year; the younger (1839) obtained the hand of Maria Nicolaewna, daughter of the Emperor of Russia—strange alliance for the son of one of the heroes of Moscow!

More complex still become the ramifications of the Bonaparte story, when we follow the diffusion of the Lucien branch of the family. Our last glimpse of Lucien Bonaparte was when, as Prince of Canino, he lived in the Papal States, at variance with his imperial brother both on political and private grounds, and cultivating an æsthetic leisure amid books and works of art. Led, however, partly by his Republican opinions, and partly by that mysterious tendency towards the other side of the Atlantic, that seems to have swayed all the Bonapartes at some time or other during their lives, he had resolved in 1810 to abandon Italy, and, with it, all the associations of his past life, and to go out to carve for himself and his family a new destiny, where his brother could not come either to harass or to eclipse him. He had actually embarked for the voyage to North America, when, the vessel having been put back by English frigates, he was detained and sent as a prisoner to England. Here he remained for several years, residing at large in Shropshire, although under *surveillance*. Liberated, however, by the peace of 1814, he returned to Italy, where he was again welcomed by his constant friend the Pope. During his brother's exile at Elba, he corresponded with him in such a manner, that a reconciliation was effected between them; and chancing to be sent on a mission to Paris, connected with the Papal affairs, in 1815, he was obliged to act a part in the fatal struggle of that year. For this he would probably have suffered, but for the intercession of the Pope, who procured his liberation from arrest at Turin, with permission for him to resume his old residence and status in the Papal dominions. Accordingly, during the remainder of his life, that is to say, under the successive pontificates of Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI., Lucien Bonaparte was heard of merely as a Roman nobleman of taste, at once a patron and a practitioner of literature. His great epic of "Charlemagne," on which he had spent so many years, had just seen the light in two ponderous quartos, beautifully printed; and, although (if we may judge from a slight glance at the extremely heavy translation of the work executed for

the Prince by two English clergymen,) it can hardly have procured him the laurels he coveted, it was probably regarded by those who obtained presentation copies as a very creditable performance. The poem was dedicated to Pope Pius VII., and the views expressed in it are those of a dutiful son of the Church. Subsequent literary attempts of the Prince of Canino were the "Cyrneide," a poem of Corsican history, published at Rome in 1819; and, in prose, a "Defense of Napoleon," published at Paris in 1826, and a volume of his own memoirs, published in 1836. During the last ten or twelve years of his life, he found a new and congenial occupation in the collection of Etruscan remains. The estate of Canino being a portion of the extensive tract of country that the Etruscans had once occupied in Italy, it might have been anticipated that it would be found to contain ancient tombs, such as had been already discovered in other parts of the Roman States, near the known sites of pristine Etruscan cities. It was not, however, till the year 1828, that, in consequence of the accidental exposure of one such tomb in a field, systematic excavations were commenced on the estate, with a view to exhaust it of its Etruscan antiquities. From that time forward the Prince, and in his absence, the Princess, zealously prosecuted the work, employing workmen to dig continually in various parts of the estate; and the result was the accumulation at Canino of a vast number of vases, bronzes, and other relics, forming a museum of Etruscan antiquities superior in some respects to any that existed in Italy. The name of the Prince of Canino became known in all the antiquarian circles of Europe; travellers in Italy used to visit his museum; and at one or two balls in Rome, the Princess created quite a sensation by appearing in a magnificent *parure* of ornaments that had been taken from the ancient tombs on her husband's estate.

Dying at Viterbo, in June, 1840, at the age of sixty-five, the Prince of Canino left a numerous family of children, of various ages. Two daughters, the issue of his first marriage, had been married, the one to an Italian, the Prince Gabrielli, the other, first to a Swedish Count, and afterwards, in 1824, to an Englishman, Lord Dudley Stuart. Of his children by the second marriage, there survived four sons and four daughters. One of the daughters, Lætitia, born in 1804, became the wife of an Irish gentleman, and member of Parliament, Mr.

Thomas Wyse. The sons, all of whom are still alive, have distinguished themselves in various ways. The eldest, Charles-Lucien, styled until his father's death Prince de Musignano, and afterwards Prince of Canino and Musignano, was born in 1803, and married, in 1822, his cousin Charlotte, one of the daughters whom Joseph Bonaparte had left in Europe. Selecting a path that had not yet been trodden by any member of his versatile family, he devoted himself from the first to natural history, in which science he soon attained eminence. Crossing the Atlantic after his marriage, on a visit to his father-in-law, he took the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the ornithology of America; and was able after a year or two to produce, as the result of his rifle-practice in the American woods, a description of many new birds not figured by his predecessor, Wilson. Devoting himself with similar assiduity after his return to the zoological illustration of Italy, he gave to the world in 1832-41, a magnificent work in three folio volumes, containing, under the name of "*Iconografia della Fauna Italica*," perhaps the most detailed and elaborate account of the animals of the Peninsula that has yet been attempted. Meanwhile his three brothers—Louis, born in 1813; Pierre, born in 1815; and Antoine, born in 1816—had been employing themselves differently. Concerned more or less in the political agitations that marked the beginning of the pontificate of Gregory XVI., they became travellers like the rest of the family.

It was in the same country that afforded a refuge to her son Lucien and his family, that the venerable mother of the Bonapartes spent the concluding years of her life. She had come to Rome with her half-brother, Cardinal Fesch, after Napoleon's ruin in 1814; and from that time forward she continued to reside in the Papal city with little interruption. Her death, which was preceded by long and severe bodily suffering, took place in February, 1836, fifteen years after the decease of her imperial son at Saint Helena, and nearly four after that of his sickly heir at Vienna. Of the eighty-six years that she had lived, fifty had been passed in widowhood—a widowhood how eventful! Ah! could the husband of her youth have lived to see and share her glory, to soothe and solace her age! That Napoleon, what a son he had been!

Of only one branch of the Bonapartes does it remain still to speak, that represented

in the amiable and pensive Louis. Quitting the throne of Holland in 1810, rather than yield to his brother in what he considered would be an infraction of the liberties of the people he governed, he resided successively in Austria, Switzerland and Italy, under the name of the Count de Saint Leu, taking no part in the events of 1814-15. The marriage between him and Queen Hortense never having been one of affection, they separated by mutual consent, as soon as the political necessities that had kept them together ceased to exist. Louis finally settled in Italy, whence he gave to the world in succession various performances of the literary kind—a novel entitled “*Marie, ou les peines de l'Amour*,” in whose style and story one discerns the expression of the author's own early grief, and still abiding melancholy; a collection of political and historical documents relating to Holland; an essay on versification; a number of poetical pieces; and finally, in 1829, a critique on Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*. Hortense fixed her residence at the castle or mansion of Arenenberg, in the Swiss canton of Thurgau. In this retreat she occupied herself with the education of her two surviving children—Napoléon-Louis, born in 1804, and Charles-Louis-Napoléon, born at Paris on the 20th of April, 1808. Her eldest son, the Crown Prince of Holland, had died in infancy at the Hague. All the three children had seen and prattled with their imperial uncle; and, till the birth of the King of Rome, it did not appear unlikely that to one or other of them the imperial dignity might one day belong.

Receiving such a mixed general and military education as was supposed to be suitable for young men in these circumstances, the two sons of the ex-king of Holland attained the age of early manhood, without having often quitted the free valleys of their adopted country. It was in these valleys, and amid young military comrades, that the intelligence of the Revolution of July reached them. In the following year, excited afresh by the news of the revolutionary movements in Italy, they hurried off together to take part in the insurrection that had been planned by the enthusiasts of the Romagna. The fatigues endured in this unfortunate expedition proved fatal to the elder brother, who died at Forlì, leaving a widow—his cousin, the younger daughter of his uncle Joseph, to whom he had only recently been married. The younger brother likewise fell ill at Ancona; and it was not without extreme

difficulty that his mother Hortense, who had anxiously followed her sons, to withdraw them, if possible, from a hopeless enterprise, succeeded in snatching him from the clutches of the Austrians. Escaping from Italy together, they passed through France, came to England, but after a short stay returned to Switzerland.

Naturally of a restless, hair-brained character, no one member of the dispersed Bonaparte family seems to have retained in exile such a concentrated amount of the Napoleonic spirit as the young half-Swiss son of the melancholy Louis. From his earliest years he seems to have realized the position in which his birth and name placed him, never forgetting that he was a Bonaparte, and that, as such, he had duties to fulfil, more important than those of ordinary people. This egotism, however—this innate conviction of the existence of secret relations between himself and all Europe, was a more healthy thing to be felt among Swiss mountains than in the confined air of an Austrian palace; and hence that which in the poor Duke of Reichstadt was but a morbid pining after activity, showed itself in his more fortunate cousin as a frank, daring self-conceit. Even before the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Louis-Napoleon was virtually his senior and superior in all that concerned the active assertion of the family claims; and after the death of the Duke, this virtual precedence was converted into a sense of legal right. By the terms of the *Senatus-Consultum* of 1804, Louis-Napoleon now assumed the first place in the second generation of Bonapartes; the lawful heir, after his uncle Joseph, and his father Louis, to all that could be recovered of the imperial fortunes. This consideration was not lost on the young exile of Arenenberg. He became, after 1832, the declared imitator and executor of his uncle, the acknowledged chief of the younger Napoleonidæ. Yet, in many respects, he appeared little fitted for this post of honor. In person, he was the least like the Emperor of all the surviving Bonapartes; the Beauharnais features of his mother predominating in his heavy, sombre countenance, over whatever of the Napoleonic he may have derived from his father. Nor could he claim the precedence on the score of talent, judging at least from such intellectual exhibitions of himself as he has subsequently made—exhibitions which present him as an exceedingly rambling, incoherent, commonplace person, with hardly a clear idea in his head. But his courage,

his half-stupid self-confidence, and a certain soldierly good-nature, and kindly sensibility, that people liked him for, made up for these defects, and were, perhaps, the only qualifications necessary in the leader of an enterprise that all the world thought absurd.

After his share in the brief Italian movement of 1831, and an attempt, when it was too late, to take part in the Polish movement of the same year, Louis Napoleon was obliged for five years to lay aside all hope of effecting the opening he desired to make for himself into the sphere of European politics. During this time, however, he was not idle. By the composition and publication of three works, entitled respectively, *Reveres Politiques*, *Considérations Militaires sur la Suisse*, and *Manuel d'Artillerie*, he was able secretly to nurse in himself the Napoleonic ambition, at the same time that he acquired by their means that consequence in the public eye that is always accorded to a man that has used the printing-press, whether for rubbish or sense. One of the results of his book on Switzerland, and his *Manual of Artillery Practice*, was his appointment, in 1834, to a captaincy of artillery in a Swiss regiment at Berne.

It was in the autumn of 1836, during a visit to the baths of Baden, that the half-Swiss adventurer, then in his twenty-ninth year, planned the first of those two mad enterprises that, till the other day, were his sole title to historic notice. France, he conceived, was at that time ripe for a new revolution. Disgusted with the reactionary policy of Louis Philippe, and, in particular, still smarting under the infliction of the laws of September, all the liberal spirits in the country were eager for some decisive change, and all the people, with the exception of the Bourgeoisie, were willing to support them. Knowing, as Louis Blanc says, that in times of uncertainty revolutions accomplish themselves according to the programme that is laid down for them, and adopt whatever flag is offered, Louis Napoleon did not doubt that a successful rising effected in his favor, in some frontier town, and the neighboring district, would be the signal for a general explosion, which would result in the expulsion of the Orleans dynasty, and the restoration of the Bonapartes. Secret communications with the Bonapartists in the army had confirmed this impression; and, as regarded the Republicans, it was supposed that they would be sufficiently reconciled to the projected revolution, in case of its success, by the immediate advantages it

would secure them, and by declarations already made in Louis Napoleon's works, to the effect that he approved of a republic, provided it had an imperial head. It was accordingly resolved to make an attempt on the frontier town of Strasbourg, the situation of which made it more convenient for the purpose than any other. On the 30th October, 1836, at five o'clock, on a cold, snowy morning, the men of one of three artillery regiments, which, with three regiments of infantry, and one of engineers, constituted the garrison of the town, found themselves drawn up in the barrack-yard, having been summoned from their beds by the trumpet-call. They stood, wondering what was to take place, when seven or eight persons in the costume of French officers entered the yard, carrying a standard, surmounted by an eagle. One of them came hastily up to the colonel of the regiment, who forthwith presented him to the men as the nephew of the Emperor, come, as he said, to place himself at their head, and effect a great revolution in France. The trick was successful; the speech of their colonel, the eagle, the words and look of Louis Napoleon, and especially his cocked hat, hurried them away; the old imperial shiver ran through their veins; and a shout of *Vive l'Empereur* rang through the court-yard. Hastily the regiment was set on march through the town with the band playing; windows were opened, and heads popped out all along the streets to see what was the matter; and the citizens unbarring their doors, and tumbling out in twos and threes, followed the column. At head-quarters, the general in command of the town was arrested by the insurgents. So far all had gone well; but the tide was soon turned. One of the infantry regiments, occupying a barrack apart, acted more coolly than their brothers the artillerymen; wavered a little at first when Louis Napoleon addressed them, but ultimately stood firm and prepared to give battle. Seeing the cause lost, the Prince and his companions surrendered, and the town was restored to quiet. The government, on hearing of the affair, lost no time in disposing of the offenders. Louis Napoleon was brought as a prisoner to Paris, but, in two hours after his arrival, was sent off under guard to the coast, to be shipped for America. The persons that had been arrested with him, including the insurgent colonel, were reserved for trial, but were ultimately acquitted by an Alsace jury.

Early in 1837, the hero of Strasbourg,

who had only just landed in America and re-embarked, was to be seen in the streets of London. A report had been spread that he had pledged his word to remain in America for ten years; but this report, it appears, had no foundation in truth, and was raised, his adherents said, from malicious motives. Scarcely had he arrived in London, when the news of his mother's illness caused him to return once more to Switzerland. Here, after receiving her last breath, (5th October, 1837,) he continued to reside, till, finding that he was likely to be the occasion of a rupture between the French and Swiss governments, he voluntarily returned to London. For more than two years he remained in the British capital, one of the bevy of distinguished foreigners that the Londoners like to point out to each other in the parks or at the opera. Regarding his habits during this period, one of his eulogists has taken care to be sufficiently particular; telling us how the Prince uniformly rose at six o'clock; worked till mid-day; then breakfasted and read the journals, causing notes to be taken of what interested him; at two, received visitors; at four or five, rode out; at seven, dined, &c., &c.—in all respects, it seems; the very nephew of his uncle! One of the fruits of those rather apocryphal laborious mornings was the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, of which everybody must have heard; a sort of pamphlet purporting to be an exposition of the main ideas that had formed the political creed of the Emperor. This production, the most celebrated of the author's writings, is, as our readers may find out on trial, the poorest imaginable series of sententious common-places.

The pitiful result of the Strasbourg affair, it might be supposed, would have effectually cured the Prince of all such sudden strokes for the future. But his impetuosity was incorrigible; and the very ridicule that his former trial had provoked, prompted him to make a new one that might succeed better. Accordingly, when everybody had ceased to think of him, he again flashed into notice. The time chosen for his new attempt did not seem unpropitious. Still less attached to the dynasty of Louis Philippe than in 1836, the French nation chanced, in the year 1840, to be under the influence of one of those emotional frenzies to which it is so liable, the cause of the excitement being nothing else than the expected arrival of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena. Availing himself of the Napoleonic fever thus originated, Louis Napoleon resolved to land in France,

effect a revolution, drive out the Orleans family, and as it were prepare the country for his uncle's reception. The means for effecting all this did not appear by any means formidable. On Sunday, the 4th of August, 1840, a small hired steamer, *The City of Edinburgh*, Capt. Crow, commander, dropped down the Thames from London, with what seemed a pleasure-party of foreigners on board. There were about sixty passengers in all, including gentlemen, grooms, lacqueys, &c.; and the place of destination was said to be Hamburg. But when the steamer was out at sea on the 5th, the Prince harangued his companions, told them the object of the voyage, distributed money among them, and caused them all to put on false French uniforms which he had brought with him. Captain Crow received orders to make for Boulogne; and during the rest of the voyage, the cabin was the scene of feasting and uproar. Captain Crow had never seen people drink so much, he afterwards deposed in the witness-box; and poor Hobbs, the steward, did nothing all night but draw corks. By midnight the steamer was off the French coast, and at six o'clock in the morning of the 6th, the party landed at Vimereux, near Boulogne. Having formed in marching order, they set out for the town, the Prince at their head, after him an officer carrying a gilt eagle, and then the men in uniform. The Prince had with him a sum of 500,000 francs (£20,000) in bank-notes and gold; his companions likewise carried bags of money and bottles of rum. Other parts of the furniture of the expedition were a live eagle, which, however, never made its appearance, and copies of three proclamations privately printed in England, one addressed to the French people, another to the army, and a third to the department of Pas-de-Calais. Passing a custom-house station, where the men would have nothing to do with them, the band, with a crowd of fishermen, children, &c., hallooing in their train, reached Boulogne, the garrison of which consisted of two companies of the 42d line. The soldiers were at breakfast in the barracks when the party entered. Rum was distributed as well as money; the soldiers were ordered to cry *Vive l'Empereur*; and Louis Napoleon, addressing them, promised them promotion if they would join him. Totally confused and bewildered, and seeing one of their own lieutenants in the Prince's company, the soldiers offered no resistance; some cried *Vive l'Empereur*, uncertain, as afterwards appeared, whether to believe the

person before them to be the Emperor himself come back, or his son, or only his nephew. By the presence of mind of a sergeant, however, any decided act of adhesion was prevented; and meanwhile, the alarm having been given, the colonel and other officers rushed to the barracks. The parleying now gave way to vehement altercation; the soldiers gathered round their officers; the Prince fired a pistol at the colonel, missing his aim, but wounding a soldier in the neck; and, at last, totally defeated in their object, the whole party left the barracks and took to their heels through the town, showering pieces of money among the crowd that ran after them. The Prince seemed out of his senses; he ran at the head of his little band brandishing his cocked hat which he had stuck on the point of his sword, and crying out *Vive l'Empereur*. Meanwhile the soldiers had set out in pursuit; and with little difficulty the whole party was captured.

Brought to trial before the Chamber of Peers, the prisoners were found guilty, and condemned as follows: the Prince to perpetual imprisonment; his chief associates, such as Count Montholon, M. de Parquin, and M. de Persigny, to twenty years' detention; and the minor culprits, such as Dr. Conneau, to lesser terms of the same punishment. The various offenders were then distributed through different prisons. The Prince, Count Montholon, and Dr. Conneau, were sent to the fortress of Ham. There they remained for nearly six years, Dr. Conneau voluntarily protracting his term of imprisonment in order to continue near the Prince. The occupations of the three companions during these six years were sufficiently various. They read together, made experiments in chemistry, &c.; and the Prince, his literary propensities still remaining, not only amused himself by translating poems, and penning occasional letters to newspapers and to private friends, but continued his connection in a more express manner with the world without, by means of one or two new publications, the chief being an odd tract of military statistics, entitled *De l'Extinction du Paupérisme*, copies of which he sent to George Sand, Chateaubriand, the poet Béranger, and other persons of note. He also meditated, it appears, a life of Charlemagne, and corresponded on the subject with the historian Sismondi. From these and other entanglements, however, he was glad to shake himself loose, by escaping from the fortress, in the disguise of a laborer, on the 25th of May, 1846. He had previously been in negotiation with the

French government, with a view to obtain permission to visit his father Louis, who was lying dangerously ill at Florence; and it was for this especial object, he said, in a letter to the French ambassador, that he had planned his escape. Unable, however, to procure the necessary passports, he was obliged to remain in London, where he had again taken up his abode, and where, two months afterwards, he received the news of his father's death. After the escape of the Prince, the French government did not think it necessary to continue the duration of Count Montholon and the other prisoners; and by the end of the year 1846 the Boulogne business, like that of Strasbourg, was well-nigh forgotten. Coincident with the extraordinary movement that is still accomplishing itself in all the continental countries, we have to mark, as a striking fact, the reinstatement everywhere of the overthrown Bonapartes.

It was the Italian branch of the family that first experienced the favorable turn of fortune. Restricted, during the oppressive pontificate of Gregory XVI., to the exercise of his talents as a naturalist, and a man of general literary tastes, the Prince of Canino, the son of Lucien Bonaparte, and now a man in the prime of life, and the father of a large family, was one of those influential Romans that gladly gathered round the present Pope on his accession, and assisted him in his reforms. Throughout the subsequent revolution that drove the Pope from his dominions, he equally distinguished himself; and, at the present moment, holding the vice-presidency of the representative chamber of the Roman republic, the former ornithologist of America figures as one of the most conspicuous men on the busy theatre of Italian politics.

While, however, one shoot of the prolific Napoleonic stock appears thus to have found permanent root in Italy, it is in France, their own France, that the general re-union of the dispersed Bonapartes has taken place. Scarcely had the Revolution of February, 1848, occurred, when, rising from their haunts in all parts of Europe, the various members of the family, with the old ex-king of Westphalia at their head, hurried to the scene of action. France received them with open arms. At the first elections to the National Assembly three of them were returned as representatives—Pierre Bonaparte, the second son of Lucien, and the brother of the ornithologist, aged thirty-three; Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of King Jerome, aged twenty-six; and Napoleon-Lucien-Charles Murat, the former New York lawyer, aged

forty-five. The case of Louis Napoleon was more peculiar. People naturally hesitated before admitting to the benefits of Republican citizenship so exceptional a personage as the Imperialist adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne. Twice he was elected by several departments simultaneously, and twice he found himself compelled to decline the honor; and it was not till after the supplementary elections of September, 1848, when he was returned at the head of the poll for Paris with a number of other candidates, that he was able to defy opposition and take his seat. Once restored to France, the outburst of opinion in his favor was instantaneous and universal. From Calais to the Pyrenees, from the Bay of Biscay to the Rhine, he was the hero of the hour. Lamartine, Cavaignac, and everybody else that had done an efficient thing, were forgotten; and the result of the great election of the 10th of December was that, as if in posthumous justification of enterprises that the world till then had agreed to laugh at, the former prisoner of Ham was raised, by the suffrages of five millions of people, to the presidency of the French Republic. How he may continue to deport himself in this office, which he has already held for several months, it would be difficult to say. That he has not mind enough to perform of himself any original or decisive part in European affairs, must be clear to every one that has read a page of his writings; but whether he may not possess those minor qualities that would make him a suitable constitutional puppet, either as president or as emperor, in the hands of a ministry, experience must yet prove. One thing may even now be decidedly asserted with regard to his political posi-

tion, and that is, that, since his elevation to the presidency, he has thrown aside all his former half-connections with the Revolutionary party, and become the head and representative of the reaction. Meanwhile, as a private man, he has yet one important step in life before him. Although in his forty-second year, he is still unmarried. We have heard it jocosely proposed that he should marry a daughter of his transatlantic brother, President Taylor, provided, that is to say, the tough old general has any daughters. Such a marriage would certainly have a splendid effect.

And here we have to conclude our sketch of the history of the Bonaparte family. The impressions that remain on our mind after such a survey, are principally these two: *first*, that of all known families now in existence, the Bonapartes are, in point of fact, the most cosmopolitan, the most considerable, that is, whether as regards diffusion or elevation; and *secondly*, that, on the whole, they have merited this distinction, having remained, on the whole, individually faithful to the cause of progress, in whose name they first obtained power and credence. And yet, after all, one cannot help remembering that they owe their reputation, and all the European facilities that they enjoy, to the greatness of the one man whose name they bear; and that there are, doubtless, at this moment, in all our cities, hundreds of abler and better men, who, less favorably circumstanced, have to languish their lives away in indigence and obscurity, expending more intellect in the single task of keeping themselves alive than all the existing Bonapartes need expend in order to secure the thanks and good-will of Western Europe.

THE LATE EARL OF DURHAM AND THE PRINCESS (NOW QUEEN) VICTORIA.—The many admirers of the late excellent Earl of Durham will read the following paragraph with interest. It is from the *Eclectic Review*. "We were told by the late Earl of Durham, that he had succeeded in inducing the Duchess of Kent to read with her daughter the whole series of Miss Martineau's tales in illustration of political economy. The young Princess becomes Queen—the liberal Earl dies a broken-hearted man. Years revolve, and free trade becomes the great question of the day. When calculating the strength of the cause of right against wrong,

many wonder what the Queen will do. Monopolists surround her. But she had not read in vain. Her Minister, who was nobly struggling amidst a coil of difficulties to make the food of the people free, found in her a warm and intelligent assistant and admirer. In the ingenuous years of youth, her mind had perceived economical truths, and the interested partisans of error could no more turn her Majesty against it than they could persuade her that twice two make five. Now, this elementary reading, we submit, was a beneficial thing for the people, and quite as good a thing for the crown."

From the British Quarterly Review.

GIORDANO BRUNO—HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

1. *Jordano Bruno*. Par M. CHRISTIAN BARTHOLMESS. 2 vols. Paris. 1848.
2. *Opere di Giordano Bruno, Nolano, ora per la prima volta raccolte e pubblicati da Adolfo Wagner*. 2 vols. Leipsig. 1830.

ON the 17th February, 1600, a vast concourse of people were assembled in the largest open space in Rome, gathered together by the irresistible sympathy which men always feel with whatever is terrible and tragic in human existence. In the centre there stood a huge pile of fagots; from out its logs and branches there rose up a stake. Crowding round the pile were eager and expectant faces, men of various ages and of various characters, but all for one moment united in a common feeling of malignant triumph. Religion was about to be avenged: a heretic was coming to expiate on that spot the crime of open defiance to the dogmas proclaimed by the church—the crime of teaching that the earth moved, and that there were an infinity of worlds: the scoundrel! the villain! the blasphemer! Among the crowd might be seen monks of every description, especially Dominicans, who were anxious to witness the punishment of an apostate from their order; there were also wealthy citizens jostling ragged beggars— young and beauteous women, some of them with infants at their breasts, were talking with their husbands and fathers—and playing about amidst the crowd, in all the heedlessness of childhood, were a number of boys, squeezing their way, and running up against scholars pale with study, and bearded soldiers glittering in steel.

Whom does the crowd await? Giordano Bruno—the poet, philosopher, and heretic—the teacher of Galileo's heresy—the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and open antagonist of Aristotle! Questions pass rapidly to and fro among the crowd; exultation is on every face, mingled with intense curiosity. Grave men moralize on the power of Satan to pervert learning and talent to evil: Oh, my friends, let us beware!—let us beware of learning!—let us beware of everything! By-standers shake significant

heads. A hush comes over the crowd. The procession solemnly advances, the soldiers peremptorily clearing the way for it. "Look, there he is—there, in the centre! How calm—how haughty and stubborn, (women whisper, 'how handsome!') His large eyes are turned towards us, serene, untroubled. His face is placid, though so pale. They offer him the crucifix; he turns aside his head—he *refuses to kiss it!* The heretic!" They show him the image of Him who died upon the cross for the sake of the living truth—he refuses the symbol! A yell bursts from the multitude.

They chain him to the stake. He remains silent. Will he not pray for mercy? Will he not recant? Now the last hour is arrived—will he die in his obstinacy, when a little hypocrisy would save him from so much agony? It is even so: he is stubborn, unalterable. They light the fagots; the branches crackle; the flame ascends; the victim writhes—and now we see no more. The smoke envelopes him; but not a prayer, not a plaint, not a single cry escapes him. In a little while the wind has scattered the ashes of Giordano Bruno.

The martyrdom of Bruno has preserved his name from falling into the same neglect as his writings. Most well-read men remember his name as that of one who, whatever his errors might have been, perished as a victim of intolerance. But the extreme rarity of his works, aided by some other causes into which it is needless here to enter, has, until lately, kept even the most curious from forming any acquaintance with them. We have all of us caught glimpses of him in Coleridge* and the Germans, and we have,

* Coleridge proposed to place Bruno in his *Vindicia Heterodoxa*, (one of the hundred intentions which never became realities,) by the side of Böhm, Swedenborg, and Spinoza.

perhaps, some vague notion of him as a poetical pantheist, whom modern Germany, in its rage for rehabilitation, has undertaken to prove one of the great thinkers who have advanced the world. The rarity of the writings made them objects of bibliophilic luxury: they were the black swans of literature. Three hundred florins were paid for the *Spaccio* in Holland, and thirty pounds in England. Jacobi's mystical friend, Hamann, searched Italy and Germany in vain for the dialogues *De la Causa* and *De l'Infinito*. But in 1830, Herr Wagner, after immense toil, brought out his valuable edition of the Italian works named at the head of this article, and since then students have been able to form some idea of the Neapolitan thinker. The edition is, however, but little known, even to those to whom it will be interesting, and we are almost introducing a new book in giving it a place in our pages. By way of an introduction to the study of these writings, we propose to sketch the life of Bruno, and the outlines of his system. In this task, we shall mainly follow the excellent guidance of the work by M. Bartholmès, who has with great zeal and some skill collected all the facts relative to Bruno's career, written his life in an erudite and agreeable volume, and devoted a volume to the analysis of his writings. Besides the work of M. Bartholmès, we must also call to our aid the *étude* on Bruno by that learned and sagacious critic, M. Emile Saisset,* and with these materials, and the works of Bruno before us, we may perhaps succeed in interesting the reader.

It was not without design that we opened this account of Bruno with a picture of his death. Philosophical systems, from Thales to Schelling, may be likened to works of art, inasmuch as they are indissolubly bound up with the philosopher's individuality, and have no impersonal vitality. A Raphael dies, and carries with him to the grave the sweet secret of his genius. In his atelier there are many admiring imitators, but no successor; there is no one capable of taking up the art where Raphael left it, and carrying it still higher upwards towards perfection. Plato dies, and in passing away he leaves an academy, which must fall to pieces now that his potent spirit is no longer present to animate it. The philosopher, like the artist, leaves behind him rivals, but no successors; disciples, but no continuators; disciples, who can neither enrich the heritage of his genius,

nor preserve it from the assaults of others. That is why systems rise and fall. They live an individual life, because they are not impersonal. The great plastic power of imagination, which presides over the elaboration of every system of philosophy, is a quality which is not transmissible from master to disciple. If the man of positive science is more fortunate in this respect—if he can transmit to disciples a heritage which they will enrich—it is because science is impersonal; it is because the hoarded treasures of observation which, with the ascertained laws of nature's processes, constitute the wealth of every scientific system, can be handed down from master to disciple, and receive fresh accumulations from every earnest seeker.

"Et quasi curreres vitæ lampada tradunt."

The mind of a Newton can no more be left as a legacy to his disciples than can the mind of a Plato; but the truths which a Newton discovers are impersonal, and are truths for all time. His philosophy becomes extended and improved: his imperfect views become developed. But who continues Plato? Plato's philosophy remains confined to Plato, just as Shakspeare's poetry remains the sole possession of Shakspeare.

It is this *personal* nature of philosophical systems which lends such peculiar interest to the biography of great thinkers: their lives are parts of their philosophies. To show how impersonal science is, we may ask what light could be thrown upon the "Principia" by any details of Newton's life? Should we understand Faraday's views a little better, if we could penetrate into his private life, and learn his heroisms and his foibles, his sympathies and antipathies?—Not one iota. But rightly to understand a system of philosophy we must understand its source. Its source is personal, and the man attracts us. What manner of man was Bruno?

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola, in La Terra di Lavoro, a few miles from Naples, and midway between Vesuvius and the Mediterranean. The date of his birth is fixed as 1550—that is to say, ten years after the death of Copernicus, whose system he was to espouse with such ardor, and ten years before the birth of our own illustrious Bacon. Tasso well says:

"La terra
Simili a sè gli abitator produce;"

and Bruno was a true Neapolitan child—as

* *Révue des Deux Mondes*, tome 19, p. 1070.

ardent as its volcanic soil and burning atmosphere, and dark thick wine (*mangia guerra*)—as capricious as its varied climate. There was a restless energy in him which fitted him to become the preacher of a new crusade—urging him to throw a haughty defiance in the face of every authority in every country—an energy which closed his wild adventurous career at the stake lighted by the Inquisition. He was also distinguished by a rich fancy, a varied humor, and a chivalrous gallantry, which constantly remind us that the athlete is an Italian, and an Italian of the sixteenth century. Stern as was the struggle, he never allowed the grace of his nature to be vanquished by its vehemence. He went forth as a preacher; but it was as a preacher, young, handsome, gay, and worldly—as a poet, not as a fanatic.

The first thing we hear of him is the adoption of the Dominican's frock. In spite of his ardent temperament, so full of vigorous life, he shuts himself up in a cloister—allured, probably, by the very contrast which such a life offered to his own energetic character. Bruno in a cloister has but two courses open to him: either all that affluent energy will rush into some stern fanaticism, and, as in Loyola, find aliment in perpetual self-combat, and in bending the wills of others to his purposes; or else his restless spirit of inquiry, stimulated by avidity for glory, will startle and irritate his superiors. It was not long ere Bruno's course was decided. He began to doubt the mystery of transubstantiation. Nay, more, he not only threw doubt upon the dogmas of the church, he had also the audacity to attack the pillar of all faith, the great authority of the age—Aristotle himself. The natural consequences ensued—he was feared and persecuted. Unable to withstand his opponents, he fled. Casting aside the monkish robe, which clothed him in what he thought a falsehood, he fled from Italy just as Montaigne, having finished the first part of his immortal Essay, entered it, to pay a visit to the unhappy Tasso, then raving in an hospital. Bruno was now an exile, but he was free; and the delight he felt at his release may be read in several passages of his writings, especially in the sonnet prefixed to *l'Infinito*:

“Uscito di prigione angusta e nera
Ove tanti anni error stretto m'avvinse;
Qua lascio la catena, che mi cinse
La man di mia nemica invida e fera,” &c.

He was thirty years of age when he began his adventurous course through Europe—to

wage single-handed war against much of the falsehood, folly, and corruption of his epoch. Like his great prototype, Xenophanes, who wandered over Greece, a rhapsodist of philosophy, striving to awaken mankind to a recognition of the deity whom they degraded by their dogmas, and like his own unhappy rivals, Campanella and Vanini, Bruno became the knight-errant of truth—according to his views of truth—ready to combat all comers in its cause. His life was a battle without a victory. Persecuted in one country, he fled to another—everywhere sowing the seeds of revolt, everywhere shaking the dynasty of received opinion. It was a strange time—to every earnest man a sad, an almost hopeless time. The church was in a pitiable condition—decaying from within, and attacked from without. The lower clergy were degraded by ignorance, indolence, and sensuality; the prelates, if more enlightened, were enlightened only as epicures and pedants, swearing by the gods of Greece and Rome, and laboriously imitating the sonorous roll of Ciceronian periods. The Reformation had startled the world, especially the ecclesiastical world. The Inquisition was vigilant and cruel; but among its very members were sceptics. Scepticism, with a polish of hypocrisy, was the general disease. It penetrated almost everywhere—from the cloister to the cardinal's palace. Scepticism, however, is only a transitory disease. Men *must* have convictions. Accordingly, in all ages, we see scepticism stimulating new reforms; and reformers were not wanting in the sixteenth century. Of the Lutheran movement, it is needless here to speak. The sixteenth century marks its place in history as the century of revolutions; it not only broke the chain which bound Europe to Rome, it also broke the chain which bound philosophy to scholasticism and Aristotle. It set human reason free; it proclaimed the liberty of thought and action. In the vanguard of its army, we see Telesio, Campanella, and Bruno, men who must always excite our admiration and our gratitude for their cause and for their courage. They fell fighting for freedom of thought and utterance—the victims of a fanaticism, the more odious because it was not the rigor of belief but of pretended belief. They fought in those early days of the great struggle between science and prejudice, when Galileo was a heretic, and when the implacable severity of dogmatism baptized in blood every new thought born into the world.

One spirit is common to all these reform-

ers, however various their doctrines: that spirit is one of unhesitating opposition to the dominant authority. It is the crisis of the middle ages—the modern era dawns there. In the fifteenth century men were occupied with the newly awakened treasures of ancient learning: it was a century of erudition. The past was worshipped at the expense of the present. In art, in philosophy, and in religion, men sought to restore the splendors of an earlier time. Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, Raphael, disdaining the types of Gothic art, strove to recall, once more, the classic type. Marsilio Ficino, Mirandola, Telesio, and Bruno, discarding the subtleties and disputes of scholasticism, endeavored to reproduce Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus. In religion, Luther and Calvin, avowedly rising against papal corruptions, labored to restore the church to its primitive simplicity. Thus the new era seems retrograde. It is often so. The recurrence to an earlier time is the preparation for a future. You cannot leap far from the spot where you stand; you must step backwards a few paces to acquire the right momentum.

Giordano Bruno ceaselessly attacked Aristotle. In so doing he knew that he grappled with the Goliath of the Church. Aristotle was a synonym for reason. They made an anagram of his name, "*Aristoteles: iste sol erat.*" His logic and physics, together with the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, were then considered as inseparable portions of the Christian creed. One man having detected spots in the sun, communicated his discovery to a worthy priest: "My son," replied the priest, "I have read Aristotle many times, and I assure you there is nothing of the kind mentioned by him. Go, rest in peace; and be certain that the spots which you have seen are in your eyes, and not in the sun." When Ramus solicited the permission of Beza to teach in Geneva, he was told, "the Genevese have decreed, once for all, that neither in logic, nor in any other branch of knowledge, will they depart from the opinions of Aristotle—*ne tantillum quidem ab Aristotelis sententia deflectere.*" It is well known that the Stagyrte nearly escaped being canonized as a saint. Are you for or against Aristotle? was the question of philosophy; and the piquant aspect of this ἀριστοτελουμεαχία is the fact that both parties were profoundly ignorant of the real opinions of the Stagyrte; attributing indeed to him doctrines the very reverse of what a more ample knowledge of his writings has shown to have been his.

Bruno, as we said, took his stand opposite to the Aristotelians. Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus were his teachers. Something of temperament there may be in this, for, as Frederick Schlegel admirably said, and as Coleridge often repeated, all men are born either Aristotelians or Platonists; and Bruno undoubtedly belongs to that class of thinkers in whom logic is but the handmaid of imagination and fancy. To him the Aristotle of that age was antipathetic—and to be combated on all points. The Aristotelians taught that the world was finite, and the heavens incorruptible. Bruno declared the world to be infinite, and subject to an eternal and universal revolution. The Aristotelians proclaimed the immobility of the earth: Bruno proclaimed its rotation. Such open dissidence could of course only enrage the party in power. It would have been sufficiently audacious to promulgate such absurdities—*horrenda prorsus absurdissima*—as the rotation of the earth; but to defy Aristotle and ridicule his logic, could proceed only from insanity, or impiety! So Bruno had to fly.

To Geneva he first directed his steps. But there the power which had proved stronger than the partisans of Servetus, was still dominant. He made his escape to Toulouse; there he raised a storm among the Aristotelians, such as compelled him to fly to Paris.

Behold him then in Paris, the streets of which were still slippery with the blood of the Eve of St. Bartholomew! One expects to see him butchered without mercy, but, by some good fortune, he obtains the favor of Henry III., who not only permits him to lecture at the Sorbonne, but would admit him as a salaried professor, if Bruno would but attend mass. Is it not strange that at a time when attendance at mass was so serious a matter—when the echoes of that lugubrious cry, *la messe ou la mort!* which had resounded through the narrow murky streets, must have been still ringing in men's ears—that Bruno, in spite of his refusal, not only continued to lecture, but became exceedingly popular. Since Abelard had captivated the students of Paris with his facile eloquence and startling novelties, no teacher had been so enthusiastically received as Bruno. Young, handsome, eloquent, and facetious, he charmed them by his manner no less than by his matter. Adopting by turns every form of address—rising into the aerial altitudes of imagination or descending into the kennel of obscenity and buffoonery—now grave, prophet-like, and impassioned—now

fierce and controversial—now fanciful and humorous—he threw aside all the monotony of professional gravity, to speak to them as a man. He did not, on this occasion, venture openly to combat the prejudices and doctrines of the age; that was reserved for his second visit, after he had learned in England to speak as became a free and earnest man.

To England let us follow him. On the foggy banks of our noble Thames, he was rudely initiated into the brutality of the English character; but he was amply compensated by his reception at the court of Elizabeth, who extended a friendly welcome to all foreigners, especially Italians. Nor was his southern heart cold to the exquisite beauty and incomparable grace of our women. England was then worth visiting; and he had reason to refer with pride to “questo paese Britannico a cui doviamo la fedeltà ed amore ospitale.” It was in England Bruno published the greater part of his Italian works. It was here, perhaps, that the serenest part of his life was spent. Patronized by the queen—(“l’unica Diana qual è tra voi, quel che tra gli astri il sole,” as he calls her)—he had the glory and the happiness to call Sir Philip Sidney friend.

In the high communion of noble minds, in the interchange of great thoughts and glorious aspirations, another than Bruno might have been content to leave the world and all its errors in peace; but he had that within him which would not suffer him to be at rest. He could not let the world wag on its way, content to smile, superior to its errors. He had a mission—without the cant of a mission. He was a soldier, and had his battles to fight. In the society of Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Fulke Greville—of Dyer, Harvey—and most probably of Antonio Perez, and Shakspeare’s Florio—Bruno *might* have discussed with calmness every question of philosophy—that is, had he been of an epicurean turn—had he not been Bruno. As it was, lured by his passion for publicity—by his vanity, no less than by his love of truth—he rushed into the arena,

“Confident as is the falcon’s flight.”

If we attribute to him motives not altogether pure—if we see as much ostentation as devotion in this conduct, let it be remembered that in this life the great aims of humanity are worked out by *human* means, wherein the impure and selfish are as much vital elements as the noble. In the great mechanism there are numberless trivial wheels, and littleness is often the necessary spring of some heroic

act. This is no concession to the school of Rochefoucauld. That school makes the great mistake of attributing the splendor of the sun to its spots—of deriving the greatness of human nature from its littleness. The presence of a selfish impulse is no real diminution of an heroic act. We have only to reflect on the numerous instances of selfish impulse *unaccompanied* by any heroism, to be assured that if selfishness and disinterestedness may be found conjoined in the mingled woof of human nature, it in nowise alters the fact of disinterestedness, it in nowise lessens the worthiness of heroism. What philosophy is that which sees *only* vanity in martyrdom, *only* love of applause in the daring proclamation of truth? Gold without dross is not to be found in the earth; but is it therefore copper?

Let us follow Bruno’s course with other feelings than those of a short-sighted philosophy. It was not very long after his arrival in England (1583) that Leicester, then Chancellor of Oxford, gave that splendid fête in honor of the County Palatine Albert de Lasco, of which the annals of Oxford and the works of Bruno have preserved some details. In those days a foreigner was “lionized” in a more grandiose style than modern Amphitryons concede. It was not deemed sufficient to ask the illustrious stranger to “breakfast;” there were no “dinners” given in public, or at the club. The age of tournaments had passed away; but there were still the public discussions, which were a sort of passage-of-arms between the knights of intellect. And such a tourney had Leicester prepared in honor of the Pole. Oxford called upon her doughty men to brighten up their arms—that is to say, to shake the dust from their volumes of Aristotle—and all comers were challenged. Bruno stepped into the arena. Oxford chose her best men to combat for Aristotle and Ptolemy. On that cause her existence seemed to depend. Her statutes declared that the Bachelors and Masters of Arts who did not faithfully follow Aristotle, were liable to a fine of five shillings for every point of divergence, or for every fault committed against the *Organon*. Oxford has always had a talent for retrogression, and prides itself on the success with which it keeps behind the age it professes to instruct, and she was then, as now, what Bruno wittily called her—the *widow* of sound learning—“la vedova di buone lettere.”

The details of this “wit combat” are unknown to us. Bruno declares that fifteen

times did he stop the mouth of his pitiable adversary, who could only reply by abuse.* But there is considerable *forfanterie* about the Neapolitan, and such statements may be received with caution. That he created a "sensation" we have no doubt; his doctrines were sufficiently startling for that. We also find him, on the strength of that success, soliciting permission of the Oxford senate to profess openly. With his usual arrogance he styles himself, in this address, as a "doctor of a more perfect theology, and professor of a purer wisdom," than was there taught. Strange as it may appear, permission was granted; probably because he had the patronage of Elizabeth. He lectured on cosmology, and on the immortality of the soul; a doctrine which he maintained, not upon the principles of Aristotle, but upon those of the Neo-Platonists, who regarded this life as a brief struggle, a sort of agony of death, through which the soul must pass ere it attains to the splendor of existence in the eternal and universal life. In the deep, unquenchable desire which is within us to unite ourselves with God, and to quit this miserable sphere for the glorious regions of eternity, is the written conviction of our future existence. No doubt he preached this doctrine with stirring eloquence, but it must have sounded very heterodox in the ears of that wise conclave—styled, by Bruno, "a constellation of pedants, whose ignorance, presumption, and rustic rudeness would have exhausted the patience of Job"—and they soon put an end to his lectures.†

We have already intimated the protection which Elizabeth accorded him, and which he repaid by adulation—extravagant enough—but which was then the current style in speaking of royalty; and it should not be forgotten that this praise of a Protestant queen was not among the least of his crimes in the eyes of his accusers. Still, even Elizabeth could not protect a heretic; and

Bruno's audacious eloquence roused such opposition that he was forced to quit England. He returned to Paris once more, to court the favor of the *quartier Latin*. He obtained permission to open a public disputation on the physics of Aristotle. For three successive days did this dispute continue, in which the great questions of nature, the universe, and the rotation of the earth were discussed. Bruno had thrown aside the veil, and presented his opinions naked to the gaze. His impetuous onslaught upon established opinions produced the natural result; he was forced again to fly.

We next find him in Germany, carrying the spirit of innovation into its august universities. In July, 1586, he matriculated as *theologiæ doctor Romanensis* in the university of Marbourg, in Hesse; but permission to teach philosophy was refused him *ob arduas causas*. Whereupon he insulted the rector in his own house, created a disturbance, and insisted that his name should be struck off from the list of members of the university. He set off for Wirtemberg. His reception in this centre of Lutheranism was so gratifying, that he styled Wirtemberg the Athens of Germany. "Your justice," he writes to the senate, "has refused to listen to the insinuations circulated against my character and my opinions. You have, with admirable impartiality, permitted me to attack with vehemence that philosophy of Aristotle which you prize so highly." For two years did he teach there with noisy popularity, yet on the whole with tolerable prudence in not offending against the peculiar views of Lutheranism. He even undertook a defense of Satan; but whether in that spirit of pity which moved Burns, or whether in the spirit of buffoonery delighting to play with awful subjects, we have no means of ascertaining. He did not offend his audience, in whatever spirit he treated the subject.

Here, then, in Wirtemberg, with admiring audiences and free scope for discussion, one might fancy he would be at rest. Why should he leave so enviable a position? Simply because he was not a man to cotton himself in ease and quiet. He was possessed with the spirit of a reformer, and this urged him to carry his doctrines into other cities. Characteristic of his audacity is the next step he took. From Wirtemberg he went to Prague; from the centre of Lutheranism to the centre of Catholicism! In this he had reckoned too much on his own powers. He met with neither sympathy nor support in Prague. He then passed on to Helmstadt,

* "Andate in Oxonia e facevi raccontar le cose intravenute al Nolano quando pubblicamente disputò con que' dottori in teologia in presenza del Principe Alasco Polacco, et altri de la nobilità Inglese! Fatevi dire come si sapea rispondere a gli argomenti, come restò per quindici sillogismi quindici volte, qual pulcino entro la stoppa quel povero dottor, che come il corifeo de l'academia ne posero avanti in questa grave occasione. Fatevi dire con quanta inciviltà e discortesia procedea quel porco e con quanta pazienza et umanità quell'altro che in fatto mostrava essere Napoletano nato et allevato sotto più benigno cielo."—*La Cena de le Cenere*. Opp. Ital. II. p. 179.

† Vide *Cena de la Cenere*.

where his fame having preceded him, the Duke of Brunswick conferred upon him the honorable charge of educating the hereditary duke. Here, again, if he had consented to remain quiet, he might have been what the world calls "successful;" but he was troubled with convictions—things so impedimental to success!—and these drew down upon him a sentence of excommunication. He justified himself, indeed, and the sentence was removed; but he was not suffered to remain in Helmstadt; so he passed to Frankfurt, and there, in quiet, brief retirement, published three of his Latin works. Here a blank occurs in his annals. When next we hear of him, he is at Padua.

At Padua! After an absence of ten years the wanderer returns to Italy. In his restless course, he has traversed Switzerland, France, England and Germany; his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. Heretic and innovator, he has irritated the clergy without securing the protection of philosophers. He had sought no protection but that of truth. That now he should choose Padua above all places, must ever excite our astonishment. Padua, where Aristotle reigns supreme! Padua, which is overshadowed by Venice and the Inquisition! Was he weary of life, that he thus marched into the camp of his enemy? Or did he rely on the force of his convictions and the vigor of his eloquence to triumph even in Padua? None can say. He came—he taught—he fled! Venice received him, but it was in her terrible prison. Lovers of coincidences will find a piquant illustration in the fact that at the very moment when Bruno was thrown into prison, Galileo opened his course of mathematics at Padua; and the six years which he occupied that mathematical chair, were the six years Bruno spent in miserable captivity.

Bruno's arrest was no sooner effected than intimation of it was sent to the grand inquisitor, San Severina, at Rome, who ordered that the prisoner should be sent to him, under escort, on the first opportunity. Thomas Morosini presented himself before the *savi* of Venice, and demanded, in the name of his eminence, that Bruno should be delivered up to him. "That man," said he, "is not only an heretic, but an heresiarch. He has written works in which he highly lauds the Queen of England and other heretical princes. He has written diverse things touching religion, which are contrary to the faith." The *savi*, for some reason or other, declined to give up their prisoner, saying the matter was too im-

portant for them to take a sudden resolution. Was this mercy? Was it cruelty? In effect, it was cruelty, for Bruno languished six years in the prisons of Venice, and only quitted them to perish at the stake. Six long years of captivity! That was worse than any death. To one so ardent, solitude itself was punishment. He wanted to be among men, to combat, to argue, to live; and he was condemned to the fearful solitudes of that prison, without books, without paper, without friends! the present so horrible, the future so uncertain! Such was the repose which the weary wanderer found on his native soil.

His prison doors were at length opened, and he was removed to Rome, there to undergo a tedious and fruitless examination. Of what use was it to call upon him to retract his opinions? The attempt to convince him was more rational; but it failed. The tiresome debate was needlessly prolonged. Finding him insensible to their threats and to their logic, they brought him, on the 9th of February, to the palace of San Severina; and there, in the presence of the cardinals and most illustrious theologians, he was forced to kneel and receive the sentence of excommunication. That sentence passed, he was handed over to the secular authorities, with a recommendation of a "punishment as merciful as possible, and without effusion of blood"—*ut quam clementissima et citra sanguinis effusionem puniretur*—the atrocious formula for burning alive!

Calm and dignified was the bearing of the victim during the whole of this scene. It impressed even his persecutors. On hearing his sentence, one phrase alone disturbed the unalterable serenity of his demeanor. Raising his head with haughty superiority, he said, "I suspect you pronounce this sentence with more fear than I receive it." A delay of one week was accorded to him in the expectation that fear might force a retraction; but the week expired, and Bruno remained immovable. He perished at the stake; but he died in the martyr-spirit, self-sustained and silent, welcoming death as the appointed passage to a higher life.

"Fendo il cielo e l'infinito m'ergo."

Bruno perished a victim to blind intolerance. It is impossible to read of such a punishment without strong revulsions of feeling. There is, indeed, no page in the annals of mankind which we would more willingly blot out, than those upon which fanaticism has

written its bloody history. Frivolous as have often been the pretexts for shedding blood, none are more abhorrent to us than those founded upon religious differences. Surely the question of religion is awful enough in itself? Men have the deepest possible interest in ascertaining the truth of it; and if they cannot read the problem aright by the light of their own convictions, will it be made more legible by the light of an *auto-da-fé*? Tolerance is still far from being a general virtue; but what scenes of struggle, of violence, and of persecution has the world passed through before even the present modicum of tolerance could be gained! In the 16th century, thought was a crime. The wisest men were bitterly intolerant; the mildest, cruel. Campanella tells us that he was fifty times imprisoned, and seven times put to the torture for daring to think otherwise than those in power. It was, indeed, the age of persecution. That which made it so bloody was the vehemence of the struggle between the old world and the new—between thought and established dogma—between science and tradition. In every part of Europe—in Rome itself—men uprose to utter their new doctrines, and to shake off the chains which enslaved human intellect. It was the first great crisis in modern history, and we read its progress by the bonfires lighted in every town. The glare of the stake reddened a sky illumined by the fair auroral light of science.

Why this tyranny of opinion? Mr. Hallam, with his usual sagacity, has noted that it was not for those opinions which could influence men's moral conduct, so much as for merely speculative points, that men were sent to the stake.* So that persecution was founded, not upon dread of the *moral* consequence of an error, so much as on irritation at difference of opinion! Curious as this super-eminence given to ideas above practical results may seem, it is written throughout history. Perhaps fanaticism has its origin in this tendency. It is the *intellect* of man, and not his moral nature, which is called upon to decide the questions addressed solely to his intellect; and logic, as we know, feels no compunctions. It is because logic is pitiless, that men have massacred their fellows in the name of the religion of charity. But in reference to the remark cited from Mr. Hallam, it should be observed that these pressing questions in the history of persecution, severed as they have been from moral

considerations, have come to be representative of systems, and from this cause have derived a large adventitious importance.

But to return to Bruno. Did he deserve to die? According to the notions of that age, he certainly did; though historians have singularly enough puzzled themselves in the search after an adequate motive for so severe a punishment. He had praised heretical princes; he had reasoned philosophically on matters of faith—properly the subjects of theology; he had proclaimed liberty of thought, and of investigation; he had disputed the infallibility of the church in science, and had propagated heresies, such as the rotation of the earth, and the infinity of worlds; he had refused to attend mass; he had repeated many buffooneries then circulating, and which threw contempt upon sacred things; finally, he had taught a system of Pantheism, which was altogether opposed to Christianity. He had done all this, and whoever knows the 16th century, will see that such an innovator had no chance of escape. Accordingly, the flames (as Scipio sarcastically wrote in describing the execution to a friend) "carried him to those worlds which he imagined."

"As men die, so they walk among posterity," is the felicitous remark of Monckton Milnes; and Bruno, like many other men, is better remembered for his death than for anything he did while living. The flames which consumed his body have embalmed his name. He knew it would be so—"La morte d'un secolo fa vivo in tutti gli altri," he says. Till within the last half century, Bruno had scarcely any other claim upon the attention of students than that derived from his martyrdom; but Germany has rescued him from that obscurity, and presented him to Europe as worthy of that homage we all pay to great thinkers and inspiring thoughts. As Plato covered his speculations on the universe with the protecting name of Timæus, so also does the German Plato, Schelling, with like enthusiasm and homage, entitle one of his most important works "Bruno." Without expecting that Europe will acknowledge the importance of Bruno's doctrines, we may feel assured that the increasing interest which is exhibited in all historical studies, will not suffer this strange thinker to be passed over in contempt. Meanwhile, the following outline may suffice for most readers, and stimulate a few to study for themselves.

Considered as a system of philosophy, we cannot hesitate in saying that Bruno's has

* Const. Hist. of England, i. p. 89; fifth ed.

only an historical, not an intrinsic value. Its condemnation is written in the fact of its neglect. For as Göthe says—

"Denn allein das entsteht
Ist werth das es zu Ende geht."

But taken historically, the works are very curious, and still more so when we read them with a biographical interest; for they not only illustrate the epoch, but exhibit the man—exhibit his impetuosity, recklessness, vanity, imagination, buffoonery, and his thorough Neapolitan character, and his sincere love of truth. Those who wish to see grave subjects treated with dignity, will object to the license he allows himself, and will have no tolerance for the bad taste he so often displays. But we should rather look upon these works as the rapid productions of a restless athlete—as the improvisations of a full, ardent, but irregular mind, in an age when taste was less fastidious than it has since become. If Bruno has mingled buffooneries and obscenities with grave and weighty topics, he therein only follows the general license of that age; and we must extend to him the same forgiveness as to Bembo, Ariosto, Tasso, and the rest. The august Plato himself is not wholly exempt from the same defect.

In adopting the form of dialogue, Bruno also followed the taste of his age. It is a form eminently suited to polemical subjects, and all his works were polemical. It enabled him to ridicule by turns the pedants, philosophers, and theologians; and to enunciate certain doctrines which even his temerity would have shrunk from, had he not been able to place them in the mouth of another. He makes his dialogues far more entertaining than metaphysics usually are; and this he does by digressions, by ridicule, by eloquence, and a liberal introduction of sonnets. Sometimes his very vivacity becomes wearisome. The remorseless torrent of substantives and epithets which pours from his too prolific pen stuns and bewilders you. There is nobody to rival him but Rabelais in this flux of words.* His great butts are the

clergy and the philosophers. He reproaches the former with ignorance, avarice, hypocrisy, and the desire to stifle inquiry and prolong the reign of ignorance. The philosophers he reproaches with blind adherence to authority; with stupid reverence for Aristotle and Ptolemy; and with slavish imitation of antiquity. It should be observed that he does not so much decry Aristotle, as the idolatry of Aristotle.* Against the pedantry of that pedantic age he is always hurling his thunders. "If," says he, in one place, characterizing the pedant, "he laughs, he calls himself Democritus; if he weeps, it is with Heraclitus; when he argues, he is Aristotle; when he combines chimeras, he is Plato; when he stutters, he is Demosthenes." That Bruno's scorn sprang from no misology, his own varied erudition proves. But while he studied the ancients to extract from them such eternal truths as were buried amidst a mass of error, they, the pedants, only studied how to deck themselves in borrowed plumes.

Turning from manner to matter, we must assign to Bruno a place in the history of philosophy, as a successor of the Neoplatonists, and the precursor of Spinoza, Descartes, Leibnitz, and Schelling. That Spinoza and Descartes were actually conversant with the writings of Giordano Bruno does not distinctly appear. Yet it is not to be disputed that Bruno anticipated the former in his conception of the immanence of the Deity, in his famous *natura naturans natura naturata*, and in his pantheistic theory of evolution. He also anticipated Descartes' famous criterium of truth—viz: that whatever is clear and evident to the mind, and does not admit of contradiction, must be true; and in his proclamation of doubt as opposed to authority, he thus insists upon doubt as the starting point: "*Chi vuol perfettamente giudicare deve saper spogliarsi de la consuetudine di credere, deve l'una e l'altre contraddittoria estimare egualmente possibile, e dismettere a fatto quell'asserzione di cui e imbibelo da nativita.*"† Leibnitz was avowedly acquainted with Bruno's works, and derived therefrom

* To give the reader a taste of this quality, we will cite a sentence from the dedicatory epistle to *Gli Eroici Furori*: "Che spettacolo, o dio buono! più vile e ignobile può presentarsi ad un occhio di terrore sentimento, che un uomo cogitabundo, affitto, tormentato, triste, maninconico, per divenir or freddo, or caldo, or fervente, or tremante, or pallido, or rosso, or in una di perplesso, or in atto di risoluti, un, che spende il miglior intervallo di tempo destillando l'eluxir del cervello con mettere scritto e sig-

illar in publici monumenti, quelle continue torture, que' gravi tormenti, que' razionali discorsi, que' fatidici pensieri, e quelli amarissimi studi, destinati sotto la tirannide d'una indegna imbecille, stoltà e senza sporcizia!" Thus it continues for some fifty lines more!—*Opp. Ital.* li, p. 299.

* Vide *Opp. Ital.* li, p. 67, where this is explicitly stated.

† De l'Infinito Universo e Mondi. *Opp. Ital.* p. 94.

his theory of monads. Schelling makes no secret of his obligations.

There is another merit in Bruno which should not be overlooked, that, namely, of giving a strong impulse to the study of *Nature*. Occupied with syllogisms about entities and quiddities, the philosophy of the middle ages had forgotten the great truth so grandly expressed by Bacon, that "man is the minister and interpreter of nature;" or, if it had not forgotten this, it assumed that the interpretation could proceed only from *inwards*—that men were to look into their own minds to analyze, subdivide, and classify their own ideas, instead of looking forth into Nature, patiently observe her processes.* Before the revival of letters, the whole scope of philosophy had been to reconcile its theories with religion: it was the handmaid of faith. And when the riches of antiquity were discovered, men, in the first enthusiasm of discoverers, thought only of studying the works of ancient wisdom. The study of books thus superseded the study of Nature. Men were eager to penetrate into the arcana of Aristotelian or Platonic philosophy, not into the arcana of Nature. Hence the pedantry, and barrenness of that age. Bruno was one of the first to call men from their cells out into the free air. With his poetical instinct he naturally looked to Nature as the great book for man to read. He deified Nature; and looked upon the universe as the garment of God, as the incarnation of the divine activity. Let us not be misunderstood, however. If Bruno embraced the Copernican theory, and combated the general physics of his day, he is not on that account to be taken for a man of scientific method. He espoused the correct view of the earth's sphericity and rotation; but he did so on the faith of his metaphysical theories, not by means of positive induction.

And now to his doctrines. Bruno's creed was Pantheism, which many mistake for Atheism; but it is a creed which, under one shape or another, is to be found in most of the ancient philosophies, and is still that of millions of Asiatics, and of a great number of English, French, and German thinkers. We scarcely need say that Pantheism is not

to be reconciled with Christianity; but, at the same time, all must admit that the creed of a Göthe and a Schelling is not to be confounded with Atheism. God, in Bruno's system, is the Infinite Intelligence, the Cause of causes, the Principle of life and mind; the great Activity, whose action we name the universe. But God did not *create* the universe: he *informed* it with life—with being. He *is* the universe; but only as the cause is the effect, sustaining it, *causing* it, but not limited by it. He is self-existing, yet so essentially active as incessantly to manifest himself as a Cause. Between the Supreme Being, and inferior beings dependent upon him, there is this distinction: He is absolutely simple, without parts, but is one whole, identical and universal; whereas the others are mere individual parts, distinct from the great Whole. Above and beyond the visible universe there is an Infinite Invisible—an immoveable, unalterable Identity, which rules over all diversity. This Being of all Beings, this Unity of Unities, is God: "Deus est monadum monas nempe entium entitas."

This is far from being Christian philosophy. The Christian doctrine teaches that God is the *external* Cause of the universe. He created it from nothing. It was an act of His omnipotence. Bruno, on the contrary, maintains that God is the *internal* cause and vital principle of the universe. He created it from His own substance: it was the act of His divinity: the incarnation of His power. In the universe He is *immanent* and omnipresent: He is *ogni cosa e in ogni cosa*—the *natura naturans*, as the universe is the *natura naturata*. The distinction, then, between Christian theism and Pantheism is not only wide, but impassable. In the one scheme we have a creative Providence ruling the world; in the other, an immanent Activity manifesting itself in the world. And yet, widely as these doctrines are separated, so difficult is it for the human mind to keep a steady flight in the "spacious circuit of its musing," that these schemes have, as it were, a final identification. For, in the doctrine of the Theist, there lies a pitfall from which many fail to escape—viz: the tendency to limit the operation of the Deity to a merely passive contemplation of His work. How many scientific treatises maintain that the Deity having endowed the universe with certain laws, those laws alone now suffice for the evolution of all phenomena! *God is thus forgotten in His laws*. Against this theory, Göthe revolts:

* It is of them Telesio energetically says: Sed veluti cum Deo de sapientiâ contententes decertantesque, mundi ipsius principia et causas ratione inquirere ausa, et quæ non invenerant, inventa ea sibi esse existimantes, volentesque, veluti suo arbitratu, mundum affluxere.—"De Rerum Natura." In *Præm.*

Was wäre ein Gott der nur von a ussen stiesse
Im Kreis das All an Finger laufen liesse?
Ihm ziemt's die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in sich, Sich in Natur zu beugen.
So dass was in Ihm lebt, und webt, und ist
Nie Seine Kraft, nie Seinen Geist vermisst!

And if the Theist is in danger of forgetting God in God's laws, the Pantheist is equally in danger of forgetting the Creator in the creation.

That Bruno endeavored to steer clear of this danger is certain. He expressly warns us against the atheistical tendency. He says, that although it is impossible to conceive Nature separated from God, we can conceive God separated from Nature. The infinite Being is the essential centre and substance of the universe, but he is above the essence and substance of all things: he is *superessentialis*, *supersubstantialis*. Thus we cannot conceive a thought independent of a mind, but we can conceive a mind apart from any one thought. The universe is a thought of God's mind—nay, more, it is the infinite activity of his mind. To suppose the world finite is to limit his power. "Wherefore should we imagine that the Divine activity (*la divina efficacia*) is idle? Wherefore should we say that the Divine goodness, which can communicate itself *ad infinitum*, and infinitely diffuse itself, is willing to restrict itself? Why should his infinite capacity be frustrated—defrauded of its possibility to create infinite worlds? And why should we deface the excellence of the Divine image, which should rather reflect itself in an infinite mirror, as his nature is infinite and immense?"*

Bruno admits the existence of only one intelligence, and that is God. *Est deus in nobis*. This intelligence, which is perfect in God, is less perfect in inferior spirits; still less so in man; more and more imperfect in the lower gradations of created beings. But all these differences are differences of degree, not of kind. The inferior order of beings do not understand themselves—but they have a sort of language. In the superior orders of beings, intelligence arrives at the point of self-consciousness—they understand themselves, and those below them. Man, who occupies the middle position in the hierarchy of creation, is capable of contemplating every phase of life. He sees God above him—he sees around him traces of the divine activity. These traces, which attest the immutable order of the universe, constitute the soul of

the world. To collect them, and connect them with the Being whence they issue, is the noblest function of the human mind. Every student of Hegel will here recognize an anticipation of his famous evolution of the *Idee*. Bruno further teaches that, in proportion as man labors in this direction, he discovers that these traces, spread abroad in nature, do not differ from the *ideas* which exist in his own mind.* He thus arrives at the perception of the identity between the soul of the world and his own soul—both as reflections of the Divine intelligence. He is thus led to perceive the identity of Subject and Object, of Thought and Being.

Such is the faint outline of a doctrine, to preach which, Bruno became a homeless wanderer and a martyr; as he loftily says, "*con questa filosofia l'animo mi s'aggrandisce, e mi si magnifica l'intelletto*." If not original, this doctrine has at any rate the merit of poetical grandeur. In its deep thoughts, wrestling with imperfect language, do get some sort of utterance and appeal to our souls. As a system, it is more imaginative than logical; but to many minds it would be all the more acceptable on that account. Coleridge used to say, and with truth, that imagination was the greatest faculty of the philosopher; and Bruno said, "*Philosophi sunt quoadmodum pictores atque poete*. . . . *Non est philosophus nisi fingit et pinget*." Little as the mere man of science may be aware of it, the great faculty of imagination is indispensable even to his science; it is the great telescope with which he looks into the infinite. But in metaphysics, imagination plays a still greater part; it there reigns as a queen. The problem being to explain the physical and mental phenomena of the universe, there are two methods of solving it; the one, by looking into our own souls, and seeking there an explanation; the other, by looking at the phenomena themselves, and by patient observation, aided by powerful imagination, (leaping at the truth, *i.e.*, hypotheses,) discovering the laws of their co-existence and succession. In the one case, we *imagine* an explanation; in the other, we *observe*.

Let us now take a glance at the works of Bruno. They are mostly in Italian, Latin

* "ELP: What is the purpose of the senses?"

FIL: Solely to excite the reason: to indicate the truth, but not to judge of it. Truth is in the sensible object as in a mirror; in the reason, as a matter of argument; in the intellect, as a principle and conclusion; but in the mind it has its true and proper form."—*De l'Infinito*, p. 18.

* *De l'Infinito*. *Opp. Ital.* ii. p. 24.

having been happily reserved by him for the logical treatises. The volumes which we owe to the honorable diligence and love of philosophy of Adolph Wagner, open with the comedy "*Il Candelajo*," which was adapted to the French stage under the title of "*Boniface le Pédant*," from which Cyrano de Bergerac took his "*Pédant Joué*"—a piece which in its turn was plundered by Molière, who with charming wit and candor, avows it: "*Ces deux scènes (in Cyrano) étaient bonnes; elles m'appartenaient de plein droit; on reprend son bien partout où on le trouve.*"* According to Charles Nodier, Molière was indebted to Bruno for several scenes; but it is difficult to settle questions of plagiarism. Bruno's comedy is long, full of absurd incidents and Neapolitan buffoonery, and might have suggested a good deal to such a prolific mind as Molière's. In it he has exhibited "the amorousness of one old man named Bonifacio, the sordid avarice of another named Bartolomeo, and the pedantry, not less sordid, of a third named Manfurio." Ladies of vacillating virtue, soldiers, sailors, and scamps concert together to deceive these three old men, and wring money from their sensuality, their avarice, and their superstition. Bonifacio, desperately in love with Vittoria, is, nevertheless, alarmed at the enormous expense necessary to make his addresses acceptable. He has recourse to Scaramure, a reputed magician, who sells him a wax figure, which he is to melt, and thus melt the obdurate heart of his fair one. After a succession of disasters, Bonifacio is seized by pretended police, who force from him a heavy ransom.

* This is, perhaps, the wittiest of all the variations of the "percant male qui ante nos nostra dixissent." The Chevalier D'Aceilly's version is worth citing:

"Dis-je quelque chose assez belle !
L'antiquité tout en cervelle
Prétend l'avoir dite avant moi.
C'est une plaisante donzelle !
Quo ne venait elle après moi ?
J'aurais dit la chose avant elle !

While on this subject, we cannot resist Piron's lines:

"Ils ont dit, il est vrai, presque tout ce qu'on pense.
Leurs écrits sont des vols qu'ils nous ont faits d'avance.

Mais le remède est simple; il faut faire comme eux,
Ils nous ont dérobés; dérobons nos neveux.
Un démon triomphant m'élève à cet emploi:
Malheur aux écrivains qui viendront après moi !"
La Metromanie.

Bartolomeo becomes the dupe of Cencio, an impostor, who sells him a receipt for making gold. Manfurio, the pedant, is beaten, robbed, and ridiculed throughout. The sensuality and niggardliness of Bonifacio, and the pedantry of Manfurio, are hit off with true comic spirit; and the dialogue, though rambling and diffuse, is enlivened by *lazzi*—not always the most decent, it is true—and crowded with proverbs. Dramatic art there is none; the persons come on and talk; they are succeeded by fresh actors, who, having talked, also retire to give place to others. The whole play leaves a very confused impression. The hits at alchemy and pedantry were, doubtless, highly relished in those days.

It is very strange to pass from this comedy to the work which succeeds it in Wagner's edition—"La Cena de le Ceneri." In five dialogues he combats the hypothesis of the world's immobility; proclaims the infinity of the universe, and warns us against seeking its centre of circumference. He enlarges on the difference between appearances and reality in celestial phenomena; argues that our globe is made of the same substance as the other planets, and that everything which *is*, is living, so that the world may be likened to a huge animal.* In this work he also answers his objectors, who bring against his system the authority of Scripture, exactly in the same way as modern geologists answer the same objection, viz: by declaring that the revelation in the Bible was a moral not a physical revelation. It did not pretend to teach science, but, on the contrary, adopted ordinary notions, and expressed itself in the language intelligible to the vulgar.† In this work there are some digressions more than usually interesting to us, because they refer to the social condition of England during Elizabeth's reign.

The two works "*De la Causa*" and "*De l'Infinito*," contain the most matured and connected exposition of his philosophical

* An idea borrowed from Plato, who, in the *Timæus*, says: *εὖτως οὖν δὴ κατὰ λόγον τὸν εἰκότα δεῖ λέγειν τόνος τὸν κόσμον ζῶν ἐμψυχον ἐννοῦν τε τῇ ἀληθείᾳ διὰ τὴν τοῦ θεοῦ γενέσθαι πρόνοιαν.* p. 26, ed. Bekker. Comp. also *Politicus*, p. 273. Bruno may have taken this directly from Plato, or he might have learned it from the work of his countryman, Telesio, *De Rerum Natura*.

† "*Secondo il senso volgare et ordinario modo di comprendere e parlare.*" The whole of the early portion of Dialogue 4 (in which this distinction is maintained) is worth consulting. *Opere*, I. 172 sq.

opinions. As our space will not admit of an analysis, we must refer to that amply given by M. Bartholmess, (vol. ii. pp. 128-154.) The "Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante" is the most celebrated of all his writings. It was translated by Toland, in 1713, who printed only a very few copies, as if wishing it to fall into the hands of only a few choice readers. The very title has been a sad puzzle to the world, and has led to the strangest suppositions. The "Triumphant Beast," which Bruno undertakes to expel, is none other than this; ancient astronomy disfigured the heavens with animals as constellations, and under guise of expelling these, he attacks the great beast (superstition) whose predominance causes men to believe that the stars influence human affairs. In his "Cabal del cavallo Pegaseo," he sarcastically calls the ass "la bestia trionfante viva," and indites a sonnet in praise of that respectable quadruped:

"Oh sant' asinità, sant' ignoranza,
Santa stoltizia, e pia divozione,
Qual sola puoi far l'anima sì boune
Ch' uman ingegno e studio non l'avanza!" &c.

The "Spaccio" is an attack upon the superstitions of the day; a war against ignorance, and "that orthodoxy without morality, and without belief, which is the ruin of all justice and virtue." Morality Bruno fancifully calls "the astronomy of the heart;" but did not Bacon call it "the Georgics of the mind?" The "Spaccio" is a strange medley of learning, imagination, and buffoonery; and on the whole, perhaps the most tiresome of all his writings. M. Bartholmess, whose admiration for Bruno greatly exceeds our own, says of it:

"The mythology and symbolism of the ancients is there employed with as much tact as erudition. The fiction that the modern world is still governed by Jupiter and the court of Olympus, the mixture of reminiscences of chivalry, and the marvels of the middle ages, with the tales and traditions of antiquity—all those notions which have given birth to the philosophy of mythology, of religions, and of history—the Vicos and the Creuzers—this strange medley makes the 'Spaccio' so interesting. The philosopher there speaks the noble language of a moralist. As each virtue in its turn appears to replace the vices which disfigure the heavens, it learns from Jupiter all it has to do, all it has to avoid; all its attributes are enumerated and explained, and mostly personified in the allegorical vein; all the dangers and excesses it is to avoid are characterized

with the same vigor. Every page reveals a rare talent for psychological observation, a profound knowledge of the heart, and of contemporary society. The passions are subtly analyzed and well painted. That which still more captivates the thoughtful reader is the sustained style of this long fiction, which may be regarded as a sort of philosophic sermon. Truth and wisdom, justice and candor, take the place in the future now occupied by error, folly, and falsehood of every species. In this last respect the 'Spaccio' has sometimes the style of the Apocalypse."

Without impugning the justice of this criticism, we must add, that the "Spaccio" taxes even a bookworm's patience, and ought to be read with a liberal license in skipping.

Perhaps of all his writings, "Gli eroici furori" is that which would most interest a modern reader, not curious about the philosophical speculations of the Neapolitan. Its prodigality of sonnets, and its mystic exaltation, carry us at once into the heart of that epoch of Italian culture when poetry and Plato were the great studies of earnest men. In it Bruno, avowing himself a disciple of Petrarch, proclaims a Donna more exalted than Laura, more adorable than all earthly beauty; that Donna is the imperishable image of Divine Perfection. It is unworthy of a man, he says, to languish for a woman; to sacrifice to her all those energies and faculties of a great soul, which might be devoted to the pursuit of the Divine. Wisdom, which is truth and beauty in one, is the idol adored by the genuine hero. Love woman if you will, but remember that you are also a lover of the Infinite. Truth is the food of every heroic soul; hunting for Truth the only occupation worthy of a hero.* The reader of Plato will trace a favorite image; and was it not Berkeley who defined Truth as the cry of all, but the game few run down?

We close here our attempt to characterize the life and works of this remarkable thinker, with the hope that it may stimulate some curious reader to penetrate deeper into the subject. There are few epochs better worth studying than the sixteenth century; and amidst the many striking figures of that period, there are few in whom the conflicting tendencies of the age are better represented than in Giordano Bruno.

* Vide, in particular, the fine passage, *Opp. Ital.* II. p. 406-7.

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BRITISH DRUIDISM.

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

DRUIDISM is a topic of surpassing interest to Britons; and the many who may question this principium, or may suppose it only applicable to vulgar clubs or Welsh concerts, will thank us for illuminating their dimness as to the main day-spring of such promised interest. It is then, not too much to aver, (and the grounds for this conclusion shall immediately appear)—that the purest patriarchal religion had many things in common with early Druidism. Oaks standing in consecrated places, pillars and circles and altars of unhewn stone, are frequently mentioned in that book, containing the earliest records of mankind, which is emphatically called *the book*, *Græcè* the Bible. It is far from our wish to shock early feelings after the fashion of Dr. Milman, who speaks of father Abraham as “the old Emir;” for this cause, we should be sorry to be misunderstood as if it were attempted to attach the name of Druid either to that venerable saint, or to Jacob, or to Joshua, or to Samuel: it would be an inference equally false as to call the first disciples, papists: corruption, error, idolatries, ignorance, contribute quite enough to prove the classes different; while many remainder things in common imply an original unity. The sacred names mentioned above were all prophetic seers, רֹאשִׁים, *derussim*: they each and all reared their rocky pillars of witness, their holy stones, קֶרֶם לֹאֹחַ, *keremloach*, cromlech: vicarious sacrifice, the oneness of the Deity, the immortality of the soul, are doctrines common alike to the Patriarchs and the Druids: they “worshipped not in temples made with hands,” but would meditate with Isaac in the field at eventide, and make their offerings upon the high places. Gilgal, גִּלְגָּל, “the circle-circle,” the concentric rings of large stones taken out of the rocky bed of Jordan, is an example fulfilling all the requisites of such still existing druidical circles as we have

seen in Cornwall, Wales, Invernesshire, the Channel Islands, Wilts, Kilkenny, and other primeval localities; just such a double circle as the Gilgal, we remember a little out of the roadside between Aberfeldie and Kenmore.

When Jacob hides the teraphim, the idols of his wife, he selects as a sacred place, “under the oak by Shechem.” Deborah, Rebecca’s foster-mother, was buried with pious carefulness “beneath the stones of Bethel under an oak, and the name of it was called The oak of weeping.” So also Saul and his sons were interred “under the oak in Jabesh.” Gideon’s angel “came and sat under an oak which was in Ophrah;” the erring “man of God” rests under an oak; as if these were in the nature of consecrated trees—religious stations. In Joshua xxiv, 26, we read that the great successor of Moses “took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, which was by the sanctuary of the Lord;” and this selection of oaks and setting up of monolithic pillars might be illustrated by numerous other examples. In later times, when idolatry had succeeded to the purer worship implied in the primitive natural religion, we find Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Hosea expostulating with their fallen race for “worshipping idols under every thick oak,” and for inflaming themselves with the rites of heathenish impiety “among the oaks.” It is manifest, that the oak was a sacred or a superstitious tree: one selected for the shading of religious places: and this is so principal a feature in Druidism, that some etymologists attribute their adoption of the name to their reverence for the δρῦς, *drus*, or rather *drws*, the oak.

Once more; we read of cairns and carneds raised in patriarchal times: the word “cairn” is a Hebrew one, קֶרֶן, *keren*, “horn” or “hill.” We read in Isaiah vi, of “the very fruitful hill,” קֶרֶן. In Genesis xxxi, 45, &c., “Jacob took a stone and set it up for a

pillar; and Jacob said unto his brethren, Gather stones; and they took stones, and made an heap; and they did eat there upon the heap. And Laban called it, The heap of witness." So likewise over Achan, after "all Israel had stoned him with stones, they raised a great heap of stones over him unto this day." It is possible, by the way, that the execution by stoning might have had some reference to the sepulchral and other tumuli usually reared to commemorate great men or remarkable events.

Again; over the King of Ai "they raised a great heap of stones that remaineth unto this day." That remaineth! we have seen many such perpetual memorials which have outlived the name and fame of their sub-jacent heroes; as—who knoweth anything of the once great potentate that lies beneath his pyramidal heap of white stones on the Slieve Bloom mountain? That remaineth! What indestructibility pervades a pile like this, for ages solemn and honored in its preservation, and thereafter to the end of time uninjured by decay, and changeless as the everlasting hills! We at least desire not to hint a doubt, but that the "very great heap of stones laid over Absalom," and "the pillar in the king's dale, which Absalom erected for himself to keep his name in remembrance, because he had no son," are now existing as at first, and remain a stony conical hill beside a granite peak, in some secret valley of Judea; there, whether or not now bearing traditional witness to the earthly perpetuity of Absalom's high name, they stand ready at least, and able, to remind some casual traveller from Redruth, or Wiltshire, of the native ancient works he counts Druidical.

Yet more; Moses is commanded to raise "an altar of earth and unhewn stones;" we may conceive it not unlike such a cromlech as may still be found in Guernsey, or at Kilmoguc. Josephus (Ant. lib. i. c. 2.) mentions "a pillar of stone, erected by the antediluvian posterity of Seth, extant in his time in the land of Seirath or Syrias:" just such a granite witness as may now be seen upon Iona, the Inis Drw, or Druid's Isle; and the like other upright blocks we have visited both at Inverary Castle, and near Penzance. Maundrell asserts that the "furnace" in which the three children, Ananias, Azarias and Misael, were miraculously delivered from the burning, was an open court of stones, (even such an one might have crowned the rocky hill above St. Helier's in Jersey, or have stood on the slope near

Harlech,) and that this place of fiery trial was not according to the usual notion of a kiln; indeed, it is difficult to imagine how king Nebuchadnezzar could have seen them walking in the midst of that fierce ordeal unscathed, or how the fire could have flamed aside and consumed the executioners, had the furnace been a close one: we believe it to have been such an open fire-altar as we ourselves have in past years of highland pedestrianism turned aside to see near Taymouth Castle. It is easy to perceive how all these instances bear upon our point.

Moreover, Pliny speaks of a rocking-stone at Harpasa in Asia; and Ptolemy of one by the sea-side, which vibrated to the touch of an "asphodel:" he gives this stone the remarkable and barbaric epithet "gygonian;" evidently the Celtic *gwingog*, rocking. Dodona had its sacred oaks with priests hidden in the *δρυς*—Celticè, *drws*. It is worthy of note that Iona means a dove in Celtic; and the *πτερίαι* or "doves" were priestesses of Dodona. Now Iona was at one time the head-quarters of Druidism, after the more idolatrous Saxon had persecuted it to the extremities of the land in Cornwall, and other desolate and rocky places; to Anglesea also, and to Icolnkil. We see then a plain sympathy between Dodona and Iona; of some importance to our point, as connecting our own now so glorious, but once on a time the poor despised ancient Britain, with the early Greeks, lords of the earth. On the coast of Morocco, overlooking the broad Atlantic, are some mighty druidical remains worthy of Mount Atlas on whose shoulder they are resting: similar monuments are said to occur even in China. Apollonius Rhodius mentions that a rocking-stone existed in his day on the shores of Tenos, supposed to have been erected there by the Argonauts; and King, in his *Munimenta Antiqua*, (vol. i, p. 226,) says, as a matter of fact, that "the cromlech was introduced in the earliest ages, among the detestable superstitions of the Tyrians and Sidonians." Perhaps, when the Israelites made their children pass through Moloch's fire, it was a rite similar to the Druidic ordeal by fire; and perhaps the "stone upon which a man might be broken," or which falling on him should "grind him to powder," may, besides the common interpretations, be allusive to some Idumean rites and practices of a similar nature to those we call Druidical. To this mass of suggestions—for they are thrown out more in the nature of analogies than arguments—we might add another discursive series of ex-

amples deduced from almost every country, which can show those rude temples of unhewn stones, coming under the general phrase of *χτιστοῖντα*, "not made with hands:" a fine emblematical fancy, as if the Deity were looked up to as the only legitimate source of adornment, supplying every external appliance to his own service, unpolled by mortal aid or arm.

We need now scarcely bring to bear the focus of light which such scriptural and historic instances as we have noted shed upon our many native cairns, cromlechs, obelisks, and circles. The reader, perhaps to his own surprise, will have some little while surveyed with a different eye the granite ribs of Druidism; and instead of judging them, as it were, the fossil remnants of some extinct destroying monster, he may see some reason to regard them more indulgently as the deep-wrought tracks in stone of the first strong faith of our race. Even granting that, in the corruption of long years, human sacrifices stained those granite altars, might even these not have had some traditional reference to the great vicarious Substitute? Was the mistletoe, that strange, inexplicable growth, grafted as by a heavenly hand upon the unchanging oak of earthly immortality, in no way allusive to "the Branch," the cut twig that sweetened Marah? Is there not a moral grandeur to which the most decorated fanes have never reached, a sublimity of conception unparalleled, in the rude masses of Stonehenge, and, when perfect, in the vaster precincts of Abury? Is it a vain fancy to suppose, that the huge dynamical skill and power inferred of necessity by such pilings of Ossa on Olympus as cromlechs and rocking-stones imply, might have been immediately derived from those architectural giants in the olden world, the fabled Titans and Cyclops, who reared the walls of Corinth, set up strange monoliths in Edom, shaped the rocks of Elephantia, and piled the pyramids and Babel? Verily, a British cromlech is a structure of deep interest, when thus regarded as a link that connects us with the best and boldest of antiquity. Let farmers at Drewsteignton and engineers in Guernsey beware how they hazard the sacrilege of blowing them up, (a barbarous threat like this was once uttered in our ears)—let contractors for London granite tremble ere they touch such patriarchal holy-stones, and let lieutenants in the navy (we decline to give the wretch the notoriety he aimed at) pause one sober minute before they set a boat's crew to lever down a rocking-stone.

Druidical remains will be found naturally to class themselves into seven distinctions; and we trust that some additional analogies and coincidences on a road so little trodden, will serve to excuse a step or two retraced. It is likely, then, as a general observation, that all the seven classes have a sepulchral, or at least a commemorative origin: they may have been erected in consequence of the exploits, or over the dead bodies, of saints, chiefs and heroes, smaller or greater in dimensions according to merit; and, like the tombs of marabouts in Algeria and of fakirs in Hindostan, the holy monument may have in time become a place and station for religious worship. This was the case at Bethel, or Luz, an instance of the first among the seven Druidical classes, the single upright shaft or pillar; Jacob's stone became a hallowed burial-place, and afterwards a college of priests lodged there: the like of the Eben-ezer of Samuel, his stone of help. The upright-shaft class reached its highest phase of excellence in the carved obelisks of Egypt: that from Luxor, now in Paris, is a familiar instance of the newer apotheosis; while many a perpendicular log of granite against which cattle rub themselves in the meagre fields of Cornwall, is an example of the "old mortality."

The second class is the Cromlech, or stone altar, often of a vast size; at Kilmogue in Ireland is one, locally called Lachan Schall, the upper slab whereof is forty-five feet in circumference: at Plas-Newydd, in Anglesea, the stones are less in size, but the dimensions of the whole structure are gigantic; and not to be too tedious in examples, cromlechs occur generally wherever granite rocks and boulders are frequent; as in the Channel Islands, Cornwall, Dartmoor, &c.; near Exeter, for instance, there is a tidy little one, which is fifteen feet long, nine high, and ten broad.

The cromlech appears to be the first rude notion of what was improved afterwards into an arch: an Argive doorway is a cromlech, built into a Titanic wall; and magnificent Egypt has carried out the idea to a gorgeous immensity in its peculiarly shaped temples, with their leaning sides and flat ceilings. The form of the Gothic Π is illustrative of this analogy; and as the letter A is the same, or nearly so, in most languages (the early Hebrew א, *aleph*, is not an exception,) it leads one to suspect that the stone altar (such as Abel might have sacrificed upon) was, upon principles of piety, chosen as the form of the first letter.

The third Druidical class is the circular arrangement of stones and trees: the latter have nearly all of necessity perished from lapse of time, (and yet we can point out, on Merroe downs, in Surrey, two distinct concentric groves of venerable yews, a thousand years old, with remnants of like avenues, possibly Druidical)—but, for the less perishable rocky matter, where the road-surveyor has not hammered them up for highways, nor the Cornish farmer built them into his Cyclopean sheepfold, the circles of stone still frequently remain *in situ*, mocking time and its modernities. We find traces of these circular sites in Egypt; but as they were a people of parallels and angles rather than of curves, more stress has been laid upon the avenue than upon the circular arrangement; that of the Sphinxes at Karnac is but a glorified form of the long lane of rude stones at Abury.

Fourthly in class come the Kistvaens, or stone tombs, sometimes built with thick slabs, like small cromlechs; several of which occur in Guernsey, and one we recollect was, years ago, used as a pig-sty! but such desecrations are happily impossible now, under the indefatigable care of Mr. Lukis. Occasionally, these tombs are only cavernous indentations, roofed over, or doored-in sideways with a great stone: perhaps the cave at Macpelah, and even a more familiar and holier instance, may be allowed to connect our British stone sepulchres with those of sacred history. Here too, carrying out our analogies, the formally picturesque mind of Egypt, and its child Etruria, gives us the idea at its zenith in the carved sarcophagus.

Fifth in order comes the Cairn, often reared over a kistvaen; according to an archæological poem now before us, entitled "The Complaint of an old Briton;" which commences,

"Two thousand years ago,
They reared my battle grave;
And each a tear and each a stone,
My mourning warriors gave.
* * * * *
My liegemen wailed me long,
And treasured up my bones;
And heaped my kist secure and strong
With tributary stones."

We need not repeat apposite scriptural instances; and we might accumulate an innumerable list of secular ones; but we forbear, naming only in addition the cairns of the mound-builders in the Far West, where (according to Cornelius Mathews, in his

powerful tale "Behemoth") the subjacent skeleton is always strangely found with a copper *cross* upon its breast. In the cairn, above all other imitations, the magnificence of Egypt is pre-eminent; "her pyramids eterne of mountain build" are assuredly the most glorious cairns of human piling. And how interesting is it to us Britons—the despised barbaric hordes "at the ends of the earth"—to note such evident traits of an early eastern origin for the humbler tumuli that crown our Cornish heights, and are thickly studded over the downs of Dorsetshire! From the heaped ramparts of Maidun Castle it is easy to count (I have done it myself) threescore and upwards of such pious mounds; and they stretch far away, knobbing every hill in the neighborhood of Weymouth with evidences that our fathers were not the degraded, uncivilized, and cannibal race of savages which many moderns think them; from the imputation of which calumnies archæology alone has power to redeem their memories. We do not claim indeed for these so hoar antiquity as for many other cairns, but we recognize them, nevertheless, as legitimate children of the patriarchal times—only one remove from the Druidical remains of Britain. These also are traditionary offsets of the earliest natural religion; and that which, in our ignorant complacency, we have been accustomed to regard as utterly pagan, heathenish, and abominable, may have been but a very few shades darker than the dim lights accorded to the patriarchs.

Sixthly may be numbered the Tolmen, or stones of passage: such did Israel erect in the middle of Jordan for a testimony; of such also are the ancient terminal logs of Rome and Greece; likewise, rock-built way-marks, and possibly such as here and there occur over moors, and in mountainous paths, as of Scotland, Wales, and elsewhere. Perhaps the great Nilometers of Egypt, though put in after times to the agricultural good use of marking the level of the river, had originally somewhat to do with stones of passage; they may have marked a ghaut, or ferry-place, and in Upper Egypt, among the falls of Philæ, they might have pointed out a ford. On the banks of the Teign, a few miles north of Exeter, we noticed, conjecturally, a tolmen; and we doubt not but that local instances might be found in plenty of large detached stones lying near many a ferry.

Seventhly, and last in time as in order, we place the Logging or Logan stones. Here

alone Egypt fails us, if we seek for analogous objects; and it is competent to allege, for such present failure, at least four sufficient reasons, if rightly we may guess them. First, it is very possible that as the magnificent Egyptian could not, from natural causes, produce this rocky balance on anything approaching to an equal scale of grandeur with his other deifications of the patriarchal religion, he might be bold enough to reject it altogether. Secondly, the desolating fury of Cambyses, which is known to have been to old Egypt what the tornado is to a West Indian grove of canes, may well have wiped out all such tottering vestigia. If an intoxicated lot of sea-faring idiots could avail to overthrow the Cornish wonder, (a mass of ninety tons,) how should not the Persian madman, with his thousands, utterly erase those lightly balanced rocks? He might in a great measure be powerless against the temple and the pyramid, but the logan-stone could not withstand the fury of that despotic hurricane against old Egypt's gods; and once dislocated from their pivots, no human will or power, from those days to these of Mehemet Ali's successor, has since been exerted for their hypothetic restoration. Our third reason is, that, to a probable conjecture, the rocking-stone is of comparatively recent origin: Apollonius, and Ptolemy, and Pliny, are chronological children to the Pharaohs, and to pristine Druidism; and we would argue that these symptoms of jugglery and priestcraft inferred a late-in-time decline of traditional truths. Additionally and lastly, it is possible, that the artificial logan-stone may well have been suggested by freaks of nature upon rocky shores, which the priest of Luxor or Lycopolis could never have chanced to see. They seldom or never occur but where nature has all but, if not actually, set the example. Near the celebrated Boskenna logan of Cornwall, a mass of rock like a hay-stack, easily moved by a child's hand, albeit now with peril kept in its position by dint of oak and iron—our own eyes took notice of several mighty rocks, nearly in a state of insulation from the effects of weather eating away all but the weight-hardened central point of gravity; one in particular there is, a genuine logan, movable with some slight difficulty, and manifestly a natural, not an artificial consequence: this is a perpendicular pillar of granite, leaning near to the cliff-side, and locally called the Lady's rock. At the Land's End, we pointed out to the master of the "first and last" house in England, to what lucrative use a chisel

might be applied at the base of a certain huge rock, nearly decomposed at bottom, (much more deeply than the Cheesering of St. Clare's,) and which required only a little dangerous chipping, to become a prime opposition to Boskenna. If ever the Druids poised logans, it was, to our guessing, in this shrewd way, the good and wise way of helping nature; in other and truer words, getting of great nature all the help we can.

Among the hurly-burly of immense rocks to the westward of St. Michael's Mount—big as houses, and flung together as carelessly as if they were a pavier's heap of macadamized morsels—are several, dropped by volcanic or Neptunic power, all but upon the equipoise. At Drewsteignton we visited a rocky mass, eighteen feet long, ten high, and fifteen wide, which had manifestly toppled down from a neighboring hill, covered with similar boulders; and this, to our notion, was an accidental case of logan: and near Monmouth is the Buckstone, a mass of large dimensions, similarly accidental as a rocking-stone, we doubt not, although there are plenty of evidences all around that the Druids had adopted it for a centre of their operations. Neither of these logans—the one on the very edge of a rapid river, the other stopping short on the beetling verge of a hill—could have been man's doing. And in a secluded glen near the iron-works in South Wales, we have rocked a beautiful miniature logan-stone of some ten tons weight, which, from the utter absence of Druidism in its neighborhood, and from the numerous fragments of shattered cliff lying round it, we take to be nature's work, and not man's. To our own judgment, then, after some observation and experience in such matters, we think that the one great and sufficient reason why Egypt has no logan-stones is, because nature did not place them there. Man's hand never (in despite of Borlase we say it) originally set up those mighty stones of trial, although he might have shrewdly aided time in abrading away the bases, and have abetted superstition by arranging that force should be impotent on all the sides but one. That the Druid came to them, is as true as that Mahomet went to the hill; but they could not have come to the Druid at his will any readier than the hill to Mahomet: that rock basins, and arranged stones, and other intimations of man's mind occur round them, is equally a verity; but the superstitious populace would naturally rally round their crafty priests on the site of such earthly miracles. We at least pretend

not to claim a patriarchal origin for logans ; and nothing but Ptolemy and Pliny prevent us from suspecting them only of a later western birth. No allusion nearer than the Homeric stone of Sisyphus occurs in the earliest writings ; and it is as difficult to conceive how human forethought could have originated the idea, as how human power gave it effect. In every other case except that of these huge touchstones, the progress of Druidical and Cyclopic architecture is explicable. Gradual slopes of earth, up which the superincumbent mass might be levered till it topped its uprights, could easily be dug and cleared away, after the top-stone was firmly fixed *in situ* ; and the mystery is thus no longer a deep one, how they reared the sills of Stonehenge. An obelisk is easily set on end, by digging a hole at foot, and lifting it behind by a growing mound (possibly with the help of the Archimedean screw) till it reaches the perpendicular. Rollers and wedges, and other ancient dynamical appliances, would make easy work of stone circles, and so forth ; but so tenderly to touch the central point of a swaying hill of granite, a hundred tons in weight, and to leave it there self-poised, when the slope of soil by which it had ascended to its base had been perilously picked away, were indeed a problem worthy of the most exact engineering science, aided by the giant might of Briareus, Otus, and Ephialtes, with Atlas himself for their captain.

If, as some learned pundits have maintained, Druidism is of kin to early Brahminism, (and we find that Diogenes Laertius makes the Persian Magi, the Chaldeans of Babylon, the Hindoo gymnosophists, and the Gaulic Druids, to be identical in rites and superstitions)—if the Druidical serpent's egg, lore and learning of the stars, sacred fire, groves, natural altars, and flowing robes, seem to infer propinquity, we can perceive in the logan-stone a genuine Hindoo notion. As nearly as man's art, or his vantage taken of the chance of nature, could portray it,

that almost isolated mass would symbolize the globe : the later and absurder fancy of an ornate idolatry, which placed the world on an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise, and left the tortoise to stand as he could, upon nothing, was but the extravagant shadow of the solid mystic logan. A rocking stone was, in a myth, the self-supported sphere ; and at his hallowed will, the Arch-Druid, vicegerent of Divinity, sways its destinies, moving it as easily as an archer might the stone upon his sling, and delegating the like majestic power to calumniated innocence, or to others whom he would. This was at once a sublime and picturesque thought of natural religion as to Providence ; and, however afterwards corrupted to purposes of craft and cruelty, we may well spare a little reverence for the marvelous and mystic rocking-stone.

To recur, for one concluding word, to the doctrines of Druidism. We find attributed to them these two grand and fundamental truths :—the spiritual nature of a one superior Deity, and the immortality of man's soul ; although a crowd of deified heroes was afterwards added to the divine court, just as Romanism now has peopled heaven with its fabled mediators ; and in similar extenuation, although transmigration was, upon purgatorial principles, engrafted on the second noble verity, it is related, that Pythagoras learned his transmigrating doctrine of "one Abgaris, a Druid." For other wholesome thoughts, Strabo asserts that the Druids taught a future conflagration of this material world, as well as retained a distinct traditional memory of the deluge. That they practised human sacrifices is a matter little wonderful, if we consider how easy of perverse interpretation was the patriarchal offering up of Isaac ; and that they scorned to worship the Divinity in any other than his own sublime temple of "all space, whose altar earth, seas, skies," is a pleasing corroboration that their notions of religion were derived from a source originally pure.

From the Quarterly Review.

MR. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. 2 vols. 8vo. 1849.

[The critical estimate of the Quarterly—the great exponent of British conservatism, must not be omitted. Its ability and severity will give it a zest, even if its views are rejected. We may add that its authorship is generally attributed to J. Wilson Croker, Esq., the distinguished editor of Johnson's *Life and Works*. It may be remarked that the *Edinburgh Review*—perhaps from Mr. Macaulay's intimate connection with that journal—has taken no notice of this great work.—Ed.]

THE reading world will not need our testimony, though we willingly give it, that Mr. Macaulay possesses great talents and extraordinary acquirements. He unites powers and has achieved successes, not only various, but different in their character, and seldom indeed conjoined in one individual. He was while in Parliament, though not quite an orator, and still less a debater, the most brilliant rhetorician of the House. His Roman ballads (as we said in an article on their first appearance) exhibit a novel idea worked out with a rare felicity, so as to combine the spirit of the ancient minstrels with the regularity of construction and sweetness of versification which modern taste requires; and his critical Essays exhibit a wide variety of knowledge with a great fertility of illustration, and enough of the salt of pleasantry and sarcasm to flavor, and in some degree disguise, a somewhat declamatory and pretentious dogmatism. It may seem too epigrammatic, but it is, in our serious judgment, strictly true, to say that his *History* seems to be a kind of combination and exaggeration of the peculiarities of all his former efforts. It is as full of political prejudice and partisan advocacy as any of his parliamentary speeches. It makes the facts of English history as fabulous as his *Lays* do those of Roman tradition; and it is written with as captious, as dogmatical, and as cynical a spirit as the bitterest of his reviews. That upon so serious an undertaking he has lavished uncommon exertion, is not to be doubted; nor can any one during the first reading escape the *entrainment* of his picturesque, vivid, and pregnant execu-

tion; but we have fairly stated the impression left on ourselves by a more calm and leisurely perusal. We have been so long the opponents of the political party to which Mr. Macaulay belongs that we welcomed the prospect of again meeting him on the neutral ground of literature. We are of that class of Tories—Protestant Tories, as they were called—that have no sympathy with the Jacobites. We are as strongly convinced as Mr. Macaulay can be of the necessity of the Revolution of 1688—of the general prudence and expediency of the steps taken by our Whig and Tory ancestors of the Convention Parliament, and of the happiness, for a century and a half, of the constitutional results. We were, therefore, not without hope that at least in these two volumes, almost entirely occupied with the progress and accomplishment of that Revolution, we might without any sacrifice of our political feelings enjoy unalloyed the pleasures reasonably to be expected from Mr. Macaulay's high powers both of research and illustration. That hope has been deceived: Mr. Macaulay's historical narrative is poisoned with a rancor more violent than even the passions of the time; and the literary qualities of the work, though in some respects very remarkable, are far from redeeming its substantial defects. There is hardly a page—we speak literally, hardly a page—that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in color; and the whole of the brilliant and at first captivating narrative is perceived on examination to be impregnated to a really marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and, we are under the painful necessity of adding—bad faith.

These are grave charges; but we make them in sincerity, and we think that we shall be able to prove them; and if, here or hereafter, we should seem to our readers to use harsher terms than good taste might approve, we beg in excuse to plead that it is impossible to fix one's attention on, and to

transcribe large portions of a work, without being in some degree infected with its spirit; and Mr. Macaulay's pages, whatever may be their other characteristics, are as copious a repertorium of vituperative eloquence as, we believe, our language can produce, and especially against everything in which he chooses (whether right or wrong) to recognize the shibboleth of Toryism. We shall endeavor, however, in the expression of our opinions, to remember the respect we owe to our readers and to Mr. Macaulay's general character and standing in the world of letters, rather than the provocations and example of the volumes immediately before us.

Mr. Macaulay announces his intention of bringing down the history of England almost to our own times; but these two volumes are complete in themselves, and we may fairly consider them as a history of the Revolution; and in that light the first question that presents itself to us is why Mr. Macaulay has been induced to re-write what had already been so often and even so recently written—among others, by Dalrymple, a strenuous but honest Whig, and by Mr. Macaulay's own oracles, Fox and Mackintosh? It may be answered that both Fox and Mackintosh left their works imperfect. Fox got no farther than Monmouth's death; but Mackintosh came down to the Orange invasion, and covered full nine-tenths of the period as yet occupied by Mr. Macaulay. Why then did Mr. Macaulay not content himself with beginning where Mackintosh left off—that is, with the Revolution? and it would have been the more natural, because, as our readers know, it is there that Hume's history terminates.

What reason does he give for this work of supererogation? None. He does not (as we shall see more fully by and by) take the slightest notice of Mackintosh's history, no more than if it had never existed. Has he produced a new fact? Not one. Has he discovered any new materials? None, as far as we can judge, but the collections of Fox and Mackintosh,* confided to him by

their families. It seems to us a novelty in literary practice that a writer raised far by fame and fortune above the vulgar temptations of the craft should undertake to tell a story already frequently and recently told by masters of the highest authority and most extensive information, without having, or even professing to have, any additional means or special motive to account for the attempt.

We suspect, however, that we can trace Mr. Macaulay's design to its true source—the example and success of the author of *Waverley*. The Historical Novel, if not invented, at least first developed and illustrated by the happy genius of Scott, took a sudden and extensive hold of the public taste; he himself, in most of his subsequent novels, availed himself largely of the historical element which had contributed so much to the popularity of *Waverley*. The press has since that time groaned with his imitators. We have had historical novels of all classes and grades. We have had served up in this form the Norman Conquest and the Wars of the Roses, the Gunpowder Plot and the Fire of London, Darnley and Richelieu—and almost at the same moment with Mr. Macaulay's appeared a professed romance of Mr. Ainsworth's on the same subject—James II. Nay, on a novelist of this popular order has been conferred the office of *Historiographer* to the Queen.

Mr. Macaulay, too mature not to have well measured his own peculiar capacities, not rich in invention but ingenious in application, saw the use that might be made of this principle, and that history itself would be much more popular with a large embroidery of personal, social, and even topographical anecdote and illustration, instead of the sober garb in which we had been in the habit of seeing it. Few histories indeed ever were or could be written without some admixture of this sort. The father of the art himself, old Herodotus, vivified his text with a greater share of what we may call personal anecdote than any of his classical followers. Modern historians, as they happened to have more or less of what we may call *artistic* feeling, admitted more or less of this decoration into their text, but always with an eye (which Mr. Macaulay never exercises) to the appropriateness and value of the illustration. Generally, however, such matters have been thrown into notes, or, in a few instances—as by Dr. Henry and in Mr. Knight's interesting and instructive "*Pictorial History*"—into separate chapters. The large class of memoir-writers may also be fairly considered as

* It appears from two notes of acknowledgments to M. Guizot and the keepers of the archives at the Hague, that Mr. Macaulay obtained some additions to the copies which Mackintosh already had of the letters of Ronquillo the Spanish and Citters the Dutch minister at the court of James. We may conjecture that these additions were insignificant, since Mr. Macaulay has nowhere, that we have observed, specially noticed them; but except these, whatever they may be, we find no trace of anything that Fox and Mackintosh had not already examined and classed.

anecdotal historians—and they are in fact the sources from which the novelists of the new school extract their principal characters and main incidents.

Mr. Macaulay deals with history, evidently, as we think, in imitation of the novelists—his first object being always picturesque effect—his constant endeavor to give from all the repositories of gossip that have reached us a kind of circumstantial reality to his incidents, and a sort of dramatic life to his personages. For this purpose he would not be very solicitous about contributing any substantial addition to history, strictly so called; on the contrary, indeed, he seems to have willingly taken it as he found it, adding to it such lace and trimmings as he could collect from the Monmouth-street of literature, seldom it may be safely presumed of very delicate quality. It is, as Johnson drolly said, “an old coat with a new facing—the old dog in a new doublet.” The conception was bold, and—so far as availing himself, like other novelists, of the fashion of the day to produce a popular and profitable effect—the experiment has been eminently successful.

But besides the obvious incentives just noticed, Mr. Macaulay had also the stimulus of what we may compendiously call a strong party spirit. One would have thought that the Whigs might have been satisfied with their share in the historical library of the Revolution: besides Rapin, Echard, and Jones, who, though of moderate politics in general, were stout friends to the Revolution, they have had of professed and zealous Whigs, Burnet, the foundation of all, Kennett, Oldmixon, Dalrymple, Laing, Brodie, Fox, and finally Mackintosh and his continuator, besides innumerable writers of less note, who naturally adopted the successful side; and we should not have supposed that the reader of any of those historians, and particularly the later ones, could complain that they had been too sparing of imputation, or even vituperation, to the opposite party. But not so Mr. Macaulay. The most distinctive feature on the face of his pages is personal virulence—if he has at all succeeded in throwing an air of fresh life into his characters, it is mainly due, as any impartial and collected reader will soon discover, to the simple circumstance of his hating the individuals of the opposite party as bitterly, as passionately, as if they were his own personal enemies—more so, indeed, we hope than he would a mere political antagonist of his own day. When some one suggested to the

angry O’Neil that one of the Anglo-Irish families whom he was reviling as strangers had been four hundred years settled in Ireland, the Milesian replied, “*I hate the churks as if they had come but yesterday.*” Mr. Macaulay seems largely endowed with this (as with a more enviable) species of memory, and he hates, for example, King Charles I. as if he had been murdered only yesterday. Let us not be understood as wishing to abridge an historian’s full liberty of censure—but he should not be a satirist, still less a libeller. We do not say nor think that Mr. Macaulay’s censures were always unmerited—far from it—but they are always, we think without exception, immoderate. Nay, it would scarcely be too much to say that this massacre of character is the point on which Mr. Macaulay must chiefly rest any claims he can advance to the praise of impartiality, for while he paints everything that looks like a Tory in the blackest colors, he does not altogether spare any of the Whigs against whom he takes a spite, although he always visits them with a gentler correction. In fact, except Oliver Cromwell, King William, a few gentlemen who had the misfortune to be executed or exiled for high treason, and every dissenting minister that he has or can find occasion to notice, there are hardly any persons mentioned who are not stigmatized as knaves or fools, differing only in degrees of “turpitude” and “imbecility.” Mr. Macaulay has almost realized the work that Alexander Chalmers’s playful imagination had fancied, a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, or *The Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*. This is also an imitation of the Historical Novel, though rather in the track of Eugene Aram and Jack Sheppard than of Waverley or Woodstock; but what would you have? To attain the picturesque—the chief object of our artist—he adopts the ready process of dark colors and a rough brush. Nature, even at the worst, is never gloomy enough for a Spagnoletto, and Judge Jeffries himself, for the first time, excites a kind of pity when we find him (like one to whom he was nearly akin) not so black as he is painted.

From this first general view of Mr. Macaulay’s Historical Novel we now proceed to exhibit in detail some grounds for the opinion which we have ventured to express.

We premise that we are about to enter into details, because there is in fact little to question or debate about but details. We have already hinted that there is absolutely no new fact of any consequence, and, we think we can safely add, hardly a new view

of any historical fact, in the whole book. Whatever there may remain questionable or debatable in the history of the period, we should have to argue with Burnet, Dalrymple, or Mackintosh, and not with Mr Macaulay. It would, we know, have a grander air if we were to make his book the occasion of disquisitions on the rise and progress of the constitution—on the causes by which the monarchy of the Tudors passed, through the murder of Charles, to the despotism of Cromwell—how again that produced a restoration, which settled none of the great moral or political questions which had generated all those agitations, and which, in return, those agitations had complicated and inflamed—and how, at last, the undefined, discordant, and antagonistic pretensions of the royal and democratical elements were reconciled by the Revolution and the Bill of Rights—and, finally, whether with too much or too little violence to the principles of the ancient constitution—all these topics, we say, would, if we were so inclined, supply us, as they have supplied Mr. Macaulay, with abundant opportunities of grave tautology and commonplace; but we decline to raise sham debates on points where there is no contest. We can have little historic difference, properly so called, with one who has no historical difference on the main facts with anybody else: instead, then, of pretending to treat any great questions, either of constitutional learning or political philosophy, we shall confine ourselves to the humbler but more practical and more useful task above stated.

Our first complaint is of a comparatively small and almost mechanical, and yet very real, defect—the paucity and irregularity of his dates, and the mode in which the few that he does give are overlaid, as it were, by the text. This, though it may be very convenient to the writer, and quite indifferent to the reader, of an historical romance, is perplexing to any one who might wish to read and weigh the book as a serious history, of which dates are the guides and landmarks; and when they are visibly neglected we cannot but suspect that the historian will be found not very solicitous about strict accuracy. This negligence is carried to such an extent that, in what looks like a very copious table of contents, one of the most important events of the whole history—that, indeed, on which the Revolution finally turned—the marriage of Princess Mary to the Prince of Orange, is not noticed; nor is any date affixed to the very cursory mention of it in the text. It is rather hard to force the reader

who buys this last new model history, in general so profuse of details, to recur to one of the old-fashioned ones to discover that this important event happened in the year 1675, and on the 4th of November—a day thrice over remarkable in William's history—for his birth, his marriage, and his arrival with his invading army on the coast of Devon.

Our second complaint is of one of the least important, perhaps, but most prominent defects of Mr. Macaulay's book—his style—not merely the choice and order of words, commonly called style, but the turn of mind which prompts the choice of expressions as well as of topics. We need not repeat that Mr. Macaulay has a great facility of language, a prodigal *copiu verborum*—that he narrates rapidly and clearly—that he paints very forcibly—and that his readers throughout the tale are carried on, or away, by something of the sorcery which a brilliant orator exercises over his auditory. But he has also in a great degree the faults of the oratorical style. He deals much too largely in epithets—a habit exceedingly dangerous to historical truth. He habitually constructs a piece of what should be calm, dispassionate narrative, upon the model of the most passionate peroration—adhering in numberless instances to precisely the same specific formula of artifice. His diction is often inflated into fustian, and he indulges in exaggeration till it sometimes, unconsciously no doubt, amounts to falsehood. It is a common fault of those who strive at producing oratorical effects, to oscillate between commonplace and extravagance; and while studying Mr. Macaulay, one feels as if vibrating between facts that every one knows and consequences which nobody can believe. We are satisfied that whoever will take, as we have been obliged to do, the pains of sifting what Mr. Macaulay has produced from his own mind with what he has borrowed from others, will be entirely of our opinion. In truth, when, after reading a page or two of this book, we have occasion to turn to the same transaction in Burnet, Dalrymple, or Hume, we feel as if we were exchanging the glittering agility of a rope-dancer for gentlemen in the attire and attitude of society. And we must say that there is not one of those writers that does not give a clearer and more trustworthy account of all that is really historical in the period than can be collected from Mr. Macaulay's more decorated pages. We invite our readers to try Mr. Macaulay's merits as an historian by the test of comparison with his predecessors.

The very first line of his narrative is an example of that kind of pompous commonplace that looks like something and is nothing :

"Nothing in the early existence of Britain indicated the greatness which she was destined to attain."—i. 4.

This is in an exordium that would have fitted the history of any nation whatever. It might indeed be more truly said that nothing in the early existence of Rome—nothing in the early existence of France—indicated the greatness which they were destined to attain. The Britons had at least a separate and independent geographical position, which neither the cradle of Rome nor that of France enjoyed, and a position so remarkable, *totò orbe divisos*, as even to be the theme of poetry before France had the rudiments of national existence.

In the following passage we hardly know which to wonder most at—its pomp or its utter futility :

"From this communion [with the lingering civilization of the Eastern Empire] Britain was cut off. Her shores were, to the polished race which dwelt by the Bosphorus, objects of a mysterious horror, such as that with which the Ionians of the age of Homer had regarded the Straits of Berylla and the city of the Læstrygonian cannibals. There was one province of our island in which, as Procopius had been told, the ground was covered with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over from the land of the Franks at midnight. A strange race of fishermen performed the ghastly office. The speech of the dead was distinctly heard by the boatman: their weight made the keel sink deep in the water; but their forms were invisible to mortal eye. Such were the marvels which an able historian, the contemporary of Belisarius, of Simplicius, and of Tribonian, gravely related in the rich and polite Constantinople, touching the country in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the imperial purple."—i. 5.

This is a mistake of Mr. Macaulay's, exaggerating a mistake of Procopius. Procopius says no such thing of *Britain*; he mentions *Britannia*—an island, Mr. Macaulay might have remembered, already known to the world not merely as the place "in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the Imperial purple"—but by the writings of Cæsar and Tacitus. But Procopius adds that there is reported to be in the same neighborhood another island, called *Brittia*, of which he relates those wonders. It is clear that

there was no such other island, unless, indeed, Ireland was meant, and there are legends—St. Patrick, the reptiles, the purgatory, and the ferrymen of Lough Derg, &c.—which are not far short of the wonders of *Brittia*, for he speaks of both in the same page as different islands; but it is not true that Procopius himself, whatever his informants might do, could have mistaken this marvelous region for *Britain*. But even if Procopius had spoken of Britain, we should still wonder that the author of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" did not recollect that Virgil had told nearly the same story of the *Acer-nian* region :

"Quam super haud ullis poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis; talis sese halitus atris
Faucibus effundens . . .
Portitor has horrendas aquas et flumina servat
Terribili squalore Charon."

And Cicero notices that such superstitions still lingered in that neighborhood—in *vicinia nostra*, (1 *Tusc.*, 10.) Does that prove that the country between Rome and Naples was, in the days of Cicero and Virgil, utterly unknown and barbarous? We again wonder that a grave historian should think that such a story could possibly relate to an island in possession of the greater part of which the Romans had been for upwards of four centuries—and introduce it to prove nothing, as far as we can see—but what, we own, it does prove—that "able historians" may tell very foolish stories, and that an over-anxiety to show one's learning may betray the smallness and occasionality of the stock.

Sometimes Mr. Macaulay strains after verbal effect, and in his effort loses the point.

"Arabian mothers long awed their infants to silence with the name of the lion-hearted *Plantagenet*."—i. 4.

This is an unlucky occasion to introduce the name of *Plantagenet*, which assuredly no Arabian ear had ever heard nor tongue pronounced. How much more really striking is the simplicity of Joinville—"Quant les petiz enfans des Turcs et Sarrazins crioient, leurs meres leurs disoient Tays-toy—Tays-toy; ou j'yray querir le Roi Richard. Et de paeurs qu'ilz avoient se taysoient." And then, forsooth, after five centuries, trundles up Mr. Macaulay, puffing and blowing with his *lion-hearted Plantagenet*.

When he complains that *English historians* are too partial to our Norman kings, it is in this style :

"This is, in truth, as absurd as it would be in a *Haytian negro* of our time to dwell with national pride on the greatness of Louis the Fourteenth, and to speak of Blenheim and Ramillies with patriot regret and shame."—i. 14.

If a regiment of militia marches into Bridport, it must "*come pouring in*," (i. 576.) If many witnesses appeared on the Popish Plot, they come "*pouring forth*," (i. 237.) When the Dutch sail up the Medway, the prose Lay is careful to note—

"Tilbury Fort, the place where Elizabeth had with a manly spirit *hurled foul scorn* at Parma and Spain."

Mr. Macaulay found the words *foul scorn* in Queen Elizabeth's speech to her army at Tilbury, but has totally mistaken their meaning, and turned them into nonsense. If the Queen had used scorn in the sense of *defiance*, she might perhaps have said *proud scorn*; but she spoke of *foul scorn* in the sense of disgrace or insult.

"'I know,' said she, 'I have the body of a weak woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and *think it foul scorn* that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe should dare invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than that any *dishonor* should grow, I myself will take up arms,' &c,"—*Cabala*, p. 373.

That is, she hurled defiance because she would not endure foul scorn.

If Mr. Macaulay is often too grandiloquent, he sometimes seeks effect in a studied meanness of expression.

The chaplain in squires' houses, *temp.* Ch. II., was, Mr. Macaulay says, denied the delicacies of the table, but he

"*might fill himself with the corned beef and carrots*,"—i. 328.

Burnet was one day very anxious to see the Prince of Orange, for a very important communication from the Princess—no less, indeed, than her intention that, when she should succeed to the throne, William should be king *regnant*, not king *consort*; but the Doctor was obliged to postpone it because the Prince, he says, "*was that day hunting*." This Mr. Macaulay renders—

"William was many miles *off after a stag*,"—ii. 181.

There was probably no *stag-hunt* at all—William may have been shooting; but this low

phrase seems introduced to suggest that William was no party, and even quite indifferent, to Burnet's negotiation. No—while that momentous question was in debate between his wife and his chaplain, "*he was off after a stag*."

Monmouth's army is said, in the style of Percy's *Reliques*, to have been "in evil case," (i. 601;) certain Popish priests "*spell like washerwomen*," (ii. 111;) and the charge of royal cavalry that finally routed the rebels is thus enlivened from one of Mr. Macaulay's own ballads.

"The Life Guards and Blues came *pricking fast* from Weston Zoyland."—i. 609.

The ballad had sung,

"The fiery Duke came *pricking fast*."

And again; on the acquittal of the Bishops, the history says—

"The boats that covered the *Thames gave an answering cheer*,"—ii. 386.

The ballad on the defeat of the Armada sings—

"And all the thousand masts of *Thames Gave back an answering cheer*."

In the last scene of Monmouth—

"The hangman *addressed himself to his office*,"—i. 628.

And after all it was not a *hangman*, but a *headsman*; and a wretched one too. Surely, as Sir Hugh Evans says, "this is affectations;" and, in truth, *affectation*, whether high or low, is one of the most prominent features of Mr. Macaulay's style, which, often vivid, often forcible, often exquisitely pregnant with allusion and suggestion, is hardly ever natural through a page together.

As a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's vituperative style, in which, as we have said, he excels we think any writer in our language, we select first the case of Judge Jeffries, both because it is the one which it is hardest to exaggerate, and because Mr. Macaulay begins his notice of this judicial tyrant by a special profession of dealing with him as a "dispassionate historian,"—i. 449.

We are far from questioning the abstract justice of the epithets bestowed on Jeffries, nor should we have professed to treat of such a monster dispassionately—for we confess we never refer to one of the trials

at which he presided, without fresh indignation and horror—but we complain, as a matter of taste and style, of the violence and pertinacity with which they are repeated, quite as often out of season as in; until at last Jeffries himself begins to appear as dispassionate as the historian.

In the same paragraph in which we read this claim of being dispassionate, we find, as applied to Jeffries, the terms *wicked—insolent—angry—audacity—depravity—infamy*; and on the very next page, *consummate bully—impudence and ferocity—yell of fury—odious—terrible—savage—fiendish*. These are some—and some only—of the flowers of rhetoric culled from two half pages of a dispassionate history, and of which a still more odorous assortment may be found scattered with equal liberality through the rest of the volumes. These specimens will, however, satisfy any reader, however strong may be his antipathy to Jeffries's memory; and he will, we think, be inclined to smile at hearing that Mr. Macaulay takes this special occasion of directing our indignation against another of Jeffries's enormities, namely:

"The profusion of maledictions and *vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary* could hardly be rivalled in the *Fish Market* or the *Bear Garden*."—i. 450.

If this vocabulary of the *Fish Market* or *Bear Garden* (Mr. Macaulay must excuse our use of his own terms) were applied only to such delinquents as Jeffries, we should have allowed for his indignation, though we might not approve his taste; but he is really a *Draco*, who visits with equal severity all degrees of offense. Of Chief Justice Wright he says:

"*Proverbial ignorance* was not the worst fault: his *vices* ruined him. He had resorted to *infamous* ways of raising money. *Poor, dissolute, and shameless*, he had become a parasite of Jeffries."—ii. 276.

For Sir William Williams, an eminent Whig lawyer, who became Solicitor-General under James, he has the epithets of *odious—disgraceful—hated—despised—unblushing—abhorred—apostate*—and, as if all this were not enough, we have, as a final bouquet—

"How men can live under such *infamy* it is not easy to understand; but even such *infamy* was not enough for Williams."—ii. 627.

Again—

"The *infamous* Timothy Hall, who had dis-

tinguished himself by reading the declaration, [for liberty of conscience,] was rewarded with the Bishopric of Oxford, vacant by the death of the not less *infamous* Parker."—ii. 423.

Every great painter is supposed to make a larger use of one particular color. What a monstrous bladderful of *infamy* Mr. Macaulay must have squeezed on his pallet when he took to portrait-painting! We have no concern, except as friends to historical justice, for the characters of any of the parties thus stigmatized, nor have we room or time to discuss these, or the hundred other somewhat similar cases which the volumes present; but we have looked at the authorities cited by Mr. Macaulay, and we do not hesitate to say that, "as is his wont," he has, with the exception of Jeffries, outrageously exaggerated them.

We must next notice the way in which Mr. Macaulay refers to and uses his authorities—no trivial points in the execution of a historical work—though we shall begin with comparatively small matters. In his chapter on manners, which we may call the most remarkable in his book, one of his most frequent references is to "*Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684*." It is referred to at least a dozen or fourteen times in that chapter alone; but we really have some doubt whether Mr. Macaulay knew the nature of the book he so frequently quoted. Chamberlayne's work, of which the real title is *Angliæ* [or, after the Scotch Union, *Magnæ Britanniæ*] *Notitia, or the Present State of England*, [or *Great Britain*,] was a kind of periodical publication, half history and half court calendar. It was first published in 1669, and new editions or reprints, with new dates, were issued, not annually we believe, but so frequently that there are between thirty and forty of them in the Museum, ending with 1755. From the way and for the purposes for which Mr. Macaulay quotes Chamberlayne, we should almost suspect that he had lighted on the volume for 1684, and, knowing of no other, considered it as a substantive work published in that year. Once, indeed, he cites the date of 1686, but there was, it seems, no edition of that year, and this may be an accidental error; but however that may be, our readers will smile when they hear that the two first and several following passages which Mr. Macaulay cites from Chamberlayne, (i. 290 and 291,) as *characteristic of the days of Charles II.*,

distinctively from more modern times, are to be found *literatim* in every succeeding "Chamberlayne" down to 1755—the last we have seen—were thus continually reproduced because the proprietors and editors of the table-book knew they were *not* particularly characteristic of one year or reign more than another—and now, in 1849, might be as well quoted as characteristics of the reign of George II. as of Charles II. We must add that there are references to Chamberlayne and to several weightier books, (some of which we shall notice more particularly hereafter,) as justifying assertions for which, on examining the said books with our best diligence, we have not been able to find a shadow of authority.

Our readers know that there was a Dr. John Eachard who wrote a celebrated work on the "Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy." They also know that there was a Dr. Lawrence Echard who wrote both a History of England, and a History of the Revolution. Both of these were remarkable men; but we almost doubt whether Mr. Macaulay, who quotes the works of each, does not confound their persons, for he refers to them both by the common (as it may once have been) name of *Eachard*, and at least twenty times by the wrong name. This, we admit, is a small matter; but what will some Edinburgh reviewer (*temp.* Albert V.) say if he finds a writer confounding *Catherine* and *Thomas* Macaulay as "the celebrated author of the great Whig History of England"—a confusion hardly worse than that of the two Eachards—for Catherine, though now forgotten by an ungrateful public, made quite as much noise in her day as Thomas does in ours.

But we are sorry to say we have a heavier complaint against Mr. Macaulay. We accuse him of a habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities. This unfortunate indulgence, in whatever juvenile levity it may have originated, and through whatever steps it may have grown into an unconscious habit, seems to us to pervade the whole work—from Alpha to Omega—from Procopius to Mackintosh—and it is on that very account the more difficult to bring to the distinct conception of our readers. Individual instances can be, and shall be, produced; but how can we extract and exhibit the minute particles that color every thread of the texture?—how extract the impalpable atoms that have fermented the whole brewing? We must do as Dr. Faraday does at the Institution when

he exhibits in miniature the larger processes of Nature. We will suppose, then—taking a simple phrase as the fairest for the experiment—that Mr. Macaulay found Barillon saying in French "*le drôle m'a fait peur*," or Burnet saying in English "*the fellow frightened me*." We should be pretty sure not to find the same words in Mr. Macaulay. He would pause—he would first consider whether "the fellow" spoken of was a *Whig* or a *Tory*. If a Whig, the thing would be treated as a joke, and Mr. Macaulay would transmute it playfully into "*the rogue startled me*;" but if a *Tory*, it would take a deeper dye, and we should find "*the villain assaulted me*;" and in either case we should have a grave reference to

"Barillon, Jan. 31, 1686;" or, "Burnet, i. 907."

If our reader will keep this formula in his mind, he will find it a fair exponent of Mr. Macaulay's *modus operandi*.

We shall now endeavor to compress into an admissible compass a few instances of this transmutation.

There was, at the close of Charles the Second's reign, a certain Thomas Dangerfield, "a fellow," Hume tells us, "who had been burned in the hand for crimes, transported, whipped, pilloried four times, fined for cheats, outlawed for felony, convicted of coining, and exposed to all the public infamy which the laws could inflict on the basest and most shameful enormities."—*Hume*, viii. 126. And this description is fully borne out by the best contemporary testimony.

This fellow was the author of the sham-conspiracy called the *meal-tub plot*, which he first pretended was a plot of the Whigs against the King and the Duke of York; but not meeting the encouragement he hoped in that quarter, he turned his plot into a conspiracy of the Duke of York and the Earl of Peterborough to murder the King. For this aspersion he was, at the beginning of James's reign, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be publicly whipped, and of course became a kind of Protestant martyr; and his popularity with that party was very much increased by his having been killed on the day of his flogging by a strange accident, and, as Mr. Macaulay adds, by the hand of a *Tory*.

The good name and fame of Mr. Dangerfield thus became precious to the Whigs; and there are, in the "Bloody Assizes" (an authority much relied on by Mr. Macaulay, and by him we believe alone), several pieces

in prose and verse in honor of this new martyr, who is gravely, in a long elegy, declared to be equal, if not superior, to the earlier martyrs—Lords Russell and Essex. At the conclusion of Mr. Macaulay's relation of this sad affair we were exceedingly surprised to find this note:

"In the very rare volume entitled 'Succinct Genealogies, by Robert Halstead,' Lord Peterborough says that Dangerfield, with whom he had some intercourse, was a 'young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behavior, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding.'"—i. 490.

Our surprise was twofold—first, to find Mr. Macaulay attempting to spread this slight varnish over the fame of Dangerfield, whom he had himself before emphatically called a *villain*, (i. 257;) and, secondly, to find Lord Peterborough cited as a favorable witness to his character. What! we thought, Lord Peterborough pronouncing a kind of panegyric upon this most infamous slanderer of both himself and the Duke—it was incredible! But Mr. Macaulay vouches Lord Peterborough's own words. We hasten to consult the book, and there certainly we find Lord Peterborough acknowledging the intercourse and using the words as stated by Mr. Macaulay—but how? Now, indeed, the surprise will be our readers'. Lord Peterborough, who was placed in considerable danger by this fellow's accusation, absurd as it was, explains in his own defense—that he, being first gentleman of the Duke of York's bedchamber, was informed that a person, who would not give his name, desired to communicate to him an affair which nearly affected his Royal Highness. Lord Peterborough at first refused to see this anonymous stranger; but being told that his name was "Thomas Willoughby," and not knowing whether in those strange times the Duke's life might not be really in danger, he had consented to see Mr. Willoughby, who "*was a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behavior, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding.*" At this point Mr. Macaulay stops short; while the Earl proceeds to tell us that, never having before seen or heard of the man, but deceived by these appearances, he had unfortunately carried Willoughby to tell his own story to the Duke of York—the result of all being that this "*wretch*" and "*villain*," as the Earl most truly calls him, turned out to be no other than Thomas Dangerfield, who accused the Duke of York of having at that interview

offered him 20*l.* to murder King Charles, and that Lord Peterborough was privy to the bargain!—(*Halstead*, p. 438.)

How Mr. Macaulay will account for this suppression of the latter part of Lord Peterborough's evidence, and for his own inconsistency in thus volunteering to produce evidence—and false evidence too—in favor of a "*villain*," we cannot, with the best consideration we have given to the matter, conjecture; but we are willing to suppose that there may be some possible explanation, and we shall proceed with our inquiry.

We must here observe that one strong mark of his historical impartiality is to call any thing bigoted, intolerant, shameless, cruel, by the comprehensive title of *Tory*. When Dr. Johnson is quoted as acknowledging the Habeas Corpus Act as the chief safeguard of our liberties, he is only "*the most bigoted of Tories*"—all Tories, of course, being *ex vi termini* bigoted. "Of all Tories, Lord Rochester was the most intolerant"—all Tories, of course, being intolerant. When he wishes to stigmatize Sir William Williams, he describes him as "*undertaking what bigoted Tories, stained with the blood of Russell, would have shrunk from*"—a Tory being, of course, the last step of infamy but one, and that one being a Whig turned Tory. In this spirit he proceeds with Dangerfield's story. This man had been sentenced to be publicly whipped. Mr. Macaulay tells us that on the evening of his punishment a *Tory gentleman* of Gray's Inn, named Frances, struck Dangerfield with a small cane, which, accidentally entering the eye, killed him. For this deed, which Mr. Macaulay says was but manslaughter, Frances was executed as for murder.—(i. 489.) Now here Mr. Macaulay refers to the State Trials, where, however, there is nothing about a *Tory gentleman*, but simply "*a barrister of Gray's Inn*." Mr. Macaulay thought, we presume, that he was at liberty to *infer* from Frances's professing in his dying speech that

"—he had never before seen Dangerfield, nor had any grudge or personal prejudice against him more than what all honest and good men could not but have who love the king and government"—

that he must be a Tory. The inference may be a fair one, though we should have hoped that there might even then have been found a Whig loyal to the king, and who abhorred such miscreants as Oates and Dangerfield.

But however that may be, Mr. Macaulay was not justified in interpolating, *ad invidiam*, the term Tory, which his authority had not employed.

Another circumstance of Mr. Macaulay's report of this case is still worse. It had been falsely rumored at the time that Frances had been jealous of an intimacy between his wife and Dangerfield. The husband's dying speech indignantly refuted that calumny, saying that she was an "excellent wife—a most virtuous woman—and so well born that, had she been so inclined, she would not have debased herself to *so profligate* a person." This defense, sufficiently absurd in itself, needed no exaggeration; but Mr. Macaulay makes it the occasion of sneering at two usual objects of his dislike—*Tories and Churchmen*—for he quotes the authority as saying that, if the woman

—“had been inclined to break her marriage vow, she would have at least selected a *TORY* and a *CHURCHMAN* for her paramour.”—i. 490.

Again, we read :

“Among the unhappy men who were convicted of the murder of Godfrey was one Protestant of no high character, Henry Berry. It is a *remarkable and well-attested circumstance*, that Berry's last words did *more to shake the credit of the plot* than the dying declarations of all the pious and honorable Roman Catholics who underwent the same fate.”—ii. 8.

For this Mr. Macaulay vouches Burnet; but the reference is not fortunate. Burnet says that Berry had been born a Protestant, but had become a Papist, and was so at his trial; but the night before his execution he confessed that he was in his heart a Protestant, and repented of his former dissimulation; Burnet, however, does *not* state the “*remarkable and well-attested fact*” for which Mr. Macaulay quotes him, nor anything like it; all he says is, that the *Papists* took great advantage from Berry's dying a Protestant to argue that the dying declarations of those of their own persuasion, which concurred with Berry's, were entitled to credit. Nor is there so much as a hint of any discredit having been thereby thrown on the plot; and there is indeed lamentable proof that Mr. Macaulay has wholly misunderstood the affair; for this, only the *third* trial of the supposed plotters, happened in February, 1679, and the series of massacres was not closed till near two years later, by the execution of Lord Stafford, in December, 1680.

He thus introduces the celebrated Lord Peterborough :

“Already he had given abundant proofs of his courage, of his capacity, and of that strange unsoundness of mind which made his courage and capacity almost useless to his country. Already he had distinguished himself as a wit and a scholar, as a soldier and a sailor. He had even set his heart on *rivalling Bourdaloue and Bossuet*. Though an *avowed Freethinker*, he had sat up all night at sea to compose *sermons*, and had with great difficulty been prevented from edifying the crew of a man of war with his *pious oratory*.”—ii. 33.

For this we are referred to “Teonge's Diary.” On turning to Teonge we find nothing about “*freethinking*”—nothing about *Bourdaloue* and *Bossuet*—nothing about *sermons* (in the plural)—nothing about *pious oratory*—but only that on one occasion Teonge, the chaplain of a man-of-war—in which Lord Mordaunt, then under twenty, was taking a passage—being ill, the young Lord “asked the captain's leave to preach, and sat up till four o'clock in the morning to compose his speech”—a design which the chaplain, who seems to have been at least as strange a person as Mordaunt, defeated by getting out of his bed, and so rebuked the young Lord that he returned into his own cabin in great wrath, and there, to spite the parson, set to work with a hammer and nails; and the parson, to spite him—“for discontent,” as he says—would have no prayers; and so the Sabbath was well passed between them. The story needs no exaggeration; and is indeed spoiled by Mr. Macaulay's unauthorized additions.

These are some insulated instances of the misstatement of his printed authorities; others, more complicated, will be developed hereafter under the topics to which they belong. We must now make a few observations on what, though some of them are in print, we may class with the MS. authorities. Since Dalrymple discovered and in part opened to us the value of the dispatches of Barillon, the French ambassador during the latter years of the reign of Charles and the whole of James, Mr. Fox and Sir James Mackintosh obtained access to and made extracts from the dispatches of Bonrepaux, another French envoy, Monsignor d'Adda, the Pope's nuncio, and Citters the Dutch, and Ronquillo the Spanish ministers. Of these, Fox, Mackintosh and his continuator, have published portions; but Mr. Macaulay intimates (i. 299–391) that the copious col-

lections of Mr. Fox and Sir James have been put into his hands, and that he has himself obtained some additional extracts from the correspondence of Bonrepaux, Citters, and Ronquillo, (i. 440, 465.) We could have wished that some distinct notice had been given of the extent of each of these contributions—by whom the different portions to be copied were selected—what guaranty there is for the correctness of the copies, and (when translated) of the translators. Dalrymple and Fox gave us, in their appendices, a large portion of the originals; Mackintosh's continuator did the same to some extent; Mr. Macaulay has given us not more than half a dozen short extracts from the originals, and his versions of those passages only make us wish that we could see our way more distinctly into his authorities. We also wish Mr. Macaulay had always added some mark to explain whether the manuscripts were in the Fox, or the Mackintosh, or his own collection; and we may here be perhaps forgiven for throwing out, or more probably throwing away, a larger wish, that the dispatches of those five ministers were published *in extenso*, or as far as they relate to our concerns. Until that be done there will never be a history of our Revolution which one or other of the great parties will not look on with suspicion. What Dalrymple has done for our history is of great value, but of still greater is the example he has given us of the right course of inquiry and of the right spirit in pursuing it.

But we have not quite so much confidence in Mr. Macaulay; we are not to question his scholarship; but it seems to us that sometimes, whether from haste or from obliquity of vision, he gives versions or explanations of his Italian, Spanish, and Dutch authorities more favorable to what happens to be his object at the moment than the originals—in some of the few instances in which we have the means of comparison—warrant. These variations must in the nature of things be in general very slight, but when we find that the errors all tend in the same direction, we are forced to suspect a bias in the translator—a prejudice so inwoven that he makes no effort to check its suggestions. We select an instance from each language.

In ii, 335, he represents an Italian Jesuit as saying of the *Roman Catholic gentry exclusively*, what the author says of *all* the English gentry.

Again, on the same subject he mistranslates the Spanish minister Ronquillo, who, Mr. Macaulay says, in July, 1688,

"Assured his court that the Catholic country gentlemen would willingly consent to a compromise, of which the terms should be that the penal laws should be abolished and the test retained."—*Ib.* ii, 335.

The original does not bear out Mr. Macaulay's version: first, the Spaniard does not *assure* his court, but says *he is informed*; next, he does not mention the Catholic country gentlemen, but generally the Catholics in the provinces, without distinction of class or station; next, instead of *willingly consenting* to it, (we suppose the Test Act,) Ronquillo only says, they *do not reject it*, because, not aspiring to office, they wish for nothing more for themselves and their posterity than the security of the quiet exercise and enjoyment of their religion and their properties. This "*estoy informado*" of a desire to be quiet is essentially different from a *willing consent* to the specified terms of a *compromise*.

These are, we admit, slight discolorations, but even such would, in the long run, have their effect on the mind of the reader. But here is one which seems a little more serious. In describing the termination of the trial of the Bishops, Mr. Macaulay states that

"As the noblemen who had appeared [in Westminster Hall] to support the good cause drove off, they flung from the carriage-windows handfuls of money, and bad the crowd drink to the health of the Bishops and the Jury."—ii. 387.

And for this he refers to the Dutch minister, Citters, and quotes the original passage; but, on reading that passage, we find that Mr. Macaulay has made a remarkable omission. Citters says that the money was given to drink the healths of "THE KING, the Bishops, and the Jury." Mr. Macaulay's version omits *the King*—and our readers will wonder why he should omit the most important word of the sentence, or—choosing for any purpose to omit it—why he should yet give it at the bottom of his page. To this last suggestion we know not what reply to make: but the suppression is clear and not insignificant. We need not insist on the importance, at that crisis, of such a show of loyalty, both in the gentlemen and the mob, as the introduction of the *King's* name implied. It was a kind of popular protest against what happened after; and it really expressed, we are satisfied, the feelings of the majority, gentle and simple, of the people of England, (always excepting the republican Whigs,) who, though they would

not tolerate the unconstitutional proceedings of James and his evil counsellors, were very reluctant to cast off their allegiance to the King. But there is a particular circumstance that may also have influenced Mr. Macaulay. He opens his next chapter with the following emphatic paragraph :

"The acquittal of the bishops was not the only event which makes the 30th of June, 1688, a great epoch in English history.

"On that day, while the bells of a hundred churches were ringing, while multitudes were busied, from Hyde Park to Mile End, in piling fagots and dressing popes for the rejoicings of the night, was dispatched from London to the Hague an instrument scarcely less important to the liberties of England than the Great Charter."—ii. 395.

This was the paper which invited over the Prince of Orange, and as it was signed by several of the principal men of the party which had appeared in support of the bishops, it would a little disparage the sincerity and honor of these patriots to have it blazoned, that on the very day on which they dispatched this treasonable paper, they had given the populace money to drink the King's health. Mr. Macaulay has at least spared his own pen that mortifying avowal.

It is but fair to observe that Mr. Macaulay, giving the original passages, might feel himself authorized to take more liberty in his translation—though it is odd that the three errors, one of them not slight, all tend towards Mr. Macaulay's peculiar views.

But there is a case which depends on, as far as we know, unpublished documents, about which we have a considerable curiosity. Mackintosh quotes, as from the Fox MSS., Barillon and Bonrepaux as attesting an intrigue of Lord Treasurer Rochester and his wife, in January and February, 1686, to set up Catherine Sedley, the King's mistress just created Countess of Dorchester, against the Queen, and that the Queen in consequence helped to overthrow Rochester and replace him by Lord Sunderland. Mr. Macaulay quotes the same authorities and tells the same story, with some additions of great malevolence and bitterness against Lord Rochester, whom, as well as his brother Clarendon, Mr. Macaulay pursues with as lively a hatred as Oldmixon could have felt. Now we, notwithstanding Mackintosh's reference to the French authorities and Mr. Macaulay's repetition of it, have some doubt, and, let us own, some hope, that this story may be altogether untrue. Mr. Macaulay

sometimes quotes a history of our Revolution, by *M. Mazure*, written with the assistance of the *original documents in the French archives*; and in his work we find the following account of this intrigue :

"In this intrigue Lord Sunderland had the art to make himself useful to the Queen, and to persuade her that Lord and Lady Rochester had set up the mistress in hopes of governing the King through her, and overthrowing all the projects in favor of the Catholic religion. Sunderland, who was in the pay of Louis XIV., tried to persuade Barillon of the same story; but Barillon and Bonrepaux—both of whom gave an account of this intrigue, the first to Louis XIV., the second to Seignelay—*agrees upon this point, that Rochester was a complete stranger to the whole affair!*"—*Mazure*, ii. 158.

We confess that, having slight confidence in Mr. Macaulay's own accuracy, and knowing nothing of the *copies* on which Mackintosh told and Mr. Macaulay has embellished this story, we are inclined rather to believe the account of *M. Mazure*; but surely Mr. Macaulay, who makes so much of this affair, cites so many authorities about it, and even says that "the facts are stranger than fiction," ought at least to have taken notice of *M. Mazure's* evidence, and to have explained how such an utter discrepancy can exist between his own and *M. Mazure's* account of the French dispatches.

There is another circumstance which strongly though incidentally corroborates *Mazure's* version. At the time of this intrigue Clarendon was Privy Seal and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and, though he was in Dublin, it is impossible that he could have been a stranger to the proceedings of his brother Rochester. Now, both Lord and Lady Clarendon continued to write confidentially to Lord and Lady Rochester, as the channels of the Queen's favor, in a way that seems utterly inconsistent with the Rochesters being under her displeasure, or engaged in any intrigue against her; and, after some months, we find the Queen expressing some displeasure on the score of Lady Dorchester—not against Rochester, the supposed guilty party, but against Clarendon—and not that he or his family had any share in the supposed intrigue, but that he had paid the Countess some attention during a kind of exile which she had spent in Dublin; though, on the other hand, Lady Dorchester (with more justice, as it seems) complained that he had been deficient in civility. In short, it seems to us that several passages in the

"Clarendon Correspondence" are irreconcilable with Mr. Macaulay's version of Rochester's conduct.

We shall now proceed to more general topics. We decline, as we set out by saying, to treat this "New Atalantis" as a serious history, and therefore we shall not trouble our readers with matters of such remote interest as the errors and anachronisms with which the chapter that affects to tell our earlier history abounds. Our readers would take no great interest in a discussion whether Hengist was as fabulous as Hercules, Alaric a Christian born, and "the fair chapels of New College and St. George" at Windsor of the same date. But there is one subject in that chapter on which we cannot refrain from saying a few words—THE CHURCH.

We decline to draw any inferences from this work as to Mr. Macaulay's own religious opinion, but it is our duty to say, and we trust we may do so without offense, that Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with the general principle of Church government, and the doctrine, discipline, and influence of the Church of England, cannot fail to give serious pain, and sometimes to excite a stronger feeling than pain, in the mind of every friend to that Church, whether in its spiritual or corporate character.

He starts with a notion that the fittest engine to redeem England from the mischiefs and mistakes of oligarchical feudalism was to be found in the imposing machinery and deception of the Roman Church; overlooking the great truth that it was not the Romish Church, but the genius of Christianity, working its vast but silent change, which was really guiding on the chariot of civilization; but in this broad principle there was not enough of the picturesqueness of detail to captivate his mind. It would not suit him to distinguish between the Church of Christ and the web of corruptions that had grown about her, but could not effectually arrest the benignant influence inherent in her main-spring. He therefore leads his readers to infer that Christianity came first to Britain with St. Austin, and for aught that Mr. Macaulay condescends to inform us, the existence of a prior Anglo-Saxon Church was a monkish fiction. The many unhappy circumstances of the position taken up by the Romish Church in its struggles for power—some of them unavoidable, it may be, if such a battle were to be fought—are actually displayed as so many blessings, attainable only by a system which the historian himself condemns elsewhere as baneful and untrue. He

maintains these strange paradoxes and contradictions with a pertinacity quite surprising. He doubts whether a true form of Christianity would have answered the purposes of liberty and civilization half so well as the acknowledged duplicities of the Church of Rome.

"It may perhaps be doubted whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent."—i, 23.

"There is a point in the life both of an individual and a society at which submission and faith, such as at a later period would be justly called servility and credulity, are useful qualities."—i, 47.

These are specimens of the often exposed fallacies in which he delights to indulge. Place right and wrong in a state of uncertainty by reflected lights, and you may fill up your picture as you like. And such forever is Mr. Macaulay's principle of art. It is not the elimination of error that he seeks for, but an artistic balance of conflicting forces. And this he pursues throughout; deposing the dignity of the historian for the clever antithesis of the pamphleteer. At last, on this great and important point of religious history—a point which more than any other influences every epoch of English progress, he arrives at this pregnant and illustrative conclusion—

"It is difficult to say whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation."—i. 49.

England owes nothing to "the Roman Catholic religion." She owes everything to CHRISTIANITY, which Romanism injured and hampered but could not destroy, and which the Reformation freed at least from the worst of those impure and impeding excrescences.

With regard to his treatment of the Reformation, and especially of the Church of England, it is very difficult to give our readers an adequate idea. Throughout a system of depreciation—we had almost said insult—is carried on: sneers, sarcasms, injurious comparisons, sly misrepresentations, are all adroitly mingled throughout the narrative, so as to produce an unfavorable impression, which the author has not the frankness to attempt directly. Even when obliged to approach the subject openly, it is curious to observe how, under a slight veil of impartiality, imputations are raised and calumnies accredited. For instance, early in the first volume he gives us his view of the English

Reformation, as a kind of middle term, emerging out of the antagonist struggles of the Catholics and Calvinists; and it is impossible not to see that, between the three parties, he awards to the Catholics the merit of unity and consistency; to the Calvinists, of reason and independence; to the Anglicans, the lowest motives of expediency and compromise. To enforce this last topic he relies on the inconsistencies, some real and some imaginary, imputed to Cranmer, whose notions of worldly expedience he chooses to represent as the source of the Anglican Church.

"But, as the government needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the government. Much was therefore given up on both sides; a union was effected; and the fruit of that union was the Church of England. . . .

"The man who took the chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican Church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both the parties which, at that time, needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of divine he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scottish reformer. In his character of statesman he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected now to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and of their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator. Sainly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a time-server in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of popery."—i. 51, 52.

He thence proceeds to show that the opinions of the Church of England on various points are not those which at one time were held by Cranmer, whom he seems resolved to consider as her founder, and for whose inconsistencies he holds her responsible. Now no one who knows Cranmer's writings and history—no one, of the greater number who remember the magnanimous immolation of his guilty right hand at the stake—will contend for the undeviating consistency of all his opinions. He was by nature of a wavering and argumentative disposition, and he lived in a chaotic time, when the bravest and the wisest did not see their way, and "staggered to and fro like drunken men." But we are, nevertheless, very far from

thinking that Mr. Macaulay can justify the language he has used as to this subject.

He speaks (p. 53) of Cranmer's "*conviction*" that "in the primitive times there was no distinction between bishops and priests." In p. 57 he states that Cranmer had "declared in emphatic terms that God had immediately committed to Christian princes the whole care of all their subjects, as well concerning the administration of God's word, for the cure of souls, as concerning the ministration of things political." And again (p. 76) he refers to the "low estimate which Cranmer had formed of the office of a bishop." Now all these statements are founded on Cranmer's answers to the questions given in Burnet. But why does not Mr. Macaulay mention that the "*conviction*" was expressed only on one occasion, and with the greatest modesty as "*mere opinion*," which Cranmer did not "*temerariouly define*," but remitted to the king's judgment? Why does he not inform us that the opinion was contradicted by the other commissioners, and that it did not prevent Cranmer himself from subscribing shortly afterwards the "*Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man*," nor from directing the publication of the "*Catechism or Short Instruction into Christian Religion*," which two works contain the plainest possible avowals of what Mr. Macaulay sneers at as "*High Church Doctrine*." Why does he not take any notice of Cranmer's essay, "*De Ordine et Ministerio Sacerdotum et Episcoporum*?" (See his works published by the Parker Society, App. p. 484.) If Cranmer did not always hold the same principle, why advert to one occasion when he delivered a "*mere opinion*," which he would not "*temerariouly define*," and pass over all the passages, English and Latin, in which at various periods he deliberately expresses the general bias of his mind? Is this fair?

We have no doubt that, if the force of Mr. Macaulay's attack should be thought in any degree proportioned to the hostility of the intention, the Church will find many defenders more powerful than our abilities, and more complete than our space, would allow us to be. Already, indeed, we have received a pamphlet by the Rev. R. C. Harrington, Chancellor of Exeter, which sufficiently refutes all that it concerns our Church to refute, of Mr. Macaulay's misstatements. We cannot here follow the steps of Mr. Harrington's able and conclusive arguments. Those who think Mr. Macaulay worth refutation will find his sophistry fully but very courteously exposed by Mr. Harrington.

But we shall select two short passages which show that Mr. Macaulay is not more exact in his ecclesiastical quotations than we have shown him to be in others. He states that

"Archbishop Grindal long hesitated about accepting a mitre, from dislike to what he regarded as the mummery of consecration."—i. 51.

There is nothing of the kind. The indecent sneer about "the mummery of consecration"—*mummery of consecration*!—observe the juxtaposition of these terms—is Mr. Macaulay's own. The truth is that Grindal consulted Peter Martyr (but did not wait for his answer) as to some scruples, "concerning impropriations and the wearing certain peculiar garments" (Harrington, 11): not a hint about *consecration*—of course no scandalous allusion to *mummery*—these are all flowers of Mr. Macaulay's own rhetoric. The other case is if possible still worse:

"When it was objected that Saint Paul had spoken of certain persons whom the Holy Ghost had made overseers and shepherds of the faithful, it was answered that King Henry was the very overseer, the very shepherd, whom the Holy Ghost had appointed, and to whom the expressions of Saint Paul applied."—i. 56.

The "objection" and the "answer," says Mr. Harrington, seem to be the result of a fertile imagination—the only conjectural ground of it being a paper in which it was stated as a point to be established that the text of St. Paul referred to

"Was not meant of such bishops only as be now of the clergy, but was as well meant and spoken of EVERY ruler and governor of Christian people."—Harrington, 12.

The date of this paper, 1532, removes it from all connection with our formularies, and even Mr. Macaulay seems to admit that it was probably written by Gardiner; but he does not add that Gardiner was a papist, nor explain by what process he makes our Church responsible for Gardiner's doctrines, even if they were what he represents them.

No infidelity of quotation that we have instanced appears to exceed these. We shall see more of his bitter hostility to the Church of England in a future division of our subject, where we shall find him as unjust to her maturity as he has been to what he calls her origin—as injuriously prejudiced against her ministers as he has been against her principles.

The next great division of his subject is the reign of Charles I. There are, as we have had so often to say, no facts to debate with him; all we have to do is to repeat our charge of habitual partiality and injustice—partiality towards every form of rebellion, and especially its archetype, Cromwell—injustice to every principle of monarchical loyalty, and their representatives, Strafford and King Charles.

To disprove the imputations, to correct the misstatements, to refute the insinuations which Mr. Macaulay lavishes with bitter and unwearied animosity on the king, would require us to re-write the "History of the Rebellion." We shall content ourselves with a few short notices of the historian's own partiality and inconsistency. In the first place we observe that, though he talks of the king's evil *propensities* and *vices* as if they were many, he can, like his predecessors in the same field, specify but one, which less eloquent Whig historians are content to blame as "insincerity," but Mr. Macaulay stigmatizes as nothing short of "perfidy," or even some harsher name. As we ourselves are in the course of this article forced occasionally to question Mr. Macaulay's own sincerity, we should be unwilling to adopt the vocabulary in which he characterizes the duplicity of Charles, though we cannot, on the other hand, quite reconcile ourselves to the palliative and even laudatory terms in which he treats the much deeper shades of the same *vice* in Cromwell, Sidney, King William, and other favorite politicians.

We select a few of the choice flowers which he charitably strews on the grave of the unhappy Charles.

"Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was in truth impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways."—i. 84.

"He was perfidious not only from ambition and habit, but on principle."—*Ib.*

"So notorious was his duplicity, that there was no treachery of which his subjects might not with some show of reason believe him capable."—i. 106.

"The duplicity of Charles made his old enemies irreconcilable."—i. 113.

"The king was not to be trusted; the vices of Charles had grown upon him. Cunning is the natural defense of the weak. A prince therefore who is habitually a deceiver."—i. 126.

"Charles was not only a most unscrupulous but a most unlucky dissembler."—i. 126.

"The same punishment that awaits on habitual perfidy had at length overtaken the King."—i. 110.

Every one of the circumstances on which we may presume that Mr. Macaulay would rely as justifying these charges has been long since, to more candid judgments, either disproved, explained, or excused, and in truth whatever blame can be justly attributed to any of them, belongs mainly, if not exclusively, to those whose violence and injustice drove a naturally upright and most conscientious man into the shifts and stratagems of self-defense. With the greatest fault and the only crime that Charles in his whole life committed, Mr. Macaulay does not reproach him—the consent to the execution of Lord Strafford—that indeed, as he himself penitentially confessed, was a deadly weight on his conscience, and is an indelible stain on his character; but even that guilt and shame belongs in a still greater degree to Mr. Macaulay's patriot heroes.

This leads us to the conclusive plea which we enter to Mr. Macaulay's indictment, namely—that all those acts alleged as the excuses of rebellion and regicide occurred after the rebellion had broken out, and were at worst only devices of the unhappy King to escape from the regicide which he early foresaw. It was really the old story of the wolf and the lamb. It was far down the stream of rebellion that these acts of supposed perfidy on the part of Charles could be said to have troubled it.

But while he thus deals with the lamb, let us see how he treats the wolf. We have neither space nor taste for groping through the long and dark labyrinth of Cromwell's proverbial duplicity and audacious apostasy; we shall content ourselves with two facts, which, though stated in the gentlest way by Mr. Macaulay, will abundantly justify the opinion which all mankind, except a few republican zealots, hold of that man's sincerity, of whose abilities, wonderful as they were, the most remarkable, and perhaps the most serviceable to his fortunes, was his hypocrisy; so much so, that South—a most acute observer of mankind, and who had been educated under the Commonwealth and Protectorate—in his sermon on "Worldly Wisdom," adduces Cromwell as an instance of "habitual dissimulation and imposture." Oliver, Mr. Macaulay tells us, modelled his army on the principle of composing it of men fearing God, and zealous for *public liberty*, and in the very next page he is forced to confess that

"Thirteen years followed in which for the first and the last time the civil power of our country was subjected to military dictation."—i. 120.

Again,

"Oliver had made his choice. He had kept the hearts of his soldiers, but he had *broken* with every other class of his fellow citizens."—i. 129.

That is, he had broken through all the promises, pledges, and specious pretenses by which he had deceived and enslaved the nation, which Mr. Macaulay calls with such opportune *naïveté*, *his fellow citizens*! Then follows, not a censure of this faithless usurpation, but many labored apologies and even defenses of it, and a long series of laudatory epithets, some of which are worth collecting as a rare contrast to Mr. Macaulay's usual style, and particularly to the abuse of Charles, which we have just exhibited.

"His *genius and resolution* made him more *absolute master of his country* than any of her legitimate kings had been."—i. 129.

He having cut off the legitimate King's head on a pretense that Charles had wished to make himself *absolutely master of the country*.

"Everything yielded to the *vigor and ability* of Cromwell."—i. 130.

"The Government, though in the form of a Republic, was in truth a despotism, moderated only by the *wisdom, the sober-mindedness, and the magnanimity* of the despot."—i. 137.

With a vast deal more of the same tone.

But Mr. Macaulay particularly expatiates on the influence that Cromwell exercised over foreign states; and there is hardly any topic to which he recurs with more pleasure, or, as we think, with less sagacity, than the terror with which Cromwell and the contempt with which the Stuarts inspired the nations of Europe. He somewhat exaggerates the extent of this feeling, and greatly misstates or mistakes the cause; and as this subject is in the present state of the world of more importance than any others in the work, we hope we may be excused for some observations tending to a sounder opinion on that subject.

It was not, as Mr. Macaulay everywhere insists, the personal abilities and genius of Cromwell that exclusively, or even in the first degree, carried his foreign influence higher than that of the Stuarts. The internal struggles that distracted and consumed the strength of these islands throughout their reigns necessarily rendered us little formidable to our neighbors; and it is with no good grace that a Whig historian stigma-

tizes that result as shameful; for, without discussing whether it was justifiable or not, the fact is certain, that it was opposition of the Whigs—often in rebellion and always in faction against the Government—which disturbed all progress at home and paralyzed every effort abroad. We are not, we say, now discussing whether that opposition was not justifiable and may not have been ultimately advantageous in several constitutional points; we think it decidedly was: but at present all we mean to do is to show that it had a great share in producing on our foreign influence the lowering effects of which Mr. Macaulay complains.

And there is still another consideration which escapes Mr. Macaulay in his estimate of such usurpers as Cromwell and Bonaparte. A usurper is always more terrible both at home and abroad than a legitimate sovereign; first, the usurper is likely to be (and in these two cases was) a man of superior genius and military glory, wielding the irresistible power of the sword; but there is a still stronger contrast—legitimate governments are bound—at home by laws—abroad by treaties, family ties, and international interests; they acknowledge the law of nations, and are limited, even in hostilities, by many restraints and bounds. The despotic usurpers had no fetters of either sort; they had no opposition at home, and no scruples abroad. Law, treaties, rights and the like, had been already broken through like cobwebs, and kings naturally humbled themselves before a vigor that had dethroned and murdered kings, and foreign nations trembled at a power that had subdued in their own fields and cities the pride of England and the gallantry of France! To contrast Cromwell and Charles II., Napoleon and Louis XVIII., is sheer nonsense and mere verbiage; it is as if one should compare the house-dog and the wolf, and argue that the terror inspired by the latter was very much to his honor. All this is such a mystery to Mr. Macaulay that he wanders into two theories so whimsical, that we hesitated between passing them by as absurdities, or producing them for amusement; we adopt the latter. One is that Cromwell could have no interest and therefore no personal share in the death of Charles. "Whatever Cromwell was," says Mr. Macaulay, "he was no fool; and he must have known that Charles I. was obviously a less difficulty in his way than Charles II." Cromwell, we retain the phrase, "was no fool," and he thought and found that

Charles II. was, as far as he was concerned, no difficulty at all. The real truth was, that the revolutionary party in England in 1648, like that in France in 1792, was but a rope of sand which nothing could cement and consolidate but the *blood of the Kings*—that was a common crime and a common and indissoluble tie which gave all their consistency and force to both revolutions—a stroke of original sagacity in Cromwell and of imitative dexterity in Robespierre. If Mr. Macaulay admits, as he subsequently does (i. 129), that the regicide was "a sacrament of blood," by which the party became irrevocably bound to each other and separated from the rest of the nation, how can he pretend that Cromwell derived no advantage from it? In fact, his admiration—we had almost said fanaticism—for Cromwell betrays him throughout into the blindest inconsistencies.

The second vision of Mr. Macaulay is, if possible, still more absurd. He imagines a Cromwell dynasty! If it had not been for Monk and his army, the rest of the nation would have been loyal to the son of the illustrious Oliver.

"Had the Protector and the Parliament been suffered to proceed undisturbed, there can be little doubt that an order of things similar to that which was afterwards established under the house of Hanover, would have been established under the house of Cromwell."—i. 142.

And yet in a page or two Mr. Macaulay is found making an admission—made, indeed, with the object of disparaging Monk and the royalists—but which gives to his theory of a Cromwellian dynasty the most conclusive refutation.

"It was probably not till Monk had been some days in the capital that he made up his mind. The cry of the whole people was for a free parliament; and there could be no doubt that a parliament really free would instantly restore the exiled family."—i. 147.

All this hypothesis of a Cromwellian dynasty looks like sheer nonsense; but we have no doubt it has a meaning, and we request our readers not to be diverted by the almost ludicrous partiality and absurdity of Mr. Macaulay's speculation from an appreciation of the deep hostility to the monarchy from which they arise. They are like bubbles on the surface of a dark pool, which indicate that there is something rotten below.

We should, if we had time, have many other complaints to make of the details of this chapter, which are deeply colored with all Mr. Macaulay's prejudices and passions. He is, we may almost say of course, violent and unjust against Strafford and Clarendon; and the most prominent touch of candor that we can find in this period of his History is, that he slurs over the murder of Laud in an obscure half-line (i. 119) as if he were—as we hope he really is—ashamed of it.

We now arrive at what we have heard called the celebrated third chapter—celebrated it deserves to be, and we hope our humble observations may add something to its celebrity. There is no feature of Mr. Macaulay's book on which, we believe, he more prides himself, and which has been in truth more popular with his readers, than the descriptions which he introduces of the residences, habits, and manners of our ancestors. They are, provided you do not look below the surface, as entertaining as Pepys or Pennant, or any of the many scrap-book histories which have been recently fabricated from those old materials; but when we come to examine them, we find that in these cases, as everywhere else, Mr. Macaulay's propensity to caricature and exaggerate leads him not merely to disfigure circumstances, but totally to forget the principle on which such episodes are admissible into regular history—namely, the illustration of the story. They should be, as it were, woven into the narrative, and not, as Mr. Macaulay generally treats them, stitched on like patches. This latter observation does not of course apply to the collecting a body of miscellaneous facts into a separate chapter, as Hume and others have done; but Mr. Macaulay's chapter, besides, as we shall show, the prevailing inaccuracy of its details, has one general and essential defect specially its own.

The moment Mr. Macaulay has selected for suspending his narrative to take a view of the surface and society of England is the death of Charles II. Now we think no worse point of time could have been chosen for tracing the obscure but very certain connection between political events and the manners of a people. The Restoration, for instance, was an era in manners as well as in politics—so was in a fainter degree the Revolution—either, or both, of those periods would have afforded a natural position for contemplating a going and a coming order of things; but we believe that there are no two periods in our annals which were so identical in

morals and politics—so undistinguishable, in short, in any national view—as the latter years of Charles and the earlier years of James. Here then is an objection *in limine* to this famous chapter—and not *in limine* only, but in substance; for in fact the period he has chosen would not have furnished out the chapter, four-fifths of which belong to a date later than that which he professes to treat of. In short, the chapter is like an old curiosity-shop, into which—no matter whether it happens to stand in Charles street, William street, or George street—the knick-knacks of a couple of centuries are promiscuously jumbled. What does it signify, in a history of the reign of Charles II., that a writer, "*sixty years after the Revolution*" (i. 347,) says that in the lodging-houses at Bath "the hearth-slabs were *'freestone, not marble'*"—that "the best apartments were hung with coarse woollen stuff, and furnished with rush-bottomed chairs?"—nay, that he should have the personal good taste to lament that in those Boeotian days "*not a wainscot was painted,*" (348;) and yet this twaddle of the reign of George II., patched into the times of Charles II., is the appropriate occasion which he takes to panegyrize this new mode of elucidating history?—

"Readers who take an interest in the progress of civilization and of the useful arts [*painting wainscot*] will be grateful to the humble topographer who has recorded these facts, and will perhaps wish that historians of far higher pretensions had sometimes spared a few pages from military evolutions and political intrigues, for the purpose of letting us know how the parlors and bedchambers of our ancestors looked."—i. 348.

Yes, when the parlor or bedchamber was in any way connected with the event, or characteristic of the person, or *even of the times*; but not a Bath lodging-house in 1750 as illustrative of the ordinary parlors and bedchambers of our ancestors in 1684.

In the same style he is so obliging as to illustrate the battle of Sedgemoor by the following valuable circumstance:

"Feversham had fixed his head-quarters at Weston Zoyland. Many persons, still living, have seen the daughter of the servant girl who waited on him that day at table."—i. 604.

Prodigious! the daughter! Are we too sanguine in hoping that there may be still extant a granddaughter, or peradventure a great-granddaughter, of the *servant girl* who waited at the table of the commander-in-chief of the royal army, who it seems had no servants of his own? But still more wonderful—

"And a large dish of Persian ware which was set before him is still carefully preserved in the neighborhood."—*Ib.*

And lest any doubt should remain on the reader's mind whether the dish which Mr. Macaulay describes as now in the actual "possession of Mr. Stradling" be the real *bona fide* dish, he satisfies all unreasonable incredulity on that point by not only local but statistical evidence :

"It is to be observed that the population of Somersetshire does not, like that of the manufacturing districts, consist of emigrants from distant places. It is by no means unusual to find farmers who cultivate the same land which their ancestors cultivated when the Plantagenets reigned in England. *The Somersetshire traditions are THEREFORE of no small value to an historian.*"

It would be superfluous to endeavor, after so high an authority, to depreciate the *historical value* of the story of the China dish, but we may be forgiven if we call particular attention to the admirable structure of Mr. Macaulay's syllogism.

Feversham supped in Somersetshire one night in 1685.

John a Noaks farms in 1849 the same land which his forefathers farmed in 1485.

Therefore, this is the same dish of Persian ware out of which Feversham supped. Q. E. D. !

In proceeding to exhibit some of the other details of the celebrated chapter, we must premise that our selections are but specimens of a huge mass of mistake and absurdity, selected as being the most capable of a summary exposure :

"There were still to be seen, on the capes of the sea-coast and on many inland hills, tall posts surmounted by barrels. Once those barrels had been filled with pitch. Watchmen had been set round them in seasons of danger. * * * But many years had now [1684] elapsed since the beacons had been lighted."—i. 290.

And for this he quotes

"Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684."

The self-same passage is to be found in "Chamberlayne's State of England, 1755;" and whoever has read the letter of Sir Walter Scott will recollect that he once rode 100 miles without drawing bridle in consequence of the beacons having been lit in Northumberland on a false alarm of a French invasion, A.D. 1805 !

"The Groom of the Stole had 5000*l.* a year."—*Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684.*

This is introduced as a proof of the extravagance of Charles II.'s court, and is not true either in fact or in reference. Chamberlayne makes no difference between the Groom of the Stole and the other lords of the bedchamber, whose salaries were 1000*l.* ; and there is the same unaltered passage in Chamberlayne down to 1755.

"The place of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is supposed to be worth 40,000*l.* a year."—i. 310.

The authority cited for this is the Grand Duke Cosmo, who, on his way from Corunna to England, touched at Kinsale, and slept one night ashore, during which his secretary, who does not seem to have known any English, collected this valuable information. The total public revenue of Ireland was little more than 300,000*l.*, and the aggregate salaries of *all* the public servants in the kingdom but 25,000*l.*, so that the sum stated as the Lord-Lieutenant's income is incredible. We should be inclined to suspect the sum to be a clerical error of the transcriber's for 40,000 *crowns*.

Not satisfied with a constant effort to depreciate the moral and social condition of the country at that day, he must do the same by its natural features and productions. It needed, we think, no parade of authorities to show that the cultivation of the soil was then inferior to ours ; but Mr. Macaulay will produce authorities, and, as often happens to him, the authorities prove nothing but his own rashness :

"In the drawings of English landscapes, made in that age for the Grand Duke Cosmo, scarce a hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain."—i. 311.

These drawings are, if we may judge by the plates, to which we suppose Mr. Macaulay alludes, made hastily by a very poor hand, and hardly deserve to be spoken of as drawings of landscapes, the artist's object being chiefly the exterior aspect of the towns through which the Duke passed ; but it is not true that *scarcely a hedgerow is to be seen* ; there are, we are satisfied, nearly as many as the same artist would now show in the same places ; but why appeal to these poor sketches when we have a very contrary description in the *text* of the self-same work ? We take, for example, the two earliest of these

landscapes that occur in the route, and we find the country represented in the first described as having "*fields surrounded with hedges and dry walls*," (*Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, ii. 127 ;) the second represents the approach to Exeter, thus described in the text—"Everywhere were seen *fields surrounded with rows of trees*, meadows of the most beautiful verdure, gentlemen's seats, &c." (*Ib.* 128.) Is it good faith to produce such drawings (even if they were what Mr. Macaulay describes, which they are not) as proofs of a fact which the letter-press on the opposite page, and which must have been seen at the same glance, contradicts?

Again, Mr. Macaulay says of London :

"The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex."—i. 349.

But hear what the writer of the Grand Duke's travels saw and records, and for which he is a rather better authority than for the profits of the Lord-Lieutenant :

"The whole tract of country—seven miles—from Brentford to London, is *truly delicious*, from the abundance of *well-built villas and country houses* which are seen in every direction."—*Travels*, 162.

Again: he says that our native horses, though serviceable, were held in small esteem, and fetched low prices, and that, either for *war* or *coaches*, foreign breeds were preferred, (i. 315 ;) but, on the other hand, one of his favorite authorities (Chamberlayne, 1684) boasts of the superiority of English horses :

"For *war*, for *coach*, for highway, for hunting, nowhere such plenty of horses."—*Present State*, p. 8.

And again :

"The modern race-horse was not then known."—i. 315.

No doubt ; the Godolphin Arabian was not yet imported : but what used to take King Charles to Newmarket, on the road to which some of the revolution patriots were to lie in wait to assassinate him ? Why did the King invite the Grand Duke to come "to see the horse-racing at Newmarket ?"—p. 201.

Mr. Macaulay makes a great parade of the increased size and improved appearance of the towns and cities of England since the days of Charles II. He need hardly, we think, have taken such pains, when the population estimates and returns of ten years ago informed us that the population of England and Wales, which in 1670 was estimated at about *five and a half* millions, was, in 1840, *sixteen* ; and the greater part of his observations on these towns seem to us quite irrelevant to any part of his subject, and in themselves both inaccurate and superficial. One instance of such trifling will suffice. We do not see what a description of a place like Cheltenham—a creation of almost our own day—has to do with a history of the reign of King Charles II., though it might be noticed in that of George III., as a visit to it was thought to have brought on his first illness ; but while our statistical historian is expatiating in a very flowery style on the local position and wonderful growth of this beautiful town, he totally forgets the *medicinal wells*, to which alone it owes its existence ! The tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted !

Speaking of *Soho Square*, he says—

'*Monmouth Square* had been the name while the fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth flourished.'—i. 356.

With a reference to *Chamberlayne* ; but the reference again fails us ;—we cannot find it in *Chamberlayne*. *Chamberlayne* calls it King's Square. This trifle, however, though it confirms what we have said of the inaccuracy of Mr. Macaulay's references to his authorities, would not be worth mentioning, but that it reveals a more important negligence in Mr. Macaulay.

Lord Grey, one of the Rye House conspirators, who was second in command in Monmouth's rebellion, and taken prisoner with him, made a confession, which is one of the most remarkable documents of the times. It was printed, in 1754, under the title of "*Secret History of the Rye House Plot*." This work, which is conclusive as to the treason of Lord Russell and all the other patriots, is extremely distasteful to all the Whig historians ; and Mr. Macaulay, though forced to quote it, is anxious to contest its veracity ; but it would really seem as if he had not condescended to read this celebrated Confession. If he had, he could have made no mistake as to the name of the Square, nor referred to *Chamberlayne* for what is

not there, for in his Confession Lord Grey tells us that in the spring of 1683, preparatory to fixing the precise day for a general insurrection, he met Mr. Trenchard, one of the west-country conspirators, to consider that point "*at the Duke of Monmouth's house in SOHO SQUARE.*" (Grey, p. 36.) And again, Lord Grey says, that the night before the conspirators were to leave town for their respective posts, he "*walked with the Duke of Monmouth in SOHO SQUARE till break of day.*" Has Mr. Macaulay written his history without having carefully read the infinitely most important document of the whole period?

He tells us that the foundation of the Royal Society spread the growth of true science:

"One after another, phantoms which had haunted the world through ages of darkness fled before the light. Astrology and alchemy became jests."—i. 411.

Has Mr. Macaulay forgotten "*Albumazar*" and the "*Alchemist*"—jestes a good deal earlier than this date?

He relates as a sign of the low intellect of the times—

"The '*London Gazette*' came out only on Mondays and Thursdays. The contents generally were a royal proclamation, two or three Tory addresses, notices of two or three promotions, and a skirmish on the Danube, a description of a highwayman, &c. &c."

An ex-Secretary at War might know that the Gazette is little better, indeed hardly so good, in our days; and that, substituting the publishing days, Tuesday and Friday, for Monday and Thursday, the description of King Charles's Gazette would exactly suit that of Queen Victoria, even when Mr. Macaulay was its most important contributor.

The attempt to say something picturesque frequently betrays him into anachronism and absurdity. When Princess Anne escaped from Whitehall in a hackney coach, our great painter exalts the humility of the flight by the grandeur of his style.

"The coach drove instantly to Aldersgate Street, where the town residence of the Bishops of London then stood, *within the shadow of the dome of their cathedral.*"—i. 521.

Noble! but unluckily there was no dome either before that time, nor at that time, nor for some years after.

He tells us that in old London, as now in all old Paris, the kennel ran in the centre of the street, and that thence arose

—"the wish of every pedestrian to keep close to the wall."

"The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House."—i. 360.

As we know that these jostlings for the wall took place as early as the reign of Elizabeth, (see *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1,) and as late as that of George I., it was hardly worth while to relate it as a remarkable fact of the reign of Charles II., to which moreover none of the authorities quoted apply; but even in this trivial matter Mr. Macaulay contrives to make a serious mistake; street quarrels of this nature, technically called *rencounters*, ("*sudden combat without premeditation,*" Johnson's Dictionary,) were settled on the spot, in an age when every well-dressed person wore a sword. It was only a formal pre-arranged duel that ever carried the combatants behind Montague House; and this distinction was important, for a fatal *duel* was legally murder, whereas a *rencounter* was seldom more than manslaughter.

Again: he produces as a proof of Monmouth's hold on the affections of the people, and as an honorable instance of popular fidelity, that long after his death, an impostor deceived the country people of Dorsetshire by assuming his name. May we remind Mr. Macaulay of Sir William Courtenay, *alias* Thom, who figured even more theatrically in our own day? Much the larger part of Mr. Macaulay's anecdotes of this class might, we confidently believe, be paralleled by analogous events fifty or a hundred years later than the times which he censures or ridicules.

He expatiates largely, as indicative of the barbarous and bigoted state of England in the reign of Charles II., on the tumultuous opposition to turnpikes and the destruction of toll-gates. He seems to have forgotten that the same thing occurred the other day in Wales, and was only subdued by a stronger exertion of force than was required in the earlier period.

He tells, that when the floods were out between London and Ware, travellers were up to their saddle-skirts in water, and that

a higgler once perished in such a flood, (i. 374.) We still hear of the same things every winter, and only so late as last February we read of many similar accidents.

These and such like puerilities, the majority of them collected from authorities of the reigns of the Georges, are, it seems, illustrations of England in the days of Charles II.

When we call these things puerilities, it is not that we should consider as such, an authentic collection of facts, be they ever so small, which should be really illustrative of any particular period—for instance, of the period Mr. Macaulay has selected; but of what value, except to make a volume of *Annals*, can it be to collect a heap of small facts, worthless in themselves—having no special relation to either the times or the events treated of—and, after all, not one in twenty told with perfect accuracy—perfect accuracy being the only merit of such matters?

It may be asked what could induce Mr. Macaulay to condescend to such petty errors? Two motives occur to us: the one we have already alluded to—the embellishment of his historical romance; but another more powerful, and which pervades the whole work, a wish to exhibit England prior to the Revolution as in a mean and even barbarous and despicable condition. We are, we trust, as sensible as Mr. Macaulay can be of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, secured to us by the Revolution, and of the gradual development of the material, and moral, and intellectual powers, which the political constitution then defined and established has so largely assisted. We think those advantages so great as to need no unfair embellishment, and we especially protest against Mr. Macaulay's systematic practice of raking up and exaggerating, as exclusively belonging to the earlier period, absurdities and abuses of which his evidence is mainly drawn from the latter. It may be self-flattery, but we persuade ourselves that ours is the higher as well as the truer view of the principles of the Revolution and of the duty of an historian.

We take slight account of such mistakes as saying that the bishops were tried for a *libel*, though it is a strange one for a constitutional lawyer to make, or of calling Mrs. Lisle *The Lady Alice*, though this is equally strange in one who has been a guest at "*Windsor Castle*." We presume that both these errors, small, but ridiculous, arose from Mr. Macaulay's reading too hastily the running title of the State Trials instead of the text, for both these errors happen to be in

the running title and not in the body of the work. There are several more serious slips in point of *law*, but on which it would not be worth while to detain our readers.

After so much of what seems to us absurdity and nonsense, we are glad to be able to produce a bit of antiquarian topography, which, though not exempt from Mr. Macaulay's too frequent sins, is, to our taste, very natural and graceful; and we know not that we could produce from the whole work—assiduous as Mr. Macaulay has been in seeking picturesque effects—any other picture of so high a tone of coloring and of feeling. The remains of the unhappy Monmouth were, he says:

"Placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion-table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of that chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Gifford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune have lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was

the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled."—Vol. i. pp. 628, 629.

Yet even here we have to regret that Mr. Macaulay did not acknowledge his obligation to Pennant, who had already stated the facts in his plain but not unimpressive way; and if Mr. Macaulay has been able to find any direct evidence—which Pennant could not—that "Margaret (last of the royal line, as Pennant, or "*proud line*," as Mr. Macaulay more ambitiously writes) of Plantagenet was buried in this chapel," he ought to have mentioned it. We quite agree with the disgust expressed by Mr. Macaulay at the

"Barbarous stupidity which has transformed this most interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town."—i. 629.

But we think one who has been Secretary at War and a Cabinet Minister might have done more than express a sterile literary disgust at such a proceeding. We wonder, too, that Mr. Macaulay, so fond of minute circumstances, should have lost, under the common name of *St. Peter's Chapel*, its real and touching designation of "*St. Peter ad Vincula*."

We heartily wish that we had nothing more to complain of than the local and anecdotal mistakes of this chapter; but Mr. Macaulay, under color of painting the manners of the age, has drawn pictures of the clergy and gentry of England which we can qualify by no tenderer name than libels, gathered from what Mr. Macaulay complaisantly calls the "lighter literature of the day"—loose plays, doggerel verses, the lucubrations of Tom Brown, Ned Ward, *et id genus omne*, of which respectable authorities, as of those for the rest of the chapter, the greater part does not apply to either the period, or, indeed, the purpose for which they are quoted, and, in several serious instances, are entirely misquoted. We will begin with the case of the clergy, where the misrepresentations are so many and so intricate, that we must beg the attention of our readers while we unravel a few of the most important.

It is evident that Mr. Macaulay, notwithstanding his democratic tendencies, thinks that he will depreciate the Church of England by rating its respectability as a profession, or, in other words, its aristocratical

character, below that of the Roman Catholic church before the Reformation.

"The place of clergymen in society had been completely changed by the Reformation. Men, averse to the life of camps, and who were, at the same time, desirous to rise in the state, ordinarily received the tonsure, [became priests.] Among them were the sons of all the most illustrious families and near kinsmen of the throne—Scroopes and Nevilles, Bourchiers, Staffords, and Poles. Down to the middle of the reign of Henry VIII., therefore, no line of life was more inviting, (i. 325.) Thence came a violent revolution, and the sacerdotal office lost its attractions for the higher classes. During the century that followed the accession of Elizabeth, scarce a single person of noble descent took orders; at the close of the reign of Charles II. two sons of peers were bishops, four or five sons of peers were priests; but these rare exceptions did not take away the reproach which lay on the whole body."—i. 338.

The reproach!—Even if all this were true, it would not diminish our own, nor, we presume, any Christian's respect for our Church. We should be no more ashamed of the humility of its ministers than we are at the humility, in a worldly sense, of its founder and his apostles. (*Μακάριος ἔστιν ὁ εὐμνήσαντα λαλῶν ἐν ἑμοί*—imperfectly translated *offended*.—Luke vii. 23.) Nor would we exchange Jeremy Taylor, the barber's son, for any Scroope or Pole that the former period can show. We have, therefore, little interest in inquiring Mr. Macaulay's authority for his statistics, but they induced us to look into Beatson, the only kind of authority we happen to have at hand, and we find there that, in the three hundred years which preceded the Reformation, there were about fifty English bishops noted as being of noble families; and that in the three hundred which have since elapsed, there have been about fifty-three.

But again—harping on the same aristocratical string, which seems to jar strangely to his touch, he says—

"Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, spoke strongly for the motion. Though not gifted with eminent abilities, nor deeply versed in the learning of his profession, he was always heard by the House with respect; for he was one of the few clergymen who could in that age boast of noble blood."—ii. 33.

Now, it happens that we have evidence that there were at that time in holy orders at least the following: Dr. Fane, brother of the Earl of Westmoreland; Mr. Finch, son of

the Earl of Winchelsea, and another Mr. Finch, brother of the Earl of Nottingham; Dr. Montagu, uncle of the Earl of Sandwich; Dr. Annesley, uncle of the Earl of Anglesey; Dr. Greenvil, brother of the Earl of Bath; Mr. Berkeley, brother of the Earl of Berkeley; Dr. Booth, brother of the Earl of Warrington; Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham; Dr. Graham, brother of Viscount Preston; Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bart.; Sir William Dawes, Bart.; Sir George Wheeler; together with sons of Lord Fairfax of Cameron, Lord Gray of Wark, Lord Brereton, and Lord Chandois; to whom may be added, near relatives of the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Marquis of Kent. And we have no doubt that a longer search would largely increase this already respectable list.

But while Mr. Macaulay is expatiating on the causes that made the popish clergy more respectable than their Anglican successors—which we altogether disbelieve, and, as far as our information goes, positively deny—he omits to notice that grand difference, which would alone suffice to cast the balance of respectability of every kind—of birth, of wealth, of learning, of morals, in favor of the Protestants—we mean the marriage of the clergy. That important—we might say governing—circumstance—that greatest of social reforms, which never occurs to the philosophic mind of the historian—would alone countervail all Mr. Macaulay's pompous catalogue of popish superiorities.

In truth, we believe that the most remarkable social difference produced on the clerical character by the Reformation was the very reverse of what he asserts. In England *then*, as in every Roman Catholic country even *down to this day*, though there were "great prizes" as Mr. Macaulay calls them, to seduce a few Nevilles and Poles or Richeleus and Talleyrands into the Church, the great body of the parochial, and almost the whole regular, clergy were of an inferior grade both of birth and education.

Mr. Macaulay, in another view of the subject, tells us that the Anglo-Romish priests imported into England so late as the reign of James II. "spelled like washerwomen." It is rather unlucky for us to have to show Mr. Macaulay to be so bad an authority, for really we could find no fuller contradiction of one half of his book than the other half. But to be serious, (however hard it is to be so with Mr. Macaulay when the subject is serious,) in England the Reformation—slowly, we admit, but gradually—brought into the Church a class of *gentlemen*—not merely

so by birth, for we hold Bishop Taylor—one of "Nature's nobles"—to be as good a gentleman as Bishop Compton—we therefore say of *gentlemen* by education, manners, and sentiments also; and to this happy result we have no doubt that the marriage of the clergy mainly contributed. The higher effects of this great moral and social distinction between the two hierarchies escape Mr. Macaulay; but he is very much alive to the low and ludicrous accidents and exceptions to the general improvement which his favorite "lighter literature" happens to record—not observing that such unseemly circumstances were not occasioned by the Reformation, but by the influences and prejudices of the old system, which long lingered amongst us. His chief illustration of the contemptible state of the Anglican Church domestic chaplain is in fact an amplification of the staple and stale jokes of dramatists, novelists, satirists, and all the other classes of "light literature," from the earliest days to our own. Nor is Mr. Macaulay at all behind the best—or worst—of these writers in the zeal and zest that he shows for, as Lord Bolingbroke phrased it, *roasting the parson*, and with, as we shall see, much the same effect—that of burning his own fingers.

The description of the domestic chaplain, for which room has been found in Mr. Macaulay's History of England, is much too long for our Review; but we must give two or three specimens of the instances he produces and the evidence by which he supports them:

"The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he carried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but, as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast from a great part of which he had been excluded."—i. 327.

We request our reader's notice of every

point of this passage, and of the authorities on which it professes to be founded—they are—

“Eachard, ‘Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy;’ Oldham, ‘Satire addressed to a Friend about to leave the University;’ ‘Tatler,’ 255, 258. That the English clergy were a low-born class, is remarked in the *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*.”—i. 328.

Now it is true that the greater part of this picture is to be found in Eachard, who was a kind of Sidney Smith of that day, and, like our own irreverend friend, used to make himself especially merry with drawing caricatures of his own profession; but unfortunately for Mr. Macaulay, the facetious Eachard happened not to be in *this case* talking of a *person in holy orders at all*. He had been complaining that young men took orders too early, and wishing that, to check the evil, a larger space should elapse between the University and their ordination; but he says, “What can we do with them in the mean time? They have no means of livelihood, and will be *forced to go upon the parish*. How then shall we dispose of them *till they come to a time of holy ripeness*? Shall we trust them to some good gentleman’s house to perform holy things? With all my heart! so that they have somewhat better wages than the cook and butler, and that a groom be kept, so that they shall not have to groom a couple of geldings for their ten pounds a year,” nor to undergo some other affronts, exaggerated as usual in Mr. Macaulay’s transcription. These poor Levites thus described by Eachard were *not*, we see, in holy orders, but a kind of probationers—nor is it even said that *they* were subjected to these affronts; on the contrary, Eachard bargains that they shall *not* be so. Mr. Macaulay may *infer* that, when they had taken orders, and had become really chaplains, their condition would have been no better. We could not object to his making what inferences he pleases, if he would call them *inferences*, but we cannot submit to his palming them off upon us as historical *facts*, and his representing Dr. Eachard as having stated of a chaplain what in fact he had hypothetically, and by way of deprecation, stated of a poor scholar taken charitably into a gentleman’s house to keep him “*from the parish*.”

So much for the authority of Eachard, the very title of whose little work we may observe by the way that Mr. Macaulay misquotes. Now let us see the share of his

other authorities in the portrait. We turn to the satirist Oldham (*circa* 1678)—and there we find the unhappy chaplain endowed with, not *ten* pounds, but

“Diet, a horse, and *thirty* pounds a-year.”

That is—according to Mr. Macaulay’s own calculation, when on the topic of official salaries—about 150*l.* of our money. What would this misrepresentation be called in a court of justice?

His last evidence is “The *Travels of the Archduke Cosmo*, where it is remarked,” he says, “that the English clergy were a *low-born class*.” Again we say that these perpetual sneers, and worse than sneers, at *low birth*, come very oddly from Mr. Macaulay, who some pages later thinks it complimentary to Somers to call him “a *low-born young barrister*,” (ii. 657,) and that we should not care a fig whether they were founded on fact or not; but we do care very much about ascertaining whether Mr. Macaulay, who arrogates to himself so high a position as a judge, is trustworthy as a witness! We have therefore searched the huge volume of the *Grand Duke’s Travels*, (made in 1669 and published in 1821,) and we have not been able to find any such passage, and we have found so many other passages directly contradicting many of Mr. Macaulay’s assertions, that the most charitable supposition is that of his having never read the book, and referred to it by mistake.

In like manner he says:

“Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill will to the Church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the great rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves *on divines*.”—i. 329.

He does no such thing; indeed, the very reverse. He is dilating on the abuses occasioned by the overthrow of the Established Church:

“All relations were confounded by the several *sects or religions* which discountenanced all forms of reverence and respect as reliques and marks of superstition. Children asked not blessings of their parents, nor did they concern themselves in the education of their children. The young women conversed without any circumspection or modesty, and frequently met at taverns and common eating-houses; and they who were stricter and more severe in their comportment became the wives of the seditious preachers or of officers in the army. The daughters of noble and illustrious families bestowed themselves on the *divines of the time*, or other low and unequal

matches. Parents had no manner of authority over their children, nor children any obedience or submission to their parents," &c.

This we see is complete perversion of the authority; Clarendon does not, as Mr. Macaulay represents, complain of young ladies matching with *divines of the Established Church*, but laments that the overthrow of the Church produced such matches with the irregular and sectarian *divines of the time*.

Again; Mr. Macaulay goes on to say—

"A waiting woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing *special orders* that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl, without the consent of her master or mistress.

"See the Injunctions of 1559, in Bishop Sparrow's Collection."—i. 239.

This is again a misrepresentation, and a bold one. It is well known that Elizabeth retained strongly the old prejudices which, as we have already said, lingered for a long period after the Reformation, against the marriage of the clergy, and this 20th Item of her Injunctions is an equally curious specimen of her style of legislation and of Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. Her majesty says that, though the marriage of the clergy be lawful, yet, to avoid offense and slander to the church from *indiscreet matches*,

"It is thought very necessary that no manner of priest or deacon shall hereafter take to wife *any manner of woman* without the advice and allowance first had upon good examination by the bishop of the same diocese and two justices of the peace of the same shire—*nor* without the goodwill of the parents of the said woman, if she have any living—or of two of the next of her kindfolk—or, for lack of the knowledge of such, the master or mistress where she serveth."

Are these "*special orders* that no clergyman shall presume to marry a *servant girl* without the consent," &c.? The queen ordains that no minister must marry *any manner of woman*, of whatever rank or station, without certain forms and certain consents, and those consents are provided for in certain possible cases—consent of parents, if she have any; if not, of her next of kin, if they can be found; but if she should happen to have neither parents nor next of kin, then of the master and mistress whom she serveth. In making a penal restriction, all possible cases are, as far as may be, to be provided for; and if this last category had been omitted,

a minister, though restricted from a more respectable connection, might have made with impunity the most *indiscreet* marriage possible. But this is not all. The injunction, instead of being *special* directed against one class of marriages, goes on to forbid the marriage of bishops, or of deans or heads of collegiate houses, without the allowance and approbation of the crown, the archbishop, or the visitor. We ask, then, can this Injunction be honestly represented as a *special order*, issued to prohibit, as a prevailing practice, clergymen marrying servant girls? But even if it were so—if Mr. Macaulay's version were the true one—we would ask whether this Injunction of Elizabeth, made in 1559, when we had but just emerged from popery, before more than a few ministers could have been educated in the Anglican faith, can be fairly quoted as in any way characteristic of the clergy of the Church of England an *hundred years later*?

He pursues this game with wonderful keenness, and cites, among others, the grave authorities of

"Roger and Abigail, in Fletcher's '*Scornful Lady*;' Bull and the Nurse, in Vanbrugh's '*Relapse*;' Smirk and Susan, in Shadwell's '*Lancashire Witches*.'"—i. 329.

—and finally, Dean Swift's "*Advice to Servants*." The quotation of Swift's *Advice*, as an historical authority, is of itself droll enough; but why does Mr. Macaulay conceal that the same authority tells us that, as the *Chaplain* was to be rewarded with the *Abigail*, the gentleman's "*Valer* was to have a *commission in the Army*," and the *Footman* was to marry *my Lord's Widow*? Would Mr. Macaulay quote these exaggerated pleasantries as a proof of the general degradation of the army or the peerage in the reign of Charles II., or even of George II.? Why, then, of the clergy? We confess our only wonder is, that when he was ransacking his "*lighter literature*," from Elizabeth to the Georges—nay, that even in graver literature—he was not able to produce an hundred *exceptional cases*, which, paraded after his usual fashion as specimens of general manners, might have given some color to his imputations. But the truth is, the whole amount of testimony, light as well as grave, runs the other way; and the amiable and respectable picture which Addison (though not unwilling to banter him a little) draws of Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, must be in the memory of most readers as a con-

tradition of Mr. Macaulay's sweeping imputations.

But sometimes this hostility to the Church takes the more artful course of praising a few to throw a deeper shade over the rest. He could not conceal from himself the force of the question that would occur to every one—how is it that a church so low in station, education, accomplishments, and character, should yet have produced so many men of such merit as could be neither denied nor concealed? This difficulty is met by an ingenious theory. All the respectability of the profession was collected in London and the universities, while the ignorance and apathy of the country clergy kept the brutality of the landed gentry in countenance. After having passed through the humbling ordeal of the chaplainship as we have described, and entitled himself to a living by an infamous marriage, his state was this:

"Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dungcarts, that he could obtain his daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible; for the advowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavorable a situation."—i. 330.

And for all this labored caricature we see no authority but a few words of Eachard's railery, or, we might rather say, buffoonery; while, on the other hand, Mr. Macaulay is so good as to admit that many eminent men were to be found in the universities and cathedrals, and still more in London:

"The principal pulpits of the metropolis were occupied about this time by a crowd of distinguished men, from among whom were selected a large proportion of the rulers of the Church. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Wake and Jeremy Collier at Gray's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Patrick at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Fowler at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, Sharp at St. Giles's in the Fields, Tennison at St. Martin's, Sprat at St. Margaret's, Beveridge at St. Peter's in Cornhill. Of these twelve men, all of high

note in ecclesiastical history, ten became bishops, and four archbishops."—i. 331.

Yes, but he might have added that every one of these twelve men happened to begin his clerical career either in the disgraced class of chaplain or the degraded one of country parson—that the least respectable in the list was the only one, we believe, that had not served a country cure—and that they were neither more nobly born nor better educated than the mass of their less distinguished brethren. It is a new kind of objection to the Church of that or any age, that its highest merits should be rewarded by the most conspicuous and honorable places. So that, even from his own special jury of twelve, we have a verdict against him. But were there no eminent men in the Church during that period, but these twelve London preachers? Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, Ken, Sparrow, Oughtred, Cudworth, Hall, Herbert, Godwin, Hammond, Fuller, Hooper, Pearson, and a hundred others might be named, who all were or had been country incumbents, who were most of them equal, and some much superior, to any of Mr. Macaulay's list—and, let us add, the great majority of whose writings were penned in rural parsonages; but they would not have helped Mr. Macaulay's antithesis of town and country. We needed not his sagacity to discover that the opportunities afforded by the libraries and literary intercourse of the capital and universities encourage and facilitate literary pursuits, and that a town clergy must have wider opportunities of cultivation and distinction. It is so at this day—it was much more so two hundred years ago; but can it be supposed that then, any more than now, the absence of such literary facilities was to deprive the country clergy of manners, morals, and decency, and render them utterly incapable and careless of any of the Christian duties of their station?

Mr. Macaulay never misses an opportunity of any sly insult or calumny by which he can degrade the Church. On the Restoration, we are told,

"The restored Church contended, indeed, against the prevailing immorality, but contended feebly, and with half a heart. It was necessary to the decorum of her character that she should admonish her erring children. But her admonitions were given in a somewhat perfunctory manner. Her attention was elsewhere engaged. Her whole soul was in the work of crushing the Puritans, and of teaching her disciples to give unto Caesar the things which were Caesar's."—i. 180.

Her whole soul!—though every one, we believe, of the illustrious men just named was either already in the church or preparing then for the holy ministry!

Again—when the King went to the play-house, where the “ribaldry of Etheridge and Wycherly” happened to be played, Mr. Macaulay sees him there in the character of “the head of the Church.” (i. 181.) Is it as *heads of the Church* that all the kings and queens of England, even to the days in which Mr. Macaulay was an adviser at Court, have visited the theatre or the opera?

Of Hyde, Earl of Rochester, he says—

“He was accounted a dogged and rancorous party-man—a cavalier of the old school—a zealous champion of the Crown and the Church, and a hater of Republicans and Nonconformists. He had, consequently, a great body of personal adherents. The Clergy especially looked on him as *their own man*, and extended to his foibles an indulgence, of which, to say the truth, he stood in some need; for he drank deep, and when he was in a rage—and he was often in a rage—he swore like a porter.”—i. 254.

The foundation of this is Roger North, who happened to have a personal pique against Rochester, and whose prejudices both Mackintosh and Macaulay implicitly adopt when it suits them, and reject when it does not. No doubt, Rochester was not exempt from the ill habits of his day—habits that lasted for many generations later, nay, almost to our own; and if we had space and time we could produce sufficient evidence to show that Lord Rochester had as little as any, and less than most of his contemporaries, of the coarse manners of the age. Mackintosh—whose censures Mr. Macaulay always copies and exaggerates, while he omits any more lenient judgment on a Tory—Mackintosh treats Rochester with a little more candor. “He was deemed sincere and upright, and his private life was not stained by any vice except violent paroxysms of anger and an excessive indulgence in wine, *then scarcely deemed a fault*.” (Mack. vii.) The concluding alleviation Mr. Macaulay omits, and he has perverted—without any authority that we can discover, and he himself gives none—North’s simple statement that “he had the honor to be accounted the head of the Church of England party,” into his being “*a dogged, rancorous, hating party-man, whom the clergy consequently looked on as their own, and extended their indulgence to his drinking and swearing*.”

In the same spirit are Mr. Macaulay’s long and elaborate libels on the gentry of Eng-

land, and especially of the class of Country Gentlemen. We wish our space allowed us to expose all the details of this monstrous misrepresentation, which is one of the most unpleasing features of the whole work. We must content ourselves with an epitome, which after all will perhaps more than satiate our readers.

We have again to observe that Mr. Macaulay seems to think there is no better way to make either clergy or laity contemptible than to call them *poor*:

“A country gentleman, who witnessed the Revolution, was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate.”—i. 319.

Because the nominal income of the squire’s estate was about one fourth of what it produces to his descendant in our time, he was *therefore a poor man*—though Mr. Macaulay had, a few pages earlier, told us, from the examples of peers, bishops, baronets, lawyers, and placemen, all minutely stated, that *a fourth or fifth part* of the present rate of income would have been equivalent at that day; so that by his own calculation the country gentleman was, comparatively, somewhat richer instead of poorer than his posterity. For this contradiction he had a design both ways: he wished, in the first case, to exaggerate the prodigality of the court; and, in the latter, to lower the rank and consideration of the country gentleman: and he never permits even a regard for his own consistency to prevent his making what is vulgarly called a *hit*:

“It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires, whose names were in King Charles’s commissions of peace and lieutenantancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris.”—i. 319.

What then? Might not the same thing have been said in the reign of George III., one hundred and fifty years later? But did it follow that that they were, therefore, such brutes as the succeeding paragraphs describe:

“He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His

language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire."—i. 320.

Is that not so now? Has Mr. Macaulay never heard of one Mr. Burke, or of one Lord Advocate Dundas? Had he never heard Mr. Grattan? Has he never read that one Earl of Rosslyn, alias Alexander Wedderburn, was the first Scotchman who was ever supposed to have quite overcome his native accent, and that even in the present century he was thought to have relapsed into his original Doric? Are there not a couple of hundred members of the present House of Commons distinguishable by some peculiarity of accent?

But the personal tastes of the country gentleman were worse than even his jargon:

"He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door."—i. 320.

And this is said of a time when Longleat—"then," says Mr. Macaulay in another place (i. 576) "and perhaps still, the most magnificent country-house in England"—was that of a private country gentleman; when Wollaton, Aston, Osterly, and some hundred other seats of various styles of beauty and magnificence, and which are now the admired residences of our nobility, were inhabited by their untitled ancestors. Would he have us believe that the taste of this higher class of gentry did not proportionably influence the whole class? Even one of Mr. Macaulay's own authorities, the "Travels of the Grand Duke," might have given him higher notions of the residences and manners of the gentry (we say nothing of the nobility) whose houses he visited. Even down in Devon and Dorsetshire, so far from seeing nothing but *cabbages, litter and deformity* about the gentleman's house, the writer describes their pleasure-gardens just as he might to-day, and even gives an elaborate description of that strange instrument, the rolling-stone, "by which the walks of sand and smooth grass-plats, covered with the greenest turf," were kept in an order that surprised even the owner of the splendid

villas of Tuscany! We quote this because it is an authority quoted by Mr. Macaulay himself; but every reader knows that we could produce from our general literature, from Lord Bacon to Pope, descriptions of the "trim gardens" in which the Englishman was wont "to take his pleasure," and which it was his peculiar pride to dress and adorn. As to the interior of the residences and modes of life, they were, no doubt, less polished than in our day, though in some respects more stately and costly; and they were, we have every reason to believe, far in advance of the gentry of any other nation. In M. de Chateaubriand's Memoirs, just published, we have an account of the paternal castle of Combours, where he was brought up—the ancient residence of a family of the highest rank, mentioned by Madame de Sévigné as a distinguished château. Even so late as the reign of Louis XVI., about the year 1780, the household furniture, and the modes of life of the inhabitants of that château, were such as an English gentleman, even of the time of Charles II., would have been ashamed of. Fashions change—we have boules and gildings and glasses; our ancestors had tapestry, ebony, and oak, enriched with those admirable carvings on their furniture and wainscots which Mr. Macaulay would have had painted, and which, after being long put out of sight, are now again appearing as the ornaments of our halls and drawing-rooms.

The country gentleman—"the English esquire"—was not only thus gross, vulgar, and poor, but he was of a sottish ignorance:

"He was coarse and ignorant."—i. 327. "He had received an education differing little from his menial servants."—i. 219. "His ignorance, his uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian."—i. 322. "He did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse-keeper of our time."—i. 321.

But against these defects Mr. Macaulay's candor sets off the following *merits*:

"He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy."—i. 221. "He was essentially a patrician."—i. 323. "He was a magistrate, and administered gratuitously a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders, and occasional acts of tyranny, was better than no justice at all."—i. 323. "He was an officer of the trainbands."—*ib.* "One had been knighted after the battle of Edgehill."—*ib.* "Another wore a patch over the scar he had received at Naseby."—*ib.*

The degree and kind of merit thus accorded by Mr. Macaulay's impartiality is even more insulting than the original charges—his abuse is bad enough, but his compliments are worse. And as a set-off against the general want of education he sneeringly adds :

"He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbors, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which had the misfortune to be great-grandsons of aldermen."—i. 322.

There was not one of these "unlettered" country gentlemen who could not have informed our historian that no such question about supporters had, or could ever have, arisen amongst private *English* gentlemen.

We have a very different estimate of the character of the English gentry in a contemporary work, greatly, as we think, over-applauded by Mr. Macaulay himself.—Sprat's "History of the Royal Society," first published about 1667. In recommending to the country gentlemen the cultivation of the arts of peace, he affords us a fair estimate of what must have been the intellectual and social condition of the class. (p. 405.) And finally, instead of their despising trade and, according to Mr. Macaulay, (i. 322,) thinking it a disgrace to be the great-grandson of an alderman, Sprat says :

"The course of their ancestors' lives was grave and reserved—whereas now they are engaged in freer roads of education. Now their conversation is more large and general—now the world is become more active and industrious—now more of them have seen the rise and manners of men, and more apply themselves to *traffic and business* than ever."—p. 407.

We wish we had space for more of Sprat—whose readers, we are sure, will all agree with us that Mr. Macaulay's description of the country gentlemen of the reign of Charles II. is a gross caricature.

Mr. Macaulay's opinion of the ladies of that age is what might be expected. They were, of course, mere animals—*les femelles de ces mâles* :

"His wife and daughters, whose business it had usually been to cook the repast, . . . were in tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or stillroom-maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry-wine, cured mary-golds, and made the crust for the venison pasty."—i. 321.

He describes the literature of the lady of the manor and her daughters as limited to "the Prayer-book and the receipt-book." "Never," he says, "was female education at so low an ebb. At an earlier period they had studied the master-pieces of ancient genius—in later times they knew French, Italian and German"—

"But, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick-witted were unable to write a line in their mother tongue *without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit*."—i. 394.

This is really very poor criticism. English orthography was not settled for years after this period—the orthography of our greatest poets, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, was irregular even in their printed editions. We have before us the edition of the "Paradise Lost," 1668, with specimens of misspelling not merely unsettled but grotesque. The great Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Macaulay is glad to tell us, "could not spell the commonest words"—Napoleon was still worse. Let any one turn to any collection of *original* letters of that period, and he will see that the best educated persons spelled very ill. The worst orthography, if we may so call it, in Ellis's last letters, is that of two learned Bishops. What, therefore, does that prove against the sound education of the ladies in an age that produced Lady Russell, (whose admirable letters are very ill-spelled,*) Lady Fanshawe, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Godolphin, and so many other ladies of whose accomplishments we have evidence sufficient, though less conspicuous? Lady Clarendon, for instance, (who was a Miss Backhouse, a private gentleman's daughter,) complains, in 1685, in a lively strain, of "the many female pens at work, manufacturing news in Dublin, to be sent to London and returned again with interest."

"I begin to think our *forefathers* very wise in not giving their daughters the education of writing, and should be very much ashamed that I ever *learned Latin* if I had not forgotten it."—*Clar. Cor.*, i. 305.

* The amiable author of a *Life of Lady Russell*, herself a lady of exquisite literary taste, confesses "the many grammatical errors and often defective orthography" of Lady Russell's letters.—[*Miss Berry's Life of Lady Russell*, p. 195.

Here, then, is a lady who not only knew Latin, but testifies that even the art of writing was not imparted to ladies of the earlier period—the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's assertion.

Mr. Macaulay luxuriates in this graphic debasement of the old English character; but when we with some impatience looked for his authorities we found only this note :

"My notion of the country gentleman of the seventeenth century has been derived from sources too numerous to be recapitulated. I must leave my description to the judgment of those who have studied the history and the lighter literature of that age."—i. 324.

We honestly confess that we do not know in what trustworthy literature of that age we are to look for the originals of these pictures. Addison's charming caricatures of the Tory fox-hunter, Will Wimble, or Sir Roger de Coverley, of a little later date, afford no color for supposing that they or their fathers were "compounds of ignorance and uncouthness, low tastes, and gross phrases" (i. 332): Squire Westerns and Tony Lumpkins are to be found even in the Georgian era, and are no more authority for the manners of the gentry of that day than Doctor Pangloss would be of Mr. Macaulay. We disbelieve that in any literature, grave or light, Mr. Macaulay can produce any authority for the details of his picture of that class at that time. He appeals to the judgment of his readers; and we answer him, that, to the best of our judgment, he has been here romancing as extravagantly as any of the novelists.

We know very well that country gentlemen of old farmed more of their own land and took a more practical share in the management of their estates, and that ladies were more engaged in works of domestic utility, than in later times. Necessaries of all kinds, both for the farm and the mansion, were then made at home which are now supplied by the great manufacturers—the modes and habits of life have gradually changed—but we cannot believe that the gentry of England have been at any period disproportionately debased below their natural place in the scale of society. When Mr. Macaulay adopts from Roger North an almost incredible description of the magnificence of the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton—exceeding by fourfold what any duke in England now does on, according to Mr. Macaulay's cal-

culatation, fourfold the income—how, we say, can he hope to persuade us that the nobility and gentry in general did not show in their respective degrees something of the same style?—or that Lady Clarendon and the other illustrious ladies we have named, and their daughters, friends, and associates, were lower in education or manners than the "*housekeepers and stillroom-maids of the present day.*"

But what, our readers will naturally ask—what can be Mr. Macaulay's object in thus laboriously calumniating that class of his countrymen of which England has hitherto been proudest? He has, we conjecture, yielded to a threefold temptation: first, that turn of mind of which we have seen so many proofs, for seeking "*in the heresies of paradox*" that novelty and effect which sober truth and plain common-sense do not afford; secondly, the desire of enlivening his romance with picturesque and even grotesque scenes, exaggerated incidents and overdrawn characters; but the third and most active of all is revealed to us towards the close of the tirade we are now examining—

"The gross, uneducated, untravelled country gentleman was commonly a Tory."—i. 323.

It is a curious and, to persons of our opinions, not unsatisfactory circumstance, that, though Mr. Macaulay almost invariably applies the term *Tory* in an opprobrious or contemptuous sense, yet so great is the power of truth in surmounting the fantastical forms and colors laid over it by this brilliant *badigeonneur*, that on the whole none, we believe, can rise from the work without a conviction that the Tories (whatever may be said of their prejudices) were the honestest and most conscientious of the whole *dramatis personæ*; and it is this fact that in several instances and circumstances imprints, as it were by force, upon Mr. Macaulay's pages an air of impartiality and candor very discordant from their general spirit.

We are now arrived at the fourth chapter—really the first, strictly speaking, of Mr. Macaulay's history—the accession of James II., where also Sir James Mackintosh's history commences. And here we have to open to our readers the most extraordinary instance of *parallelism* between two writers, unacknowledged by the later one, which we have ever seen. Sir James Mackintosh left

behind him a history of the Revolution, which was published in 1834, three years after his death, in quarto: it comes down to the Orange invasion, and, though it apparently had not received the author's last corrections, and was clumsily edited, and tagged with a continuation by a less able hand, the work is altogether (bating not a little ultra-Whiggery) very creditable to Mackintosh's diligence, taste, and power of writing; it is indeed, we think, his best and most important work, and that by which he will be most favorably known to posterity. From that work Mr. Macaulay has borrowed largely—prodigally—helped himself with both hands—not merely without acknowledging his obligation, but without so much as alluding to the existence of any such work. Nay—though this we are sure was never designed—he inserts a note full of kindness and respect to Sir James Mackintosh, which would naturally lead an uninformed reader to conclude that Sir James Mackintosh though he had *meditated* such a work, had never even begun writing it. On the 391st page of Mr. Macaulay's first volume, at the mention of the old news-letters which preceded our modern newspapers, Mr. Macaulay says, that "they form a valuable part of the literary treasures collected by the late Sir James Mackintosh;" and to this he adds the following foot-note:

"I take this opportunity of expressing my warm gratitude to the family of my dear and honored friend, Sir James Mackintosh, for confiding to me the materials collected by him at a time when he *meditated a work similar to that which I have undertaken*. I have never seen, and I do not believe that there anywhere exists, within the same compass, so noble a *collection of extracts* from public and private archives. The judgment with which Sir James, in great masses of the rudest ore of history, selected what was valuable, and rejected what was worthless, can be fully

appreciated only by one who has toiled after him in the same mine."—i. 391.

Could any one imagine from this that Mackintosh had not only *meditated* a work, but actually written, and that his friends had published a large closely printed quarto volume, on the same subject, from the same materials, and sometimes in the very same words as Mr. Macaulay's?

The coincidence—the identity, we might almost say—of the two works is so great, that, while we have been comparing them, we have often been hardly able to distinguish which was which. We rest little on the similarity of facts, for the facts were ready made for both; and Mr. Macaulay tells us that he worked from Mackintosh's materials; there would, therefore, even if he had never seen Mackintosh's work, be a community of topics and authorities; but, seeing as we do in every page that he was writing with Mackintosh's volume before his eyes, we cannot account for his utter silence about it. To exhibit the complete resemblance, we should have to copy the two works *in extenso*; but we shall select a few passages in which we think it is evident beyond all doubt that, although Mr. Macaulay seems to take pains to vary the expression and precise words of Mackintosh, he is not successful in concealing the substantial imitation, not in phrases only, which are occasionally identical, but in the general tone, feeling, and train of thought, which could not possibly have occurred fortuitously or spontaneously to two different minds. We happen to open the book at one of the most important and elaborate episodes in the whole history—the proceedings and prosecution of the Seven Bishops; and there we find, on the subject of James's celebrated Declaration for liberty of conscience, which the bishops resisted, not only as an inroad on the law, but as an insult to the Church—

MACINTOSH.

"So strongly did the belief that insult was intended prevail, that Petre, to whom the insulting order was chiefly ascribed, was said to have declared it in the gross and contumelious language used of old by a barbarous invader to the deputies of a besieged city—that they should eat their own dung." "The words of Rabshekah the Assyrian to the officers of Hezekiah. 2 *Kings* xviii."—p. 242.

MACAULAY.

"It will scarcely admit of doubt that the order in council was intended to be felt by them as a cruel affront. It was popularly believed that Petre had avowed this intention in a coarse metaphor borrowed from the *rhetoric of the East*. He would, he said, make them eat dirt, the vilest and most loathsome of all dirt."—ii. 345.

And again, in the next stage of this proceeding—

MACKINTOSH.*

"They (the prelates) must have been still more taken by surprise than the moderate ministers, and in that age of slow conveyance and rare publication, they were allowed only sixteen days from the order, and thirteen from its publication, to ascertain the sentiments of their brethren and of their clergy. Resistance could only be formidable if it were general. Their difficulties were increased by the character of the most distinguished laymen whom it was fit to consult. Both Nottingham, the chief of their party, and Halifax, with whom they were now compelled to coalesce, hesitated at the moment of decision."—p. 244.

Again—Mackintosh prides himself in being able to produce "the name hitherto unknown" of *Robert Fowler*, (then incumbent of a London parish, and afterwards Bishop of Gloucester,) who, at a private meeting of the London clergy, boldly took the lead, and decided his wavering brethren to resist James's mandate. Mr. Macaulay corrects the Christian name—*Edward* for *Robert*—and adds the name of the London parish, *Cripplegate*, (whether from the Mackintosh papers or not we cannot tell;) but in all the numerous details of the facts he implicitly follows Mackintosh's book, without

MACKINTOSH.

"Shouts and huzzas broke out in the court, and were repeated all around at the moment of enlargement. The bells of the Abbey church had begun to ring a joyful peal, when they were stopped by Sprat amidst the execrations of the people. As they left the court they were surrounded by thousands who begged their blessing. The Bishop of St. Asaph, detained in Palace Yard by a multitude who kissed his hands and garments, was delivered from their importunate kindness by Lord Clarendon, who, taking him into his carriage, found it necessary to make a circuit through the park to escape."—p. 264.

In the progress of the trial itself there

* In one or two instances we have been obliged to invert the order of paragraphs to bring them into a synopsis—as in this extract, of which the last paragraph precedes the former in the original—but our meaning is ever altered.

MACAULAY.

"It was not easy to collect in so short a time the sense even of the whole episcopal order. . . . The order in council was gazetted on the 7th of May. On the 20th the declaration was to be read in all the pulpits of London and the neighborhood. By no exertion was it possible in that age to ascertain within a fortnight the intentions of one-tenth part of the parochial ministers who were scattered over the kingdom. . . . If, indeed, the whole body offered an united opposition to the royal will, it was probable that even James would scarcely venture to punish ten thousand delinquents at once. But there was not time to form an extensive combination. . . . The clergy therefore hesitated; and this hesitation may well be excused; for some eminent laymen, who possessed a large share of the public confidence, were disposed to recommend submission. . . . Such was the opinion given at this time by Halifax and Nottingham."—ii. 346.

ever alluding to it; and this is the more curious, because, repeating Mackintosh's reference to Johnstone's MS. (which of course is the common authority,) he adds that "this meeting of the clergy is mentioned in a satirical poem of the day." Surely Mackintosh, priding himself on having been the first to reveal the "fortunate virtue" of Fowler, was more entitled to a marginal mention than some anonymous libel of the day.

On the first liberation of the bishops, the people, mistaking it for a final acquittal, express their joy—

MACAULAY.

"Loud acclamations were raised. The steeples of the churches sent forth joyous peals. Sprat was amazed to hear the bells of his own abbey ringing merrily. He promptly silenced them; but his interference caused much angry muttering. The bishops found it difficult to escape from the importunate crowd of their well-wishers. Lloyd [Bishop of St. Asaph's] was detained in Palace Yard by admirers who struggled to touch his hands and to kiss the skirt of his robe, till Clarendon with some difficulty rescued him, and conveyed him home by a bye-path."—ii. 369.

was a great incident. The proof of the delivery of the bishops' remonstrance into the king's hand was wanting. After a long and feverish delay, the crown counsel determined to prove it by Sunderland, Lord President and Prime Minister, a recent apostate and a traitor to all sides—

MACKINTOSH.

"At length Sunderland was carried through Westminster Hall in a chair, of which the head was down. No one saluted him. The multitude hooted and hissed, and cried out, 'Popish dog!' He was so disordered by this reception, that when he came into court he changed color, and looked down, as if fearful of the countenance of his ancient friends. He proved that the bishops came to him with a petition for the king, and that he introduced them immediately to the king."

Mr. Macaulay to this part of his narrative has added this reference—

"See 'Proceedings in the Collection of State Trials.' I have also taken some *touches* from Johnstone, and some from Citters."

We think he might have added "*and something more than touches from Mackintosh*," who, besides introducing him to Johnstone and Citters, had already, as we see, made some extracts ready to his hand.

Henry Lord Clarendon, in relating the public acclamations on the acquittal of the bishops, says—

"That thereupon there was a most wonderful shout, that *one would have thought* the hall had cracked."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 179.

Mackintosh carries the metaphor a little further; he describes—

"A shout of joy, which sounded like a crack of the *ancient and massy roof* of Westminster."—p. 275.

But still it is only a metaphor. Mr. Macaulay must be more precise and particular, and, discarding the metaphor, gives as an architectural *fact* what would indeed deserve Lord Clarendon's epithet of "most wonderful"—

"Ten thousand persons who crowded the great

MACKINTOSH.

"He was so enamored of this plan, that in a numerous company where the resistance of the Upper House was said to be formidable, he cried out to Lord Churchill, 'O silly! why, your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords.'"

We do not quote this as an instance of suspicious identity, for both copied the same authority; but to express our doubt of the anecdote itself, which is given in one of Lord

MACAULAY.

"Meanwhile the lord president was brought in a sedan chair through the hall. Not a hat moved as he passed; and many voices cried out, 'Popish dog.' He came into court pale and trembling, with eyes fixed on the ground, and gave his evidence in a faltering voice. He swore that the bishops had informed him of their intention to present a petition to the king, and that they had been admitted into the royal closet for that purpose."—ii. 382.

hall, replied [to the shout that arose in the Court itself] with a still louder shout, which made the *old oaken roof* to crack."

Can any one doubt that Mr. Macaulay was copying, not the original passage, but Mackintosh, just substituting *old* and *oaken* for *ancient* and *massive*?

We could fill our number with similar, and some stronger but longer, parallelisms between Sir J. Mackintosh and Mr. Macaulay; but it is not by insulated passages that we should wish the resemblance to be tested, but by the scope and topics of the entire works, and sometimes the identity of subjects not directly connected with the historical events, and which it is hardly possible to suppose to have spontaneously occurred to Mr. Macaulay. See, for instance, Sir James's clever account of the Order of Jesus, a complete *hors d'œuvre*, having no nearer connection with the story than that father Petre happened to be a Jesuit—but of this episode we find in Mr. Macaulay an equally careful *pendant*, including all the same topics which Mackintosh had already elaborated.

We are tempted to add one other circumstance. Both the historians relate that Sunderland had a scheme for securing a majority in the House of Lords, by calling up the eldest sons of some friendly lords, and conferring English titles on some Scotch and Irish peers—

MACAULAY.

"But there was no extremity to which he was not prepared to go in case of necessity. When in a large company, an opinion was expressed that the peers would prove intractable, 'Oh, silly,' cried Sunderland, turning to Churchill; 'your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords.'"—ii. 317.

Dartmouth's notes to Burnet, as *told* to him by Lord Bradford. We doubt because the story, incredible enough *in toto* (unless the words were spoken at a different time and in

some occasional allusion,) is wholly at variance with the purpose in support of which it is adduced; for on an occasion in which the King and Sunderland were anxious to increase their majority in the House of Lords by calling on those who were afterwards to sit there, and thus avoiding the abuse and degradation of that high honor, it would have been an absolute contradiction to talk of overwhelming the peerage with a troop of Horse Guards. Of the less violent proceeding—which is all that we can believe to have been really for a moment contemplated even by such a bigot as James, and such a knave as Sunderland—Mackintosh slyly takes occasion to remind his readers that twenty-five years afterwards another ministry did something of the same kind—meaning Queen Anne's creation of twelve Tory peers in 1711. Mr. Macaulay does not follow his leader in this tempting sneer at the Tories—he never before, we believe, abstained from anything like a savory sarcasm—but here he was muzzled. He could not forget that that administration which raised him to political eminence, and of which he was in return the most brilliant meteor, swamped the House of Lords by creations more extravagant than Sunderland ventured to dream of, and ten times more numerous than Harley had the courage to make. We cannot forget, nor does Mr. Macaulay—and that remembrance for once silences his hatred of the Tories—that the Reform Bill was forced upon the House of Lords by the menace of marching into it rather more than the complement of *Churchill's troop of Horse Guards*—eighty, or, as was added, “as many more as may be necessary”—and that in point of fact the Grey and Melbourne administrations increased the House of Lords by *eighty-nine peerages*, besides *twenty* promotions. When future historians come to explore the dispatches of Baron Falke or Prince Lieven, as we now do those of Barillon and Citters, we suspect that Mr. Macaulay and his friends will have need of a more indulgent appreciation of political difficulties and ministerial necessities than he is willing to concede towards others.

Perplexing as Mr. Macaulay's conduct towards Mackintosh is on the face of these volumes, it becomes still more incomprehensible from the fact that Mr. Macaulay published in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1835, and republished in his *Essays*, a most laudatory review of this very “History of the Revolution by Sir James Mackintosh” to which now, while making, as it seems, such ample use of it, he does not condescend to allude. We

conclude that Mr. Macaulay has somehow persuaded himself that that article relieved him from the necessity of any mention of Mackintosh's History in the pages of his own great and solid literary work. But we cannot imagine how; and we shall be curious to see what explanation can be given of this, as it appears to us, extraordinary enigma.

We need not endeavor to account for the hostility with which Mr. Macaulay seems to pursue several individual characters when they are Tories—*causa patet*—but he assails with equal enmity some Whigs, for his aversion to whom we can see no other motive than that they have been hitherto called illustrious, and by all former writers supposed to have done honor to their country. It seems to be the peculiarity of Mr. Macaulay's temper *προς κέντρα λακτίζειν*, to praise only where others have blamed, and to blame only where others have praised. This, we suppose, will give him the character of originality—it is certainly the only substantial originality in the work. From many examples of this original spirit we will select one—the most eminent “as a *prodigy of turpitude*”—one that will be at once admitted to be the most conspicuous, and therefore the fairest that we could select as a specimen—the great Duke of Marlborough. Him Mr. Macaulay pursues through his whole history with more than the ferocity and much less than the sagacity of the blood-hound. He commences this persecution even with the Duke's father, who, he tells us, was—

“a poor Cavalier baronet who haunted Whitehall and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs.”—i. 459.

This last, we admit, must be a serious offense in the nostrils of Mr. Macaulay—a friend to the monarchy! But though he thus confidently consigns Sir Winston Churchill to every species of contempt, the learned historian shows that he knows but little about him. He was not a *baronet*—a trivial mistake as to an ordinary Sir John or Sir James, but of some importance when made by an ultra-critical historian concerning so immediate an ancestor of the great houses of Marlborough and Spencer, Godolphin and Montagu. He was poor, it seems—a singular reproach, as we have been twice before obliged to observe, from the democratic pen of Mr. Macaulay. We, Tories and aristocrats as we may be thought, should never

have taken the humble beginnings of a great man as a topic of contemptuous reproach! but even here Mr. Macaulay overruns his game, for if the Churchills were poor, it was from the confiscations of republican tyranny. In the "*Catalogue of Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen that have compounded for their Estates*," printed in 1655, three years before Cromwell's death, we find about 2650 names of plundered Royalists, of whom the fourth in amount of composition of the untitled gentlemen of England is Mr. Churchill; and of the whole catalogue, including lords and baronets, he stands the *twenty-eighth*, and ahead of the Lowthers of Lowther, the Whartons of Yorkshire, the Watsons of Rockingham, the Thynns of Longleat, and a hundred others of the most opulent families in England. As to his book, we were not surprised that Mr. Macaulay should consider as *ridiculous*, a work which Coxe characterizes as exactly the opposite of Mr. Macaulay's own—a *political history, accurate in dates and figures, and of more research than amusement!* And we have a word more to say for Churchill. Mr. Macaulay celebrates the institution in 1660 of "the Royal Society destined to be a chief agent in a long series of glorious and salutary reforms" in science. Of this respectable society this *poor, ridiculous baronet* was one of the founders!

Mr. Macaulay then proceeds to relate a singular passage, strangely exaggerated and misrepresented from one of Lord Dartmouth's notes on Burnet, in the early career of the Duke, when he had no fortune but his good looks and sword; and assumes, because the necessitous ensign purchased an annuity with £5000 given him by the Duchess of Cleveland, whose honor, such as it was, he had screened on a very critical occasion, that this probably solitary instance of extreme lavishness on one side and prudence on the other, was of daily occurrence, and part and parcel of his habitual life, and that he was "thrifty even in his vices," and by rule and habit "a levier of contributions from ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers."

Again, Marlborough was so early a miser that—

"Already his private drawers contained *heaps of broad pieces* which fifty years later remained untouched."—i. 461.

The authority referred to for this statement is an anecdote told by Pope, who mortally hated Marlborough, to Spence—

"One day as the Duke was looking over some papers in his scrutoire, he opened one of the little drawers and took out a green purse and turned some broad pieces out of it, and after viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that was very visible in his face: 'Cadogan, (says he,) observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed; there are just forty of them; 'tis the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it unbroken to this day.'"—Spence, 162.

But this story, supposing it to have been exactly told, retold, and written, would, as a mere proof of avarice, defeat itself, for Pope reproaches Marlborough with the care with which he used to put out his money *to interest*, and if Lord Cadogan had thought it a meanness he never would have repeated it.

That Marlborough loved gold too well for his great glory we do not deny; but surely Mr. Macaulay might have drawn a somewhat higher inference out of this particular incident. We cannot think these "forty" coins were hoarded up from their metallic value; they were probably kept for some different reason—perhaps as precious relics and remembrances of the beginning of independence. Could not Mr. Macaulay's charitable imagination figure to itself a young man scant in fortune's goods, yet rich in inborn merit, conscious and prescient of coming greatness—could he not feel how unspeakable a blessing to such a one must have been pecuniary independence, as the best safeguard to political honesty and freedom—the surest escape from the degrading patronage of titled and official mediocrities? In the times of young Churchill no golden India opened her bountiful bosom to which an aspirant to station and fame might retire for a while, to secure by honorable thrift an honorable independence, and thereby the power and liberty of action to realize the prospects of an honest ambition. But even if the Duke had kept the pieces from the meanest motive, how would that justify Mr. Macaulay's exaggeration that already (i. e. 1670, *etat. 20*) his *private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces*?

We have entered into this matter at a length that may appear disproportionate; but wishing to give a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's style, we think we could not do better than by such a prominent example. It cannot be said that we have dwelt on petty mistakes about poor persons when we expose the art by which Mr. Macaulay, on the single defect (if it can be called one) of economy in so great a character, raises such a superstructure of the most *sordid vices*. How

much not only more noble but more just towards the Duke was Lord Bolingbroke, his personal and political enemy. "A certain parasite," says Warton, "who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough was stopped short by that Lord, who said, 'He was so very great a man that I forgot he had that vice.'"

Having thus shown Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with what forms the chief and most characteristic feature of his book—its anecdotal gossip—we shall now endeavor to exhibit the deceptive style in which he treats the larger historical facts: in truth the style is the same—a general and unhesitating sacrifice of accuracy and reality to picturesque effect and party prejudices. He treats historical personages as the painter does his *layman*—a supple figure which he models into what he thinks the most striking attitude, and dresses up with the guadiest colors and most fantastical draperies.

It is very difficult to condense into any manageable space the proofs of a general system of accumulating and aggravating all that was ever, whether truly or falsely, reproached to the Tories, and alleviating towards the Whigs the charges which he cannot venture to deny or even to question. The mode in which this is managed so as to keep up some show of impartiality is very dextrous. The reproach, well or ill founded, which he thinks most likely to damage the character of any one he dislikes, is repeated over and over again in hope that the iteration will at last be taken for proof, such as the perfidy of Charles I., the profligacy and selfishness of Charles II., the cold and cruel stupidity of James, the baseness of Churchill, the indecent violence of Rochester, the contemptible subserviency of his brother, Clarendon, and so on through a whole dictionary of abuse on every one whom he takes or mistakes for a Tory, and on a few Whigs whom for some special reasons of his own he treats like Tories. On the other hand, when he finds himself reluctantly forced to acknowledge even the greatest enormity of the Whigs, corruption, treason, murder, he finds much gentler terms for the facts; selects a scapegoat, some subaltern villain, or some one whom history has already gibbeted, "to bear upon him all their iniquities," and that painful sacrifice once made, he avoids with tender care a recurrence to so disagreeable a subject. Dalrymple had astonished the world by discovering

in the French archives that those illustrious Whigs, Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, and their fellows, who had been for near a century extolled as the purest patriots our country had ever produced, were the secret agents of the King of France, employed by him to thwart, perplex, and weaken the government, and, by their treasonable intrigues under the pretense of a parliamentary opposition, place the king and the nation in such difficulties as should disable them from impeding the ambitious and oppressive projects of Louis, and, what was still more astounding and humiliating, that these great patriots were not only thus conspiring against the honor and safety of their country, but that they were doing so for bribes. We know not to what extent this shameful traffic may have gone, but we know certainly but a comparatively small portion of it. Dalrymple says, that, "although the French ambassadors' dispatches in the *dépôt* at Versailles mention several accounts of monies laid out by them for political purposes in England between the years 1677 and 1681, yet he finds only three of them." The first of these is an imperfect and undated note of some payments from 20*l.* up to 1000 guineas made to some of the less illustrious knaves. The second and third are more precise and important.

In the year 1679 Barillon, the French ambassador, paid the following persons the following sums:

The Duke of Buckingham . . .	1000 guineas.
Algernon Sidney ! . . .	500 "
Mr. Bulstrode (envoy at Brussels) . . .	400 "
Sir John Baber (leader of the Presbyterian party)* . . .	500 "
Mr. Lyttleton (M.P.) . . .	500 "
Mr. Powle (M.P.) . . .	500 "
Mr. Harbord (M.P.) . . .	500 "

—*Dal. i.* 381.

The third account for a subsequent payment runs thus:

Harbord (M.P.) . . .	500 guineas.
Hampden (M.P.) . . .	500 "
Colonel Titus (M.P.) . . .	500 "
Sir Thomas Armstrong (executed for the Rye-House Plot) . . .	500 "
Bennett (secretary to Shaftesbury) . . .	300 "
Hotham (M.P.) . . .	300 "
Harley (M.P.) . . .	300 "
Sacheverell (M.P.) . . .	300 "
Foley (M.P.) . . .	300 "

* Sir John Baber was a man of finesse, in possession of the protectorship at Court of the dissenting teachers.—*North's Examen. See Dalrymple, i.* 383.

Ride—very rich and in great credit	400 guineas.
Algernon Sidney	500 "
Herbert, (M.P.)	500 "
Sir John Baber	500 "
Hill (M.P.), one of Cromwell's officers	500 "
Boscawen, M.P.	500 "

"The names," adds Dalrymple, (i. 383.) "of almost all the above persons are to be found in the Journals of the House of Commons as active persons of that time." We have added M.P. where it is known or supposed that the person meant was a member of the House of Commons. Lord Russell's name does not appear in these disgraceful lists, but he was the leader, or more truly, we believe, the tool, of this corrupt junto—most of them being concerned in the Rye-House plot. Now let us see how the historian who is so justly indignant at the pecuniary dealings of Charles and James with France treats these still more vile transactions.

"Communications were opened between Barillon, the ambassador of Louis, and those English politicians who had always professed, and who indeed sincerely felt, the greatest dread and dislike of the French ascendancy. The most upright member of the country party, William Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, did not scruple to concert with a foreign mission schemes for embarrassing his own sovereigns. This was the whole extent of Russell's offense. His principles and his fortunes alike raised him above all temptations of a sordid kind: but there is too much reason to believe that some of his associates were less scrupulous. It would be unjust to impute to them the extreme wickedness of taking bribes to injure their country. On the contrary, they meant to serve her: but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and indelicate enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her. Among those who cannot be acquitted of this degrading charge was one man who is popularly considered as the personification of public spirit, and who, in spite of some great moral and intellectual faults, has a just claim to be called a hero, a philosopher, and a patriot. It is impossible to see without pain such a name in the list of the pensioners of France. Yet it is some consolation to reflect that, in our time, a public man would be thought lost to all sense of duty and of shame, who should not spurn from him a temptation which conquered the virtue and the pride of Algernon Sidney."—i. 228, 9.

We will not question the very modest praise that Mr. Macaulay gives Lord Russell of being the most upright of such a party—but when, after having seen even *what we have seen* of Barillon's dispatches, he talks of "the virtue and pride of Algernon Sidney"—"the hero, philosopher, and patriot"—we

wonder that he had not a word of extenuation for infinitely less disgraceful, and in every view more venial, errors and frailties of so many others whom he has so unmercifully arraigned. But after thus dismissing Lord Russell's treason and Algernon Sidney's corruption with a censure so gentle as to sound like applause, he never again, we believe, takes the least notice of that affair, and Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney resume their full lustre of patriotism and purity. Let us now see how he manages to find a scapegoat for his illustrious friends. In this general intrigue there were, of course, separate objects and schemes. One of them is important to our present inquiry. The first minister at that day was Lord Treasurer Danby. He was supposed to be hostile to the projects of France; but he had reluctantly taken part in a negotiation on the part of Charles with Louis for a subsidy of 300,000*l*. This negotiation had been carried on through Ralph Montague, then our ambassador at Paris. Montague and Danby quarrelled; and Louis, to get rid of Danby, whose spirit would not brook subserviency to French politics, instigated Montague to "ruin" the lord treasurer by divulging this negotiation, which Montague did in the House of Commons, and, being warmly supported by the French-paid patriots, an impeachment was voted and Danby "ruined." For this service Montague stipulated "for 100,000 livres to make sure of seven or eight of the principal persons in the lower house who may support the accusation as soon as it is begun;" and for 100,000 crowns, or 40,000 livres a year, to indemnify himself "for his risk and the loss of place that must follow." (*Barillon to Louis*, 24 Oct., 1678.) These seven or eight members were probably those mentioned in the foregoing list, and there seems reason to suspect that the sums there mentioned were only instalments of their bribes paid on this account. Algernon Sidney was a principal agent in all these transactions, and his 500 guineas seem to have been an annual pension. Dalrymple pleases himself with the idea that Louis cheated the traitor, and that Montague only pocketed 50,000 crowns; certain it is that he grievously complains of the delay in receiving the money, and describes his patriotic friends as very urgent to receive the balance of their infamous wages. The whole transaction is, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of corruption and impudence. Danby was impeached, and very likely (if an accident had not intervened) to have been brought to

the block for negotiating with the King of France by the King of England's order a subsidy in which Danby himself had no personal interest—by *patriots* who were personally *pensioned and hired* by the same French king to prefer the charge. Now hear Mr. Macaulay. He does Danby a kind of justice, partly, perhaps, because Danby was afterwards a revolutionist, but chiefly, we suspect, because he is unwilling to awaken debate on a topic odious to him, because disgraceful to the Whigs.

"The French court, which knew Danby to be its mortal enemy, artfully contrived to ruin him by making him pass for its friend. Louis, by the instrumentality of *Ralph Montague, a faithless and shameless man* who had resided in France as minister from England, laid before the House of Commons proofs that the treasurer had been concerned in an application made by the court of Whitehall to the court of Versailles for a sum of money. This discovery produced its natural effect. The treasurer was, in truth, exposed to the vengeance of parliament, not on account of his delinquencies, but on account of his merits; not because he had been an accomplice in a criminal transaction, but because he had been a most unwillng and unserviceable accomplice." i. 332.

DALRYMPLE.

"In the midst of so much combustible matter, the train laid by Montague and Barillon against Lord Danby and his master was set on fire."

Our readers will judge whether Mr. Macaulay was not writing with Dalrymple before his eyes, and they will judge also whether, in any case, he was justified in suppressing—he so fond of details—all the curious circumstances of the most curious story of our annals, and which he pretends to tell.

One cannot but be struck with the disproportionate space and labor bestowed on the Monmouth rebellion, and the strange excess of indulgence shown to some and of severity to others of the persons engaged in that wicked attempt. The secret of all this is, that Monmouth's rebellion was, in fact, but the continuation and catastrophe of the Rye House plot. For that plot Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney had suffered, and these two martyrs, having been early canonized by the revolutionizing Whigs, have been still worshipped—though with a less bold devotion since the discovery of Barillon's dispatches—by that same party of which the Russell family have been from the

No mention here of Russell or Sidney, nor anywhere of Powle and the rest!—all the blame laid on Montague; who Mr. Macaulay omits to tell us was the brother-in-law of Lord Russell, and that his impudent perfidy was at the Revolution acknowledged and rewarded by the Whigs by a viscounty and an earldom, and soon after by the dukedom of Montague; nor, to the best of our recollection, does Mr. Macaulay again allude to these disgraceful affairs; though it is (*cum multis aliis*) a circumstance surely as worthy of historical notice as Lord Feversham's china dish, that this same Powle, the pensioner of France, was afterwards chosen Speaker of the Convention Parliament—as an avowed partisan of the Prince of Orange's election to the crown. Can it be believed that Mr. Macaulay had accidentally overlooked Dalrymple's detailed exposure of these transactions? That excuse we have an accidental proof that he cannot make, for he condescends to borrow, with an accuracy that could hardly be fortuitous, the very words in which Dalrymple opens the story:

MACAULAY.

"The nation was in such a temper that the smallest spark might raise a flame. At this conjuncture fire was set in two places at once to the vast mass of combustible matter."

Revolution to this day the great and powerful head. All the Whig historians, Fox, Mackintosh, and now Mr. Macaulay, have labored to revive and maintain all the *legal* objections originally made to the proceedings against the Rye House conspirators. He and they endeavor to keep in the background the intention of open rebellion, of which at least all the accused were undeniably guilty, whatever may be technically thought of the evidence upon which the two leaders were convicted. Now Monmouth was notoriously one of the most active leaders of the plot; and there can be no doubt that the Exclusion Bill was intended, by some at least of its supporters, to give him a chance of the crown. His appearance, therefore, in open rebellion, attended by Lord Grey and the other surviving members of the Rye House plot, becomes a strong confirmation of all that the crown lawyers had alleged and crown witnesses proved; and therefore it is that Mr. Macaulay labors to show that Monmouth had no premeditated

design of rebellion, that he had given up all thoughts of public life, and that he was at least a reluctant victim to the solicitations and instigations of mischievous people about him. With this clue we can understand Mr. Macaulay's treatment of Monmouth and all the circumstances of his rebellion; his tenderness for Monmouth—his indulgence for Lord Grey, in every way the most infamous of mankind, but the friend and partner of Lord Russell in the Rye House conspiracy; and his extravagant hostility to Ferguson, an Independent preacher, the Judas of Dryden's great satire, a man of furious temper and desperate counsels, one of the inferior Rye House conspirators, on whom, as a scape-goat, it has been found convenient to lay all the blame, first, of the sanguinary part of the plot, and now of Monmouth's invasion and assumption of the royal title. The indignation which Mr. Macaulay—as usual abusive beyond all measure of taste or reason—has lavished on this man, already damned to everlasting fame by the muse of Dryden, and more lately by the pen of Walter Scott, (from whose historical notes on Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" Mr. Macaulay has largely and without acknowledgment borrowed,) reminds us of the passage in Pope, in which his friend, dissuading him from satire in general, allows him to be as severe as he pleases on Jonathan Wild—who had been hanged ten years before.

It has been of course a main point with all the Whig historians to acquit the Prince of Orange of any countenance to the proceedings of Monmouth; but no one has ventured to do so in quite so dashing a style as Mr. Macaulay. While he wastes so many pages on the most trivial anecdotes, he does not even admit this really interesting question into his text, but dismisses it contemptuously in a foot-note:

"It is not worth while to refute those writers who represent the Prince of Orange as an accomplice in Monmouth's enterprise."—i. 571.

It happens that there is not one of "those writers" thus vilipended whom Mr. Macaulay does not, when it happens to serve his purpose on some other point, admit as true and worthy evidence. In a review of two volumes it is hard to be obliged to give up half a dozen pages to the examination of two lines; and it would take us quite that space to produce half the authorities by which the allegation which Mr. Macaulay does not think worth refuting is, we assert, completely

established. We shall, however, make room for a few passages which we think will show that, if Mr. Macaulay considers King William's character on this point of any value, it would have been very well worth while to have answered, if he could, that allegation.

First, Dalrymple, a Whig, but an honest historian, and the first who gave us any real insight into the history of those times, tells us that after the Rye House plot

"Monmouth was received with kindness and respect, and treated even with an affectation of familiarity by the Prince and Princess of Orange.

From this period the court of the Prince of Orange became a place of refuge for every person who had either opposed the Duke of York's succession or appeared to be attached to the Duke of Monmouth. Most of those who had followed the Duke of Monmouth's fortunes, or who desired to do so, were provided for by the Prince in the British regiments which were in the Dutch service—circumstances which only were wanting to alienate forever the affections of the two royal brothers from the Prince. They even believed that he had given encouragement to that part of the Rye House conspiracy in which the great men had been engaged."—*Mem.* i. 58.

Monmouth retired to the Hague in the early part of October, 1679, and it is not surprising that this claimant of the British crown was but coldly received by the heirs presumptive. But after a few days, as D'Avaux, the able and well-informed ambassador of Louis XIV., informs us, William obtained from Monmouth a full renunciation of his pretended legitimacy:

"And thereupon they entered into a mutual engagement to unite their interests and assist each other, and it was then that was formed that alliance which has occasioned so many disorders, and which cost Monmouth his life and James his kingdom."—*D'Avaux, Négotiations*, i. 61.

This important passage would be of itself sufficient to establish the fact; but from this time till the total failure of Monmouth's attempt—five or six years later—there is hardly a dispatch that does not testify D'Avaux's conviction, generally supported by evidence, that William was already playing his own deep game behind Monmouth as a stalking-horse. Immediately after the interview just mentioned D'Avaux denounces to Louis XIV. the connections (*liaisons*) between the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth, which, he adds, "were the foundation of the Revolutions which afterwards took place in England."—*ib.* i. 57.

Mr. Macaulay may ask, as other Whig

writers have done, how it can be supposed that the Prince of Orange should favor pretensions that were inconsistent with the right of the Princess. All the authorities, all the evidence, and indeed common sense, afford an easy answer. In the first place we have seen that Monmouth had personally disclaimed his pretensions before the Prince would receive him even as an ordinary exile; but, moreover, William had a better security than declarations or pledges. He well knew that Monmouth's claim was an absurdity, which might be safely used as an instrument that might help to upset James, but was incapable of maintaining itself. This was William's policy as early as the Exclusion Bill:

"As to the Duke of Monmouth, who was acting in the same direction against the Duke of York, the Prince felt that if the Duke of York was once out of the way, the Duke of Monmouth could give him no great trouble."—*D'Avaux*, i. 105.

This was William's opinion and policy up to the very last. When the news of Monmouth's first successes arrived in Holland, D'Avaux says, "I wonder whether the Prince still thinks that Monmouth can do nothing that he cannot set right again in a moment."—*ib.* vol. v. p. 84. When, however, in addition to exaggerated accounts of these successes, it became known that Monmouth had been proclaimed *King*, D'Avaux immediately observed a change in William's deportment.

"Since the Prince of Orange has known that M. de Monmouth has taken the title of *King*, he no longer pursues the same course which he did before; for it is certain and evident that not only did it depend on him to prevent M. de Monmouth from sending any vessel out of this State, but that it is also true that Mr. Skelton, having pointed out to him where M. de Monmouth was, and having begged that he would either arrest him, or at least turn him out of the States, the Prince of Orange answered that M. de Monmouth was unjustly suspected, and that he had no connection with Argyle and the other discontented English, who were here. As for myself, I am persuaded that the Prince of Orange believed that Monmouth's attempt would not go very far, and that all that the rebels would do would be but to render him (the Prince) more necessary to the King of England."—v. 92.

King James himself, in his own memoirs, tells even more distinctly the same story as the French minister. Dalrymple—adopting D'Avaux's evidence and reasoning, and stating how the Dutch authorities—or rather,

according to D'Avaux, the Prince of Orange—evaded the request of James's minister for stopping Monmouth's expedition—thus accounts for the Prince's connivance:

"The Prince interfered not, excusing himself because his assistance was not asked; and, perhaps, was not displeased to see one expose himself to ruin, who had been a rival to the Princess for the succession, and disturbances raised which he might himself be called to compose. He even pretended to Skelton that he gave no credit to the reports of Argyle and Monmouth, although he knew that one was gone and the other just ready to go."—*Dalrymple*, 56.

We have not produced a tithe of the evidence before us all in the same direction, but we think we have sufficiently shown that the matter deserved to be treated more seriously than Mr. Macaulay has done. And we have also to complain of the sly and labored misrepresentation of D'Avaux, by which he endeavors to give his own color to William's reception of Monmouth at the Hague. He says:

"The Prince and Princess of Orange had now ceased to regard him as a rival. They received him most hospitably; for they hoped that, by treating him with kindness, they should establish a claim to the gratitude of his father. They knew that paternal affection was not yet wearied out, that letters and supplies of money still came secretly from Whitehall to Monmouth's retreat, and that Charles frowned on those who sought to pay their court by speaking ill of his banished son."—i. 530.

And for this he quotes D'Avaux, who says nothing of the kind, but indeed the contrary, for he complains that a "belief prevailed among the Dutch people (*la plupart des Hollandais*) that the attentions shown the Duke were really not displeasing to King Charles;" a belief which D'Avaux looked upon as a deception on the public, but he does not give the least hint that the Prince and Princess were under that delusion, and the whole scope of his dispatches is to expose over and over again the Prince's duplicity in this respect.

Mr. Macaulay proceeds to paint with his most glowing pencil the dutiful and respectful regard which William showed to the secret wishes of King Charles, by his extraordinary attentions to his favorite son. The passage is worth quoting, as a sample both of Mr. Macaulay's style and his fidelity:

"The duke had been encouraged to expect

that, in a very short time, if he gave no new cause of displeasure, he would be recalled to his native land, and restored to all his high honors and commands. Animated by such expectations, he had been the life of the Hague during the late winter. He had been the most conspicuous figure at a succession of balls in that splendid Orange Hall, which blazes on every side with the most ostentatious coloring of Jordaens and Hondthorst. He had introduced the English country dance to the knowledge of the Dutch ladies, and had in his turn learned from them to skate on the canals. The princess had accompanied him in his expeditions on ice; and the figure which she made there, poised on one leg, and clad in petticoats shorter than are generally worn by ladies so strictly decorous, had caused some wonder and mirth to the foreign ministers. The sullen gravity which had been characteristic of the Stadtholder's court seemed to have vanished before the influence of the fascinating Englishman. Even the stern and pensive William relaxed into good humor when his brilliant guest appeared."—i. 531.

For this D'Avaux is again quoted, and for this time truly, as far as the naked facts; but most untruly as to the coloring given, the motives assigned, and the conclusions drawn; for D'Avaux expressly states that all these attentions were such manifest "affectation on the part of the Prince, that it seemed as if they could only be intended as wanton insults to the King." (*D'Avaux*, iv. 24.) But the more immediate object was to insult the Duke of York, and to keep up the spirits of that party in England which was bent on the Exclusion, and of which Monmouth was the leader; and D'Avaux goes on to give (the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's gala picture) an account of the harsh and tyrannical treatment by which the Prince (hitherto the coldest of men, and yet the most jealous of husbands) forced the Princess into these extraordinary demonstrations of gaiety, and even of gallantry. (*Ib.* 226.) One of these stories—so picturesque that Mr. Macaulay would have been delighted to have copied it if he could have reconciled it with his contemporaneous fictions—deserves particular attention as a clue to William's motives both in his attentions at this time to Monmouth, and as to his ulterior designs upon England. The 30th of January—the martyrdom of King Charles—was come. This, besides being recognized as a day of humiliation by the Church of England, to which Mary was piously attached, was still more devoutly observed by the royal family; and the children and grandchildren of Charles always observed that day by fasting and seclusion. A day or two after this D'Avaux writes to Louis XIV:

"Your majesty knows how the English are in the habit of observing the anniversary of the death of Charles I.* On that day the Prince of Orange forced the Princess, instead of her intended mourning, to put on full dress; he next, in spite of her entreaties and prayers, forced her to dinner. The Princess was obliged to submit to have all the dishes brought to her one after another. 'Tis true she ate little, or rather, indeed, nothing; and in order to make public the insult (*outrage*) which he meant to the king by all this, he forced her that night to go to the playhouse, in spite of her efforts to avoid it. It is to be remarked that, though there have been plays four times a week, the Prince has been there but twice before in the last three months; which shows that his going to the play that night was a mere piece of parade."—*D'Avaux*, iv. 263.

The secret of all this evidently was—the Exclusion Bill had failed. The Rye House Plot had not only failed, but had united the nation in loyalty to the King and the legitimate successor. James had had two daughters by his second wife, and might naturally expect a son; and the country was in a state that afforded no prospect of a change of dynasty; but the revolutionary party, though quiet, were not asleep—intrigues were on foot to recall the Duke of Monmouth. His return would have led to a new attempt to exclude the Duke of York, and open to William a better chance of disturbing the succession. Hence his affected kindnesses to Monmouth—hence the unseemly attempt to cajole the old republican and regicide party by forcing the Princess to desecrate the anniversary of the murder of her grandfather. After this explanation, we beg our readers to turn back and read our extract of Mr. Macaulay's account of the fascinating influence of Monmouth over the pensive William!

We sincerely wish we had room to exhibit side by side all Mr. Macaulay's cited authorities and the use he makes of them. Nothing but such a collation could give a perfect idea of Mr. Macaulay's style of misdating, garbling, and coloring acknowledged facts as to produce all the effect of entire deception; the object of this complication of misrepresentation being to excite a tender interest for the rebel Monmouth, and to exculpate William from any share in Monmouth's design.

To all this we have to add a most important postscript, which Mr. Macaulay passes

* By a slip of the pen or the press, this is printed in *D'Avaux James* the First, and this error has perhaps prevented the story's attracting as much notice as it deserves. Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens," has related the anecdote, and corrected the name.

over in prudent silence. William sufficiently testified the interest he had taken in Monmouth's attempt by his favor to the survivors of it. At the Revolution, Lord Grey was made an earl; Ferguson—"Judas," on whom Mr. Macaulay pours forth all the vials of his wrath for his share in Monmouth's proceedings—was rewarded with a sinecure place of £500 a year in the royal household; and the obscure printer, who had printed what Mr. Macaulay calls "Monmouth's disgraceful Declaration," took refuge with the Prince of Orange—came back with him—was made stationer to their majesties King William and Queen Mary.—*Kennett*, iii. 428.

After so much political detail, it will be some kind of diversion to our readers to examine Mr. Macaulay's most elaborate strategic and topographical effort, worked up with all the combined zeal and skill of an ex-Secretary-at-War and a pictorial historian—a copious description of the battle of Sedgemoor. Mr. Macaulay seems to have visited Bridgewater with a zeal worthy of a better result; for it has produced a description of the surrounding country as pompous and detailed as if it had been the scene of some grand strategic operations—a parade not merely unnecessary, but absurd, for the so-called battle was but a bungling skirmish. Monmouth had intended to surprise the King's troops in their quarters by a midnight attack, but was stopped by a wide and deep trench, of which he was not apprised, called *Bussex Rhine*, behind which the King's army lay. "The trenches which drain the moor are," Mr. Macaulay adds, "in that country called *rhines*." On each side of this ditch the parties stood firing at each other in the dark. Lord Grey and the cavalry ran away without striking a blow; Monmouth followed them, too, soon; for some time the foot stood with a degree of courage and steadiness surprising in such raw and half-armed levies; at last the King's cavalry got round their flank, and they too ran; the King's foot then crossed the ditch with little or no resistance, and slaughtered, with small loss on their own side, a considerable number of the fugitives, the rest escaping back to Bridgewater. Our readers will judge whether such a skirmish required a long preliminary description of the surrounding country. Mr. Macaulay might just as usefully have described the plain of Troy. Indeed, at the close of his long topographical and etymological narrative Mr. Macaulay has the tardy candor to confess that—

"Little is now to be learned by visiting the field of battle, for the face of the country has been greatly changed, and the old *Bussex Rhine*, on the banks of which the great struggle took place, has long disappeared."

This is droll. After spending a deal of space and fine writing in describing the present prospect, he concludes by telling us candidly it is all of no use, for the whole scene has changed. This is like Walpole's story of the French lady who asked for her lover's picture; and when he demurred, observing that if her husband were to see it, it might betray their secret, "O dear no," she said—just like Mr. Macaulay—"I will have the picture, but it need not be like!"

But even as to the change, we again doubt Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. The word *Rhine* in Somersetshire, as perhaps—*parva componere magnis*—in the great German river, means *running* water, and we therefore think it very unlikely that a running stream should have disappeared; but we also find in the Ordnance Survey of Somersetshire, made in our own time, the course and name of *Busck's Rhine* distinctly laid down in front of Weston, where it probably ran in Monmouth's day; and we are further informed, in return to some inquiries that we have caused to be made, that the *Rhine* is now, in 1849, as visible and well known as ever it was.

But this grand piece of the military topography of a battle-field where there was no battle must have its picturesque and pathetic episode, and Mr. Macaulay finds one well suited to such a novel. When Monmouth had made up his mind to attempt to surprise the royal army, Mr. Macaulay is willing (for a purpose which we shall see presently) to persuade himself that the Duke let the whole town into his secret:

"That an attack was to be made under cover of the night was no secret in Bridgewater. The town was full of women, who had repaired thither by hundreds from the surrounding region to see their husbands, sons, lovers, and brothers once more. There were many sad partings that day; and many parted never to meet again. The report of the intended attack came to the ears of a young girl who was zealous for the king. Though of modest character, she had the courage to resolve that she would herself bear the intelligence to Feversham. She stole out of Bridgewater, and made her way to the royal camp. But that camp was not a place where female innocence could be safe. Even the officers, despising alike the irregular force to which they were opposed, and the negligent general who commanded them, had indulged largely in wine, and were ready for any excess of licentiousness and cruelty. One of

them seized the unhappy maiden, refused to listen to her errand, and brutally outraged her. She fled in agonies of rage and shame, leaving the wicked army to its doom."—i. 606, 7.

—the *doom of the wicked army*, be it noted *en passant*, being a complete victory. Mr. Macaulay cites Kennett for this story, and adds that he is "*forced* to believe the story to be true, because Kennett declares that it was communicated to him in the year 1718 by a brave officer who had fought at Sedgemoor, and had himself seen the poor girl depart in an agony of distress."—*ib.*

We shall not dwell on the value of an anonymous story told *three-and-thirty years* after the battle of Sedgemoor. The tale is sufficiently refuted by notorious facts and dates, and indeed by its internal absurdity. We know from the clear and indisputable evidence of Wade, who commanded Monmouth's infantry, all the proceedings of that day. Monmouth no doubt intended to move that night, and made open preparation for it, and the partings so pathetically described may have, therefore, taken place, and the rather because the intended movement was to leave that part of the country altogether—not to meet the king's troops, but to endeavor to escape them by a forced march across the Avon and into Gloucestershire. So far might have been known. But about *three o'clock* that afternoon Monmouth received intelligence by a spy that the king's troops had advanced to Sedgemoor, but had taken their positions so injudiciously, that there seemed a possibility of surprising them in a night attack. On this Monmouth assembled a council of war, which agreed that instead of retreating that night towards the Avon as they had intended, they should advance and attack, provided the spy, who was to be sent out to a new reconnoissance, should report that the troops were not intrenched. We may be sure that, as the news only arrived at three in the afternoon, the assembling of the council of war—the deliberation—the sending back the spy—his return and another deliberation, must have protracted the final decision to so late an hour that evening, that it is utterly impossible that the change of the design of a march northward to that of an "*attack to be made under cover of the night*," could have been that *morning* no secret in Bridgewater. But our readers see it was necessary for Mr. Macaulay to raise this fable, in order to account for the poor girl's knowing so important a secret. So far we have argued the

case on Mr. Macaulay's own showing, which, we confess, was very incautious on our part; but on turning to his authority we find, as usual, a story essentially different. Kennett says :

"A brave captain in the Horse Guards, now living, (1718,) was in the action at Sedgemoor, and gave me this account of it : That on *Sunday morning, July 5*, a young woman came from Monmouth's quarters to give notice of his design to surprise the king's camp *that night* ; but this young woman being carried to a chief officer in a neighboring village, she was led up stairs and debauched by him, and, coming down in a great fright and disorder, (as he himself saw her,) she went back, and her message was not told."—*Kennett*, iii. 432.

This knocks the whole story on the head. Kennett was not aware, (Wade's narrative not being published when he wrote,) that the king's troops did not come in sight of Sedgemoor till about three o'clock, *p.m.* of that Sunday, on the early morning of which he places the girl's visit to the camp, and it was not till late that same evening that Monmouth changed his original determination, and formed the sudden resolution with which, to support Kennett's story, the whole town must have been acquainted at least twelve hours before. These are considerations which ought not to have escaped a philosophical historian who had the advantage, which Kennett had not, of knowing the exact time when these details occurred.

But, supposing for a moment that we had not had the complete refutation afforded by the dates, would it not have occurred to a man of common sense, and, above all, to one *reluctant* to believe the story, to test its probability by asking whether there was no other person more likely to convey the intelligence in such a state of affairs than a poor girl ? Even if she only had by any strange chance known such a secret, had she no father, no brother, no friend to convey it more surely, more credibly, and more safely ? "*But that camp was no place where female innocence could be safe.*" Was there ever any camp into which "*female innocence*" could safely venture at such a perilous hour, and on such a sleeveless errand ? The fable, however, has its moral ; it teaches us to wonder at the intensity of party spirit which, after the lapse of a century and a half, not merely *forces* such a mind as Mr. Macaulay's to *believe*, but leads him to bolster up by adventitious touches of his own eloquence, so flagrant an impossibility.

The last part of this romance to which we can direct the attention of our readers is a misrepresentation of the personal character of King William, so indiscreet as to surprise us exceedingly. Mr. Macaulay's most obvious purpose in this very strange attempt is to double-gild his idol; and, instead of being satisfied, as the world has hitherto been, with considering William III. as a great soldier and statesman, and the opportune though irregular instrument of a necessary revolution, he endeavors to show that he was entitled to the choice which the country is represented as having made of him, by his private virtues, and, above all, by the concurrence in his election of the legitimate successor, his affectionate and devoted wife, who, apart from all political and above all selfish considerations, was but too happy to see the throne, which strict law would have conferred on her alone, shared with the man of her heart. This is, of course, the indispensable conclusion of all romances, but we confess the dénouement seems here somewhat forced and unnatural. We have little doubt that Mary was an obedient, if not a loving wife; and that she willingly, gladly admitted William to a participation of her royal rights—not from romantic affection, but for this plain and paramount reason, that without his sword she would have had no rights to share. That sword it was which cut the Gordian knot with which the Convention Parliament and its parties so long seemed to puzzle themselves. Mr. Macaulay states fully, and more clearly and fairly than is usual with him, the various expedients that were proposed, and the various arguments that were urged for the supplying the place of the absent king. The Archbishop and the high Tories proposed a *Regency*, which would have preserved their nominal allegiance to the king. Danby and the moderate Whigs and Tories were for the plainer and, under such circumstances, the sounder course of considering James's abdication as a civil death, and calling the next heir, Mary, to the throne. The old Republican party would rather not have had a monarchy at all, but if a monarch, one whose title should *not* be legitimate; and Mr. Macaulay takes great pains to show that Halifax and the Trimmers, the party that seemed finally to decide the question, were the more disposed for *electing* William on the republican principle of breaking the line of succession. But in fact this last argument was a mere pretense to conceal the duress under which they really had

no alternative but the choice of William. All these eloquent debates and all Mr. Macaulay's ingenious argumentations only enwreath the steel. William might say—*εν μωρτου πλαδι τον ξιφον φορησω*—"You may cover my sword with rhetorical garlands, but it is not the less a sword; and if you will have its protection you must submit to its power." And as the bulk of his special adherents were of the old Republican Regicide and Rye House party, they not only would have had no compunction in submitting even to his forcible seizure of the Crown, but would have much preferred that to the execution of the threat by which William finally stifled their various differences—namely, that, if they did not make him king, he would retire with his army and leave all parties to the tender mercies of a Jacobite restoration. It was chiefly, we think, with a view of throwing a kind of veil over this real state of the case, not very creditable to the Revolution Whigs, nor very grateful to the national pride of any Englishman, that Mr. Macaulay has indiscreetly, we think, recalled attention to the conjugal relations of William and Mary.

"For a time William was a negligent husband. He was indeed drawn away from his wife by other women, particularly by one of her ladies, Elizabeth Villiers, who, though destitute of personal attractions, and disfigured by a hideous squint, possessed talents which well fitted her to partake his cares. He was indeed *ashamed of his errors*, and spared no pains to *conceal* them; but, in spite of all his precautions, Mary well knew that he was not strictly faithful to her."—ii. 174.

All this is sadly misrepresented. It was not for a time—he was not *ashamed of*, and took no pains to conceal, his infidelity! The amour with Elizabeth Villiers began immediately after his marriage, and continued notoriously during all Mary's life. He even made her husband Earl of Orkney, as Charles II. had made the husband of Barbara Villiers Earl of Castlemaine; and in 1697 he made her grants of forfeited estates in Ireland so scandalous that they were rescinded by Parliament; and, in short, as Miss Strickland says, "Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of Mary's peace from her marriage to her grave."—*Life of Mary*, ii. 303. But we decline pursuing a subject even more disagreeable than is here stated; and we pass on to a less unpleasant cause of the estrangement. This, we are told, was William's uneasiness at the awkwardness of his future position at King-consort.

"Mary had been nine years married before she discovered the cause of William's discontent; nor would she ever have learned it from himself. In general his temper inclined him rather to brood over his griefs than to give utterance to them; and in this particular case his lips were sealed by a very natural delicacy."—ii. 175.

This admission shows at what a remote period, and with what a distant chance, William began to pine after the crown of England, and would go far to convict him of all the intrigues against the governments of Charles and James, from which Mr. Macaulay, in other parts of this book, so zealously labors to exculpate him. The sequel of the story is more romantic. It was after nine years of unhappiness from moral causes on the part of the wife, and "brooding discontent" from political reveries on the part of the husband, that, by the lucky arrival of an English or rather Scotch parson, who was travelling in the Low Countries, "three words of frank explanation" were elicited and cured all in a moment. A complete reconciliation was brought about by the agency of Gilbert Burnet:—

"Burnet plainly told the Princess what the feeling was which preyed upon her husband's mind. She learned for the first time, with no small astonishment, that, when she became Queen of England, William would not share her throne. She warmly declared that there was no proof of conjugal submission and affection which she was not ready to give. Burnet, with many apologies and with solemn protestations that no human being had put words into his mouth, informed her that the remedy was in her own hands. She might easily, when the crown devolved on her, induce her parliament not only to give the regal title to her husband, but even to transfer to him by a legislative act the administration of the government. 'But,' he added, 'your Royal Highness ought to consider well before you announce any such resolution. For it is a resolution which, having once being announced, cannot safely or easily be retracted.' 'I want no time for consideration,' answered Mary. 'It is enough that I have an opportunity of showing my regard for the Prince. Tell him what I say; and bring him to me, that he may hear it from my own lips.' Burnet went in quest of William. But William was many miles off after a stag. It was not till the next day that the decisive interview took place. 'I did not know till yesterday,' said Mary, 'that there was such a difference between the laws of England and the laws of God. But I now promise you that you shall always bear rule: and, in return, I ask only this, that, as I shall observe the precept which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, you will observe that which enjoins husbands to love their wives.' Her generous affection completely gained the heart of William. From that time till the sad day when he was carried away in fits from

her dying bed, there was entire friendship and confidence between them. Many of her letters to him are extant; and they contain abundant evidence that this man, unamiable as he was in the eyes of the multitude, had succeeded in inspiring a beautiful and virtuous woman, born his superior, with a passion fond even to idolatry."—ii. 180, 181.

Burnet assures us that William's grief for the loss of Mary was passionate, and it is not improbable that when the discontent that had been so long brooding in his mind was removed he may have become more sensible to the charms of Mary's person, and the strength and accomplishments of her mind; but we confess that we find it difficult to imagine a passion "fond even to idolatry," at once so suddenly and yet so permanently produced. And how? By contrition on the part of the profligate husband, and condonation on the part of the appeased wife? Not at all: but by setting the husband's mind at ease as to his future position in a distant and not very probable political event. Burnet, though his interest and feelings would lead him in the same direction as Mr. Macaulay, namely, to magnify William and justify his artful and selfish conduct in his pursuit of the crown, yet still he preserves a kind of moderation which gives his account a different and a less unnatural appearance. He begins with an introductory anecdote of great significance, wholly omitted by Mr. Macaulay. He describes a conversation between the Princess and himself, in which he blamed M. Jurieu for having written with acrimony and indecency against Mary, Queen of Scots. The Princess took Jurieu's part, and said "that if *Princes would do ill things*, they must expect that the world will do justice on their memory, since they cannot reach their persons; that were but a small suffering, far short of *what others suffered at their hands*." (i. 693.) One easily understands the meaning of these last words in the mouth of a neglected wife. Burnet goes on to say that some time after this—

"I found the Prince was resolved to make use of me. * * * That which fixed me in their confidence was the liberty I took, in a private conversation with the Princess, to ask her what she intended the Prince should be if she came to the crown. She, who was new to all matters of that kind, did not understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would likewise accrue to him in the right of marriage."—*ib.*

We must pause to observe that Mary was now twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age,

had been married above nine years, had always had English chaplains and attendants, and "was," says Mr. Macaulay, "a woman of good natural abilities, had been educated by a bishop, was *fond of history* and poetry, and was regarded by very eminent men as a superior woman." (i. 394.) Yet Burnet and Mr. Macaulay would have us believe that, until the Prince "resolved to make use" of him, Mary was absolutely ignorant of her position as heiress of the crown. It is much more probable that Mary, like a sensible, ambitious woman as she was, knew her position perfectly well; but, seeing the crisis to which affairs were coming in England, had for their common interest resolved to gratify William, and had taken advantage of Burnet's intervention for that purpose.

Burnet, however, according to his own story, explained to her her special rights, the cases of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, Philip and Mary; adding:

"That a titular kingship was no acceptable thing, especially if it was to depend on another's life. She desired me to propose a remedy. I told her the remedy, if she could bring her mind to it, was to be contented to be his wife, and to engage herself to him that she would give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands, and endeavor effectually to get it legally invested in him for life. This would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had been of late a little embroiled."

Mary without hesitation resolved to take Burnet's advice, and sent him on the moment to bring William to her, that she might explain her intention with her own lips.

"He was that day a-hunting," [*off after a stag.*] "The next day I acquainted him with all that had passed, and carried him to her; where she in a very frank manner told him that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God as I had informed her: she did not think that the husband was ever to be obedient to the wife; she promised him he should always bear rule; and she asked only that he would obey the command of '*husbands love your wives*,' as she should do that of '*wives, be obedient to your husbands*.' From this lively introduction we entered into a long discourse of the affairs of England. Both seemed well pleased with me, and with all I had suggested; but such was the Prince's cold way that he said not one word to me upon it that looked like acknowledgment."—*ib.*

This affords the true clue to the whole of William's conduct with reference to the Revolution. He had resolved—we cannot

guess how early—to be King of England in his own right—*Marte suo*, he might emphatically say. Nor do we call this the darkest stain of his history: it was a natural feeling in a careless husband and an ambitious prince; to many it may seem the more excusable from William's being, in his own right, the next heir to the crown after his wife and her sister; and, as regards public interests, we doubt whether the expulsion of James—absolutely necessary for the religion and liberties of England—could have been otherwise accomplished and maintained. Our country profited by the selfish policy of William; but it is a falsification of historical fact to pretend that his policy was guided by zeal for the liberties and Church of England, which he really felt as little as James, though, fortunately for us, it suited his personal ambition to profess it. We owe him and his "glorious memory" public gratitude, but we cannot regard his personal character or conduct with either affection or respect—still less can we accept the extravagant glorifications of every point—even the worst—of his character, by Mr. Macaulay.

We must here conclude. We have exhausted our time and our space, but not our topics. We have selected such of the more prominent defects and errors of Mr. Macaulay as were manageable within our limits; but numerous as they are, we beg that they may be considered as specimens only of the infinitely larger assortment that the volumes would afford, and be read not merely as individual instances, but as indications of the general style of the work, and the prevailing *animus* of the writer. We have chiefly directed our attention to points of mere historical inaccuracy and infidelity; but they are combined with a greater admixture of other—we know not whether to call them literary or moral—defects, than the insulated passages sufficiently exhibit. These faults, as we think them, but which may to some readers be the prime fascinations of the work, abound on its surface. And their very number and their superficial prominence constitute a main charge against the author, and prove, we think, his mind to be unfitted for the severity of historical inquiry. He takes much pains to parade—perhaps he really believes in—his impartiality, with what justice we appeal to the foregoing pages; but he is guilty of a prejudice as injurious in its consequences to truth as any political bias. He abhors whatever is not in itself pictur-

esque, while he clings with the tenacity of a novelist to the *piquant* and the startling. Whether it be the boudoir of a strumpet or the death-bed of a monarch—the strong character of a statesman-warrior abounding in contrasts and rich in mystery, or the personal history of a judge trained in the Old Bailey to vulgarize and ensanguine the King's Bench—he luxuriates with a vigor and variety of language and illustration which renders his "History" an attractive and absorbing story-book. And so spontaneously redundant are these errors—so inwoven in the very texture of Mr. Macaulay's mind—that he seems never able to escape from them. Even after the reader is led to believe that all that can be said either of praise or vituperation as to character, of voluptuous description and minute delineation as to fact and circumstance, has been passed in review before him—when a new subject, indeed, seems to have been started—all at once the old theme is renewed, and the old ideas are redressed in all the affluent imagery and profuse eloquence of which Mr. Macaulay is so eminent a master. Now of the fancy and fashion of this we should not complain—quite the contrary—in a professed novel: there is a theatre in which it would be exquisitely appropriate and attractive; but the Temple

of History is not the floor for a morris-dance—the Muse of Clio is not to be worshipped in the halls of Terpsichore. We protest against this species of *carnival* history; no more like the reality than the Eglintoun Tournament or the Costume Quadrilles of Buckingham Palace; and we deplore the squandering of so much melo-dramatic talent on a subject which we have hitherto revered as the figure of Truth arrayed in the simple garments of Philosophy. We are ready to admit an hundred times over Mr. Macaulay's literary powers—brilliant even under the affectation with which he too frequently disfigures them. He is a great painter, but a suspicious narrator; a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been, and his future volumes as they appear will be, devoured with the same eagerness that *Oliver Twist* or *Vanity Fair* excite—with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it; but his pages will seldom, we think, receive a second perusal; and the work, we apprehend, will hardly find a permanent place on the historic shelf—nor ever assuredly, if continued in the spirit of the first two volumes, be quoted as authority on any question or point of the History of England.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

BY ELEANOR DARBY.

Who hath not felt the power
Of the beauteous sunset hour?
When the radiant light ere dying,
Casts a golden chain of beams
On the smiling lakes and streams,
And the evening airs are sighing,
And the rustling leaves replying,
In tones soft, wild, and mystical as music heard in dreams.

That song of breeze and boughs
Is sweet as whispered vows
Of tenderness and truth,
To the charmed ear of youth!
As the eye delighted gazes,
That golden chain of beams,
Like Hope's heavenly ladder, raises
The soaring soul afar, aloft, upon its dazzling gleams.

And like Hope's, too soon they fade,
Yet not in gloomy shade!
No, no, they but surrender
Their bright illuming splendor
To a glow of rosy red,
A blush as warm and tender
On the wave, as that on cheek from the heart by
love and rapture shed.

'Tis sweet *alone* to ponder
On such an eve as this;
But sweeter 'twere to wander
With a friend to share our bliss!
And sweetest with one nearer,
E'en nearer, fonder, dearer,
To feel the heightened power
Of the beauteous, the heart-softening, the *loving* sunset hour!

From the British Quarterly Review.

ABBE LAMENNAIS—SOCIALISM.

Question du Travail. Par LAMENNAIS. Paris: 1848.

Esquisse d'une Philosophie. Par F. LAMENNAIS. Paris: 1840.

BEING in Paris last summer, we called upon the Abbé Lamennais, immediately after the insurrection of June, in which he was supposed by many to be deeply implicated. He then lived near the Barrière de l'Etoile, in the Rue Byron, leading out of the Avenue Châteaubriand. This is one of the most quiet neighborhoods in Paris.

The Abbé's appearance is at first unprepossessing. He is little and old, and looks older than he is. He is usually dressed in a grey morning gown, with a common check neckerchief; everything else about him being much of the same order. He stoops, moreover, and his whole figure suggests the idea of a man in feeble health—an impression which is confirmed by the weakness of his voice. But as he begins to converse, all your notions undergo a complete change. You soon forget whether he is short or tall, young or old. As his countenance kindles with enthusiasm, it becomes altogether radiant and beautiful.

We had heard in Paris and elsewhere numerous evil reports uttered against this man, which, though at variance with the spirit of all his writings, were so steadily persisted in, that an incredulity less pertinaacious than our own, might ultimately have given way on the point. But in the *Paroles d'un Croquant* we fancied we could perceive the true beating of his heart. The warmth which pervades that little book, and constitutes its vitality, could not, we are persuaded, be artificial. It seemed to have been caught from the highest source of inspiration, and to be as incompatible with the coldness of scepticism, as with the fierce ebullitions of a vindictive temper; and our personal intercourse with Lamennais left deep in our mind the conviction, that whatever might be his faults, he is a genuine apostle of humanity; loving the poor, sympathizing with the distressed, and anxious

above all things to render his own protracted existence a blessing to other men.

With Lamennais' precise age we are not acquainted. He is said to have been born at St. Malo, in Bretagne, in 1782, though this date by no means agrees with other facts mentioned in his biographies. He applied himself diligently in his youth to the study of theology, but would seem afterwards to have laid it aside, and transferred his affections to the mathematics—a too exclusive application to which led probably to religious indifference. He was not eager for premature reputation in literature; but when Napoleon was arranging the affair of the Concordat with the Pope, he published a book entitled "Reflections on the State of the Church during the Eighteenth Century," which gave so much offense to the master of France, that its author resolved to come no more before the public during his tyranny.

Meanwhile he continued to discharge the duties of a mathematical teacher at St. Malo, but having conscientiously reviewed his religious opinions, he emerged from a state of indifference, and, with characteristic ardor, rushed to the opposite extreme of enthusiasm. He imagined that he discovered in Catholicism the only power by which society could be preserved and regenerated. His own experience had taught him the evil of indifference, and he saw around him, in the intellectual lethargy of the French, irresistible proofs that the absence of religious faith is indissolubly connected with moral and social degradation. Taking Catholicism, therefore, as he found it, or rather as it existed in his own transcendental conception of it, he sought to awaken his contemporaries, through its means, to a true sense of the dangers which he beheld encircling society. On all sides he witnessed material tendencies co-operating to check the development of

truth. In the recesses of his mind, perhaps, there always lurked the suspicion that Catholicism would prove unequal to the demands which the conditions of his religious and political theories made upon it. But in the whole range of the actual and the possible, he could then discover nothing better, and prudently, as far as his light went, he resolved to build with the materials at his command.

It is of course easy for us, who stand beyond that circle of intellectual activity in which Lamennais's mind then moved, clearly to discern the errors into which he fell. Nor would it be less easy to sketch them in caricature for the enlivening of our readers. But we prefer looking to the causes that produced them; these will be most instructive to ourselves, and may serve for Lamennais's apology, both as to what he did then, and as to what he afterwards condemned when advanced and enlightened.

When the tempest of the great revolution of 1789 had passed away, the religious party, which had always existed, though in obscurity, sought, through a systematic return to spiritual studies, to resuscitate Catholicism, and to render it once more predominant. There is a sort of stately chivalry in attachment to old creeds—in fidelity to forsaken dogmas. When you see all the world mad after novelty, you are sometimes tempted to stand up and inquire whether, after all, the new thing be really better than the old—and even without reason, or in spite of it, you are betrayed by your polemical instincts into an internecine war with the prevalent theory. Everybody felt that society could never fulfil its high destinies, with the dead weight of materialism hanging at its skirts. There was therefore a necessity for reaction. Some religion, however poor and imperfect it might be, was better than none at all; and Lamennais, in the zeal of the moment, imagined that Catholicism, with its gauds and trappings, its forms and ceremonies, its rights and traditions, might be elevated into the regenerator of society.

He was mistaken, but the mistake was pardonable. The attacks to which he now stood exposed, confirmed him in his error. He found himself in a perfect storm of controversy. Pamphlets and replies hailed in upon him from all sides; but with that warm, flexible, and magnificent style which constitutes the most powerful and dangerous of an author's weapons, he parried the blows of his assailants, and overthrew them in heaps right and left. It soon, nevertheless,

became evident that the waters of Lamennais's mind could not settle and degenerate into a standing pool, but must purify themselves, and go on flowing for the benefit and refreshment of mankind. He visited England, and went afterwards to Rome, where he was offered a bishopric and a cardinal's hat. He then probably saw through the weakness of the papal system, and politely declining the honors intended him, returned to France, in order to finally emancipate himself from the trammels of the priesthood. He now ceased to be a Roman Catholic, and became a Christian in the more primitive sense of the word. The evils which afflicted humanity made his heart bleed. He beheld almost everywhere the church allying itself with the state, not for the deliverance of mankind, but for the effecting of their more complete enthrallment. He had once made himself the apostle of legitimacy, as well as of Romanism—had combated the benevolent but wild theories which he saw springing up under various names around him—had denounced democracy, and invoked a ban upon republican institutions. But as in his system of philosophy the principle of development constitutes the central point round which the whole revolves, so in his own conduct development was everything. With the rapidity of a most active intellect he passed through ages, as it were, in so many years, cast off one prejudice after another, and rising first to the level of his own times, and then above it, he attained, or thought he attained, glimpses of those great truths which are hereafter to regulate the movements of society, though we at present only witness their feeble beginnings. He now conceived the idea of writing that remarkable work, entitled "*Les Paroles d'un Croquant*." It is in style biblical. Lamennais's mind had, as we have already observed, been from the earliest period imbued with the spirit of the Scriptures, which, as Voltaire remarks, had impressed on the English writers of the seventeenth century that oriental pomp and sombre grandeur for which they are chiefly distinguished. Lamennais's sympathies have generally led him to eschew grandeur of every kind. He aims at touching the heart by tenderness, by sweetness, by awakening all the gentler emotions, and showering down the prolific seeds of truth in dews of eloquence, profuse and refreshing as those of Hermon.

In "the Words of a Believer," there is, properly speaking, but one leading idea—that of utterly annihilating every form of des-

potism, and substituting the rule of justice and charity in its place. There may be room for doubt respecting the strict orthodoxy of his creed. His interpretations may be incorrect or defective. He may believe too much or too little, and present to us his faith in alliance with peculiar notions which we may not be inclined to adopt. His object, however, is not to make proselytes, in a religious sense, or to disturb any man's hereditary beliefs. All he desires is to employ the weapons of revealed truth to bring down the strong-holds of tyranny; and we think it would be difficult for the coldest and most prejudiced to peruse that book attentively without finding himself further removed than before from every tendency in the direction of cruelty or oppression.

In criticising a popular production, we are aware that those who are already familiar with it, will consider your observations superfluous, while the persons who are not placed in the same advantageous position, think you much too sparing of your remarks. It is to this latter class that we must here address ourselves; our object being to make Lamennais known among those, to whom he has been hitherto known only by hearsay or not at all. To these the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" will form the best preface to his other writings. Looking backwards, it will reconcile them to the intolerant catholicism of his "*Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion*," and looking forward, it will induce them perhaps to look with forbearance even on the bold and daring speculations which appeared last year in the "*Peuple Constituant*." This work is full of pictures—of allusions to passing events—of predictions of fierce philippics against despotism—of brief narratives and apologues—designed to enlarge and strengthen the sentiment of good will towards men.

Among the principal beauties of the work is its extreme simplicity. A child may understand it. Sometimes, as in the "Dialogue of the Young Soldier," and the "Lamentation upon Exile," the form of composition is so infantine as to be almost comic. You, in fact, do sometimes smile at first, at what appears to you a ludicrous repetition. Here is a passage in illustration:

"He departed, a wanderer over the face of the earth. May God be the poor exile's guide!

"I have travelled among the nations of the world; they have gazed on me, and I have gazed on them; but without recognizing each other. The exile is everywhere solitary.

"When, towards the close of day, I have beheld in the depths of some valley the smoke ascending from a cottage, I have murmured to myself, How happy is he who returns at evening to his domestic hearth, and finds himself surrounded by those who love him! The exile is everywhere solitary!

"Whither go those clouds, which the tempest impels before it? It impels me like them, and it signifies not whither. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"These trees are majestic, these flowers are beautiful; but they are not the flowers and trees of my native land. They address no language to my heart. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"This brook flows gently through the plains, but its murmur is not that to which my infancy listened; it awakens no remembrance in my soul. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"Those songs are sweet; but the sadness and the joy they awaken are not my joy or my sadness. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"Strangers have asked me, Why dost thou weep? And when I have opened my breast to them, they have shed no tears with me, because they have understood me not. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"I have beheld old men encircled by children as the olive is encircled by its tender shoots; but none of these old men called me son—none of their children called me brother. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"I have seen young maidens smile, with a smile as pure as the morning's first breath, on those whom they had chosen to be their husbands; but not one of them smiled on me. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"I have seen young men embrace each other in affection, as if they would have become one; but no one has pressed my hand. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"There is no friend, wife, father, or brother anywhere but in your native land. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"Unhappy exile! cease to afflict thyself, all men are banished like thee, and behold father, brother, wife, friend pass away and disappear.

"We have no country here below; in vain man searches for it. What he mistakes for it is only a resting-place for the night.

"He departs, wandering over the earth. May God guide the unhappy exile!"

But, true to his original conception, and in the full confidence of genius, the author proceeds in this fashion until the very monotony which excited your merriment recalls you to yourself, and begets solemn reflections. Upon the same principle, the paintings in the royal tombs of Egypt have been arranged. On descending the long flight of steps which leads to the sepulchral chambers, you behold on the ceiling one black eagle with outspread wings, and then a second, and a third, and so on, till you grow weary of reckoning, and fancy you are look-

ing at an interminable procession of eagles extending from time to eternity. So it is with Lamennais, in his elegiac dithyrambic, if we may be allowed the expression, on exile. He concludes each stanza, if there can be stanzas in prose, with the words, "*L'exilé partout est seul*," until the incessant iteration wrings your heart, and leaves, as it were, a perpetual echo of compassion in your memory. You have been made to realize to yourself all the loneliness of an exile; you have beheld him cast off from home, and parents, and friends, and driven by the winds of persecution, like a grain of chaff over the surface of society, rejoicing with no man's joy, and sympathizing with no man's sorrow, but everlastingly solitary, and tortured by the longing to return to that domestic circle from which he feels he has been cast forth for ever.

In drawing this touching picture, Lamennais had obviously in view the condition of those men whom Louis Philippe's government had chased from France. Of all exiles, the French exile is most to be pitied. He knows not how to accommodate himself to the exigencies of any country but his own. The Englishman, wherever he may be cast, strikes, and takes root in the soil, and with indomitable force of character builds up a new home, and sanctifies it with all the spontaneous charities of the domestic hearth. But the Frenchman, in the first place, is an unmarrying animal, and is therefore deprived of those finer and more delicate fibres which put forth so easily from the Englishman to attach him to new localities; and secondly, he has an intolerance of strange languages, to the pronunciation of which his organs will not accommodate themselves, and all but an insurmountable aversion to make friends anywhere but at home.

Here and elsewhere in the later writings of Lamennais, we discover a tendency to interpret the doctrines of Christianity in a manner differing from the received standard. This is chiefly apparent in his "*Esquisse d'une Philosophie*," and in his little volume, entitled, "*De la Religion*," where he rejects the doctrine of original sin, and teaches that all the religions of the earth form but parts of one great system, and partake more or less of truth. In support of this view, it may be observed, that where there is no truth, there is no vitality, and that consequently the mere existence of any creed proves that it cannot be composed entirely of error. We may further extend this remark, and maintain that the life of all reli-

gions must be more or less protracted in proportion to the amount of truth they contain.

The central idea of Lamennais' system is God; and his philosophy may be regarded as an exposition, more or less successful, of our relation to the divinity. But in metaphysics, there are, properly speaking, no discoveries to be made; and when, therefore, men are said to have invented a new system, the meaning is, that they have given a new arrangement to the hereditary truths of philosophy, and cast upon them the color of their own idiosyncracies. For this reason, we may, without much difficulty, excuse ourselves for not entering into a critical analysis of Lamennais' metaphysical theories, the chief object of which is to "vindicate the ways of God to men." This is especially visible in his treatment of the stupendous question of moral and physical evil. It would preserve us from a world of perplexities and difficulties if we would consent to acknowledge with Locke that there are subjects which lie altogether beyond the reach of the human understanding. The question of evil is one of these. All the labors of man, from the birth of philosophy to the present hour, have not removed one ray of obscurity from it, or enabled us to comprehend how anything should exist in opposition to the will of an omnipotent Creator. That evil does exist, we know; that it is in opposition to his will, we presume; but it would be better and wiser for us to avoid the presumption of entering unbidden into the councils of God, and obtruding the reasons of the finite upon the Infinite. Lamennais' mind, subtle and penetrating as it is, necessarily fails here. He supposes evil to be an inevitable consequence of creation—that is, of the calling into existence of innumerable wills and intelligences, all free, all capable of independent action, all equally exposed to the accidents of birth, growth, and decline. As far as our reason enables us to judge, there is a radical error here. The result of perfect wisdom and unlimited power would, in our apprehension, be a perfect universe. But evil is disorder, and disorder is imperfection. On this subject, we cannot venture to sit in judgment. All we can do is, in obedience at once to our instincts and our reason, to believe firmly in the perfection of the great First Cause, and leave the origin of evil among the problems which humanity is unable to solve.

The chief defect in Lamennais' late writings is the propensity to dwell too perseveringly on abstract questions. In attacking

the systems or confuting the reasonings of his predecessors, he avoids all special references and the mentioning of names. Useful in certain forms of composition, this practice is highly inconvenient and wrong here. We like to know with what enemy we are fighting, who it is to whom we are opposed, and what is the precise language which he, in his own person, employs. It by no means contents us to be presented with the exposition of an antagonist, who, however candid and conscientious, may, unknown to himself, understate the objection he means to demolish, and exaggerate the absurdity he desires to expose.

The present age, however, is not in any sense an age of theory; a fact which may be regarded with alarm by those who believe in the indefinite progress of humanity. Our cry has long been for the practical. We wish to realize, to convert ideas into things, opinions into constitutions, speculations into active principles. Whether we ought on this account to congratulate ourselves or not can scarcely be decided now. That is a point on which it will be for posterity to determine. Meanwhile nothing is more certain than that the whole civilized world is eager for enjoyment, for setting aside the dreamy and the poetical, and taking up with those palpable results which the principle we call common sense recommends to us.

Now it happens, singularly enough, that Lamennais, though belonging pre-eminently to the present generation, is not, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, a partisan of common sense. All his reasonings are intended to prove that the happiness of mankind does not at all consist in the production of wealth; that, on the contrary, mediocrity of fortune is best for states as well as for individuals; and that, therefore, instead of living perpetually in an industrious Babel, charmed by the jargon of the factory and the exchange, we should allow ourselves considerable leisure for the cultivation of the affections, and the enjoyment of what we possess. He believes, moreover, in the possibility of emancipating men from the empire of selfishness, and inducing them to take an interest in the welfare of their neighbors—a doctrine pre-eminently unfashionable. They who would learn his ideas on this subject should read his "*Amschaspands and Darvends*," where, through the instrumentality of Persian machinery, he dissects, with great vigor and boldness, the alleged defects of society in Europe, and more especially in France. Possibly the idea of this work was

suggested by Montesquieu's "Persian Letters." But Lamennais has worked out the plan after his own fashion, developing everywhere his sympathy for the weak and the oppressed, and lavishing the fiercest anathemas upon those who derive their gratification from the practise of tyranny, or rise to opulence by grinding the faces of the poor. We regret the form into which his materials have been cast. Out of France, readers must always find it difficult to follow the course of the author's thoughts, and even in France, the employment of uncouth and barbarous names, the arbitrary invention of myths, and the perpetual reference to a system of fable, which no art or eloquence can render popular in Europe, immensely detracts from the utility of the performance.

We have remarked above, that Lamennais' system is little in harmony with the received interpretation of the principle of common sense; and we may add that still less does it agree with some of the doctrines to be found in his own earlier writings. He looks upon society as at present constituted to be rather an evil than a good, since, in his view, it afflicts hundreds with misery for one to whom it is productive of happiness. He is, therefore, the advocate of indefinite change, or of revolution, if we prefer the term.

Many writers in France, among whom Lamennais holds a conspicuous place, have rejected the received notions with respect to property. Some would recommend for the management of it one class of rules, some another; but all regard it as an instrument in the hands of the state, to be employed as may be considered most convenient for the benefit of the community. Lamennais' ideas on this subject are not to be found in any of his larger works; but in an unedited chapter of his "*Esquisse d'une Philosophie*," which found its way to the press during the heat of the violent discussions which took place in France under the Provisional Government. Perhaps the public on this side of the channel are too little familiar with this class of inquiries properly to appreciate Lamennais' views. He does not mean to advocate the invasion of those rights which society, in the very act of its formation, establishes, still less does he desire to advocate principles which could not be brought into play without arresting the progress of civilization. But whatever he may intend, it is clear that he contemplates all property as in some sense the property of the state, and maintains that it belongs to the state to re-

organize it, and to watch over its accumulation and transmission, with a view to the augmentation, and not to the diminution of industry. Ticklish ground this, say our own political economists, and truly we are something of that mind. But let us proceed. Lamennais takes his stand on metaphysical principles, and on the original constitution of human nature. On this ground he contends that every man is born into the world with certain rights, which no arrangements of society can destroy. Among these is the right to live, which, properly understood, signifies the right to labor, or, in other words, to deserve and accumulate the common necessities of life. This, according to his theory, no man can forfeit, since it is one of those characteristics which constitute his claims to be reckoned among mankind. He offers all his faculties, mental and bodily, to society, which, whether it needs his services or not, owes him in return protection and maintenance. If society needed his strength, his courage, his ingenuity, it would, without consulting him, consider itself entitled to demand of him the exercise of these qualities for its benefit, as every day's experience demonstrates. To be just and consistent, therefore, says Lamennais, we must follow out the reasoning, and maintain that exactly in proportion to the claims of society upon the individual, are the claims of the individual upon society. It will not do to say that the community does not need your existence, and that the fact of your having been born, so far from being a blessing, is a curse to it. This is impertinence, not logic. Society before your birth had rendered your existence possible; nay, had brought together the elements from the combination of which you could not choose but spring to light. It is, therefore, answerable for your being, and bound, according to the most sacred laws of duty, to provide for the continuance of it.

Now property, rightly understood, signifies collectively all those things which are necessary to the conservation of life, to its comfort, to its adornment, to its physical and moral happiness. All men as they spring from the hands of nature have an equal right to live, consequently to the means of living—that is, to property. But accidental circumstances, which society finds itself unable to regulate, lead to the accumulation of superabundant wealth by certain individuals and families. What is to be done? Are they to be forcibly deprived of what in conventional language is called their own? This

would be to strike with paralysis the springs of industry, to spread universal terror, and not only to check the development of society, but even to thrust it back towards barbarism. And yet where some have too much, others must have too little. Means should, therefore, be devised by which the superfluity of the opulent may be made to contribute to the support of the poor, not by way of charity, which would convert the industrious classes into paupers, but by some subtle process of law, operating almost invisibly to produce a more equitable distribution of property. One such contrivance is that of progressive taxation, which, however startling at first, may, it is argued, be soon admitted as reasonable where self-interest does not interfere to warp the conclusions of the judgment. The philosophical way of measuring a man's contributions for the support of the state is not, it is said, to regard them with reference to his property, but with reference to the personal sacrifices they call upon him to make. There are thousands whose utmost exertions barely procure them the means of subsistence, and if we demand from them a state contribution of ten per cent., that sum, however small it may be, will be productive of far greater inconvenience, and perhaps suffering to them, than fifteen or twenty per cent. would occasion to a wealthy man. Indeed, in the latter case, the sacrifice would be merely imaginary; if such a proportion of his wealth were taken away without his being apprised of the fact, the sum of his enjoyments would remain exactly what it was before. He would neither eat, dress, sleep a jot the less, or the less sumptuously.

Upon these grounds Lamennais and others contend for the establishment of a system of progressive taxation in France. They consider it necessary for the realization of their other political views. Without it, they contend, it will be impossible properly to adjust the burden of taxation, so as to impose upon the poor no more than their just share. By easing them in this way, society would make provision for the moderate accumulation of property in their hands. Every man preserved from this sort of social spoliation would be enabled the better to provide for himself and his children, to diminish the number of candidates for hired labor, to elevate in the same ratio the rate of wages, and to render easier the application of the great fundamental principle of democratic government—the right to labor.

To what extent these principles are capa-

ble of being brought into practice we need not now attempt to determine. It will be sufficient, by this brief exposition, to direct the attention of our readers to them. We scarcely need say that with much that has been written and said in favor of these theories we have no sort of sympathy. But even in such exaggerations we see the not unnatural reaction of the mind against property, as brought about by that policy of nations which has hitherto been so strongly in its favor. Notions of this description would not have taken so much root in Europe, had there not been some show of justice in them; and we think we are doing the right thing in placing them before our readers, not as they are caricatured by adversaries, or as carried to extremes by bad men, but as they appear to the more sober class of persons, who, more or less, hold them. Socialism with some men no doubt means spoliation of everything evil; with others it is only another word for equitable reform—reforms of such a nature as are still needed in many things among ourselves. Weak, however, are those political speculators, who, in their humor to find intelligence and virtue wherever they find poverty and filth, expect to see the working classes really happier simply by reason of their being less obliged to work. The disease is more complex than such state-doctors suppose, and lies much deeper. In-occupancy can be nothing but a curse to the majority of men, apart from the culture necessary to make a right use of it.

From what has been said, the reader will, we trust, be able to form a tolerably fair estimate of Monsieur Lamennais' theories and character. Reports, we know, emanating from the French capital, have made the circuit of Europe, which represent him as a turbulent individual, ever intent upon inciting insurrection for the gratification of some private passion or ambition of his own. We will not pretend to say that he views the sufferings of the humbler classes with equanimity. On the contrary, we fear, it must be admitted, that his warm and well-meant sympathies often betray him into the use of exciting language, which, addressed to a highly susceptible people, may at times incline them to adopt unwise measures in the hope of abating their suffering. We are aware of much that may be said in defense of this part of his conduct, but we are not disposed to become in this respect his advocates. Our business with him is chiefly as a man in whom we see many of the contending agencies of our times at work, and in a manner not

wholly unconstructive. That he is not more influential than we find him, is to be accounted for from the fact, that the religious sentiment is necessary to give efficacy to his teaching. He does not, and cannot work through scepticism, neither can his voice awaken an echo in the heart in which the religious sentiment has been extinguished. Somewhat like our own Milton, therefore, he must be content to find fit audience, though few; he panders to no mean passion; he addresses no immoral godless rabble; but drawing his weapons from the armory of reason, patriotism, and religion, he has labored, through a long life, to elevate the condition of his countrymen, and render them worthy of the freedom which his writings, as a whole, are calculated to achieve for them.

In a literary point of view, his works may be said to be possessed of very high excellence. If there be a fault, it is the want of repose. There is agitation, there is movement, there is warmth, depth, and vitality. But you are always urged along by excitement, until your nervous system becomes jaded, and you at length escape from him in search of tranquillity. This is to be lamented; and still greater matter of regret is it, that almost every other distinguished writer in France—nay, we might perhaps say in Europe, shares, in a greater or less degree, the same fault—we live in a perpetual bustle, which allows us no time for profound meditation. As soon as a thought is born in our minds, we hasten to lay it before the public, even before we have examined of what spirit it is, and determined for ourselves whether good or evil is likely to result from its communication.

This, in some measure, accounts for the differences observable in the successive writings of Lamennais. He has always felt strongly, and being conscious of possessing great powers of eloquence, has been easily tempted to believe that the doctrine, of the soundness of which he was for the time convinced, could not fail, on being divulged, to be productive of good to his species. But they who think and reason impetuously, must often be hurried into false conclusions. His style bears some resemblance to that of Jean Jaques Rousseau, though less sustained and severe. Like Burke, he permits himself to draw figures from physical sciences with which the public can never become familiar, and this cannot fail to circumscribe his popularity. For the most part, however, Lamennais' figures of speech are drawn *ex medio*,

in obedience to the precept of Cicero. But whatever his figures may be, there is always a fervency in the language which fixes and amalgamates them with the other materials of his style. You feel, moreover, that he is always in earnest, eager to convince, and vehemently resolute to persuade. He does not treat the reader as if he were unworthy of his solicitude; but setting a high value on his suffrage, he seeks, by a frank and manly appeal, to obtain it. Take the following as a specimen of the style in which Lamennais could write while a Louis Philippe was on the throne of France :

"Suffer yourselves not to be deceived by vain words. Many will seek to persuade you that you are truly free, because they have written the word liberty on a scrap of paper, and posted it up at all cross-roads !

"Liberty is not a proclamation which may be read at the corners of streets. It is a living power which men feel within and around themselves—the protecting genius of the domestic hearth, the guaranty of social rights, among which it is itself the principal.

"The oppressor, who shelters himself under its name, is the worst of oppressors. He unites falsehood with tyranny, and to injustice adds profanation ; for the name of liberty is holy.

"Beware, therefore, of those who cry, 'Liberty, liberty !' and yet ruin it by their works.

"Is it you that make choice of those who rule over you, who command you to do this and abstain from that, who tax your property, your industry, your labor ?

"And if it be not you, how are you free ?

"Are you able to dispose of your children according to your own will, to confide to whom you please the task of instructing them, and forming their manner? And if you have not this power, how are you free ?

"Even the birds of the air, and the insects of the field, assemble together to accomplish in common what they are unable to do alone. Can you meet together to consult respecting your interests, to defend your rights, to obtain some mitigation of your misfortunes? And if not, how are you free ?

"Can you, when retiring at night to rest, be sure that persons will not come during your sleep, to pry into the most secret corners of your house, drag you from the bosom of your family, and cast you into a dungeon, because power, in its pusillanimous terror, has conceived suspicions of you? And if you cannot be sure of this, how are you free ?

"Liberty will shed its light upon you when, by dint of courage and perseverance, you have emancipated yourselves from these forms of servitude.

"Liberty will shed its light upon you when you shall have said, in the depths of your soul, We are resolved to be free ; and when, in order to become so, you are ready to sacrifice and suffer everything.

"Liberty will shed its light upon you when, at

the foot of the cross, upon which Christ died, you shall have sworn to die one for another."

The following passage, published some years since, expresses his views as to the break-up awaiting the old institutions of Europe :

"Such, over the whole earth, is the present condition of the human race. There is no religion which does not totter, no empire which is not mouldering to decay. Shaken, reduced to ruins, the institutions of past ages no longer offer anywhere to mankind a dwelling in which they may live. And if some nations, imagining they were building for eternity, have in haste constructed frail shelters for themselves, beneath which they might rest from their labors, it has perpetually been found necessary to prop up or rebuild these miserable hovels, which the smallest stream may undermine, or the first storm overthrow.

"There prevails everywhere at present so painful a consciousness of the instability of human affairs, that it deprives of all real force those powers which, for their own interest, would prolong the existing order of things. Besides, this worn-out system, this vain shadow, maintains no longer any hold on the minds or consciences of men. It no longer represents right as conceived by the intellect, but, on the contrary, is its most flagrant violation. Now, the idea of duration being inseparable from the idea of right, or that which ought to exist—that is, from the idea of a whole, co-ordinated according to the essential laws of power—men discover in this merely fastidious arrangement, contrary in all respects to those laws, signs certain and indubitable of approaching destruction.

"The enfeebling of duty, an inevitable consequence of the weaknesses of faith, contributes also to strengthen the feeling now become general of the instability of things. For it is duty that unites ; without it, every man stands apart ; there is no longer a support for any one ; the consciousness becomes universal of incurable debility—of an overwhelming incapacity for prolonged existence.

"Nevertheless, in the very confusion and disorder which prevail, we discern signs of a dawning faith, which will reorganize the world, as well as of a tendency towards one vast union, in which the numerous portions of the human race, now distinct and divided, will naturally take their proper place. The old religions, together with the civilizations which spring from them, are rapidly dissolving, in as far as their elements were transitory. And thus are lowered those fatal barriers which divided nations ; and the movement of the same nations, perpetually drawn together more and more by increasing facility of communication, by commerce, and even by war, gradually produce their amalgamation, and prepare their fusion at a future period, distant, no doubt, but every day becoming less problematical."

Among ourselves, socialism has been asso-

ciated with every manifestation of absurdity, immorality, and irreligion. In France it has too much of the same fellowship. But the wisest, as well as the most honest course of dealing with it, we suspect is, not to confound the man of principle and humanity, though he should have erred somewhat from the right path, with the worthless and selfish, and then to proscribe the whole under

one odious designation; but rather to look at socialism as it is, and to do what may be done towards leaving it without power, by leaving it without any reasonable cause. Wat-Tylerism, chartism, socialism, all have their meanings, and the men are not wise, as statesmen, patriots, or Christians, who are slow to believe thus much.

From the People's Journal.

GEORGE DAWSON.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

AMONG the new lights of the Christian ministry, a star has arisen in the spiritual firmament over Birmingham, which has much occupied, with speculations as to the nature and extent of its orbit, our mental astronomers. Mental astronomy, so to speak, has been a sort of science, critically condemned by many, until its lustrous objects have set in the darkness of the grave. The stars of the stage form, undoubtedly, an exception to this apparently paradoxical canon. They, at least, are judged while living; and loud plaudits arise while even the feet of the famous *danseuse* are twinkling upon the boards of the theatre. Nor otherwise do we deem it inappropriate, that the pit of the world should form some judgment of the actor in the pulpit or in the editorial chair, while yet they breathe and move and have their being upon this theatre of the earth. Post-mortem criticism may be more elaborate, more finished, more coldly correct, more complete in detail; and, of course, more fully comprehensive of the life of man: but the living sketch—the note of the moment—although but the portrait of a certain age, assuredly gives the glow of the glance then; its fiery flash lighted up at that instant, the depth of its lustre, the bearing of its brow, such as can never be conceived from the complexion of a corpse; and, in fact, furnishes features more true for the time than would otherwise occur to the eye, in the

ultimate picture of the biographer of the departed. Moreover, we like to know not only of the dead but of the living; and those whom space divides from an object have often no reluctance to see through the eyes of another. Thus, and to these, we offer a passing note of George Dawson. From its very slightness it may pass review, like Slender in Falstaff's muster.

George Dawson was born in 1821, in St. Pancras parish, London. His father was the master of one of the largest and oldest private academies in the metropolis. In this school he received his early education; and, as the son of a schoolmaster, he no doubt met with an attentive, if not a severe training, as all schoolboys know who have ever been educated with the son of their preceptors. His father was a sincere Non-conformist of the Baptist persuasion—and therefore Glasgow, and not Cambridge or Oxford, had the honor of completing his education. At the Glasgow college, which imposes no creed, and therefore requires no compromise of principle from its students; he went through the regular courses of instruction, which ended by his obtaining his degree of master of arts. Intended for a preacher, he then waited for some while at home until a vacancy in the ministry for which he was designed should occur. Birmingham was the place destined for his labors.

In 1844, George Dawson was first settled

in Birmingham, as the minister of the Mount Zion chapel, belonging to the Baptist denomination. A year and some months afterwards we were wandering with a friend through the streets of that town of iron, upon one Wednesday evening, when our attention was struck by an unwonted number of persons for a week-day evening hurrying into the gates of a chapel. We followed the crowd; and entered a large, dim, and, we believe, octagon edifice. The congregation already assembled was numerous and respectable. Presently appeared, in a little, low pulpit, a slim, dark, and rather Jewish-looking young man. It was Mount Zion chapel and George Dawson. A hymn was sung, a prayer offered, and some scripture read. During the time thus occupied, we could but scrutinize the appearance of the chief ministrant. There was a something in his personality very unlike that of the presentations offered by other ministers, in all the other pulpits we had visited. Although dark, his look was extremely youthful; he seemed to the sight, from the pew to the desk, to be certainly not more than twenty. His dark hair and features probably caused us to conceive that there was a considerable cast of the Hebrew lineaments, of D'Israeli's pure Caucasian, in his countenance. Moreover, his appearance was decidedly unministerial in the ordinary idea of such, in outward presentment. His dark hair was curly, and peculiarly parted—more poet than priest-like. He wore a black coat, it is true—unlike Coleridge, who in his erratic ministry determinedly sported one of blue, with bright, gilt buttons—but he had no white muslin around his throat, but a black neckerchief, with a shirt collar slightly turned over. Nor did these little things fail to indicate something of the character of him before us. Besides, there was his free glance—the mellowness of his manner—the natural air and ease with which he read, so different from the toned tone to which one becomes accustomed in the pulpit, all which marked to us a mind which was unconventional, unsophisticated, original. Nor were we mistaken in our man, youth as he appeared.

The devotional portion of the service ended, the instructional commenced. Quietly and calmly our young minister arose from his seat, leaned over his desk, and at once, without text or other formality, began discoursing—not talking, but discoursing on high subjects—momentous to the mind and hallowed to the heart, as we hold converse with the best of our bosom friends, on the

soul and on things spiritual, when the sky above us seems solemn, and a deep awe broods within each breast. He discoursed how Mary had waited for the promise of God; how that we also should wait. Commoving all the fibres of filial affection, he endeared her to us, not only as the mother of Jesus, but likewise as the mother of Christians. It was the music of the mind that he poured forth, but it was mellowed from the fountains of the heart. The strain was solemn as it was simple, calm as it was clear. It was no ebb and tide, but an even swell of soul. It was not now hush, and now storm; but an air soft and sweet as a breath of perfume, which was his inspiration. No chord of thunder, it is true, vibrated in tempest tones beneath a demiurgic hand; no lightning flash of Jove scorched the spirit of the sinner; but a harp of silver sound sung to the soul of salvation, clear in tune, equable in execution, and hallowed by harmonies to the heart. The speaker ceased as he had begun—fluently, easily, as if he had more to say, but deferred it for another time. There was no formal peroration, no winsome way of winding up; for all the discourse had point, from the first to the last sentence. We afterwards found that it was one of a course of lectures on the women of the Scriptures. We heard others. They were like this, each equally silvery, sweet and beautiful.

His peculiarities of preaching, rather than any absolute doctrinal difference, at length, however, induced a portion of the proprietary of Mount Zion chapel to moot a separation between themselves and their minister. These peculiarities are no others than we have named, if we except a certain literary tendency of style and subject, wider scope of illustration, and a further field of information than is usual to the pulpit, with the exception of the instance of the member for Oldham, the Fox of Finsbury chapel; of Theodore Parker of America, and of a few others. The subject of disagreement was not as to difference of doctrine, but was a question as to tendency of taste. Notwithstanding his large audiences, and the increasing popularity of George Dawson, not only as a preacher, but also as a public man in Birmingham, a separation was agreed upon. The majority of the congregation, however, sympathized and seceded with their minister. A subscription, amply sufficient, was raised for building him a new chapel; and on the 8th of August, 1847, "The Church of the Saviour," as the new edifice is designated, was opened by Mr. Dawson. It is capable

of accommodating upwards of fifteen hundred persons, is usually full, and often crowded. A document has been published by the congregation, embodying their views; from which the following extracts may be interesting to the reader. It says:

"The members of this congregation admit that there exists among them a considerable diversity of opinion upon several important doctrines in theology, but they do not regard that difference as a bar to Christian union.

"They unite for the study of Christian truth, under the instruction of a teacher, whom they do not regard as the retained advocate of certain doctrines, and therefore bound to publish and support them, but as one whose duty it is to aid them in their studies, by giving them the benefit of his earnest inquiry into the truth of God.

"They unite in the bonds of charity as students, with a feeling that each has much to learn, and perchance, much to unlearn; their bond is prospective rather than retrospective—a common spirit, end and aim, rather than a common belief and creed.

"They unite to do good to others, to obey the Lord's commandments, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant.

"They hold that to each individual his theological belief is of high importance: they seek, therefore, to promote belief in what to them appears the best mode; not by requiring it authoritatively, but by searching for evidence in the freest spirit of inquiry. On controverted points, they would examine both sides of the controversy, and then, having, 'proved all things, hold fast that which is good.'

"They hold that, lacking the power to search the hearts of men, they must be content with the confession of the mouth, and the still stronger evidence afforded by Christ's rule, 'by their fruits ye shall know them;' they therefore regard the Christian character, as displayed in life, as their rule by which to know the Christian."

With views so wide as these, we see that no absolute difference of doctrine separates the congregation of the Church of the Saviour from the better portion of the religious world. The congregation itself has been collected out of almost all sects, including the Established Church; and also from among those who either were not in the habit of attending public worship at all, or had never connected themselves with any Christian denomination. It is likewise a striking fact, that a large proportion of the members who have joined this

congregation, retain their previous doctrinal opinions. The order of worship observed in the Church of the Saviour is similar to that usually adopted by Dissenters, with the addition of chanting. The communion-table of the Lord's Supper is free to all; "a man's own conscience being regarded as the arbiter of his unfitness or fitness for participation therein."

George Dawson, however, must not be regarded simply as a preacher, and as the founder of a congregation. He is also a literary lecturer of eminence. His lectures at the Birmingham Town-hall, at the Manchester Athenæum, at the London Whittington Club, and other similar public institutions of respectability, upon Milton, upon Thomas Carlyle, upon the German writings, upon numerous subjects, from Proverbs to Things Invisible, have been heard and appreciated by thousands. George Dawson is as popular a lecturer as he is a preacher. His lectures, in fact, partake of the moral tone of the sermon, as his discourses from the pulpit participate in the character of the literary lecture. There is, moreover, a quaint humor in them, which comes fresh in these didactic days. Full of points as a row of pins, they make a pin-cushion of the memory. In sharp, short sentences, sometimes they have all the nature of aphorisms. Mystic as the expressions in them often are, they have otherwise a point and quaintness which gives them purpose. There is besides, occasionally, the same lyric sweetness, the same simple beauty, flowing, as it were, unconsciously from his mouth, while lecturing at the Mechanics' Institution, as we have heard it also flow while discoursing at the chapel. At such time the Athenæum is elevated to a temple, the lecturer to a priest, and we feel uncovered, and know it is holy ground.

In Tait's Magazine, some while since, there appeared a criticism upon George Dawson, by George Gilfillan. A writer of power, with an awful mastery of words, easily writing metaphors, and arranging them ever admirably for picturesque effect, Gilfillan falls foul of Dawson with a thunder-storm of tropes, and, to his own satisfaction, utterly annihilates him with an army of analogies. To such sacred slaughter we humbly enter our peace-protest. According to Gilfillan, Dawson is entirely unoriginal. He is a copyist of Carlyle. He epitomizes Emerson. He serves up Strauss at second-hand. He pours forth doubly-diluted Germanism. Does any one who has been in the habit of hearing George Dawson preach, really think

thus with Gilfillan? Of his lectures, the subjects themselves may have suggested a similarity of style to that of the authors to which they have been devoted, and of whom he is charged with imitation. We by no means wish to affirm, however, that the mind of Dawson is altogether original: what mind is? German thought is now germane, not only to the intellect of Europe, but also to that of America. Dawson may not be entirely original as a thinker. It would be a vast wonder if he were. It is as a preacher simply that we contend for his originality. As a thinker he may confuse himself with the subjective and the objective of Germanism; he may mix mysticism with mind; he may recoin Carlyle; but as a preacher he has that purity and simplicity in him, derived from the Gospel, which neither Carlyle nor Emerson possess. In his preaching may be observed his originality, both in its matter and in its manner. In its matter, fresh and new to the pulpit, delivered either with the unaccustomed simplicity of the Scriptures, or with a remarkable novelty of illustration. In its manner, *naïve* and striking, as free from the conventionality of the conventicle, as from the custom of the cathedral. Such is the originality of Dawson. Gilfillan can never remove its impression from the minds of those who have heard the young preacher of Birmingham.

If the name of George Dawson is coupled with one name more than another in England, it is that of W. J. Fox, M.P., the celebrated lecturer of Finsbury. There is, however, no comparison between the two, except by contrast. Fox is an orator, Dawson is a discourses. Dawson is eloquent, Fox is rhetorical. There is a sonorous sound from the spirit of Fox, now like the peal of organ pipes, now like the blast of a trumpet. Between the lips of Dawson there appears, on the contrary, a liquid lyre, from which a silvery sense resounds which startles us not by the force of fire, but by the power of its sweetness. Dawson is lyrical; Fox is epic. Fox builds the measured lofty rhyme, with all the art of an architect in music, story on story, pile on pile, base and column, entablature and frieze, cupola and cornice, until at length an arrowy pinnacle shoots upward towards heaven. George Dawson pours forth apparently an unpremeditated song, as

if his harp hung on a willow, and was swept with the sighing sough of a breeze, beneath the sky of the Scriptures. In fact Fox is more Greek, and pagan, and artistic—while Dawson is more Hebrew, and Christian, and instructive. Such are their characteristics by contrast. Not that each does not occasionally evince a portion of the other's power, but that they are rather to be characterized by contrastive development than by those things in which they accord. Both men of mind, the one a victorious veteran, yet weighty in war; the other, a young athlete, already stripped and fighting in the training lists; the comparison, even by contrast, must be as pleasing to the former as it is honorable to the latter.

In literature the strength of Dawson has not yet been tried. As a writer, he has published, however, two or three tracts; the most notable of these is entitled "The Demands of the Age upon the Church." In this he reminds us, that there are three states which men have to pass through. "When all are very ignorant, the chances are that all will think very much alike, if they think at all; when all are partially educated, that no two will think alike; when all shall be fully educated, the probability is, that all will think alike again. At present we are in the second of these stages. For this, entire liberty of thought is prescribed. "In full freedom alone can true unity be gained." Besides these tracts, the editorship of the *Birmingham Mercury* is ascribed to their author. Such is the name of a cheap local newspaper, which has but lately been commenced. On the issue of its first number, the doors of the office in Birmingham were literally besieged, and ten thousand copies sold; a fact unprecedented in the annals of provincial publication. Its leaders undoubtedly display the train of thought of him to whom they are ascribed.

The subject of our memoir has been lately married to the sister of a Christian minister. His labors are arduous, but he relaxes by a trip to the continent every summer.

For the rest, George Dawson is known as a friend of the people, as a promoter of peace, a champion of education, and a teacher of temperance. May his sun increase, and this page of his life become its least important record.

From the Quarterly Review.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A Guide to the Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar. By the Rev. Dr. BREWER. 1848.

POPULAR science is less a concession to the spirit of our age than is by many imagined. It has always in modern times been the humble attendant on mathematical philosophy, like the squire on the knight in the days of chivalry. "Let us," said D'Alembert, "find out the thing—there will be no lack of persons to put it into shape;" and, in fact, since the revival of letters, whenever a discoverer has delivered the text, there have been plenty of commentators to expound it to the multitude. His immediate pupils have become his interpreters to the larger audience, who, without taste or time for algebra and geometry, were eager to be initiated into the laws of the universe. But though several manuals, either original or translated, existed previously, it was the publication of the *Principia*—the greatest step ever taken in mathematical physics—which gave in England, by the splendor and interest of its discoveries, an equal impulse to popular science. The homage which innovators must often await from posterity, it was Newton's good fortune to receive from contemporaries. A system above attack, and a genius too pre-eminent for envy, might not of themselves have silenced opposition; for ignorance and prejudice hear no reason and respect no claims. But the abstruseness of the *Principia* insured him a trial by a special jury. None could approach who were incapable of appreciating the work, and in its main positions to understand and be convinced by it were identical things. Being written in a language which only scholars could read, and consisting of reasoning which only the profoundest geometers could comprehend, the sale, of necessity, was exceedingly slow. A single edition satisfied the demand for more than twenty years. Philosophers are always a minority, and Halley wrote to Newton while it was printing, that even of philosophers

"by much the greater number were without mathematics." But the scientific literature of those twenty years is a conclusive proof that it was not neglect which retarded the circulation.* It found an audience fit though few—persons who received it with the reverence of disciples, and placed their glory in extending the renown of the master. The fondest idolatry could hardly heighten panegyrics which were only not extravagant because Newton was their object. "The incomparable" and "the illustrious" were the epithets bestowed on him; his genius was said to be more than human, and it was affirmed that the united discoveries of mechanical science from the creation of the world did not amount to a tenth part of what he, in a single publication, had disclosed. Stamped with the approbation of consummate judges, the majority accepted the conclusions of the *Principia* without cavil or mistrust, and joined in admiring truths the demonstration of which they were incompetent to understand. Locke, after obtaining from Huygens, with characteristic caution, an assurance that the mathematical propositions of the *Principia* were unimpeachably correct, studied for himself, in the original work, the physical laws, and enrolled himself among the adherents, as he was before among the friends, of its author. Newton appears to have been proud of the circumstance, for he often related it. The bulk of the public might well be content

* The interval which elapsed between the first and second editions of the *Principia* is the principal argument of those who delight to discover that great works were received with indifference on their original publication. Our remarks throughout are confined to Great Britain, but it would be easy to refute the assertion of Voltaire that Newton at his death had not above twenty followers out of England. It was a gross and wilful exaggeration to enhance the importance of his own services in spreading the Newtonian philosophy.

with the authorities and arguments which satisfied the sceptic scrupulosity of Locke. In the mean while the first students constituted themselves the centres of fresh circles, for whom they simplified a geometry obscure from its depth and often from its brevity, and supplied connecting links to what Newton left a disjointed chain, seemingly unconscious that the intuition of others was less than his own. Each succeeding circle, as when a stone is flung into the water, gave birth to a wider, which, after the lapse of upwards of a century and a half, is still enlarging as population increases and education is diffused.

It was in 1687 that the *Principia* appeared, and within three or four years at furthest its doctrines were taught officially in the universities of England and Scotland. Newton himself took care of Cambridge. Edinburgh and St. Andrews, worthily represented, the first by David Gregory, the second by his brother James, had, previous to 1690, begun to train their scholars in the new philosophy. Oxford, which, notwithstanding the celebrated Wallis filled the chair of geometry, was, we suppose, deficient in indigenous mathematicians, imported David Gregory from Scotland in 1692, and made him Savilian Professor of Astronomy. He justified their choice by the publication of his *Elements of Physical and Geometrical Astronomy*, which won from Newton the praise that it was an excellent explanation and defense of his system, and which Keill, the countryman, pupil, and successor of Gregory, predicted would last as long as the sun and the moon. But the plaudits of a generation are not immortality. Gregory's sun is almost set. The remaining copies repose upon upper shelves, and the spider spins its web from cover to cover, secure that it will not be snapped by the opening of a book which time has closed.

It was Gregory's object to bring down the *Principia* to the average level of mathematical minds. Keill went further, and sought to reduce science to the lower level of instructed mankind. What Gregory in his *Elements* did for Newton, Keill did for Gregory in his *Astronomical Lectures*, which were first read to his class at Oxford, published in Latin in 1718, and again in English, translated by himself, in 1721. That a treatise on astronomy should involve a certain amount of geometry is little more than to say that to write implies the use of an alphabet. But a partial knowledge of Euclid is nearly all that Keill's lectures require,

and though only explaining the movements of the heavenly bodies, and not the physical causes which produce them, they have never been surpassed, within their limits, for clearness of conception and simplicity of exposition. Another work of Keill, less laborious but more esteemed, preceded his *Astronomy*. He delivered in 1700, in the schools of Oxford, a course of lectures in Latin on the elements of mechanics, and a year afterwards committed them to the press under the title of "*Introductio ad veram Physicam*." Maupertuis had such an opinion of this little treatise, that on his visit to England in 1729 he procured its translation into the vernacular tongue, and it is stated in the *Biographie Universelle*, that when the Newtonian philosophy took root in France, it was considered the best introduction to the *Principia*. It deserved the distinction. The fundamental principles of mechanical science are here made easy to ordinary apprehension, with a sparing use of geometrical demonstrations—and those clear, elegant, nearly self-evident—what most knew and all could learn. But a greater merit was the familiar illustrations which, rendered traditional by their singular aptness, are as surely repeated as the laws they elucidate, in every succeeding work of the kind. What proportion of them was due to his predecessors, and what to himself, it is difficult to determine. Writers on science have generally professed a greater awe of pedantry than of plagiarism, and contenting themselves at most with general acknowledgments, have declined to distinguish borrowed from proper wealth. It is not always they are willing to submit to the treatment they inflict. It is amusing to see authors, who are rich in rifled plumage, eagerly asserting a claim to some solitary feather plucked from themselves. Keill's originality is rendered probable by the repeated references of his immediate successors, who, if earlier claimants had existed, were likely to have known them.

Keill now took the final step in popularizing science. The system of Descartes was supposed to owe much of its success to the circumstance that it was independent of mathematics. All adopted what all could understand. Many had been heard to say, that if geometry was indispensable to the Newtonian philosophy, they would continue Cartesians, preferring sloth and fiction to labor and truth—and more were influenced by the same motive, although ashamed to confess it. Keill was desirous to deprive the enemy of the advantage derived to error

from indolence, and he hit on the scheme of making experiment do the work of geometry—of demonstrating through the action of mechanical contrivances what had hitherto been established by mathematical reasoning. In the year 1704 or 1705 he commenced a course of lectures at Oxford, in which, by means of philosophical apparatus, the conclusions of theory were reduced to practice. Others had exhibited isolated phenomena; Keill was the first who gave a connected system of natural philosophy, in which every experiment was the proof of a proposition, and every proposition a step in the argument. From hence dates a fresh era for science. The Cartesians, finding the abstractions of the mind made visible to the eye, no longer objected to the Newtonian philosophy that it was in alliance with mathematics; and the more numerous body who, in assenting to discoveries, the pride of their country, believed they scarce knew what, and scarce knew why, were enabled to exchange a blind trust for an enlightened conviction. A logical system of science was converted into an entertaining exhibition, and crowds flocked to the lectures not more to be instructed than amused. Thus out of a university which has often been accused of its anti-popular tendencies in education, issued Natural Philosophy in its most popular and attractive form, and there are some who have since sought honor in the same path, who little dreamt that they drew their pedigree from an Oxford professor.

Keill left Oxford in 1710. A pupil, (son of a Nantes refugee,) by name Desaguliers, afterwards the friend and assistant of Newton, succeeded to his office, and continued lecturing for three years at Hart Hall. Then he removed to London, where he enjoyed a long and triumphant career. He states in the Lectures he published in 1734, that he was engaged in his hundred and twenty-first course; that of eleven or twelve persons who pursued his profession in different places, eight were his scholars; that he had numbered among his audience two successive monarchs, George I. and George II.; and shows that the patronage was likely to descend with the crown, by subscribing himself in the dedication "Experimental Philosopher to the Prince of Wales." What was more to the purpose, "all ranks and all professions" hastened to be initiated into the Newtonian physics, and he specially records that "the ladies" went to school to him as well as the men. They appear to have intended something more

than to while away a tedious hour when weary of parties, concerts, and plays; for Kiell mentions in the translation of his Astronomy, that he made it "at the request and for the service of the fair sex." England had then no Mrs. Somerville. But in other respects, the female generation which heard the lectures of Desaguliers, and read the Astronomy of Kiell, have left their descendants slender reason to boast the march of intellect in science, to think with contempt of their ancestors, or with pride of themselves. Natural philosophy had, in fact, for a period, become the fashion, and it is the fate of fashions, both wise and foolish, to pass away. While the world grew wiser, its accomplished teacher did not grow richer. It is mournful to relate, that from want of prudence, or want of patronage, Dr. Desaguliers fell into penury, and Cawthorn tells in nervous and pathetic verse—

"How he who taught two gracious kings to view
All Boyle ennobled, and all Newton knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to save,
Without a guinea, and without a grave!"

It was said by a French wit that wives and almanacs were only of value for a year. Books of science, without much exaggeration, might have been placed by the side of almanacs and wives. Discovery is the companion of Time, and new doctrines incessantly added, erroneous notions as constantly exploded, soon render summaries of knowledge inaccurate and incomplete. There are no standing classics among the manuals of science—not owing to any deficiency either of talent or of industry, but because a portrait loses its resemblance when the features of the subject are altered by time. The works on natural philosophy which, from primitive defects, do not perish of disease, in the nature of things must die of old age. But apart from the disadvantage of writing from a scroll continually unrolling, the popular authors of Newton's era will stand a comparison, as instructors, with nearly all of the many who have built on their foundation. The art of explanation has received few improvements. In its methods and resources it remains much as it was left by Keill and Desaguliers. Their principal point of inferiority is their style. They never thought of tempering the severity of science by the graces of literature. Unless when restrained by a learned language, they were more mindful of what they said than how they said it, and wrote with all the carelessness and familiarity of conversation. But

though this negligence was a defect in itself, it was the cause of a merit; for only laboring to be plain, they sacrificed nothing to dignity of phrase and harmony of periods. They are often in consequence easier to be understood, especially by beginners, than those that came after. If their style, too, is without art, it is likewise without effort; and if it never delights, it seldom tires. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the change from loose to elaborate composition has not been rather brought about by the ambition of authors than the requirements of readers. It is, we think, generally felt that the present tendency is to soar too high; and we fear, to be candid, that the florid rhetoric of not a few of our instructors is of kin to their eagerness for small titles and decorated button-holes.

One of the earliest English authors who adopted a style befitting the subject, was the well-known Maclaurin, whose popular account of Newton's *Principia* was published in 1748. He never attempts to round sentences, he deals in none of the artifices of composition, and rigidly eschews every species of ornament; but there are no traces of colloquial feebleness. His unadorned language is as masculine as the sense—the natural product of a vigorous mind, which expresses with force what it sees with clearness. A year before the publication of the work of Maclaurin appeared the first of Franklin's Letters on Electricity, which, if they had not been celebrated for the discoveries they contain, would have become so for the manner in which the discoveries are conveyed. Circumstances rendered Franklin a politician; Nature meant him for a natural philosopher. He was equally formed for finding out new facts or elucidating old—could dig the ore or work the metal. His style is plain, but always racy, with a due admixture of point and terseness. In the departments of science to which he gave his attention, his explanations are the clearest ever penned. He never sat down satisfied with a vague conception, or attempted to pass one off upon others. He understood himself, and took care that his readers should understand him also. It is to be wished that he had made a wider application of his skill. He would undoubtedly have enabled us to read many things running which now oblige the student to halt in his progress, and lose time and patience in interpreting an obscure and imperfect direction. What Franklin did not complete himself, his example may still teach

others to perform. His scientific essays should be the model of the popular instructor, to show him to what a point of perspicuity it is possible to attain. Natural philosophy no longer appeared in a dress which disgraced her. But, after all, perhaps the first who wrote upon science like a true man of letters was Oliver Goldsmith. His latest production was "A Survey of Experimental Philosophy," partly printed during his life, and published after his death. It is very improbable that Goldsmith troubled his head about science till the bookseller gave him an order for the work, or that he lingered over his studies when urged by duns and bailiffs to hasten on. Yet it is a remarkable proof of the versatility of his talent, and the quickness of his apprehension, that there are few inaccuracies, except what arose from the state of knowledge in his time, though certainly he only reeled off the thread while it came disentangled, and forbore to meddle with Gordian knots. But one excellence he could never want. What ever passed through Goldsmith's mind was sure to come out in a better form than it entered in. With many marks of haste, his treatise abounds in felicities of sentiment and expression which cost him nothing, and are nevertheless beyond the reach of imitation. They belong to those peculiarities of individual genius which are never repeated, and there is scarce more chance of the reproduction of Goldsmith's face than of that happy art by which he made natural history and natural philosophy "as entertaining as a Persian tale."

Intellectual pursuits have all their vicissitudes, and are more in favor at one time than another. Popular science, never altogether without professors and pupils, shared the general fate, and sometimes thrived and sometimes languished. But it would be useless to trace the ordinary variations of its progress year by year, or attempt to estimate the host of productions which marked its career. They were written for contemporaries, not for posterity. They mostly died with their authors, and are nearly as much forgotten as though the authors, like the ward Michael Scott, had carried their works with them to the tomb. There is no eventful occurrence to record till the establishment, in our own day, of Mechanics' Institutes, of which a prominent design was the propagation of elementary science among the people. By means of libraries, reading-rooms and lectures, the knowledge appropriated to the upper classes was to be shared

by the lower. The most extravagant hopes were entertained by some of the supporters of this movement. They were persuaded of the existence of numerous "mute inglorious" Bacons and "village" Newtons, who only lacked the aid of a Mechanics' Institution to dazzle the world by the lustre of their genius. They looked for glaziers' shops to send out fresh D'Alemberts, printing-offices to pour forth Benjamin Franklins, millwrights to furnish Brindleys, and mathematical instrument-makers a succession of Watts. Not a single luminary has yet appeared, nor is one likely to appear, who would not anyhow, despite impediments, have worked his way into notice. Heaven-born geniuses may take advantage of the opportunities which mechanics' institutions afford; but they are not dependent on them; they can make opportunities for themselves. Others formed more reasonable expectations. They conceived that if workmen, who passed their lives in the execution of arts and manufactures, were put in possession of the philosophy of their employments, they could hardly fail to detect defects and invent improvements; or, if the accommodations of life were not enlarged, that a body of men would at least be refined in their habits and tastes. There were even instances which seemed on the ground of the merest philanthropy to demand interference. Ignorance is foolhardy. Miners constantly fell victims to the explosion of inflammable gases, because they persisted in removing the wire-gauze, which is the protective part of Sir H. Davy's lamp, preferring a clear and dangerous to a dim and innocuous light. Miners, however, had the chances in their favor. But needle-grinders were exposed to destructive influences which left them with barely a hope of escape. They died by wholesale in the prime of manhood from the constant inhalation of particles of steel which, settling in their lungs, caused a fatal disease called "grinder's asthma." Mr. Abraham, of Sheffield, discovered a preventive. Masks or crape were studded with magnets which attracted the steel and stopped it short in its passage to the mouth; but the needle-grinders could never be got to wear them. Rather than submit to an innovation they perished in sowing the seeds of a lingering disease and an early death, and went to their graves the victims of a prejudice. It was thought that in cases like these better knowledge might add to the sense of danger, or, where that was unquestioned, give faith in the remedy. With such views, and such anticipations was

popular science served up to the million. But the thirst for instruction had been greatly overrated. When the water was brought to the horse, either he would not drink, or only take it by sips. Bodily fatigue is a poor preparation for mental exertion, and none were willing to add midnight studies to a hard day's work. A certain number were found to play with the parts of knowledge which stimulate and amuse, but they paused at the point where recreation passes into toil. The managers themselves seemed by their proceedings never to have intended serious instruction. Every meeting the entertainment was varied, and fragments from all the arts and sciences, from all descriptions of literature, moral, metaphysical, historical, imaginative, were dealt out in succession, without regard to their connection, the wants of the audience, or to anything except the fancy of the performer for the night. In the phrase of Johnson, there was a mouthful of all subjects and a bellyful of none.

From such a system nothing could be gained except crude ideas forgotten as soon as heard, or, if remembered, more likely to mislead than to direct. Results are seldom completely negative. Where good is missed, evil is produced. Many a worthy mechanic was injured in his morals, his manners, and his mind, by the sudden smattering he obtained of a craft which was not his own, and never were there more examples of the truth that, though a great deal of knowledge steadies the head, a little overturns it. It has, indeed, been answered, that the little knowledge of the present day is more than the famous Friar Bacon could boast, which is only correct of certain facts that the progress of science has rendered familiar, and would be false if affirmed of the aggregate of Bacon's lore. Nor is there the slightest force in the observation so far as it applies. What is much in comparison with former ignorance, may be little relatively to its effects upon the mind. Most of the slender physical knowledge which Friar Bacon possessed, he had wrested himself from the realms of darkness by patient investigation, or gleaned from mystic books by long study and laborious thought. It is this exercise and discipline of mind which gives it power and depth, which teaches man humility, and enables him to use his knowledge with wisdom. The modern sciolist, on the contrary, may learn a thousand things unknown to Bacon, simply by opening his eyes and ears, because, like the problem of the egg proposed by Columbus, when once discovered

they are apparent to a child. But as they are acquired without reflection or perseverance, so the mind is left in its native weakness, and may be unable to apply with judgment its pittance of learning, or may turn it to vain and evil purposes. The acute and patient thinker of the dark ages, who never guessed that the atmosphere in which he lived had weight, was nevertheless a philosopher of profound understanding, while he whose lecturer has taught him *ex cathedra* that it presses fifteen pounds to the square inch, may, notwithstanding the superiority of his information, remain a feeble, conceited, shallow man. A few easy acquisitions will not diminish the distance between a modern dunce and an ancient sage. "Facts," says Professor Forbes, "are not knowledge, any more than books have understandings."* Some love of science mechanics' institutions have probably diffused. But hitherto they have remained inefficient schools for the laboring classes, and done more to justify the fears of opponents than the hopes of friends.

In the same spirit, and under the same auspices, Mechanics' Institutes were followed up in 1826 by the foundation of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Very few of the multifarious productions which they sent forth rose above mediocrity, and many fell below it. Of the scientific treatises, which were unquestionably the best, it is praise enough to say that they were moderately good. The rank and eminence of some of the founders of the society, joined to audacity in puffing and lowness of

price, secured for the first tracts issued an immense circulation. Thousands bought who never read them, for cheap literature would have a short reign if people were not tempted to put more on their shelves than they do into their heads. But thousands, who purchase to peruse, had their attention drawn to a neglected study, and, as the appetite could be satisfied by the means which created it, the early publications of the society largely promoted the spread of popular science. The service begun was not carried on in the more ambitious departments of a work that otherwise deserves much praise—their "Penny Cyclopædia"* To write above the larger portion of the world, and below the remainder, is, in effect, to write for no one. The "Cabinet Cyclopædia" was an improved imitation of the publications of the society; and here again the Natural Philosophy bore away the honors of the day. Not one of the eminent authors, who treated upon historical and literary topics, wrote up to his reputation. They conspired to show that men of high mark can, upon occasion, sink nearly to the level of a bookseller's drudge. But the "Discourse on Natural Philosophy," and the "Treatise on Astronomy," added fresh lustre to the name of Herschel, and the masterly Treatises of Dr. Lardner can hardly be praised too highly for the clear and full development of principles, for the precision of the language, and the accuracy of the statements. His great superiority over ordinary writers will be felt by all who read the "Manual of Electricity and Magnetism," commenced by himself, and afterward completed by another hand. To pass from the portion of Dr. Lardner to that of his continuator is like the sudden transition in railway travelling from open daylight to subterranean darkness. Particular branches of science may have been treated better than in the Cabinet Cyclopædia; but for a *series* it is the best in the English language.

The most general enumeration of the aids and incitements afforded of late to the study of natural philosophy would be incomplete without the mention of Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences." The wonder of a woman sounding the depths of the severest studies of men could not fail to attract curiosity; but what is merely strange is soon forgotten. Her book created a sensation because it was written by a

* In a speech delivered two or three years ago at some Edinburgh Institute, Mr. Macaulay, then M.P. for that city, introduced not only Friar Bacon but Strabo, and the comment of Professor Forbes is worth transcribing: "If we would implant a principle dangerous to the intellectual character and fatal to real progress, it would be that of measuring the value of our acquirements by any *fixed* standard whatever. Yet Mr. Macaulay says, 'The knowledge of geography which entitled Strabo to be called the prince of geographers, would now be considered mere shallowness on the part of a girl at a boarding-school.' The contrary is the fact. The knowledge of Strabo was a profound knowledge of geography—it was a knowledge ever increasing, yet ever tempered by the conviction of ignorance—a knowledge which taught his contemporaries to enlarge their acquaintance with the common family of man, to extend commerce and to preserve human life—whereas the knowledge of the boarding-school, unless it be tempered with more humility than can be reasonably looked for whilst such comparisons, are uttered by men of talent upon such occasions, will begin in ostentatious displays of memory, and end in pedantry and contempt."—*The Danger of Superficial Knowledge*, pp. 44, 45.

* The Treatise on Gravitation by Professor Airy forms a remarkable exception.

woman, but keeps its ground because it is written well. Nor must we omit to number the appearance of the Bridgewater Treatises among the casual impulses to popular science. Nothing was less wanted than a work upon natural theology, for Paley had left little to add, and little to amend. He presented no weak point in which particular excellence might compensate for general inferiority. Method, argument, illustration, style, he had them all, and had them to perfection. His rivals could only follow in his footsteps, and follow at a distance. The authors of the Bridgewater Treatises appear to have felt the embarrassment, and, Dr. Chalmers excepted, whose contribution has been truly characterized as Butler done into bombastical Scotch, they turned more of their attention to science than theology. This was the light in which the Treatises came soon to be regarded, and, the circumstances of their publication insuring them a passport to readers of every description, they circulated a good deal of pleasant information, and doubtless lured some, by the specimen of the fruit, to climb the tree for themselves.

Concurrently with the abundant supply of books, partly occasioned by the demand and partly the cause of it, colleges and lectures for the middle classes have been continually increasing. The inducement to learn has been extended in a ratio as rapid as the means. The application of chemistry to agriculture, of steam to travelling, of electricity to telegraphs, of light to the printing pictures of all it irradiates, has so surrounded us with the wonderful effects of science that indifference with many becomes inquiry, and self-interest is often active where curiosity sleeps. The tendency of the age is, moreover, to universality. The former ground-plan of education has been enlarged, though it is to be feared that the elevation is proportionably dwarfed. We have done with building up single pyramids, and prefer to pile a number of scattered heaps. It fares with science as with the rest. It was a saying of John Della Faille that mathematical knowledge was common enough, but mathematicians were rare. So multitudes know something of natural philosophy, but natural philosophers are seldom found. Instead of reaping the harvest, we pluck an ear or two in passing. But whoever complains, the zealots of natural philosophy must be dumb, for their occasional followers are mostly truants from other studies which, were they to make an election, would absorb their regards, and de-

prive scientific pursuits of that sympathy of fellowship which, taken altogether, they never enjoyed in a larger measure than now.

A glance at the long list of writers, English and foreign, upon popular science, ought at once to remove a common prejudice that it is of necessity superficial, for in the catalogue are the names of half the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe. Those who speak of it with arrogance are usually influenced by other motives than enlightened criticism. Among all professions there is a quackery of learning as well as of ignorance, and plodders in mathematics, to preserve the importance conferred by their peculiar possession, will sometimes despise, or affect to despise, the lesser acquisitions obtained by methods which are open to all. An envious thirst for a monopoly of reputation leads them to exalt mathematical science that they may exalt themselves, and decry the science which is divested of the mysteries of their craft, that intruders may be lowered and competition seem absurd. Another class of men, whose race is not extinct, are mentioned by Desaguliers as ridiculing experimental philosophy in the lump, and maintaining that mathematics were too sublime an exercise of mind to be degraded to the level of material things. They used them like chess, as a game of skill, and conceived it enhanced the dignity of their study that it was a game, and nothing more. Desaguliers tells from personal observation the ground of their opinion. They were destitute of the aptitude for experimental philosophy, and, confident that nothing could be too large for their grasp, they took for granted it was too minute. No quarter could be expected to popular science from persons who held cheaply all science whatsoever, unless as materials for barren problems, which exercised ingenuity without rewarding it. D'Alembert, a man of different calibre, eminent for his genius in mathematical physics, yet cared no further for natural phenomena than they could be subjected to the rules of his favorite symbols, and when remonstrated with for his ignorance of discoveries which it became him to know, he would answer, that "for those pretty things there would be time by and by." But he never found the time, because, from a certain contraction of mind, he never found the taste. Truth had no charms for him unless she was clothed in a mathematical dress. His narrow partialities contrast unfavorably with the catholic spirit of Newton, who took the whole of natural philosophy for his province, and,

though beyond any man illustrious for his skill in mathematics, valued truth for herself, whatever her garb, and "looked upon geometry as no further useful than it directs us how to make experiments and observations, and draw consequences from them when made." But the example and authority of Newton are not wanted to accredit common sense, nor does experimental philosophy stand in need of defense from the disparagements of ignorant jealousy.

Mathematics, in their turn, are sometimes underrated. Every branch of literature and learning to be appreciated must be explored. The exterior of a house affords an imperfect indication of the rooms within, and the outlines of a study an inadequate representation of the interest and importance of what those outlines include. But mathematics are under the peculiar disadvantage that, unless they are learnt to a certain extent, it is difficult to form the vaguest idea of their mode of operation. Hundreds of well-informed persons are incredulous that physical facts can be evolved out of a juggle with uncouth looking symbols, and are persuaded in their hearts that they are toys for the amusement of college fellows. Proud of their contempt for what they deem a profitless pedantry, they think ignorance wisdom and knowledge folly. The reputation of the art is not always assisted by the bearing of the professor, for frequently mathematicians appear to disadvantage upon common occasions. Swift told of Newton that, when he was asked a question, "he would revolve it in a circle round, and round, and round, before he could produce an answer." By long habits of cautious meditation his mind had lost the power of concluding quickly, and he submitted trifles to the same progress to which we owe the theory of universal gravitation. The exile of St. Helena has left it on record that Laplace proved incapable in the business of the world—that, seeing in every subject the same kind of subtleties which abound in mathematics, he deserted the practical bearings of a question, to lose himself in refinements which were overborne by the massive course of events. Bonaparte could see all this, without disparaging the great man in his proper walk, to which alone his step was familiarized; but the bulk of observers make no allowances, and are slow to recognize genius beneath the mask of mediocrity. Contempt for the mathematician goes far to destroy the respect for mathematics. It is imagined that there can be nothing surprising in attainments which are mastered

by men of seeming incapacity. The satire of Swift shows the impression which the uninitiated oftentimes imbibe. In the common actions and behavior of life mathematicians are represented as the most clumsy of people, slow and perplexed in their conceptions on all subjects except their own, very bad reasoners, and entire strangers to fancy and invention. Their demonstrations of physical truths are classed with the dreams of former ages—the Newtonian doctrine of attraction with the errors of Aristotle, Gassendi, and Descartes—the attempt to discover the longitude with the pretension to compound an universal medicine. When varied accomplishments are combined with a knowledge of the intricacies of quantity, they often only serve to throw suspicion upon both. It was a standing sneer against D'Alembert that he was a man of letters among geometricians and a geometrician among men of letters—than which nothing, in his case, could be less deserved, though in general mathematics are as a jealous mistress, who shows most favor to him that serves her singly. To the misapprehensions of ignorance must be added the hostility of envy. There are some dispositions that will revenge themselves upon the study in which they want the opportunity, taste, or talent to excel. Scaliger attempted to square the circle, and, on his errors being exposed, did not blush to excuse himself by the axiom, invented for the occasion, that "no great genius could be a great mathematician." "Tis an old tale and often told." We would fain think beneath our notice what we find above our reach. A French poet used every exertion to be made a member of the Academy, and, failing, left for his epitaph the distich,

"Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien—
Pas même Académicien."

The use of mathematics as an instrument for learning science can only be questioned by those who are ignorant both of science and mathematics. There are points which can no more be resolved without them than we can see without eyes or work without hands. They are in numerous cases the exclusive language of natural philosophy; and where they are not its sole language are often its best. Common arithmetic suffices to teach us that the operations of number can neither be anticipated by simple thought nor carried on in ordinary language. We require the aid of symbols and artifices to perform the computations, and conduct us to the answer. But natural philosophy

deals with force and motion, with time and space—in a word, with number and magnitude in endless complications, and in every gradation, immense and minute; and no penetration of genius, deprived of the peculiar processes and signs that constitute mathematics, could estimate and compare quantities which are infinite and perplexed, and track a principle into consequences that are intricate and remote. Unfortunately the higher, which are the most useful branches of mathematics, are difficult to learn, and demand, when acquired, incessant practice to apply them with ease. The conditions of humanity will never permit them to be widely diffused, and where science is inseparable from high mathematics, the labor of reaching the eminence will lead most to abandon the pleasure of the prospect. But, as says the monkish proverb, "the pilgrim that cannot get to Palestine may go to Rome." There will still remain an imposing body of truths which are no ways under the dominion of mathematics, many that may be considered as common ground, and many more that can be reached by such a knowledge of geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, as is not difficult to attain. The progress may be further assisted by sometimes receiving results, where the proof is abstruse, upon the assertion of others, which is merely what is done by the deepest philosophers, who often rely on experiments they never tried, and trust to admeasurements they never made. Natural philosophy, it should be remembered, is founded altogether upon the evidence of our senses; and to the evidence of our senses a considerable portion of it entirely belongs, or may be readily reduced, with a slight assistance from mathematical notions within everybody's reach. It was said by Fontenelle, with lively exaggeration, that with a little better sight the discoveries of chemistry would have formed a portion of our common experience; and now that they are made, it is to simple vision that they chiefly appeal. Nor need the remark be confined to chemistry. The secrets of nature, in multitudes of instances, differ rather from the facts of universal observation by being hidden beneath a veil, than by the difficulty of apprehending them when that veil is withdrawn. Mathematical reasoning in its higher forms is an invaluable art, and in some branches of science carries us a vast deal further than observation assisted by a few geometrical ideas can go; but there are no better grounds for rejecting a large and systematic part, because it is

beyond our power to attain to the whole, than for the mathematician himself to remain in ignorance because his utmost knowledge is an insignificant fragment of the volume of nature. Without having recourse to transcendental mathematics, enough remains, if steadily pursued, to exercise memory and reason, to delight and instruct, to fill agreeably and usefully the leisure of a life.

The inferior method, so far as it extends, has occasionally one advantage over the higher. The symbols of the mathematician stand for actual things; but when his problem is stated, he handles them according to mathematical rules, and needs not to trouble himself, between the premises and the answer, with the realities they represent. Hence he is apt to sit down content with the literal result, without straining his imagination to picture the mode in which Nature works. But the popular author, deprived of the resources mathematics afford, must teach by illustrations that are a species of representation of what actually occurs, and impress the mind with livelier ideas than the mere abstractions of reason can convey. Every one who goes through the process must experience the truth of what is stated by Sir John Herschel and Professor Airy, that in attempting to adapt the intricacies of science to general apprehension they have sometimes made them clearer to their own. But a defense of popular science is not to be considered an argument for the mass of productions which go by that name. Legions of manuals and catechisms consist of a bare enumeration of facts without the principles which govern or the experiments which prove them, and can neither give the beginner, for whom they profess to be written, an insight into science, nor initiate him into the rigor of demonstration. In nineteen cases out of twenty they are the work of persons who, having themselves learned natural philosophy in six lessons, profess to teach it in half-a-dozen—who fill their small phials from another's bottle and adulterate what they steal—who render science easy by suppressing difficulties instead of explaining them, and who keep to its shallows less from the fear of advancing beyond the pupil's depth than of being detected in wading out of their own. It would be a waste of criticism to examine their defects with a view to their removal. Such meagre compilations are wrong, as Garrick said of Elphinstone's play, *in the first concoction*. But the excellent treatises of eminent authors are not free from defects which impede the progress or ex-

haust the patience of the student; and of these it may be thought idle to mention even the principal—for though the complaints have been often repeated, they appear never to reach the only ears that it is important should hear them.

It is an old objection against commentators, that hard passages are dismissed without a note, and easy ones expounded with barren verbosity. Philosophers, like grammarians and divines, have often most to say where least is to be said. When there is a molehill in the path, they are fearful it should obstruct the scholar's progress;* but when a mountain stops the way, he is left to climb it with little assistance, or is deserted at the point where the ascent grows steepest. The reluctance to grapple with difficulties is accompanied more or less with an inability to see them. We overlook the obscurity which has ceased for ourselves. The master who kept a single lesson ahead of his scholar was alone perhaps sufficiently fresh from the journey fully to remember the ruggedness of the road, though, we fear, in such a case his appreciation of the obstructions would much outstrip his power to remove them. His pupil's perplexities would too often be his own. But self-taught men make a near approach to the instance of the master. There is no friendly assistance to which they can have recourse to clear up obscurities. Whatever difficulties their minds evoke their own minds are obliged to lay. The toil they undergo keeps alive a vivid recollection of embarrassments which cost so much to overcome; and when afterwards they undertake to instruct others, they know by experience the value of explanation and what to explain. Of this description of men were Franklin and Cobbett. "I remember," says the latter, in his *French Grammar*, "the parts which were to me the most abstruse, and which it cost me the most time to be able to understand. These parts, therefore, I shall take particular pains to make plain and easy to you." There

lies the secret of the success of his didactic works. He sometimes wrote with imperfect information, often dishonestly, and always with arrogance, for vanity is the vice of self-instructed men; but he and Franklin were unrivalled in the art of bringing into sunshine what others left in shade. The intricacies of knowledge represented in *their* books, and in the books of writers in general, differ as much as objects seen through the horn windows of an ancient house from objects seen through modern glass. Those who have forgotten their early hinderances need to learn them from beginners, for it is vain to undertake to elucidate difficulties without ascertaining them. Molière tried on his housekeeper the effect of his wit, that he might discover what would set the galleries in a roar; Swift read his sermons to the lady's-maid, that she might stop him at the words which were above the comprehension of a country congregation; and a philosopher, to be useful, must condescend to inquire of Ignorance the perplexities which Science presents. But before the author is blamed, it must be seen what it is he undertakes to perform; for books which profess to demand from the reader preliminary knowledge will be obscure to all who have not undergone the required preparation. They have no more reason to find fault, as is frequently done, than to complain of a treatise on the differential calculus, that it did not instruct them in the rules of arithmetic. Nor must they impute to want of skillfulness in the explanation the difficulties which are inherent in the nature of the subject. Science can never be made lazy reading. Those who think it worth the having must buy it with what Butler calls "the *pain* of attention." If the master brings knowledge, the scholar must contribute diligence. A blaze of light will not enable the blind to see, nor perspicuity make the thoughtless understand.

When the difficulties of natural philosophy are neither altogether evaded nor overlooked, they are very commonly disposed of with a conciseness which leads the indolent to acquiesce in imperfect information, and obliges serious inquirers to chase through twenty books to collect the facts which should be contained in one. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but assuredly it is not the soul of science. Of no branch of knowledge can it be said with equal truth that by laboring to be short we become obscure. It is no doubt the case that principles which can be expressed in a few lines are the important acquisition, for a principle is the key which

* The scientific works of Count Rumford abound in examples of the ludicrous extent to which sensible men will sometimes carry their exposition of matters known to everybody. In one of his economic treatises he gives a receipt for a pudding, and then a page of description how to eat it. The concluding sentence will serve for a specimen: "The pudding is to be eaten with a knife and fork, beginning at the circumference of the slice, and approaching regularly towards the centre, each piece of pudding being taken up with the fork, and dipped into the butter, or dipped into it in part only, as is commonly the case, before it is carried to the mouth."—*Rumford's Essays*, vol. i, p. 267, fifth edit.

picks every lock. Once completely mastered, and they furnish the solution to endless, constantly recurring phenomena, which, without their assistance, no diligence could interpret and no memory retain. But principles can only be understood through particulars, and require to be exemplified under every aspect. They are constantly ramifying into branches, whose common source is by no means apparent till they are specially traced, and error and confusion are the certain consequence where it is omitted to be done. The older works were more profuse in illustration than is usual at present, and they are proportionately better. We are aware that the public verdict is generally in favor of small books. They take less money to buy, and less time to read—two strong recommendations were not time and money thrown away. Bossuet complained in his day that there was a large class of readers for whom it was impossible to write. To be brief was to be unintelligible, to be minute was to be wearisome. Matters have not been improving since. Hallam speaks of “the *languid* students of our age;” and no one can question that the appellation is deserved. But *languid* students never yet made learned scholars; and as the first have already so many to write for them, it would be well for some one to take compassion on the last. When books are made big by necessary developments, they are a great good instead of an evil, for to those that are really anxious to learn they will be found in the end the shortest and the cheapest. Blanks in the information are a worse grievance than even a few superfluous pages. It is not so easy to repair the one as to skip the other. So, too, if it is indispensable to fly over the heads of some or to sink below the level of others, it is better that a few should meet with a little they knew before than that the rest should miss what they wanted to learn. Whatever in a work of pure instruction saves laborious research, and confusing and often ineffectual thought, saves toil and time and temper and money, and increases its value to all that are in earnest. The many that make short excursions for pleasure may shrink from the tedious journeys of those who travel on business—but there should be conveyances for both.

A minor evil of scientific works is the neglect to define ambiguous words. Volumes were filled in former days with angry disputations on *force* and *motion*, which, after much recrimination, were terminated by the discovery that different persons used the same word in different senses. It is com-

mon at present for popular writers on natural philosophy to commence by the announcement that they will pursue a *synthetic* or an *analytical* method. But they seldom stop to state what analysis or synthesis mean—apparently unconscious that the terms are repeatedly interchanged, and that the analysis of one is the synthesis of another. When Newton discovered universal gravitation, he began by the observation of isolated facts which suggested the law. This ascent from particular effects to general causes he entitled analysis. Once possessed of the principle he applied it to explain the remainder of the phenomena, and this was his synthesis. Hooke, his contemporary, employed the same words in the same way, except that he reversed them; and to this hour, though ignorant of the disagreement, some follow Hooke and some follow Newton. The terms have been adopted into the vocabulary of education, to distinguish the plan of commencing with rules and thence deducing their consequences, from the system of beginning with details and proceeding up to rules. A few years ago two individuals of some distinction got into an argument, which grew to an altercation, about the proper method of teaching arithmetic. One was for analysis, the other was for synthesis. A third person, who read with a judgment unheated by disputation, at last pointed out to them that they agreed in everything except a name, or the controversy might possibly have been raging still. A definition, perhaps, is given; but the beginner is haunted by inveterate associations, and endeavors to reconcile the notion he brings with the definition he finds—an embarrassment he would be spared by the simple warning that the term in natural philosophy means something different from the same term in the language of life. Some of the words, again, in the nomenclature of science are directly expressive of false ideas. They derived their origin from mistaken theories, and have survived the errors which gave them birth. At a period when the stars were supposed to be, what they actually appear, equidistant from the earth, they were classed into magnitudes in the order of their brilliancy—the brightest being called of the first magnitude, and the rest in succession according to the gradations of increasing dimness. But now that it is known that the distances are various, and uncertain, the splendor no longer determines the size; a smaller star may be bright because it is near, a larger one faint because it is remote; yet the ancient classification into

magnitudes is retained, and though a sentence suffices to prevent misapprehension, the sentence is often wanting. But nothing has occasioned equal confusion with the use of loose and dubious language. The phenomenon, for instance, of double stars is constantly described with an ambiguity of expression which betrays readers and copyists into the wildest exaggeration. These stars, thousands in number, appear single till viewed through powerful telescopes, when they are seen to consist of two, or more, in apparent proximity. In a few cases one has been ascertained to be larger than the other, and the less to perform revolutions round the greater. A late professor of astronomy, in a London college, misled by the lax language of some who were better informed, announced to the world that what, by the observation of many years, had been found to be true of thirty or forty, Sir John Herschel had discovered to be true of *the whole*—a feat, which with the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus, he might possibly have performed. When independent inquirers are beguiled into statements which carry their own refutation, what is likely to be the fate of the simple docility which reads and believes? The instances of ambiguity are past counting up; and though a critical examination will sometimes save the credit of the author, the meaning which stands out, and catches the attention, may be erroneous still. To uncertain phraseology must be added the fault of unqualified propositions, where the truth of the assertion depends upon limitations, which many assume to be present to the minds of others, because they are present to their own—or suppose it, perhaps, enough that a subsequent page corrects the error by implication—forgetful that some, the meantime, are embarrassed by the inconsistency, and some are misled. Unless the language of science is as rigorous as its truths, facts may be intended, but fiction will be inferred.

Some descriptions of defects are peculiar to individuals, and those not generally of the highest consideration. In the shadowy parts of science which lie beyond the boundary of well-defined discoveries, there is a tendency to carry assertions further than the evidence—to lend certainty to what is doubtful, and distinctness to what is vague. Imagination is always in advance of observation, and impatient of delay counts itself already in the possession of treasures yet to be realized. To give speculations for facts is much the same as to mix up dreams with a narrative of waking experience. But there is one

class of conjectures which, however related, we could wish to see confined within narrower limits—the guesses at causes. The story of the snare which Charles the Second set for the philosophers, when he asked them to explain why a fish could be plunged into a vessel full of water without making it overflow, was doubtless a fictitious satire on the propensity of men of science to concoct a cause for every effect. The attempt, indeed, is often legitimate. In the undulatory theory of light, though neither ether nor undulations can be shown to exist, the supposition explains such a myriad of facts that we can hardly suppose it to be destitute of foundation, and even as an artifice for conceiving and connecting the phenomena, is worthy of its fame. But to invent a cause, without proof or plausibility, for every isolated occurrence, adds nothing to our knowledge, nor imparts order and consistency to what we knew before. A piece of spongy platinum dropped into a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas will make them explode: the reason is unknown. An inventor of causes suggests that electricity is at the root of the matter, on no other ground than that it is safe to assert what no one can disprove. To conjecture is easy; the difficulty is to conjecture rightly, and show your conjecture to be true. It is owing to this itch of divination that scarce a discovery can be made but a prior claimant is brought into view; for when a cloud of arrows are shot in the dark, chance may direct one or two to the target. But never did Paley say a truer thing than that *he alone discovers who proves*. If the early guessers had a genuine insight into what they propound, they would explain themselves better, for no one can interpret their dark sayings till they are read by the light of subsequent knowledge. Popular writers, however, in general are not obnoxious to the failing error, nor is it in a spirit of hostile criticism that we have pointed out defects, which, in various degrees, are common to them all. They are faults which dullness may detect, and genius itself cannot totally avoid. They are small in comparison with the many merits, and any one that undertakes the study of science will have more reason for gratitude that so much has been done well, than for murmuring over what might have been done better.

All studies, properly pursued, are capable of yielding pleasure and advantage, and all should have their professors and enthusiasts. But enthusiasm is often the parent of bigotry, and ignorance of contempt. The proficient

wonders that the world should remain indifferent to his pursuit, and the world, in return, is inclined to marvel at the extent of his infatuation. Sir Isaac Newton, who spoke ill of no one, could not, we are told, resist a sneer at antiquarians. "I cannot imagine," he said, "the utility of such studies. All their pursuits are below nature." He held poetry in equal abhorrence, for he quoted with evident approval the observation of Barrow, "that poetry was a kind of ingenious nonsense." The exclusive exercise of a single faculty blunts the remainder, as the blind owe their exquisite sense of touch to the want of sight. But though an overweening contempt for the studies of other men exhibits *our* want of taste, and not *their* want of sense, all descriptions of knowledge have not an equal claim on our attention. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, endeavors to recommend to general notice the study of the law, by descanting on its uses to every class of society. Useful no doubt it would be if we possessed it, but would it be worth the labor of the acquisition? Life is short and knowledge is inexhaustible. Everybody must be content to be ignorant of much, and must make a selection of what best befits his station, his profession, and his partialities. For the dignity of the information, and the exercise of the intellect, there is nothing to be preferred to natural philosophy, and not much that can rival it. But in regard to utility other pursuits have a higher claim on the public at large. Religion and morals are out of the competition, for whatever we may be besides, at least we must be Christians. Social relations are next in importance, and, after professional lore, these are best served by the literature which furnishes social ideas, and teaches the art which renders them attractive. To play creditably their part in the world, to contribute their quota of amusement and instruction at home and abroad, to be useful citizens, and agreeable neighbors, are qualities more to be prized in the bulk of mankind than a devotion to the sublimest contemplations of science, than an acquaintance with the laws of light and water and earth and air, or with the motions of the sun and moon and stars. In short, we must be men before we are philosophers. But letters and popular science, and of popular science alone we are speaking now, may go hand in hand, without clashing together in an inconvenient degree; or if the busy part of the world have no leisure to entertain it, we may particularize some of the disadvantages of ignorance, and the ad-

vantages of knowledge, for the sake of the idle who are in want of a pursuit to make existence endurable to themselves, and we must add, to make themselves endurable to others. We only apprehend that we may be met by the answer of the young and athletic peasant when asked by Marivaux why he did not work. "Ah, sir!" said he with a sigh, "you do not know how lazy I am!"

Desaguliers, without setting out the necessity for knowing science in the formal way in which Blackstone recommended the study of the Law, has scattered through his work some amusing instances of the effects of ignorance on all descriptions of men, from members of Parliament down to humble artisans. A committee of the House of Commons reported, on one occasion, that a man by a machine could raise ten times more water to a certain height in a certain time than was possible from the very constitution of things. The report was followed by a bill to establish a company, or in other words a bill to ruin the simple and enrich the cunning, when a scientific nobleman exposed and defeated it. "Our legislators," is the reflection of Desaguliers on the occurrence, "may make laws to govern us, repeal some, and enact others, and we must obey them; but they cannot alter the laws of nature, nor add or take away one iota from the gravity of bodies." In another place he relates a history, which shows that a member of Parliament, without science of his own, could turn the possessors of that commodity to account. A person to secure his election for Shaftesbury undertook to supply the town with water at his private expense. He employed Mr. Holland, a clergyman noted for mechanical skill, to design the engine and superintend the works, but, on their completion, suffered him to be thrown into gaol for the debts contracted in their execution, while he himself boasted that the engine was his own contrivance, bribed away Mr. Holland's foreman that he might be able to put up water-works for the king, and on the strength of his vote in Parliament, and the credit of the machine, got the appointment of Surveyor to the Board of Works. Electioneering manoeuvres have degenerated since. So bold a stroke and so successful is not to be found in the modern annals of corruption and impudence. Desaguliers himself was made a victim in the same sort of way. He had invented a plan for drying malt, which he was about to patent. A Captain Busby, whom he courteously calls a Buckinghamshire gentleman, borrowed his workman,

in friendly guise, to learn the method, when lo, shortly afterwards, comes a letter from Busby announcing that he had *found out* an excellent system of *drying mull*, and inviting Desaguliers to purchase shares in the project. Busby, who to the art of purloining a scheme joined the tact to recommend it, realized no less than twenty thousand pounds. The fortune, however, thus made by one piece of roguery was lost by another, for those were the days of the South Sea Bubble, when men might be literally said to be "ruined at their own request." But water-works were the grand *scientific* imposition. A well-informed lord might hinder an Act of Parliament from passing, which avouched that the laws of gravity had been superseded, but private gentlemen continued to fall a prey to plausible pretenders, and persisted in erecting expensive monuments to their own folly in the shape of some useless and unsightly machine. It is to this water-work epidemic that Swift alludes when the nobleman shows Gulliver a ruined building on a mountain, and tells him that there stood half a mile from his house a convenient mill, which was turned by a stream, till a club of projectors persuaded him to destroy it, and erect another three miles off on the hill, where he had to cut a long canal as a reservoir for the water that had then to be conveyed to it by engines and pipes. He employs a hundred men for two years, the work miscarries, the projectors go off, lay the blame entirely on himself, rail at him ever after, and persuade others to make the same experiment with the same result. Many who did not put up engines of their own lent their money to contrivers. "What they lost by them, and reading this," says Desaguliers exultingly, "will make them remember it." One pompous knave, who obtained considerable subscriptions to his scheme, got leave to pump out the water from Rosamond's pond in St. James's Park. "That performance," says Desaguliers, "and the repayment of the money will come at the same time." Several workmen expended their all in the purchase of patents for inventions, the product of unenlightened conceit, and which, if they had possessed the barest rudiments of science, they would have known to be fallacious. Desaguliers sometimes opposed the patents out of charity, and they consoled themselves with the conviction that he did it out of envy. A principal object which Dr. Young proposed to himself in his celebrated Lectures on Natural Philosophy, was to hinder projectors from be-

coming the dupes of their own presumption and ignorance, for it is amazing with what rashness they will enter upon undertakings for which they are utterly unprepared. It was remarked when the reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered by Parliament for a method of obtaining the longitude at sea, that the greater part of those who contended for the prize did not even comprehend the problem to be solved; and hundreds wasted months, and years, in the attempt to discover perpetual motion, and often fancied their attempts had been crowned with success because they were never at the pains of ascertaining what perpetual motion meant.

The mania is over for erecting water-engines which refuse to work; but while there is game to be caught it will not be difficult to find a bait for the trap. Not an eminent geologist but can tell of mines dug where the disposition of the strata foretold that the search must be vain, and of timely warning repaid by the indignation of suicidal projectors. There is nothing that more irritates a sanguine speculator who is building castles in the air than the friendly admonition that he is walking into a pit. The thoughtless and the greedy, who concentrate their attention on possible gain and avert their eyes from probable ruin, prefer that the dream should be dispelled by the event.

Among smaller articles close-stoves have, in recent years, been a fruitful source of vexation and expense. The authors, or more frequently the plagiarists, of the numberless expedients which were annually born to disappoint and disappear, often railed at the public for not blocking up their bright hearths and warming themselves cheaply—by a black and sullen mass of iron. They seemed to imagine that nothing could be desired except warmth, and that people must be crazy to think of purchasing comfort into the bargain at the cost of a few additional bushels of coals. It is certain that if they had known enough of science to be aware of one of the principal circumstances on which the economy depends, the thousands who have since pulled down their stoves would never have put them up, or would have left them to keep company with their hats in the hall. An open grate consumes fuel with rapidity because the air, which is the supporter of combustion, has uninterrupted access to the fire; while with a close-stove the air can be limited to what is just sufficient to keep the fuel ignited. There is the gain, but the gain is not all. With the common grate, the air

which goes to the fire is carried up the chimney, and gives place to colder currents from the crevices of windows and doors. As the close-stove draws less than the grate, in the same degree less air is taken from the room, and less abundant are the fresh streams brought into it from without. It is this absence of ventilation which constitutes a large part of the economy of stoves. The departure of the heated air is retarded, and the shades of evening find a portion which was warmed by the morning fire still lingering in the pent-up apartment. Dr. Fyfe has demonstrated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the startling fact, that in a moderately sized room, if the air were kept at the promised temperature for the promised price, the action of the fire in an entire day would be incapable of changing once the whole of the atmosphere. No independent system of ventilation has ever been found sufficient to remove the close smell which is the heavy accompaniment; and if it did, the economy would be proportionably diminished, for the heated air would be carried off, and there must be larger fires to furnish sufficient relays of warmth to compensate for the loss. The cheapness, therefore, reduces itself to what is the usual secret of cheapness of every description—that the article is bad as the cost is less. Stove-inventors, who, like all the interested advocates of change, equally overrate the evil of what we have, and the benefit of what they propose to substitute in its stead, experience none of these annoyances themselves. They are invariably men of peculiar sensations. They allege that the backs of their legs are frozen by draughts from the door in a degree to which the rest of mankind are strangers, or for which they find a remedy in a screen. But the whole of their sensibility seems to have descended to their legs, for their eyes never miss the joyous blaze, their heads never ache from tainted air, and their noses can never detect the slightest closeness in connection with their stoves. One man's meat is another man's poison. They luxuriate in circumstances which are obnoxious to different constitutions; and hence, perhaps, their wonder that so many Englishmen, who usually have the sense or selfishness to adopt a good thing, should persevere in refusing to be coal-wise and comfort-foolish.

Not only loss of money, but loss of life and limb, is sometimes the result of inattention to natural laws. Persons who ride in a carriage seldom reflect, unless they read it in a book of science, that the motion of the vehicle is communicated to themselves, and that whatever

the rate at which they travel, they have a forward impulse to the same amount. A horse runs away; they leap out, and expect to alight as gently as if the carriage was standing still: instead of which they are hurried to the ground with their acquired velocity, and probably break their legs, if they are not killed upon the spot. But terror often impels to rashness where knowledge counsels prudence. It is not the only occasion in which science is easier to learn than to apply. No one can be better aware than a seaman that the world is round, and yet a sailor was once flogged because his captain had forgotten it. Two men-of-war, one larger than the other, were sailing in company, when the man on the look-out from the larger descried a ship in the horizon, which was not reported by the watch of the smaller vessel. The cat-of-nine-tails was the penalty of his negligence. But the same occurrence happening shortly afterwards to a second person, it was remembered that the taller mast could overlook a portion of the curvature of the earth which must interpose to hide distant objects from the man on the lower, and that the sole fault of the supposed culprit was not to have been able to see through the ocean. The anecdote is related in the "*Fragments of Voyages and Travels*," and those who have not read it there should do so, for the story that has been told by Basil Hall must lose in the repetition.

The inconvenience and injuries which arise from an ignorance of natural philosophy are casual, and happen comparatively to few; but the advantages of knowledge are certain and constant. It is an especial characteristic of natural philosophy that the subjects of its lessons hem us in on every side. We live and move in the midst of them. Were it to be studied solely with reference to its domestic uses and bearings, those who made acquaintance with it for the first time would learn, with equal surprise and delight, that, applied to every-day facts about which there seemed to be nothing to know, it unfolds a world to which indifference is blind. Wherever he may be and whatever he is doing—sleeping, dressing, eating, drinking, walking, riding—man has within himself and the objects which surround him a perpetual exemplification of the greatest discoveries of some of the noblest intellects that ever adorned the earth. If the speculations of science are sublime, the materials from which it is constructed or to which it applies, are ordinarily the homely things which we see and touch and taste every instant of our lives. Nature,

if we may so speak, is a humble artificer. What she does on a grand scale she reproduces on a small one. Newton's eye, glancing from earth to heaven, saw the cause of the planetary motions in the fall of an apple; and a school-boy who whirls a stone in a sling has actually produced a close imitation of the machinery which is hurrying the earth round the sun. The man of science that sips his cup of tea and ponders its phenomena must summon to his aid hydrostatics, pneumatics, chemistry, with some of the most refined and beautiful parts of optics; and though he should be what Dr. Johnson playfully styled himself, "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool," he would find that he had finished his tea-drinking long before he had exhausted the philosophical lessons. Or to take an instance, the most unlike we can recall—the almanac, which is in every house and hand, is a mere convenience of domestic life: but how intimately is it connected with the laws of the universe? Not one in a thousand properly comprehend it for the want of a general idea of the movements in the solar system. The theory of eclipses, the changes of the moon, the distinction between mean and apparent time, are matters about which the current notions are vague or erroneous. M. Comte heard a well-educated man tell a youth, at a striking eclipse of the sun, that the obscuration would have been greater if the moon had been full. He fancied that the larger the moon appeared the more it must obstruct the solar light: in total ignorance that if we see the whole of its illuminated face it cannot be revolving between us and the sun. When it interposes to cut off the solar rays and cause an eclipse, its dark side is of necessity to the earth. M. Comte insinuates his conviction that this gentleman was not in the rear of his generation. He was not even singular, we may be sure, in the temerity with which he undertook out of the depths of his own darkness to enlighten his son. Few things are more astounding than the confidence with which absurdities are asserted in conversation, unless it be the credulity with which they are received. But we make progress notwithstanding. We are in advance of the days when Protestant countries refused to adopt the reformation of the calendar because Gregory XIII. had set the example. It was thought to be a piece of Romish superstition, and it was considered better to differ from the sun than to agree with the Pope. With something done there is much to do; and

M. Jourdain, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, made a sensible request when he begged his master in 'philosophy to teach him the almanac. With the vulgar notion of the almanac in our heads the petition is diverting; but deeper consideration would tell us it was no bad text-book from which to teach, and no contemptible lesson to learn. Common things, we again find, are in the closest connection with the grandest truths. We may begin at the house, but we cannot stop there. By the dependence of facts we are driven to take the world for our province. Thenceforth it becomes a different world from what it was before. In every object there is something to see beyond what common eyes can behold. The marvellous operations of nature are incessantly receiving fresh illustrations. Ingenuity is taxed to apply the principles with which we are stored, and we have the double pleasure of familiarity and novelty—of old truths in an unexpected form. If Lord Bacon could say that the history of the world, without literary history, was as the effigy of Polyphemus with his eye out—that part being wanting which did most show the spirit and life—it is no less certain that nature is without its eye, its spirit, its life, to him that remains ignorant of its interior laws. It may be made to minister, through its ordinary operations or through the instrumentality of others, to his bodily comforts, but it is only through his own exertions that it can minister to his mind. Natural philosophy is like the Genius of the Allegories. The ordinary gazers behold the vision, but he alone can inform them of its meaning.

The universal presence of the materials of science peculiarly adapts it for the instruction of children. Madame de Genlis prefaces one of her tales by the announcement that she is about to relate a history in which what is improbable shall be true, and the only things credible shall be the fictitious adventures round which the marvels are arranged. These matter-of-fact wonders are the operations of nature, upon which she ingeniously makes the fortunes of her characters to depend. But the children for whom the story is designed need not the charm of artifice to interest them in knowledge to which they are attracted of themselves. When the world is new its phenomena never fail to excite attention and provoke inquiry. Yet while we endeavor, and often vainly endeavor, to enlist the sympathies of children in studies to which they are naturally averse, we strangely neglect to avail ourselves of their instinctive tastes,

and by our negligence convert their ardor to indifference. Wonder ceases with novelty, and curiosity ceases with wonder, and we soon sit down quietly under an ignorance we no longer feel. We repress the thousand interrogations with which children assail us till they become habituated to the want of knowledge and forget that the craving ever existed. The little boy marvels why spectacles enable his grandfather to see, and his grandfather, who once marvelled too, is now content with the result, and leaves the cause to the optician. By marking and obeying the bent of youthful inquisitiveness, we should fill the mind with an additional class of ideas that use would make as familiar as the mother-tongue, and invest with interest a multitude of objects upon which now we gaze with listless, because with undiscerning, eyes. Those who assume that the curiosity of children to know is not accompanied by the capacity to understand, would find on a trial that their aptitude is greater than we commonly suppose. To attempt to thrust upon them at the outset a connected system of natural philosophy would, indeed, be absurd: at first they must be followed rather than led. We must wait their questions, suffer their discursiveness, tell them what they are willing to learn, and not everything there is to be told. With natural truths, and in early years, they should hunger and thirst for knowledge before they are fed. When they are satisfied we should stop, and not oblige them to feel the sickness of satiety: the appetite that is forced is less likely to return. Nor is it any use to set them to study science in books. They must be taught by word of mouth and visible examples; for natural philosophy, unintelligible to them when read, is readily taken in when told or shown. But their teachers must understand what they attempt to explain. Children are not to be imposed upon, like their elders, by mystic verbiage; and we infallibly confuse them when we are confused ourselves. Aptitude on their part must be met by intelligence and skillfulness on ours. It is indeed the great drawback to the scheme that the requisite qualifications are rarely to be met with in mothers upon whom the early education of children devolves; and the deficiency is one which, in spite of all that has been said of the unfitness of the study for their sex, we cannot but think they would do well to supply. Miss Edgeworth justly considered the defense of the Edinburgh wit to be complete when he gave utterance to the lively and happy observation—"I do not

care about the blueness of a lady's stockings if her petticoats are only long enough." It is the ostentation of knowledge, and not the knowledge itself, which disgusts, and is doubly offensive when female aspirants are voluble upon subjects of which they understand little—except perhaps the jargon. Pretension is repulsive where we look for reserve, and the woman purchases knowledge too dearly who exchanges for it the attributes which are the charm of her sex. Her native virtues are of more value than acquired learning. The Marchioness du Châtelet, who translated and annotated Newton's Principia, was one of these pedantic ladies who studied science that it might minister to vanity, and Madame de Stael, the bedchamber woman of the Duchess of Maine, well known by her lively Memoirs, has handed down some traits of her character, which should scare away imitators as the drunken slave scared Spartans from intoxication. She arrived on a visit at midnight, the day before she had settled to come, occupied the bed of another lady who was hastily displaced, complained of her accommodation, and tried a fresh room on the following night; and, still dissatisfied, inspected the whole of the house, to be sure of securing the best apartment it contained. Thither she ordered to be carried half the furniture of the place, chose not to appear till ten o'clock at night, when she made her company less agreeable than her absence, by her arrogance and dictation; could endure no noise, lest her ideas should be disarranged, and, some ink being spilt upon a piece of her translation, raised more disturbance than Newton did himself when his store of invaluable manuscripts were burnt. She complained that she found in her bedroom smoke without fire; and methinks, says Madame de Stael, it was the emblem of herself. She expected to excite homage, and provoked contempt. Her knowledge was doubted, her airs ridiculed, and she was not more hated than she was thoroughly despised. Madame du Châtelet's are fortunately rare; but in whatever proportion knowledge, which should ornament and enliven existence, is turned to exaction and ostentation, in the same degree will it be wished that philosophical women were more feminine and less profound. These are the abuses of knowledge, which need not affect its use. There is a medium between "a quiet, humble fool," and the female pedant, "who should walk in breeches and wear a beard."

We hope there are few specimens left of

the sensual school who overlooked the highest part of man, and denied the utility of everything which did not minister to bodily comfort. It is inconceivable that any one of them could be consistent in the doctrine, could only see in a noble tree the materials for boards, food for cattle in the verdure of the field, and medicinal properties in the flowers of the garden; or, if such a man did really exist, he was a subject for compassion, not for argument. Tried by the mere test of pleasure, intellectual gratification is a deeper delight than corporal luxury. But natural philosophy combines both advantages in the highest degree. It has helped on the useful arts to that extent that there is hardly a philosophical speculation which has not yielded, sooner or later, a substantial result, and added to the convenience or the indulgences of life. What can appear to concern us less than the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, or the thousands of stars, which merely look like spangles in the sky; and yet both one and the other are made the means of determining the longitude at sea, of finding the road to any given place over the wide and pathless waste of waters. The niceties of astronomical observations are not within the compass of popular science. But without travelling out of our beat, it would be easy to show that an ordinary knowledge of philosophical truths has filled the world with substantial products. The greater part of the history of scientific civilization is lost, of course, in the night of time. The aggregate result of improvement is apparent. From a rude hut, and a few rude utensils, we have advanced to a pitch of refinement in which the common possessions of the poor outstrip, not rarely, the former luxuries of kings. But the circumstances of the discovery, and the name of the discoverer, are rarely preserved. "In vain," says Dr. Watson, "shall we inquire who invented the first plough, baked the first bread, shaped the first pot, wove the first garment, or hollowed the first canoe." The authors alone of the vast array of mechanical contrivances which are concerned in the production of the commodities of life, conferred an inestimable boon upon the world; but it would be no more use to seek the names of the majority than to ask with Southey—"who ate the first oyster?" The truth is, that those who have contributed to bring any article whatever to its present perfection are usually legion. The addition of each has been insignificant, and, taken separately, neither the merit nor the advantage were ex-

traordinarily great. Everybody is acquainted with Johnson's story of the man who announced himself to a stranger at an inn as "the *great* Twalmley, who had invented the new flood-gate iron"—a description of ironing-box with a sliding door like a flood-gate, and heated by a heater dropped into it, to save it from being blackened by exposure to the fire. The vanity of Twalmley has handed down his name—not indeed to fame—but to ridicule. Yet his contrivance, trifling as it was, must have been serviceable to have kept its ground to the present day; and if he had styled himself the *useful* Twalmley no one could have disputed his right to the appellation. His case is the case of thousands. Their names are not, nor deserve to be, in the Biographical Dictionary, but the fruits of their ingenuity are in every house. The circumstance is encouraging. All may aspire to assist in the work of improvement, when we see the issue of small advances and humble talents. The slow and gradual accumulation of generations of improvement may rival the proudest monuments of genius in the ultimate result. It happens here, as in other things, that what is beneficial to the world is not always that which brings glory in its train.

The simplest contrivances are the offspring of the ordinary experience of natural laws; for science is often only common experience with a prouder name. Our ancestors had not made a formal classification of the varying degrees in which different bodies conducted heat, but they had discovered that wood confined it longer than stone. For the sake of the warmth it was extensively employed in the construction of houses, and for the same reason many of the finest mansions in St. Petersburg are composed of it still. That Russian houses should be some day burnt is almost as much a matter of course as that those who occupy them should some day die. But mankind will always run a great risk for a great advantage, and it required the fire of London to wean our forefathers from their fondness for timber edifices. So long as houses were consumed in detail, every man hoped that his neighbor's case might never be his own. Nothing short of a general calamity could teach them that the laws of nature have no partialities, and that while fire burns and wood is fuel they can never be brought together with safety. Driven to have recourse to less combustible materials, they continued to profit by their observation of natural laws, and since stone transmitted heat more readily

than wood, they built their walls of a goodly thickness, to counterbalance the drawback. The experience that is not recorded has to be bought anew; for a practice may seem absurd if the reason is unknown. When old houses are pulled down, and the quantity of rubbish within the walls is brought to light, it is common to hear a good many gibes at former folly. "A little more solidity," it is said, "in the masonry, instead of a loose mass of dirt and stones, and half the thickness of the wall might have been spared." But it was exactly the thing they did not wish to spare, for they considered warmth no less than strength, and to have warmth there must be thickness. They filled in rubble for its cheapness; and though solid masonry would have stood longer, it is not for modern builders, upon a question of durability, to take antiquity to task. We are beginning to discover that there is something else to be considered in houses besides security from tumbling down. The thin walls so common during the last half-century reverse every effect that it is desirable to produce: the sun's heat penetrates them in the height of summer, and the heat of the fires filters through them in the depth of winter. We have heard the inhabitants of modern streets in London complain that they spend three months in a frying-pan and six in a well. It may be long before better knowledge produces improvement; for houses are built by speculators not to live in but to let.

Patients long bedridden with disease suffer from the continued pressure on the skin, till at length the slightest movement is pain, and sickness is denied its own poor privilege—to toss. Dr. Arnott provided a preventive in the water-bed, which has saved many hours of agony to lingering illness, and would save many more if patients had always the strength of mind to conquer their first repugnance to its use. But though every one is familiar with the properties of fluids upon which the value of the water-bed depends, it is very unlikely that the thought would have occurred to Dr. Arnott unless he had been a scientific man. Such instances are numerous. The contemplation of nature draws attention to resources which, ordinarily unobserved, are courting the notice of watchful eyes, as a man who walks upon the shore may tread, without perceiving it, upon a precious pebble that is picked up by another who searches for what he can find. But science has chiefly assisted art in the appliance of the less conspicuous powers of nature, which are little known save to those who make them their special study. Mirrors

are silvered by a mixture of tin and mercury, which combine in definite proportions and crystallize on the glass. The date of the discovery is uncertain, but according to the best evidence it proceeded out of Venice, at a period when the alchemists were busy with metals in the wild expectation to transmute them into gold. In searching for a chimera they lighted upon a beautiful domestic invention. Their science had many similar results. Of them might have been written the fable of the dying father, who bid his sons dig in the vineyard for a deposit of gold.

To whatever capital invention we turn our attention, we find that elementary science was at work in its production. A scientific amateur, the Marquis of Worcester, described in his *Century of Inventions* a rude method of employing steam to force up water. Captain Savery, a Cornish miner, who contrived the first engine of practical service, borrowed the idea from Lord Worcester's book; of which, anxious to conceal his obligation, he purchased and destroyed all the copies he could find. His own improvements were by no means small, and they were founded upon a very trifling scientific experiment. The engine was next taken in hand by Newcomen, an ironmonger, and Cawley, a glazier, who were no mathematicians, nor, in a wide signification, natural philosophers; but they studied the science connected with the subject, and by a mixture of skill and luck greatly increased the utility of the machine. The boy Humphry Potter next comes upon the stage. A fabulous story, introduced by the suspicious formula "it is said," is related by writer after writer to the effect that, having to turn the cocks upon which the working of the engine depended, he one day observed, in the agony of his anxiety to join his companions at play, a method of attaching cords which would make the machine perform his office for itself. The original source of the anecdote is the narrative of Desaguliers, who was contemporary with the events, and investigated them with care. The authority is the refutation. The steam-engine, he tells us, was self-acting before, and the effect of Potter's improvement was solely to increase the working speed. It was, too, a complex invention, "perplexed with catches and strings," which it was quite impossible to have extemporized upon an impulse. Many of the authors who have related the fable must have seen the truth in Desaguliers, whom they quote—and, strange circumstance for men trained in the rigors of science, could not resist the temptation to relieve their

history by romance. Humphry Potter must be taken from the catalogue of idle boys, and placed in the list of thoughtful and inventive minds. He was a pupil in the best school, the school of example, and living in the midst of ingenious mechanical contrivances was incited to add another to the number. Here was the starting-point of Watt, and it is well known that he brought to his task acquirements more profound than can be included under the designation of popular science ; but the information it supplies would have sufficed for his principal invention—the separate condenser—as well as for the majority of the improvements which the steam-engine, in its multimform applications, has since received. Slight knowledge, directed sometimes by talent, and sometimes by genius, actually made many of the steps in the most surprising creation of modern days, and was all that was needed to have made many more. A large volume would not contain the history of kindred examples. As science is diffused the more they will be multiplied, for what escapes one mind occurs to another. Contrivances which seem obvious have not been always the earliest made. The building a separate channel for smoke does not appear to us a far-fetched idea ; yet Greek and Roman magnificence was polluted from their inability to devise the arrangement. Shot, which is made by passing lead through a cullender that separates it into drops, lost its globular form, which is essential to its carrying true, by alighting while it was soft, till a Bristol workman in 1782 hit on the simple expedient of letting it fall from a tower, that it might cool in the descent. Invention is not exhausted. Every year something is found out, and we have often less reason to wonder that the discovery has been made than that it should never have been made before. Newton met Bentley accidentally in London, and asked him what philosophical pursuits were going on at Cambridge. “None,” replied Bentley, “for you kill all the game; you leave us nothing to pursue.” “Not so,” said Newton, “you may start game in every bush, if you will but beat for it.”

Lord Bacon assigns to science a twofold object, the relief of man's estate, and the glory of the Creator. There has never, in this country, been a disposition to underrate its last, and most honored use. In the same spirit in which they studied the “book of God's word,” Englishmen have studied the “book of God's works.” Maclaurin heard Newton observe that it gave him particular pleasure that his philosophy had promoted the

attention to final causes, and his followers, who could not rival him in his genius, have not degenerated from his piety. It has been their delight to dwell upon the fact, that though a casual survey of the world proclaimed a Maker marvellous in goodness and in power, yet every hidden law which was brought to light afforded additional evidence of design, and showed him beyond what man could conceive, “wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.” With us the exceptions at least have been few, and none of them deserve to be remembered. But in France atheism, without limitation or disguise, has too often been blended with an extensive acquaintance with natural philosophy ; and a living man of science, M. Comte, imputing to the works of creation the imperfections which in reality are in his own judgment, has come to be of the opinion of that impious king, who said that if the Deity had condescended to consult him he could have given him some good advice. Supposing it impossible that a philosopher who had run the range of physics, and written a bulky work in which he contends for the utmost strictness of reasoning, could take up a dogma which shocks the instincts of mankind, without some plausible pretense, we read his observations with close attention and painful interest. We laid down the book astounded at their imbecility and could only re-echo the Psalmist's declaration, that it is *the fool* which has said in his heart there is no God. His argument might have been penned expressly to prove that there is a credulity of scepticism as well as a credulity of belief, and it is difficult to assign any motive for his creed except the morbid passion for distinction which leads some men, and especially Frenchmen, to prefer the elevation of a gibbet rather than walk upon level ground. Yet he had every advantage, for he only undertook to insinuate objections, which must always be easy on mysterious questions, about which knowledge is imperfect.

Atheists are cowards in discussion ; they dare not meet the united evidence, and set out in a formal shape the contending system by which they are bound to establish that the contrivances of the world did not call for a contriver. Even of cavils we can fix upon nothing tangible, amidst the cloudy language of M. Comte, except that the arrangements we make are usually superior to the arrangements we find. And this is the argument which is to disprove that there is a maker and governor of the world ! Is it so much as a *defect* in the scheme that man

has often to plan for himself? With every thing ready prepared to our hands, ingenuity would languish for want of stimulus; and if it be a curse to eat our bread in the sweat of our brow, a greater curse still, in our present condition, lights upon him whose forehead neither sweats from toil nor aches from thought. As Alexander wept when no more worlds were left to conquer, so we likewise should sigh if a too bountiful nature left nothing to be discovered and nothing to be improved. It is part of our enjoyment here to employ our talents in neutralizing evils, in turning apparent disadvantages into benefits, in finding in hostile agencies elements of power which a presiding genius converts to as many friendly ministers. Nor need we suppose that a progressive development of material advantages, instead of a complete and original perfection, bore hard upon earlier generations, who, living in the infancy of the world, lived also in the infancy of civilization. Man, with respect to corporal comforts, is the creature of habit. To whatever he is accustomed, that he enjoys. The Greenlander, with his wretched hut and barren soil, believes himself the most favored of created beings, and pities the lot of nations which are destitute of the luxury of seals. In like manner it is probable that the early inhabitants of Britain were as satisfied with a cave or a cottage of clay, as we with our mansions adorned with all the products of the arts. So, too, in the same age the king would think himself meanly accommodated in the house of the gentleman, the gentleman in the abode of the peasant—and yet custom has adapted each to his own. It is not the absolute degree of refinement that confers the pleasure; it is the improvement on what we are used to, the addition to what we already possess—and this pleasure has been common to every period in which the wants of mankind were sufficiently keen to excite invention and summon art to the aid of nature. But in all our improvements we can only, by the strength and intellect which God has given us, mould the matter which God has made. If we can sail in ships upon the great deep, it is because *He* supplied us with the wood for their construction, and endowed it with buoyancy to float upon the waves. If we perform prodigies with steam, it is because *He* gave it an elastic power, ordained that fire should evolve it out of water, and provided us with both the water and the fire. We merely use the

things with which *He* has presented us, and presented with a foresight of the end to which our capacities and wants would enable us to devote them. We can adapt, but we cannot create. The greatest genius that ever lived is impotent to give being to the most insignificant particle of dust. It required the powers of Sir Isaac Newton to detect many natural laws; but even the Newtons of the human race can only discover laws—they cannot make them. We may worm out the the secret powers with which Nature is invested, and by new adaptations produce effects of which the native elements are utterly incapable; but at best we only avail ourselves of properties already existing, merely develop the latent energies innate in our materials. We pull to pieces and put together, we shape and we arrange, but we cannot add to the world a single atom, no—nor even take it away. Whatever our triumphs, we never passed this limit to human interference, which teaches everybody, capable of being taught, that we are after all only creatures, and that another is the creator. But M. Comte can believe any fable rather than believe a God. He is willing to imagine that the sun, the earth, and the planets may have come into being without an author, been whirled in their orbits, endowed with gravity, peopled with wonders; for, parodying Scripture, he asserts that the only glory which the heavens declare is the glory of Newton. The remark is one example out of many that French wit is often nothing but English flippancy. If the heavens declare the glory of Newton, then whose glory does Newton display? But the poison is too weak to take effect, except upon vain and vicious understandings. The arguments of atheists are like chaff in the wind—they may settle for a moment, but from their natural levity the first opposing current sweeps them away. We do not require the lessons of natural philosophy to teach us to believe. Their use is, that they assist us to adore. The further we go the more we are constrained to wonder and admire; and though we see but in part, and often retire baffled from the effort to interpret nature, we see enough to bring away the most inspiring sentiment with which man can glow—the deep feeling of the Psalmist's words: "All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and talk of Thy power; there is no end of Thy greatness."

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DENMARK—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS FAITH.

THE ancient kingdom of Denmark, which at one time played a prominent part in the history of Europe, but afterwards sank into the obscurity of a third or fourth-rate power, has within a very recent period again occupied the attention of the world in general, and of the British public in particular. The European renown of the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, first reminded foreign nations of the little kingdom of the North, from which in ancient times a race of heroes had issued to make conquests in more happy climes; translations of the modern productions of Danish literature next created an interest in the country which gave them birth; and within the last twelve-month, the manly and unanimous exertions of the Danish people to maintain the rights of their king and of their country have gained for them the esteem of all impartial minds. A cursory glance at the historical development and present condition of this people, with a view to ascertaining how far the national character has influenced the government with regard to the honorable position it has assumed on recent occasions, will therefore not be without interest, particularly as Denmark is at this moment, in all internal matters, undergoing a transformation, the bearings of which are of great general importance; for, to be of any use to us, our judgments of the effect of institutions on the development of national excellence and prosperity must be based on the experience of all nations.

To the Christian reader no facts recorded in history are perhaps more interesting than the earliest manifestations of the new bond of union which had been introduced among the nations and individuals of the earth, as evinced in the brotherly welcome tendered by the early Christians of Rome to every co-religionist, whatever his country or his calling, and which so strongly excited the astonishment of the pagan Romans. The outward union which was subsequently manifested in the identical forms of worship observed in Westminster Abbey, in the Cathedral of Palermo, and under the dome of Throndbiem; in the universal sway of the Church of Rome, extending from the sun-lit shores of the Mediter-

anean to the ice-bound coasts of Iceland and Greenland—this unity, it is true, again disappeared. But the unity of the Church, such as St. Paul describes it, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," nevertheless continues, and similar feelings to those manifested by the Christian Romans to their stranger co-religionists are now often evinced in inquiries addressed by members of one national church to those of another, in questions such as these: "What is the position of the church in your country?" "In what relation does it stand to the state?" "What are its peculiar tenets and forms?" "How fares it with regard to sects and parties?" Does not the fact, that questions such as these are often the first which are interchanged between intelligent persons of different countries, prove that they feel that they possess in common one essential good, and that with regard to these matters the advantages and disadvantages of each are those of all? At the present moment members of the Protestant Church have indeed additional reasons for making these inquiries of each other; not only because the Roman Catholic Church, strengthened from within, has been making conquests in the dominions of her adversary, but still more because the German Protestant Church, the Mother Church of Protestantism, is in a state of dissolution and internal decay. This fact renders the position of the Scandinavian Church, which will probably soon be the sole representative of the Lutheran Church, doubly interesting; for in the three northern kingdoms the tenets, symbols, and forms of worship of the Lutheran Church, universally adopted at the period of the Reformation, have suffered no modification since then. The history of the Scandinavian, but more particularly of the Danish Church, cannot indeed boast of any period of peculiar brilliancy; it has exercised no influence abroad; it has been receptive and assimilating, rather than active and conquering; and has therefore remained without any influence on the character of the Protestant Church in general. But in this quiet, self-contemplating, outwardly cold and moderate character, there

is much that is interesting : particularly so, as the same character is revealed in all the most important points of the history of the northern nations. In Scandinavia, Christianity was not, as among the Saxons, established by compulsory baptism, nor either by royal example as in Lithuania, whose Grand-duke Jaghello, on becoming King of Poland, allowed himself and his whole people to be baptized. The Frankish monk, Ansgarius, the father and founder of the Scandinavian Church, who was sent by Louis the Pious to Denmark to preach the Christian doctrines, and who afterwards proceeded to Sweden, opened the hearts of the people for the reception of the new faith, by the holiness of his life and the Christian meekness and gentleness of his character. Not until the Christian religion had for a whole century been quietly working its way forward, and noiselessly gaining many adherents, did King Harold of Denmark, though he had for some time in his heart adopted the new faith, submit to receive baptism, which he had until then refused for fear of exasperating his pagan subjects. Many of the most powerful of these, headed by Harold's son, Svend—who afterwards became so renowned as the conqueror of England—did indeed make armed resistance to the progress of Christianity ; but Svend was ultimately obliged to yield to the spiritual power of the new faith, and even submitted to acknowledge its supremacy by receiving its baptism. However, not until the reign of Canute, the son of Svend, can Christianity be said to have become the established religion in Denmark. To this consummation no doubt the connection with England contributed considerably, as previous intercourse with England had contributed to the introduction of Christianity into Denmark.

The acceptance of the Christian faith in the Scandinavian countries was thus a matter of conviction—a purely spiritual event ; oppression and persecution were but transient phenomena in the history of its progress, for liberty of thought and faith were sacred in the eyes of the Northmen. The pagan religion had indeed been, in the full force of the word, the religion of the state and of the people, and the kings were the religious as well as the civil chiefs ; but the power which was thus vested in them was used by them for the protection of mental liberty. A remarkable proof in support of this assertion is afforded by a letter in which a king of Jutland* recommended Ansgarius to the Swedish king, and in which he says, that fully convinced of

Ansgarius's piety and disinterestedness, he had allowed the latter to adopt whatever means he pleased for the spreading of Christianity in his dominions, and he requests the Swedish king to do the same, as Ansgarius would never propose anything which was not good and right. Still more remarkable is the reception given to Ansgarius by the Swedish king, who expressed the best wishes for his success, and promised to speak in his favor to the people, and that whatever he desired should be done, provided the gods and the people would give their consent.

The gods having been consulted by the means of the drawing of lots, decided that the new doctrines might be preached, and the people assembled in the Thing likewise gave their assent. Yet it must not, therefore, be supposed that Christianity gained easy access into the Scandinavian countries, or that the mental character of the people predisposed them for its reception. On the contrary, the religion of peace and love was contemptible in the eyes of the warlike Northmen ; its meekness and forbearance were looked upon as cowardice and weakness, or it was treated as a kind of poetic fancy of the South. Not until after a struggle of two hundred years did the iron spirit of the North bend to the gentle spirit of Christianity. But the struggle was essentially a spiritual struggle ; no law forbade the promulgation of the new creed ; to do this was considered unworthy, and, perhaps, even superfluous ; the new doctrines were allowed to be preached with a view to their being considered and weighed, but there was no thought of accepting them until they had conquered by the strength of conviction.

The same characteristics prevailed at the period of the Reformation. Young Danes, who had imbibed the opinions of Luther in Wittenberg, returned to their homes and preached the purified faith. To all appearances Catholicism in Denmark, at that period, was in possession of potent means of coercion and repression, for the whole power of the state was in the hands of the clergy and their allies, the nobles. The kings were favorably inclined towards the Reformation, it is true, but they were powerless, and it was the decided bearing of the burgher class alone which rendered the adoption of severe measures of repression impossible ; it was indeed soon proclaimed as a principle of government, that the state ought not to interfere with the liberty of instruction ; that all opinions were equally to enjoy this liberty, and that all parties were under the protection of the king. Not until the Reformation, assisted by the

* This was before all the Danish lands were gathered under one crown.

free municipal institutions of the middle ages, had conquered in each town; not until each congregation had, from conviction, adopted the evangelical doctrines and forms of worship, and Catholicism had been deserted by all except the bishops and the diocesan chapters; not until then was the change in the religion of the state publicly proclaimed. At this juncture the king ordered the Roman Catholic bishops to be arrested, and convoked a diet in Copenhagen, (1536,) in which delegates from the nobles, the burghers, and the peasants, gave in their adherence to the king's proposal, that the Evangelical Protestant Church should, in future, be the church of the state; but on condition that no violation of conscience should be imposed on any. The Roman Catholic bishops were then liberated, and Protestant bishops, invested with authority in church matters only, installed in their places.

As Ansgarius had been the apostle of Sweden as well as of Denmark, so the internal and external development of the church in both these countries continued to be very much the same. Gustavus Vasa, who liberated Sweden from the dominion of Denmark, and who is the founder and regenerator of modern Sweden, did, indeed, exercise a much greater influence on the spread of the Reformation in that country than the Danish kings exercised in Denmark; but from the circumstances of his election and his reign, Gustavus Vasa must be considered rather as the representative of popular opinion than as a monarch acting merely from individual impulse. It cannot, however, be denied, that another distinguishing trait of the northern character, namely, the firm and determined action which follows mental conviction and development, has been more beautifully manifested in the Swedish than in the Danish church. We see evidences of this in the rising of the Swedish people "as one man" to resist the violent as well as secret endeavors of the Polish-Swedish king John III. to re-establish the Roman Catholic church in their country; and there are still more brilliant evidences of it in the heroic campaign of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, in defense of the whole Protestant world. What immense power was there not concentrated in the little army of 15,000 men with which in 1630 he landed on the coast of Pomerania, and who with him lifted up their voice in prayer and song! What energy of love and faith must not have filled the hearts of his followers, when, on seeing tears of emotion in their eyes, he addressed to them words such as these—

"Weep not, my friends, but pray. The more prayer, the more victory. Diligent prayer is a half-fought battle."

What a heroic faith breathes from his well-known war hymn—"*Forfarus ei du lilla hop!*"—(Fear not, oh, little band!) which he sang for the last time just before the battle of Lutzen, and which still maintains its place in the Swedish hymn-book as the hymn of the army.

In order to enable the reader to form a true appreciation of the national character of the Danes, we shall now make a digression to mention a few instances borrowed from their political history, reserving to ourselves to return in the sequel to the present position and relations of the Danish church.

In the modern political history of Denmark, the years 1660 and 1848 mark the two most important epochs; the first marks the transition from an oligarchical to an absolute form of government; the latter, that from absolutism to a constitutional monarchy. Previous to the year 1660, Denmark was an electoral monarchy. In consequence of the gradual development of circumstances, which may be traced back through centuries to the very origin of the state, the power, which had originally been vested in the Things or provincial diets, had come to be centered in the hands of a comparatively small number of nobles, who had arrogated to themselves alone the right of electing the kings, on whom they imposed at every new election capitulations still further restricting the power of the monarch and the rights of the lower classes of the community. Even the executive power was entirely in the hands of the nobles, for the Council of State, without whose concurrence the king could not act, was composed exclusively of members of their order. This oligarchy used to speak of *Respublica Danica*, in language expressive of the greatest presumption and of the greatest selfishness, and seemed to be preparing for Denmark the fate of Poland. In vain did the people's favorite, King Christian IV., endeavor to promote the welfare of the humbler classes of his subjects. Every measure he proposed was counteracted by the selfish nobles. An assembly of merchants, convoked by him to deliberate on the commercial interests of the country, was countermanded by the Council of State; the nobles, who constituted the military force of the kingdom, deserted him in the war with Sweden and in the thirty years' war, and even evinced satisfaction on seeing the royal power still further curtailed by the unfavorable conditions of

peace imposed by Sweden. Strong feelings of discontent spread through the other classes of the realm, and particularly among the clergy and the burghers, who had drawn nearer to each other since the introduction of the Reformation, when the former were shorn of that power which they had previously shared with the nobles, and had, in their turn, become oppressed by their former allies. But during the reign of Christian IV. all attempts at breaking the power of the nobles remained fruitless; no change took place until the reign of his successor, Frederick III., after the state had been unnecessarily involved (1658) in a most imprudent war with Sweden, which, having brought the realm to the brink of ruin, ended in a peace which severed forever from Denmark her ancient and important provinces in the south of Sweden. The state of ruin to which the country was reduced by this war forced the government, in 1660, to convoke, for the first time since the Reformation, a diet composed of delegates from the nobles, the clergy, and the burghers, to meet in Copenhagen to deliberate on the necessary measures for retrieving the disastrous state of the finances. The nobles had sunk lower than ever in public estimation, on account of their unworthy and unpatriotic conduct in the last war, while the burghers felt strengthened by the noble consciousness of having by their exertions saved the state from foreign subjugation; yet the former had the audacity to insist in the diet on their right of immunity from taxation, and to refuse to bear their share of the additional burdens to be imposed on all. The burghers and the clergy, exasperated beyond further endurance, and being joined by some conscientious members of the first estate, then resolved to carry out a premeditated plan of conferring on the king absolute and hereditary power, on condition of his promising at a future period to establish a form of government which should secure the rights of all. A radical change in the constitution of the state was thus introduced without previous demonstrations, without the least violence, without one drop of blood being shed. The change was the result of public conviction, and simply took form as soon as this conviction was sufficiently matured. The king's promise of a constitution was not kept, but the step which had been taken nevertheless bore good fruits, inasmuch as the state, which was on the point of dissolution, was saved.

The evil genius of Denmark was at the moment satisfied by the cession of the Swedish provinces, but again opened its greedy jaws

in 1807, and in 1814, when Norway, the faithful twin-sister of Denmark, who had followed her through evil times and good, was wrested from her, and left her sunk in the deepest dejection. The Holsteiners and the South Schleswigers then forgot the many advantages they had formerly enjoyed under the Danish flag; too impatient to wait until a brighter day should again dawn over Denmark, they began those efforts for independence which have at length entailed upon them all the horrors of a civil war; for civil war it must be called, as the Schleswig sailors and peasants were, during the late hostilities, always the foremost in the ranks of the Danes, on land as well as at sea.

Previous to 1848 absolutism reigned in Denmark; but it was absolutism tempered by the existence of independent and highly respected tribunals, of a moderately free press, and of provincial estates, and by the mild and popular character of the kings. But those very circumstances were undermining absolutism, and were developing in the public mind constitutional ideas and principles; and while the *Lex Regia* of Denmark and the despotism of her government were the never-failing themes of the sarcasms and satires of the separatist party in the duchies, Denmark, by a strange irony, by a difference between her outward and her inward being, was much nearer the attainment of constitutional freedom than this party and its German allies. There was thus in Denmark, previous to 1848, a conviction of the necessity of free constitutional forms of government; but the people desired to obtain these by legal means, and waited patiently till time should develop them. The late king, Christian VIII., had fixed upon 1848 for the promulgation of a new constitution, but death surprised him before he could put his determination into execution, and the circumstances of the times prepared a very different state of things to that which he had calculated upon. During the eight years of this monarch's reign, the Danish people expressed openly, and without reserve, its displeasure at the new concessions which were repeatedly made to the separatist party in the duchies; it viewed with grief and indignation the endeavors of the disaffected nobles and officials in Holstein and Schleswig to win over to their side the peasantry of Schleswig and the citizens of the towns of North Schleswig, and particularly of the important sea-port town, Flensburg, who were strongly attached to Denmark; and its worst fears were awakened by seeing the king surrounded by ministers who either were not

aware of the danger or misunderstood its character. But the conviction of the Danes, that their government was acting an unwise, and even a suicidal part, led to no feelings of disloyalty, to no illegal or threatening demonstrations; they waited patiently until the time should be ripe.

Thus stood matters in Denmark when the revolution in Paris broke out. A spark from the general conflagration of the Continent kindled the inflammable matter stored up in Holstein. Denmark could only be saved by a change of system, which should surround the king with advisers who possessed the full confidence of the people. The unanimous wishes of the people were expressed in an address to the king, Frederick VII., who, fully concurring in the views of his subjects, at once established, *de facto*, a constitutional government. Harmony and self-sacrificing patriotism reigned throughout the land; the change of system was accepted with unfeigned joy, but also with quiet dignity, and with a full consciousness of the new and arduous duties it imposed on every citizen. Europe has borne witness to the moderation and manly perseverance with which this feeling has inspired them, and with which they have met the rebellion in the duchies and the intervention of Germany.

In the month of October, 1848, a diet (*Rigsdag*) was convened at Copenhagen, to deliberate on the proposals of the government relative to the new constitution, and to several other matters rendered necessary by the circumstances of the times. This diet is still sitting, and is distinguished by its moderate character. Notwithstanding the strong feelings that pervade all its members with regard to the Schleswig question, every proposition in the assembly which could embarrass the position of the government relative to this question, has, with the concurrence of all, been set aside. This assembly has, indeed, laid itself more open to blame for the extreme prudence and slowness with which it proceeds, even in matters of minor importance, than for any tendency to precipitate innovation and disregard of existing rights.

Denmark is thus again undergoing a most momentous change, without any sign of revolution, but with calm, sober consciousness. That in the present instance this is, next to the merciful interposition of Providence, in a great measure owing to the honest, open, self-sacrificing character of the king, no one will attempt to deny, but it must also be admitted, that the national character bears a

great share of the merit. This last assertion is borne out by the testimony of history. Denmark has had her revolutions and her civil wars, it is true; but these have passed by like the thunder-storm that purifies the air. The Danish people has never attempted to found new institutions by means of, or during a revolution; it has always felt that such foundations must be the work of peace and order. No minority has ever ventured to avail itself of its short period of power to force its opinions upon the nation in a permanent form. The dreadful political (not religious) intestine war that raged in Denmark at the period of the Reformation, ended in the establishment of a kind of *status quo ante*, during which the future social and religious relations of the state were peaceably established.

That the reforms of 1660 and 1848 were not attained until the ill-judged measures of the ancient systems had endangered the existence or the integrity of the state from without, might indeed at first sight seem to indicate a want of intelligence and energy in the nation; but the impartial judge will see in this circumstance the natural result of the important geographical position which this little kingdom occupies, and which exposes it to the hostile attacks of its neighbors as soon as it is at all weakened by internal agitation and dissensions. When the Danish provinces in the south of Sweden had been ceded to that power, the maritime powers of Europe, rejoiced at a step which neutralized Denmark's power in the Baltic and in the Sound, took care that it should never be redeemed; and in like manner, the new-born German empire has availed itself of a partial rebellion in Denmark's southern provinces to endeavor to bring under its sway the sea-ports and the maritime population of these provinces. It was for a very long period considered sound policy to weaken Denmark on account of her important geographical position; may not the time now have arrived when it would be equally sound policy to support her for the same reason.

From the æsthetic point of view the Scandinavian character cannot be more faithfully depicted than it is in the hero of the North, such as he appears in the old Icelandic Sagas; warm-hearted but reserved, with resolute look, silent tongue, and strong arm. Is not such also the character of Thorwaldsen, that modern hero of Scandinavia, who is best known beyond the limits of his own country? Must it not be looked upon as more than chance that Thorwaldsen was a child of the

north, and more particularly of that ice-bound island of the north, where the most ancient families of Scandinavia took up their abode? * *Ne quid nimis* is the device of Denmark; in this is her strength, but also her weakness; but is not this fear of overstepping the proper limit the necessary condition of all art, and more particularly so of the sculptor's art?

Since the above was written, hostilities have broken out again between Denmark and Germany, to the great detriment of the commerce and industry of Europe. Denmark has, it is true, been the first to draw the sword anew, but Germany must, nevertheless, bear the blame. Six months of the seven, during which hostilities were suspended for the purpose of negotiating peace, the latter power allowed to clapse without taking any serious steps to open such negotiations; and when at last, in the seventh month, she determined to act in this direction, she negotiated not for peace, but for the renewal of an armistice, which, as regards Danish interests, was more pernicious even than open warfare, while it afforded Germany time and opportunity to increase her means of conquest. Can we then wonder that Denmark should have seized upon the legal opportunity afforded her of proving to the Germans that she is in full earnest in the struggle into which they have forced her, and into which they have themselves been blindly led by idealogues and demagogues, and that she should have refused to renew an armistice which has only served to feed the revolutionary tendencies of her faithless subjects, to weaken her, and to strengthen the hands of her opponents?

The war has recommenced with a disaster which will by the Danes be felt as a national disgrace and as a national calamity; but the Germans will be much mistaken if they think that Denmark's will and power of resistance have exploded in Eckernförde Bay. Germany may not, however, be unwilling to

seize on this, or any other unforeseen event, to make an honorable retreat from a position, the folly of which she has learned to recognize, and to put an end to a war which, instead of proving a mere sham-fight, as she had fondly imagined, has turned out a tragic reality. The Danish people is too well aware of what it has at stake in the contest against a mighty nation like the Germans, to allow itself to be dispirited by a single reverse, or to be shaken in its firm resolution to abide by its national device, "With God, for king and fatherland!"

The present war is, in the eyes of the Danes, a national war; but this must not be understood to imply that they entertain a strong national hatred against the Germans. On the contrary, though they rejoice at having shaken off the leading-strings in which Danish literature has long been held by Germany, and have, in consequence, lost all fear of the mental superiority of Germany, they are at the same time willing to recognize the spiritual debt they owe to that country, and to acknowledge the bonds of kindred which unite all the Gothic races from the North Cape to the Alps; so that it has been said that the same harp resounds throughout those countries, though the tones emitted by its strings are somewhat different on the north and on the south of the Elder. The Danes are even willing to acknowledge that, upon the whole, the Germans have been misled by ignorance and passion, and that they are acting under the impression that they are fighting for a noble cause. But the war against Germany is, nevertheless, a national war, because the Danes feel that on its issue depends their existence as a free and independent nation; and they firmly cling to the hope that the Almighty will provide them with the means of defending their just cause by word and deed, until Germany, ceding either to the force of truth, or to the irresistible power of the world-events, shall at length desist from her unrighteous endeavor to destroy or to subjugate her peaceful neighbor.

* Thorwaldsen's father was a native of Iceland.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ROMANCE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

Histoire des Conspirations et des Executions Politiques, comprenant l'Histoire des Sociétés Secrètes depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours. Par A. BLANC. 4 vols. Volume the third: RUSSIA.

PROFESSOR SHAW, in the preface to his translation of Lajetchnikoff's striking and interesting romance, *The Heretic*, notices the shyness of English novelists in approaching Russian ground. "How happens it," he says, "that Russia, with her reminiscences of two centuries and a half of Tartar dominion—of her long and bloody struggles with the Ottoman and the Pole, whose territories stretch almost from the arctic ice to the equator, and whose semi-oriental diadem bears inscribed upon it such names as Peter and Catharine—should have been passed over as incapable of supplying rich materials for fiction and romance?" The question is hard to answer, and appears doubly so after reading the third volume of Monsieur A. Blanc's recent work on political conspiracies and executions—a volume sufficient of itself to set those romance-writing who never wrote romance before. It is a trite remark, that romances, having history for their groundwork, derive their attraction and interest far more from the skill and genius of their authors than from the importance of the period selected, and from the historical prominence of the characters introduced. It is unnecessary to name writers in whose hands a Bayard or a Duguesclin, a Cromwell or a Charles of Sweden, would appear tame and commonplace. Our readers need not to be reminded of others of a different—and of one, great amongst all, the rays of whose genius have formed a halo of grandeur, glory, or fascination around persons to whom history accords scarcely a word. But such genius is not of every-day growth; and to historical romance-writers of the calibre of most of those with whom the British public is now fain to cry content, the mere devising of a plot, uniting tolerable historical fidelity with some claim to originality, is an undertaking in which they are by no means uniformly successful. To such we recommend, as useful auxiliaries, M. Blanc's octavos, and especially the one that suggests the present article. English and Scottish

histories, if not used up, have at least been very handsomely worked, and have fairly earned a little tranquillity upon their shelves: the wars of the Stuarts, in particular, have contributed more than their quota to the literary fund. The same may be said of the history of France, so fertile in striking events, and so largely made use of by purveyors to the circulating libraries. Italy and Spain, and even Poland, have not escaped; whilst the East has been disported over in every direction by the accomplished Morier, and a swarm of imitators and inferiors. But what Englishman has tried his hand at a Russian historical romance? We strive in vain to call to mind an original novel in our language founded on incidents of Russian history—although the history of scarcely any nation in the world includes, in the same space of time, a greater number of strange and extraordinary events.

M. Blanc's book, notwithstanding a certain air of pretension in the style of its getting up, in the very mediocore illustrations, and in the tone of the introductory pages, is substantially an unassuming performance. It is a compilation, and contains little that is not to be found printed elsewhere. At the same time, perhaps in no other work are the same events and details thrown together in so compact and entertaining a form. The author troubles us with a few comments of his own, and his reserve in this respect enhances the merit of his book, for when he departs from it his views are somewhat strained and ultra-French. But his narrative is spiritedly put together; and although it will be found, upon comparison, that he has, for the most part, faithfully adhered to high historical authorities, to the exclusion of mere traditionary matter and of imaginative embellishment, yet the dramatic interest of the subject is itself so vivid, that the book reads like a romance.

The Russian history, even to our own day, is a sanguinary and cruel chronicle. Its brevity is its best excuse. The youth of the

country extenuates the crimes of its children. For if the strides of Russia have been vast and rapid in the paths of civilization, we must bear in mind that it is but very recently the progress began. "At the commencement of the eighteenth century," says M. Blanc, "it had certainly been very difficult to foresee that fifty years later a magnificent and polite court would be established on the Gulf of Finland; that soldiers raised on the banks of the Wolga and the Don would rank with the best disciplined troops; and that an empire, of itself larger than all the rest of Europe, would have passed from a state of barbarism to one of civilization as advanced as that of the most favored European states." This is overshooting the mark, and is an exaggeration even a hundred years after the date assigned. If the civilization of St. Petersburg has for some time vied with that of London or Paris, Russia, as a country, has even now much to do before she can be placed on a footing with England or France in refinement and intellectual cultivation. It is difficult to institute a comparison in a case where the nature of the countries, the characters of the nations, and the circumstances of their rise, are, and have been so dissimilar. The investigation might easily entail a disquisition of a length that would leave very little room for an examination of the book in hand. And all that we seek in the present instance to establish will be readily conceded—namely, that in the throes of a country accomplishing with unprecedented rapidity the passage, usually so gradual, from barbarism to civilization, some palliation is to be found for the faults and vices of her nobles and rulers, and for the blood-stains disfiguring her annals.

The early history of Russia, from the foundation of the empire by Rurik to the reign of Ivan IV.—that is to say, from the middle of the ninth to the middle of the sixteenth century—is a chaos of traditions and uncertainties, which M. Blanc has deemed unfavorable to the project of his book, and which he accordingly passes over in an introductory chapter. His business, as may be gathered from his title-page, is with the internal convulsions of the country; and these are difficult to trace, until Ivan Vasilivitch threw off the Tartar yoke, and his grandson Ivan IV., surnamed the Tyrant, or the Terrible, began, with an iron hand, it is true, to labor at the regeneration of his country. A bloodthirsty despot, Russia yet owes him much. The people, demoralized by Tartar rule, needed rigid laws and severe

treatment. Ivan promulgated a code far superior to any previously in use. He invited to Russia foreign mechanics, artists, and men of science; established the first printing-press seen in the country; and laid the foundation of Russian trade, by a treaty of commerce with our own Elizabeth. By the conquest of Kazan, of the kingdom of Astracan, and of districts adjacent to the Caucasus, he extended the limits of the Russian empire. But his wise enactments and warlike successes were sullied by atrocious acts of cruelty. In Novogorod, which had offended him by its desires for increased liberty, he raged for six weeks like an incensed tiger. Sixty thousand human beings, according to some historians, fell victims on that occasion. Similar scenes of butchery were enacted in Tver, Moscow, and other cities. His cruel disposition was evident at a very early age. He was but thirteen years old when he assembled his boyars to inform them that he needed not their guidance, and would no longer submit to their encroachments on his royal prerogative. "I ought to punish you all," he said, "for all of you have been guilty of offenses against my person; but I will be indulgent, and the weight of my anger shall fall only on Andrew Schusky, who is the worst among you." Schusky, the head of a family which had seized the reins of government during the Czar's minority, endeavored to justify himself. Ivan would not hear him. "Seize and bind him," cried the boy-despot, "and throw him to my dogs. They have a right to the repast." A pack of ferocious hounds, which Ivan took pleasure in rearing, were brought under the window, and irritated by every possible means. When they were sufficiently exasperated, Andrew Schusky was thrown amongst them. His cries increased their fury, and his body was torn to shreds and devoured.

Ivan dead, his son Feodor, who should have been surnamed the Feeble, as his father was the Terrible, ascended the Russian throne. He was the last of Rurik's descendants who occupied it. Even during his reign he recognized as regent of the empire his brother-in-law, the insolent and ambitious Boris Godanof. Possessed of the real power, this man coveted the external pomp of royalty. The crown was his aim, and to its possession after the death of Feodor, who, as weak of body as of mind, was not likely to be long-lived, only one obstacle existed. This was a younger son of Ivan IV., a child of a few years old, named Dmitri or Deme-

trius. The existence of this infant was a slight bar to one so unscrupulous as Godunof, a bar which a poniard soon removed. Feodor died, and his brother-in-law accepted, with much show of reluctance, the throne he had so long desired to fill. For the first time for many years he breathed freely; his end was attained; he thought not of the many crimes that had led to it, of the spilt blood of his child-victim, or of that of two hundred of the inhabitants of Ouglitch, judicially murdered by his orders in revenge of the death of Demetrius' assassins, whom the people had risen upon and slain; the tears of Ivan's widow, now childless and confined in a convent, and of her whole family, condemned to a horrible captivity, troubled not his repose or his dreams of future prosperity. But whilst he exulted in security and splendor, his joy was suddenly troubled by a strange retribution. Demetrius was dead; of that there could be no doubt; his emissary's dagger had done the work too surely—but the name of the rightful heir survived to make the usurper tremble. It is curious to observe in how many details Godunof's own crimes contributed to his punishment. His manœuvres to suppress the facts of Demetrius' death, by stopping couriers and falsifying dispatches, so as to make it appear that the young prince had killed himself with a knife, in a fit of epilepsy, had thrown a sort of mystery and ambiguity over the whole transaction, favorable to the designs and pretensions of impostors. One of the many dark deeds by which he had paved his way to the supreme power was the removal of the metropolitan of the Russian church, who was deposed and shut up in a convent, where it was pretty generally believed he met a violent death. In lieu of this dignitary, previously the sole chief of the Russian church, Godunof created a patriarchate, and Jeremiah of Constantinople went to Moscow to install the first patriarch, whose name was Job. This prelate, whilst visiting the convent of Tchudof, was struck by the intelligence of a young monk named Gregory Otrepief or Atrepief, who could read, then a rare accomplishment, and who showed great readiness of wit. The patriarch took this youth into his service as secretary, and often carried him with him when he went to visit the Czar. Dazzled by the brilliancy of the court, and perceiving the ignorance and incapacity of many high personages, Otrepief conceived the audacious design of elevating himself above those to whom he felt himself already far superior

in ability. He was acquainted with the details of the death of young Demetrius; and from some old servants of the Czarina Mary he obtained particulars of the character, qualities, and tastes of the deceased prince, all of which he carefully noted down, as well as the names and titles of the officers and attendants who had been attached to his person. Having prepared and studied his part he asked leave to return to his convent. This was granted. His fellow-monks wondered to see him thus abandon the advantageous prospects held out to him by the favor of the patriarch.

"What should I become by remaining at court?" replied Otrepief, with a laugh: "a bishop at most, and I mean to be Czar of Moscow."

At first this passed as a joke; but Otrepief, either through bravado, or because it formed part of his scheme, repeated it so often, that it at last came to the ears of the Czar himself, who said the monk must be mad. At the same time, as he knew by experience that the usurpation of the throne was not an impossible thing, he ordered, as an excessive precaution, that the bonster should be sent to a remote convent. Otrepief set out, but on the road he seduced his escort, consisting of two monks. By large promises he prevailed with them to accompany him to Lithuania, where many enemies of Godunof had taken refuge. According to the custom of the times, the travellers passed the nights in roadside monasteries, and in every cell that he occupied Otrepief wrote upon the walls—"I am Demetrius, son of Ivan IV. Although believed to be dead, I escaped from my assassins. When I am upon my father's throne, I will recompense the generous men who now show me hospitality." Soon the report spread far and wide that the Czarowitz Demetrius lived, and had arrived in Lithuania. Otrepief assumed a layman's dress, left his monkish adherents—one of whom agreed to bear the name his leader now renounced—and presented himself as the son of Ivan IV. to the Zaporian Cossacks, amongst whom he soon acquired the military habits and knowledge which he deemed essential to the success of his daring schemes. After a campaign or two, which, judging from the character of his new associates, were probably mere brigand-like expeditions in quest of pillage, Otrepief resumed the cowl, and entered the service of a powerful noble named Vichnevetski, whom he knew to have been greatly attached to Ivan IV. Pretending to be dangerously ill,

he asked for a confessor. After receiving absolution: "I am about to die," he said to the priest; "and I entreat you, holy father, to have me buried with the honors due to the son of the Czar." The priest, a Jesuit, (the Jesuits were then all-powerful in Poland,) asked the meaning of these strange words, which Otrepief declined telling, but said they would be explained after his death by a letter beneath his pillow. This letter the astonished Jesuit took an opportunity to purloin, and at the same time he perceived on the sick man's breast a gold cross studded with diamonds—a present received by Otrepief when secretary to the patriarch. In all haste the Jesuit went to Vichnevetzki; they opened the letter, and gathered from its contents that he who had presented himself to them as a poor monk was no other than Demetrius, son of Ivan IV. Vichnevetzki had in his service two Russians who had been soldiers of Ivan. Led to the sick man's bedside, these declared that they perfectly recognized in him the Czarowitz Demetrius; first, by his features—although they had not seen him since his childhood—and afterwards by two warts upon his face, and by an inequality in the length of his arms.

The Jesuits, never negligent of opportunities to increase their power, saw in the pretender to the czardom a fit instrument for the propagation of Romanism in Russia. They enlisted Sigismund, king of Poland, in the cause of the false Demetrius, who was treated as a prince, and lodged in a palace. Thence he negotiated with the Pope's nuncio, who gave him assurance of the support of all Catholic Europe in exchange for his promise to unite Russia to the Latin church. An army of Poles and Russian refugees was raised, and the southern provinces of Russia were inundated with florid proclamations, in which the joys of an earthly paradise were offered to all who espoused the cause of their legitimate sovereign, Demetrius. The Don Cossacks, whose robberies had been recently checked by Godunof, flocked to the pretender's banner, and so formidable was the army thus collected, that the Czar began heartily to regret having paid such small attention to the words of the monk Otrepief. The Ukraine declared for the self-styled son of Ivan IV.; the voevóda of Sandomir, whose daughter he had promised to marry, acknowledged him as his prince; towns submitted, and fortresses opened their gates to the impostor, now in full march upon Moscow. Blinded by success, Otrepief fan-

cied himself invincible; and, with scarcely fifteen thousand soldiers, he hurried to meet the Muscovite army, fifty thousand strong, and provided with a formidable artillery. Beaten, his undisciplined forces dispersed, and he himself escaped death by a miracle; but his courage was still undaunted. After a few days, during which he slept upon the snow, and subsisted upon a few grains of barley, he succeeded in rallying his scattered bands. These became the nucleus of a new army; and at the very moment that Godunof, rejoicing at his victory, prepared to chastise the nobles compromised in the rebellion, he heard that his enemy was again afoot, more formidable than ever. Furious at the news, the Czar addressed reproaches and menaces to his generals, whom he thus completely alienated; and thenceforth he was surrounded by enemies. A sudden illness soon afterwards carried him off, giving him scarcely time to proclaim his son Feodor his successor. Court and clergy, people and army, paid homage to the young Czar. Amongst others, the general-in-chief of the army took the oath of fidelity; but no sooner was he again at the head of his troops, than he negotiated with Otrepief, and went over to him with all his forces. A few days afterwards the pretender was in Moscow. He strangled Feodor, and proclaimed himself Czar. Never had an impostor played his part with greater skill and such complete success. He had the art even to obtain his recognition from Ivan's widow. He recalled her relations, exiled since Godunof's usurpation, restored them their property and loaded them with honors, and then sent word to Mary that he would be to her a good son or a severe master, as she chose. The Czarina acknowledged him as her son, and was present at his coronation.

Notwithstanding the strength of this evidence, a noble, named Basil Shusky or Zuiski—of the family whose chief Ivan IV. had thrown to his hounds—still contended against the usurper. He had himself seen the corpse of Ivan's son Demetrius, and he declared as much to his friends and partisans, whom he offered to head and lead against the impostor. Before his plans were ripe, however, he was arrested and brought to trial. Otrepief offered to pardon him if he would name his accomplices, and publicly admit that he had lied in stating that he had seen the dead body of the son of Ivan IV.

"I will retract nothing," was Shusky's firm reply; "for I have spoken the truth;

the man who now wears the crown of the Czar is a vile impostor. I know the fate reserved for me; but those you uselessly urge me to betray will revenge my death, and the usurper shall fall."

As he persisted in his courageous assertions, the judges ordered him to be put to the torture. The executioner tied his hands behind him and placed upon his head an iron crown, bristling internally with sharp points; then, with the palm of his hand, he struck the top of the crown, and blood streamed over the victim's face.

"Confess your guilt!" said the judge.

The intrepid Shusky repeated his asseveration of Otrepief's imposture. The judge signed to the executioner, who again clapped a heavy hand upon the iron diadem. But suffering only augmented the energy of the heroic Muscovite, who continued, as long as consciousness remained in his tortured head, to denounce the false Czar. At last, when the whole of the forehead and the greater part of the skull were bared to the bone, he fainted and was removed. The terrible crown had been pressed down to his eyes. He was condemned to decapitation; but Otrepief pardoned him upon the scaffold, and, some time afterwards, was imprudent enough to take him into favor and make him his privy counsellor. Shusky had vowed revenge, and waited only for an opportunity. This was accelerated by Otrepief's fancied security. One morning the false Demetrius was roused by alarm-bells, and, on looking from a window, he beheld the palace surrounded by a host of armed conspirators. The doors were speedily forced; pursued from room to room by overwhelming numbers, his clothes and the doors through which he fled riddled with balls, the Czar at last leaped from a window, and, notwithstanding serious injuries received in falling, he reached a guard-house occupied by the Strelitz. The post was soon surrounded by an armed and menacing crowd; but the officer commanding declared he would defend his sovereign with his life.

"He whom you call your sovereign is a monk who has usurped the crown," said Shusky to the officer.

"He is the son of the Czarina Mary," was the reply.

"The Czarina herself declares him an impostor."

"Show me her written declaration to that effect, and I will give him up; but only on that condition."

Shusky ran to the convent where Mary

lived in a kind of semi-captivity, told her what was passing—that the capital was in his power, and that she could not now refuse to proclaim the imposture of the wretch who had compelled her to recognize him as her son. Mary yielded the more easily that her timorous conscience reproached her with the falsehood by which she had confirmed an adventurer in the imperial dignity; she signed and sealed the declaration demanded, and Shusky hastened with it to the officer of Strelitz. Otrepief was given up. Shusky assembled some boyarins and formed a tribunal, of which he himself was president, and before which the Czar, thus rapidly cast down from the throne to which his address and courage had elevated him, was forthwith arraigned.

"The hour of expiation is come," said Shusky. "The head you so barbarously mutilated has never ceased to ponder vengeance. Monk Otrepief, confess yourself an impostor, that God, before whom you are about to appear, may have pity on your soul."

"I am the Czar Demetrius," replied Otrepief, with much assurance; "it is not the first time that rebellious subjects, led astray by traitors, have dared lay hands on the sacred person of their sovereign; but such crimes never remain unpunished."

"You would gain time," replied Shusky; "but you will not succeed; the Czarina Mary's declaration is sufficient for us to decide upon your fate, and, so doing, we doom you to die."

Thereupon four men seized the culprit and pushed him against a wall; two others, armed with muskets, went close up to him and shot him. He struggled an instant, and then expired. His corpse, dragged by the mob to the place of common execution, was there abandoned with outrage and mutilation. His death was the signal for the massacre of the Poles, whom Otrepief had always favored, affecting their manners, and selecting them for his body-guard. Moscow just then contained a great number of those foreigners; for Marina, daughter of the voevóda of Sandomir, had arrived a few days before for her nuptials with the Czar, and had been closely followed by the King of Poland's ambassadors, with an armed and numerous suite. After an orgie at the palace, the Poles had committed various excesses, beating peaceable citizens and outraging women, which had greatly exasperated the people. Besides this, their religion rendered them odious; and scarcely had the false Demetrius fallen when

the Russian priests and monks raised the cry of massacre. With shouts of "down with the Pope!" and "death to the heretics!" they spread through the city, pointing out to the people the dwellings of the Poles, whose doors were already marked by the conspirators. It was a St. Bartholomew on a small scale. Blood flowed for six hours in the streets of Moscow; more than a thousand Poles were slaughtered; and when the work was done, the murderers repaired to the churches to thank God for the success of their enterprise. Shusky was proclaimed Czar by the will of the people, which, at that moment, it would not have been safe to thwart.

The brilliant success of one impostor, temporary though it had proved, soon raised up others. Shusky was no sooner on the throne than the report spread that Czar Demetrius had not been shot—that a faithful adherent had suffered death in his stead. And a runaway serf, Ivan Bolotnikof by name, undertook to personate the defunct impostor. But although he collected a sort of army of Strelitz, Cossacks, and peasants, glad of any pretext for pillage, and although he was recognized by two powerful princes, one of whom, strange to say, was his former owner, Prince Téliatevski, his abilities and his success were alike far inferior to those of Otrepief. Astrachan and several other towns revolted in his favor; but Shusky marched against him, won a battle, in which Téliatevski was killed, and besieged Toulá, in which Bolotnikof and the other chiefs of the revolt had shut themselves up. "The besieged," says M. Blanc, "defended themselves vigorously; but Shusky, by the advice of a child, who was assuredly born with the genius of destruction, stopped the course of the Oupa, by means of a dike made below the town, through which the river flowed. The topographical position of the town was such that in a few hours it was completely under water. Many of the inhabitants were drowned; defense became impossible; and Bolotnikof, seized by his mutinous followers, was given up to Shusky. This second false Demetrius was forthwith shot; but his fate did not discourage a third impostor, who, like his predecessor, commanded armies, but never reached the throne. From first to last, no less than seven candidates appeared for the name and birthright of Ivan's murdered son. Three of them were promptly crushed; the seventh audaciously asserted that he united in his person not only the true Demetrius, whom Godonuf had assassinated, but also the one

whom Shusky had dragged from the throne, and two of the subsequent impostors. This was rather a strong dose even for Cossacks to swallow; but these gentlemen rejoiced at the prospect of booty, affected to credit the tale, and bore the pretender's banner to within a short distance of Moscow. There his career terminated. A Cossack chief who had often seen Otrepief, finding himself in the presence of the seventh Demetrius, declared aloud that he was not the Czar he had served, arrested the impostor with his own hand, and hung him on a neighboring tree.

The annals of this period of Russian history are painful from the atrocities they record; and M. Blanc is prodigal of horrors. The interval of a quarter of a century between the extinction of the line of Rurik and the accession of the Romanoff dynasty, still paramount in Russia, was occupied by the constant struggles between usurpers and pretenders, none of whom dreamed of a milder fate than death for the foe who fell into their hands. And happy was the vanquished chief who escaped with a prompt and merciful death by axe or bullet. The most hideous tortures were put in practice, either for the extortion of confessions, or for the gratification of malice. Even Shusky, whom we have shown enduring with noble fortitude the agonizing pressure of the iron crown, learned not mercy from suffering. His treatment of an enthusiastic boyarin, sent by the third false Demetrius to summon him to vacate the throne, was such as Red Indians or Spanish inquisitors might have shuddered to witness. It is recorded, in all its horrible details, at page 52 of the *Histoire des Conspirations, &c.* The torture of individuals, which was of frequent occurrence, was varied from time to time by the massacre of multitudes. We have mentioned that of the Poles. In 1611, after Shusky's dethronement, it was the turn of the Muscovites. The Poles having seized Moscow, insisted that Vladislaus, son of the King of Poland, should be elected Czar. The nobles consented, but the patriarch steadily refused his consent; and, by the law of the land, his opposition nullified the election. Thereupon the Poles ran riot in the city, plundering, murdering, and ravishing; and at last, unsheathing the sword for a general slaughter, twenty thousand men, women, and children fell in one day beneath the murderous steel. A Muscovite army then closely blockaded the place; and the Poles were reduced to the greatest ex-

trémity of famine. They at last surrendered on condition of their lives being spared, notwithstanding which compact many were massacred by the Cossacks. "And yet," says M. Blanc, "the aspect of the town was well calculated to excite compassion rather than hatred. In the streets the cadaverous and emaciated inhabitants looked like spectres; in the houses were the remains of unclean animals, fragments of repasts horrible to imagine; and what is still more frightful, perhaps unprecedented, salting tubs were found, *filled with human flesh.*"

It was under the reign of Alexis, the second Romanoff, and father of Peter the Great, that there appeared in Russia the most extraordinary robber the world ever saw. He claimed not to be a czar, or the son of a czar; the Demetrius mask was out of date, and one real and another pretended son of Otrepief and Marina had been executed by order of Alexis. The new adventurer was a common Cossack from the Don, who went by his own name of Stenka Razin, and to whom M. Blanc attributes, perhaps with a little exaggeration, the ambition, courage, and ferocity of a Tamerlane. In those days the Russian territory was by no means free from robbers, who pillaged caravans of merchandise, but generally respected the property of the czar and the principal nobles, lest they should make themselves powerful enemies. Razin's first act was to throw down the glove to his sovereign. He seized a convoy belonging to the court, and hung some gentlemen who endeavored to defend it. The fame of his intrepidity and success brought him many followers, and soon he was at the head of an army. He embarked on the Caspian Sea, and cruised along its shores, frequently landing and seizing immense booty. At the mouth of the Yaik he was met by an officer of the czar's, sent by the voevóda of Astrachan to offer him and his companions a free pardon, on condition of their discontinuing their robberies. Razin replied that he was no robber, but a conqueror; that he made war, and suffered none to fail in respect towards him. And to prove his words, he hung the officer, and drowned the men of his escort. A numerous body of Strelitz was then sent against him. Razin beat the Strelitz, seized the town of Yatskoi, massacred the garrison and the inhabitants, and passed the winter there unmolested. In the spring he marched into Persia. There he accumulated immense booty, but was at last expelled by a general rising of the population. On his return to

Russia he was soon surrounded by troops; but even then, such was the terror of his name, the Russian general granted him a capitulation, by which he and his men were permitted to retire to their native provinces, taking their plunder with them; and their security was guaranteed so long as they abstained from aggression. This scandalous convention was ratified by Alexis, but was not long adhered to by the bandit with whom the czar thus meanly condescended to treat as an equal. Stenka's next campaign was even more successful than the previous one. Bodies of troops deserted to him, and several towns fell into his power; amongst others, that of Astrachan, where frightful scenes of violence and murder were enacted—Razin himself parading the streets, intoxicated with brandy, and stabbing all he met. He was marching upon Moscow, with the avowed intention of dethroning the czar, when he sustained a reverse, and, after fighting like a lion, was made prisoner, and sent in fetters to the city he had expected to enter in triumph. Taken before Alexis, he replied boldly and haughtily to the czar's reproaches and threats. The only anxiety he showed, was to know what manner of death he was to suffer. He had heard that, in the previous year, an obscure robber and assassin, who pillaged convents and churches, had been cut into pieces of half a finger's breadth, beginning at the toes. This barbarous punishment, of which several instances are cited in M. Blanc's book, was known as the "torture of the ten thousand pieces." "But," exclaimed Stenka Razin, with a sort of terror, so horrible did this death appear to him, "I am no robber of monks! I have commanded armies. I have made peace with the czar, therefore I had a right to make war upon him. Is there not a man among you brave enough to split my head with a hatchet?" The Strelitz guards, to whom these words were addressed, refused the friendly office, and Razin heard himself condemned to be quartered alive. He seemed resigned, as if he considered this death an endurable medium between the decapitation he had implored of his judges and the barbarous mincing he had been led to expect. But his energy forsook him on the scaffold, and the man who had so often confronted and inflicted death, received it in a swooning state.

The characters of few sovereigns admit of being judged more variously than that of Peter I. of Russia, surnamed the Great. According to the point of view, whence we

contemplate him, we behold the hero or the savage; the wise legislator or the lawless tyrant; the patient pursuer of science, or the dissolute and heartless debauchee. In the long chapter given to his romantic and eventful reign, M. Blanc shows him little favor. In a work treating of conspiracies and executions, the characters of the sovereigns introduced are naturally not exhibited under their most amiable aspect, especially when those sovereigns are Russian czars and czarinas, to whom lenity has generally been less familiar than severity, and pardon than punishment. The pen of Voltaire has done much for the reputation of Peter the Great, who to us has always appeared an over-rated personage. Historians have vaunted his exploits and good deeds, till his crimes and barbarities have been lost sight of in the glitter of panegyric. The monarch who could debase himself to the office of an executioner, beheading his rebel subjects with his own hand, and feasting his eyes with the spectacle of death when he himself was weary of slaying; who could condemn his wife, repudiated without cause, to the frightful torture of the knout, and sign the order, which it is more than suspected he himself executed, for the death of his own son—may have been great as a warrior and a legislator, but must ever be execrated as a man. Peter was certainly an extraordinary compound of vices and virtues. His domestic life will not bear even the most superficial investigation, and M. Blanc has ripped it up unmercifully. The great reformer—we might almost say the founder—of the mighty empire of Russia, the conqueror of Charles of Sweden, was a drunkard and a gross sensualist, a bad father, a cruel and unfaithful husband. Indeed, some of his acts seem inexplicable, otherwise than by that ferocious insanity manifest in more than one of his descendants. Even his rare impulses of mercy were apt to come too late to save the victim. As illustrating one of them, an incident, nearly the last event of Peter's life, is given by M. Blanc in more minute detail than we ever before met with it. Peter's whole life was a romance; but this is assuredly one of its most romantic episodes. A short time before his death, according to M. Blanc, although other writers fix the date some years earlier, Peter was violently smitten by the charms of a young girl named Ivanowa. Although tenderly attached, and about to be married to an officer of the regiment of Schouvaloff, she dared not oppose the czar's wishes, but

became his mistress. Peter, who took her repugnance for timidity, fancied himself beloved, and passed much of his time in her society, in a charming cottage in which he had installed her at one of the extremities of St. Petersburg. He had enriched her family, who were ignorant, however, of her retreat. Her betrothed, whose name was Demetrius Daniloff, was in despair at her disappearance, and made unceasing efforts to discover her, but all in vain, until Ivanowa, having made a confidant of a Livonian slave, had him conducted to her presence. The lovers' meetings were then frequent, so much so, that Peter received intelligence of them. "His anger was terrible; he roared like a tiger. 'Betrayed! betrayed everywhere and always!' cried he, striding wildly about the room, and striking his brow with his clenched fist. 'Oh! revenge! revenge!'"

"Before the close of the day he left the palace, alone, wrapped in a coarse cloak, his feet in nailed shoes, whose patches attested their long services, his head covered with a fox-skin cap which came down over his eyebrows and half concealed his eyes. He soon reached Ivanowa's house, where the lovers deemed themselves perfectly secure, for the czar had spread a report of his departure for Moscow. Moreover, the faithful Livonian slave kept watch in the ante-chamber, to give an alarm at the least noise. Peter knew all this, and had taken his measures accordingly. Opening an outer door with a key of his own, he bounced into the ante-room, upset the slave, and with a kick of his powerful foot burst the door that separated him from the lovers. All this occurred with the speed of lightning. Daniloff and Ivanowa had scarce time to rise from their seats before the czar stood over them with his drawn sword in his hand. Ivanowa uttered a cry of terror, fell on her knees and fainted. Prompt as the czar, Daniloff bared his sabre and threw himself between his mistress and Peter. The latter lowered his weapon.

"'No,' he said, 'the revenge were too brief.'

"He opened a window and cried *hourra!* At the signal, a hundred soldiers crowded into the house. Mastering his fury, the Czar ordered the young officer to be taken to prison, there to receive one hundred blows of the *battogues* or sticks. Ivanowa was also confined until the senate should decide on her fate. The next day Daniloff received his terrible punishment. Before half of it had been inflicted, his back from the loins to the shoulders, was one hideous wound," &c.

We omit the revolting details. "Nevertheless the executioners continued to strike, and the hundred blows were counted, without a complaint from the sufferer. The unfortunate Daniloff had not even fainted; he got up alone,* when untied, and asked to have his wounds carefully dressed.

" 'I have need to live a short time longer,' he added."

Meanwhile Ivanowa was brought before the senate, and accused of high treason and of trying to discover state secrets—a charge of Peter's invention. The supple senate, created by the Czar, condemned her to receive twenty-two blows of the knout in the presence of her accomplice Daniloff, already punished by the emperor's order. On the day appointed for the execution, Peter stood upon the balcony of his winter palace. Several battalions of infantry marched past, escorting the unfortunate Demetrius, who, in spite of the frightful sufferings he still endured, walked with a steady step, and with a firm and even joyful countenance. Surrounded by another escort, was seen the young and lovely Ivanowa, half dead with terror, supported on one side by a priest and on the other by a soldier, and letting her beautiful head fall from one shoulder to the other, according to the impulse given it by her painful progress. Even Peter's heart melted at the sight. Re-entering his apartment, he put on the ribbon of the order of St. Andrew, threw a cloak over his shoulders, left the palace, sprang into a boat, and reached the opposite side of the river at the same time as the mournful procession which had crossed the bridge. Making his way through the crowd, he dropped his cloak, took Ivanowa in his arms and imprinted a kiss upon her brow. A murmur arose amongst the people, and suddenly cries of "pardon" were heard.

"The knights of St. Andrew then enjoyed the singular privilege that a kiss given by them to a condemned person, deprived the executioner of his victim. This privilege has endured even to our day, but not without some modification.

"Daniloff had recognized Peter. He approached the Czar, whose every movement he had anxiously watched, stripped off his coat, and rent the bloody shirt that covered his shoulders.

" 'The man who could suffer thus,' he said, 'knows how to die. Czar, thy repentance comes too late! Ivanowa, I go to wait for thee!' And drawing a concealed poniard, he stabbed himself twice. His death was instantaneous. Peter hurried back to his palace, and the stupefied crowd slowly dispersed. Ivanowa died shortly afterwards, in the convent to which she had been permitted to retire."

If we are frequently shocked, in the course of M. Blanc's third volume, by the tyrannical and brutal cruelty of the Russian sovereigns, we are also repeatedly disgusted by the servility and patient meanness of those who suffered from it. We behold Muscovite nobles of high rank and descent, cringing under the wanton torments inflicted on them by their oppressor, and submitting to degradations to which death, one would imagine, were, to any free-spirited man, fifty times preferable. As an example, we will cite the conduct of a Prince Galitzin, who after long exile in Germany, where he had become a convert to the Romish church, solicited and obtained permission to return to his country. This was in 1740, under the reign of the dissolute and cruel Czarina Anne. The parasites and flatterers who composed the court of that licentious princess, urged her to inflict on the new-made papist the same punishment that had been suffered by a noble named Vonitzin, who had turned Jew, and had been burned alive, or rather roasted at a slow fire. Anne refused, but promised the courtiers they should not be deprived of their sport.

"The same day Galitzin, although upwards of forty years old, was ordered to take his place amongst the pages: a few days later he received a notification that the empress, contented with his services, had been pleased to raise him to the dignity of her third buffoon. 'The custom of buffoons,' says an historian, 'was then in full force in Russia: the empress had six, *three of whom were of very high birth*, and when they did not lend themselves with a good grace to the tomfooleries required of them by her or her favorites, she had them punished with the *battogues*.' The empress appeared well satisfied with the manner in which the prince fulfilled his new duties; and as he was a widower, she declared she would find him a wife, that so valuable a subject might not die without posterity. They selected, for the poor wretch's bride, the most hideous and disgusting creature that could be found in the lowest ranks of the populace. Anne herself ex-

* The victim is placed upon his belly (and tied down so that he cannot change his position) to receive this terrible punishment, in severity inferior only to the knout.

ranged the ceremonial of the wedding. It was in the depth of one of the severest winters of the century ; and, at a great expense, the empress had a palace built of ice. Not only was the building entirely constructed of that material, but all the furniture, including the nuptial bed, was also of ice. In front of the palace were ice cannons, mounted on ice carriages.

" Anne and all her court conducted the newly married pair to this palace, their destined habitation. The guests were in sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer ; the husband and wife, enclosed in a cage, were carried on an elephant. When the procession arrived near the palace, the ice cannons were fired, and not one of them burst, so intense was the cold. Several of them were even loaded with bullets, which pierced thick planks at a considerable distance. When everybody had entered the singular edifice, the ball began. It probably did not last long. On its conclusion, Anne insisted on the bride and bridegroom being put to bed in her presence : they were undressed, with the exception of their under garments, and were compelled to lie down upon the bed of ice, without covering of any kind. Then the company went away, and sentinels were placed at the door of the nuptial chamber, to prevent the couple from leaving it before the next day ! But when the next day came, they had to be carried out ; the poor creatures were in a deplorable state, and survived their torture but a few days."

This patient submission to a long series of indignities on the part of a man of Galitzin's rank and blood is incomprehensible, and pity for his cruel death is mingled with contempt for the elderly prince who could tamely play the page, and caper in the garb of a court jester. But the Russian noble of that day—and even of a later period—united the soul of a slave with the heart of a tyrant. To the feeble a relentless tiger, before the despot or the despot's favorite he grovelled like a spiritless cur. The memoirs of the eighteenth century abound in examples of his base servility. We cite one, out of many which we find recorded in an interesting *Life of Catherine II. of Russia*, published at Paris in 1797. Plato Zouboff, one of Catherine's favorite lovers, had a little monkey, a restless, troublesome beast, which everybody detested, but which everybody caressed, by way of paying court to its master. Amongst the host of ministers, military men, and ambassadors, who sedulously attended the levees of the powerful favorite, was a general

officer, remarkable for the perfection and care with which his hair was dressed. One day the monkey climbed upon his head, and, after completely destroying the symmetry of his hyacinthine locks, deliberately defiled them. The officer dared not show the slightest discontent. There are not wanting, however, in the history of the eighteenth century, instances of heroism and courage to contrast with the far more numerous ones of vileness afforded by the aristocracy of Russia. The dignity and fortitude of Menzikoff—that pastry-cook's boy who became a great minister—during his terrible exile in Siberia, are an oft-told tale. Prince Dolgorouki, the same to whom Anne owed her crown, and whom she requited by a barbarous death, beheld his son, brother, and nephew broken on the wheel. When his turn came, and the executioners were arranging him suitably upon the instrument of torture : " Do as you please with me," he said, " and without fear of loading your consciences, for it is not in human power to increase my sufferings." And he died without uttering a complaint. But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of coolness and self-command, at the moment of a violent and cruel death, to be found in the annals of executions, is that of Pugatscheff, who, however, was no nobleman, but a Cossack of humble birth, who deserted from the Russian army after the siege and capture of Bender by General Panin, and fled to Poland, where he was concealed for a time by hermits of the Greek church. " Conversing one day with his protectors," says a French writer already referred to, " he told them, that once, during his service in General Panin's army a Russian officer said to him, after staring him very hard in the face, ' If the emperor Peter III., my master, were not dead, I should think I now stood before him.' The hermits paid little attention to this tale ; but some time afterwards one of their number, who had not yet met Pugatscheff, exclaimed, on beholding him, ' Is not that the emperor, Peter III.?' The monks then induced him to attempt an imposture they had planned." M. Blanc's account differs from this, inasmuch as it asserts the resemblance to the defunct Czar to have been very slight. Whatever the degree of likeness, Pugatscheff declared himself the husband of Catherine II. (murdered some time previously, by Prince Bariatinski and by Alexis Orloff, the brother of Catherine's lover.) and thousands credited his pretensions. The Cossacks of the River Yaik (afterwards changed to the Ural by Catherine, who de-

sired to obliterate the memory of this revolt) were just then in exceedingly bad humor. After patiently submitting to a great deal of oppression and ill usage, they had received orders to cut off their beards. This they would not do. They had relinquished, grumbling but passive, many a fair acre of pasture; they had furnished men for a new regiment of hussars; but they rebelled outright when ordered to use a razor. The Livonian general, Traubenberg, repaired to Yaitsk with a strong staff of barbers, and began shaving the refractory Cossacks on the public market-place. The patients rose in arms, massacred general, barbers, and aid-de-camps; recognized Pugatscheff as Peter III., and swore to replace him on his throne, and to die in his defense. The adventurer was near being as successful as the monk Otrepief. Catherine herself was very uneasy, although she published contemptuous proclamations, and jested, in her letters to Voltaire, on the Marquis of Pugatscheff, as she called him. It was rather a serious subject to joke about. The impostor defeated Russian armies, and slew their generals; took towns, whose governors he impaled; burned upwards of two hundred and fifty villages; destroyed the commerce of Siberia; stopped the working of the Orenberg mines; and poured out the blood of thirty thousand Russian subjects. At last he was taken. On his trial he showed great firmness; and, although unable to read or write, he answered the questions of the tribunal with wonderful ability and intelligence. He was condemned to death. According to the sentence, his hands were to be cut off first, then his feet, then his head, and finally the trunk was to be quartered. When brought upon the scaffold, and whilst the imperial ukase enumerating his crimes was read, he undressed quickly and in silence; but when they began to read the sentence, he dextrously prevented the executioner from attending to it, by asking him all manner of questions—whether his axe was in good order, whether the block was not of a less size than prescribed by law, and whether he, the executioner, had not, by chance, drank more brandy than usual, which might make his hand unsteady.

"The sentence read, the magistrate and his assistant left the scaffold.

" 'Now, then,' said Pugatscheff, to the executioner, 'let us have no mistakes; the prescribed order must be strictly observed. So you will first cut off my head'—

" 'The head first!' cried the executioner.

" 'So runs the sentence. Have a care!

I have friends who would make you dearly expiate an error to my prejudice."

"It was too late to call back the magistrate; and the executioner, who doubted, at last said to himself that the important affair, after all, was the death of the criminal, and that there was little difference whether it took place rather sooner or rather later. He grasped his axe; Pugatscheff laid his head on the block, and the next moment it rebounded upon the scaffold. The feet and hands were cut off after death; the culprit escaping torture by his great presence of mind."

It has been asserted that an order from the empress thus humanized the cruel sentence; but this is exceedingly improbable, for she was bitter against Pugatscheff, who, ignorant Cossack as he was, had made the modern Semiramis tremble on her throne; besides, it is matter of history that, after his execution, the headsman had his tongue cut out and was sent to Siberia. Catherine, who had affected to laugh at Pugatscheff during his life, was so ungenerous as to calumniate him after death. "This brigand," she said, in one of her letters quoted by M. Blanc, "showed himself so pusillanimous in his prison, that it was necessary to prepare him with caution to hear his sentence read, lest he should die of fear." It is quite certain, M. Blanc observes, that to his dying hour Pugatscheff inspired more fear than he felt.

The misfortunes of the unhappy young Princess Tarrakanoff supply M. Blanc with materials for the most interesting chapter in this volume of his work. The Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III.—whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbest, afterwards Catherine the Great, was brought about by her—had had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Razumoffski. The youngest of these was a daughter, who was brought up in Russia under the name of the Princess Tarrakanoff. When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish prince, Charles Radzivil, carried off the young princess, and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy. These resources exhausted, Radzivil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess or ducenna. On reaching

his native country he was offered the restoration of his property if he would bring back his word to Russia. He refused; but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate. Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen bloodhound, she well knew, capable of any villainy that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promise of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the princess, and lured her within Catherine's reach. Orloff set out for Italy; and on arriving there he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy, styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find out the princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward. M. Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made admiral at once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document. Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea as a Russian vice-admiral. When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate princess. With some abridgment we will follow M. Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the most authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzivil, she was reduced to the greatest penury, existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters. Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign; he told her she was the legitimate empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne, it was only because nobody knew where she (the princess) was hidden; and that her appearance amongst her faithful subjects would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper. Notwithstanding her youth, the princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances; she was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard. Then Orloff, one of the handsomest men of his time, joined the seductions of love to those

of ambition: he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand. The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous snare spread for her inexperience: she believed and loved him. The infamous Orloff persuaded her that their marriage must be strictly private, lest Catherine should hear of it and take precautions. In the night he brought to her house a party of mercenaries, some wearing the costumes of priests of the Greek church, others magnificently attired to act as witnesses. The mockery of a marriage enacted, the princess willingly accompanied Alexis Orloff, whom she believed her husband, to Leghorn, where entertainments of all sorts were given to her. The Russian squadron, at anchor off the port, was commanded by the English Admiral Greig. This officer, either the dupe or the accomplice of Orloff, invited the princess to visit the vessels that were soon to be commanded in her name. She accepted, and embarked after a banquet, amidst the acclamations of an immense crowd: the cannon thundered, the sky was bright, every circumstance conspired to give her visit the appearance of a brilliant festival. From her flag-bedecked galley she was hoisted in a splendid arm-chair on board the admiral's vessel, where she was received with the honors due to a crowned head. Until then Orloff had never left her side for instant. Suddenly the scene changed. Orloff disappeared: in place of the gay and smiling officers who an instant previously had obsequiously bowed before her, the unfortunate victim saw herself surrounded by men of sinister aspect, one of whom announced to her that she was prisoner by order of the Empress Catherine, and that soon she would be brought to trial for the treason she had attempted. The princess thought herself in a dream. With loud cries she summoned her husband to her aid; her guardians laughed in her face, and told her she had had a lover, but no husband, and that her marriage was a farce. Her despair at these terrible revelations amounted to frenzy; she burst into sobs and reproaches, and at last swooned away. They took advantage of her insensibility to put fetters on her feet and hands, and lower her into the hold. A few hours later, the squadron sailed for Russia. Notwithstanding her helplessness and entreaties, the poor girl was kept in irons until her arrival at St. Petersburg, when she was taken before the empress, who wished to see and question her.

Catherine was old ; the Princess Tarrakanoff was but sixteen, and of surpassing beauty ; the disparity destroyed her last chance of mercy. But as there was in reality no charge against her, and as her trial might have made too much noise, Catherine, after a long and secret interview with her unfortunate prisoner, gave orders she should be kept in the most rigorous captivity. She was confined in one of the dungeons of a prison near the Neva.

Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine, and of the villain Orloff, awaited death as the only relief she could expect ; but youth, and a good constitution, struggled energetically against torture and privations. One night, reclining on the straw that served her as a bed, she prayed to God to terminate her sufferings by taking her to himself, when her attention was attracted by a low rumbling noise like the roll of distant thunder. She listened. The noise redoubled : it became an incessant roar, which each moment augmented in power. The poor captive desired death, and yet she felt terror ; she called aloud, and implored not to be left alone. A jailer came at her cries ; she asked the cause of the noise she heard.

" 'Tis nothing," replied the stupid slave ; " the Neva overflowing."

" But cannot the water reach us here ?"

" It is here already."

At that moment the flood, making its way under the door, poured into the dungeon, and in an instant captive and jailer were over the ankles in water.

" For heaven's sake, let us leave this !" cried the young princess.

" Not without order ; and I have received none."

" But we shall be drowned !"

" That is pretty certain. But without special orders I am not to let you leave this dungeon, under pain of death. In cases of unforeseen danger I am to remain with you, and to kill you should rescue be attempted."

" Good God ! the water rises. I cannot sustain myself."

The Neva overflowing its banks, floated enormous blocks of ice, upsetting everything in its passage, and inundating the adjacent country. The water now plashed furiously against the prison-doors : the sentinels had been carried away by the torrent, and the other soldiers on guard had taken refuge on the upper floors. Lifted off her feet by the icy flood, which still rose higher, the unfortunate captive fell and disappeared ; the jailer, who had water to his breast, hung

his lamp against the wall, and tried to succor his prisoner ; but when he succeeded in raising her up, she was dead ! The possibility anticipated by his employers was realized ; there had been stress of circumstances, and the princess being dead, he was at liberty to leave the dungeon. Bearing the corpse in his arms, he succeeded in reaching the upper part of the prison.

If we may offer a hint to authors, it is our opinion that this tragical anecdote will be a godsend to some romance-writer of costive invention, and on the out-look for a plot. Very little ingenuity will suffice to spread over the prescribed quantity of foolscap the incidents we have packed into a page. They will dilute very handsomely into three volumes. As to characters, the novelist's work is done to his hand. Here we have the Empress Catherine, vindictive and dissolute, persecuting that " fair girl," the Princess Tarrakanoff, with the assistance of Orloff, the smooth villain, and of the sullen ruffian Ribas. The latter will work up into a sort of Italian Varney, and may be dispersed to the elements by an intentional accident, on board the ship blown up by Orloff's order, for the enlightenment of the painter Ilackert. With the exception of the dungeon-scene, we have given but a meagre outline of M. Blanc's narrative ; and there are a number of minor characters that may be advantageously brought in and expanded. " This event," says M. Blanc, referring to the kidnapping of the Princess, " caused a strong sensation at Leghorn. Prince Leopold, Grand-duke of Tuscany, complained bitterly of it, and would have had Alexis Orloff arrested ; but this vile assassin of Peter III. maintained that he had only executed the orders of his sovereign, who would well know how to justify him. He was supported, in this circumstance, by the English consul, who was his accomplice ; and the Grand-duke, seeing he was not likely to be the strongest, suffered the matter to drop." " Some Englishmen," another French writer asserts, " had been so base as participate in Alexis Orloff's plot ; but others were far from approving of it. They even blushed to serve under him, and sent in their resignations. Admiral Elphinstone was one of these. Greig was promoted in his place." An Italian prince, indignant, but timid ; a foreign consul, sold to Russian interests ; a British sailor, spurning the service of a tyrant. We need say no more ; for we are quite sure that before they get thus far, the corps of historical novelists will be handling ~~these~~ goose-quills.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

EARLY LIFE OF DE LAMARTINE, VICTOR HUGO, AND JULES JANIN.

BY P. G. PATMORE.

THERE is nothing more pleasant, and few things more profitable, than to gather up and place on record, at the fitting moment, those slight and (in themselves) insignificant passages in the early life of celebrated men which are very widely passed by at the period of their occurrence, as not claiming more than the momentary note and recognition of personal friends. But these *buds* of genius, when they have actually blossomed into the "bright consummate flowers" which they promised, are more precious to the memory than are those full-blown flowers themselves to the sense.

It is this consideration which induces us to place before our readers a few private anecdotes of the boyhood and youth of men, one of whom, De Lamartine, has, during the last few months, occupied a more prominent place in the eyes of Europe than any other living individual, and who has, during the greater portion of that period, done more to prove and illustrate the sublime power of intellect over brute force than was, perhaps, ever before effected, within the like period, by any other living man.

Another of those men, Victor Hugo, has done scarcely less than Lamartine, and will, probably, hereafter do still more, to influence the destinies of his countrymen.

The third, Jules Janin, though enjoying European celebrity as a *feuilletoniste*, is of inferior note to the foregoing. But the passage we are enabled to give from his early life is so singularly *à propos* to the political events that have lately occurred in France, that we cannot doubt of its being read with interest and curiosity—the rather that M. Janin has, during the whole of the late events in Paris, kept himself studiously in the background, and abstained from expressing, or even indicating, any political opinions whatever.

The first of our reminiscences relates to

Alphonse de Lamartine when he was a boy of twelve years of age, and perhaps there is not on record a more remarkable instance of precocity of intellect, or one that has been more fully and characteristically borne out in its prophetic promise by after years; for the marking feature of Lamartine's genius is that union of complexional tenderness and sensibility with intellectual enthusiasm, which forms the essence of that religio-poetical eloquence in which his genius consists.

At the period to which our anecdote relates, the widowed mother of De Lamartine resided with her family in a château in Burgundy, in the vicinity of which she was looked up to as the great lady of the district. Among her few habitual visitors was the good *cure* of the neighboring village, who, from his amiable temper and endearing manners, was the delight of all who came within the sphere of his influence, and particularly of the young folks at the château, who honored and revered him as a father, without ceasing to love and cherish him as a playmate and companion. On the occasion in question he had called at the château in passing homeward from one of his visitations of duty and benevolence, and nothing could satisfy his young friends, who crowded round him with welcomes and caresses, but his remaining to dine and spend the rest of the day with them. The lady of the château joined her solicitations to those of her children, and the good *cure's* inclinations strongly seconded their wishes; but there was a serious obstacle in the way.

"It is Saturday," said the good man, "and I've not prepared a line of my to-morrow's sermon. And to compose a good sermon," added he, smiling, "is no joke. It will take me all the rest of the day, and, it may be, an hour or two of the night."

"Oh, if that's all," cried Alphonse, who had receded from the crowd of little suitors

around the *curé*, and was contemplating from a window the scene without, "if that's all, I'll write your sermon for you, *Monsieur le Curé*. I often write sermons, and preach them too—in my head! What shall the text be?"

All present, the *curé* included, greeted this half-serious, half-jocular sally with good-humored smiles or laughter, and the good man himself appeared to yield to the argument for his stay among them. Accordingly he gave a text at random to the young aspirant for preaching honors, and determined to borrow a few hours from his pillow for the composition of his to-morrow's discourse.

After dinner Alphonse disappeared from the family party; but as this was the frequent result of his contemplative habits, nobody took notice of his absence till the *curé* was preparing for his early departure in the evening—when Alphonse made his appearance with a roll of paper in his hand.

"Here is your sermon, *Monsieur le Curé*," exclaimed he, with a smile of exultation on his beautiful and expressive countenance.

The good *curé*, innocently humoring the joke, took the scroll and opened it.

"Well," said he, "let us see what this sermon of our young friend is made of. Suppose we try a little of it upon the present audience," and he proceeded to open and read it aloud. He had not read many lines, however, before his aspect and manner became entirely changed. In a word, the child of twelve years of age had produced a composition of deep thought, fervid eloquence, and high poetry, and the good *curé* pronounced it at church the next day to a delighted and admiring audience.

No coincidence could have been more fitting and appropriate, than that of the first work of the author of the "*Meditations*" and the "*Harmonies Sacrées*" being first given to the world within the walls of a religious temple.

The second triumph of De Lamartine, though less precocious than the first, was infinitely more difficult of attainment—since the one was accorded by a partial friend and an unlettered provincial audience, whereas the other was achieved over the *élite* of the critics and men of letters of Paris, rendered doubly fastidious by the presence of the fairest representatives of her female wit and beauty. It took place pretty nearly thirty years ago, when De Lamartine was about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and the scene of it was the *salon* of the celebrated Madame de St. A.—, celebrated no less for her beauty than for her talents and literary taste. The young

De Lamartine, who had by this time seriously adopted the *métier* of a poet, had, on his visiting Paris for the purpose of publishing his "*Meditations*," been recommended to the Countess de A— by a provincial friend; and having herself been allowed to peruse his verses, and judge as to the talents of the young poet, she invited, on the occasion in question, all that was brilliant in Paris, in letters, statesmanship, art, fashion, and beauty—it being expressly hinted to them that they would be called upon to hear and pronounce on the verses of a young poet from the provinces who was entirely unknown to fame.

This open challenge to the exercise of all the literary prejudice and partisanship, all the critical severity, all the irony, all the professional "envy, hatred, and malice" of rivalry, not to mention all the *insouciance* and frivolity of the most frivolous and *insouciant* society in the world, was preparing a hard trial for the boy-poet; and Madame de St. A.—, who took a deep and sincere interest in the success of her young *protégé*, felt it to be so. She felt, however, that if, as she believed, he was capable of passing through the ordeal triumphantly, it would at once command for him that reputation which otherwise it might take him years of unrequited labor to acquire.

As the time approached for the young aspirant to recite his verses, the mere curiosity, wholly divested of interest, which prevailed, assumed the shape and tone of a contemptuous irony.

"Who is this that we are to hear?" inquired one.

"Upon my life I don't know," was the reply. "I didn't catch the name, but I think the Countess said he comes from Mâcon."

"From Mâcon!—a poet from Mâcon!"

"Did you say Mâcon?"

"Yes—Mâcon, I think it was—or the moon—I won't be sure which."

And this terrible Mâcon went the round of the *salon*, acquiring new significance at every repetition.

At length the exquisitely harmonious voice of the young poet was heard above the busy hum of the brilliant company, and that politeness which is never absent from a well-bred French assembly, immediately commanded a silent hearing, though it by no means promised impartial listeners. And now (as one who was present on this occasion relates) nothing could be more remarkable, and at the same time more beautiful

witness, than the magical effect of genius on that assemblage of variously constituted, and apparently ill-assorted elements of social life and character. All present, the statesman, the *savant*, the man of letters, and the artist; the man of fashion, the *millionnaire*, the idler, the egotist, and the *fainéant*; the beauty, the fashionable leader, the coquette, the *intrigante*, even the prude—if, indeed, there be prudes in French fashionable society—all were presently reduced, or rather lifted, to that level where truth and intellectual beauty reign supreme, cancelling all accidental distinctions, and abolishing all conventional forms and habits of feeling and of thought; so universally true is it that

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

The poem which young De Lamartine read on this occasion was that one among his “Meditations” which is entitled “Le Lac.” The surprise and admiration which the entire novelty of its style and mode of treatment at first excited, were presently changed into that profound emotion which all classes and conditions are capable of feeling when under the immediate influence of high genius; and from that evening Lamartine became the most popular poet in France, and has remained so to this day, without a rival, with scarcely a competitor for the laurel except Victor Hugo—who, in fact, owes no little of his inspiration to his boundless admiration of his brother poet; as the following almost involuntary effusion of boyish enthusiasm will testify.

The rhapsody we are about to give was written by Victor Hugo when he was only sixteen years of age, and before the “Meditations Poétiques” of Lamartine had obtained that universal acceptance to which their entire novelty was at first an obstacle, especially among the literary and critical portion of the Paris community, who were still almost exclusively attached to that *classic* school which Victor Hugo and Lamartine have well-nigh abolished even in France, its latest strong-hold.

“Men of the world and of society,” exclaims the boy-critic, “you will laugh at what I say. Men of letters, you will sneer and shrug your shoulders; but the truth is, not one among you knows what the word *POET* means. Do you find any one answering to the name in your gilded palaces? Do you find him in your luxurious solitudes? And first, as to the soul of a poet: is not the prime and indispensable condition of it, never

to have calculated the price of a base action—never to have taken the wages of a lie? And is there any such man among *you*, ye ‘poets’ of France? Is there among you one man who possesses the *os magna sonaturum*, the mouth capable of uttering great things?—the *ferrea vox*—the voice of iron? Is there a man among ye who is not ready to bend before the caprices of a tyrant or the command of a party? Has not every one of ye acted the part of the *Æolian* harp, changing its tone with every change in the wind that passes through its chords? What have all your odes, your hymns, and your epics done for us? Have ye not denied the true Deity, and offered up on the altars of the false idol an incense as impure as that idol itself? My words are dark, perhaps; they will not be understood by the world. But you should thank me for this. Like the Writing on the Wall, they will be intelligible enough to those whom they most concern! They will want no Daniel to expound them! There would be no difficulty in finding among you those who are ready to flatter power after having extolled anarchy; those who, having hugged the iron chains of an illegitimate despotism, are (like the snake in the fable) breaking their teeth against the file of the law! But a poet? No—not one! For it is to prostitute the term to apply it to any but a firm and upright spirit, a pure heart, a noble and aspiring soul!

“Ever since I could think and feel, I have sought among my countrymen for a poet, and have found him not, and in my destitution I have created the ideal of one in my imagination, and, like the blind bard of the ‘Paradise Lost,’ have attempted to sing the glories of that sun which I could not behold.

“At last, however, I have opened a volume, in which I find the following verses.”

He then gives an extract from “La Se-maine Sainte,” beginning at the line—

“Ici viennent mourir les derniers bruits du monde,” &c.

“These verses first astonished, then delighted me. It is true they lack the conventional elegances and studied graces of our modern bards; but what a sweet yet grave harmony do they breathe! How rich are they in thoughts and images, and those how new and original!

“Further on I find, under the title of ‘L’Invocation,’ the following stanzas:

‘O toi qui m’apparus dans ce desert du monde,’ &c.

"In these sweet and touching stanzas there is something of the manner of André Chénier, and proceeding further I find still more resemblance to the unfortunate author of 'La Jeune Captive;' in both the same originality, the same truth, the same affluence of new imagery; while the pictures of the one exhibit more gravity as well as more mysticism, those of the other more grace, elegance, and *enjouement*. Love is the inspiring deity of both, but in Chénier the love is always more or less that of the senses; in Lamartine the terrestrial passion is purified and elevated by a union with thoughts and sentiments pointing to a higher sphere.

"Chénier, again, has given to his muse the severe and simple attire of the ancient classic models; whereas Lamartine not seldom adopts the style of the Christian prophets and fathers, at other times that of the dreamy muse of Ossian, and the fantastic ones of Klopstock and Schiller. Finally, to adopt a distinction in which there is but little difference, the one may be described as a romanticist among the classicists, the other a classicist among the romanticists.

"In the dithyrambic on 'La Poésie Sacrée,' how truly majestic is the strophe beginning

'Silence, O lyre! et vous, silence
Prophètes, voix de l'avenir,' &c.

"Lastly, in the 'Epistle to Byron,' how beautiful and striking is the passage—

'Fais silence, O ma lyre! et toi,' &c.

"Having read and re-read this remarkable volume," concludes Victor Hugo, "I could not help mentally exclaiming to its author, 'Courage, young poet! You are one of that sure tribe whom Plato desired to cover with honors, but to banish from his ideal republic. Expect in like manner to find yourself banished from our world of anarchy and ignorance, but do not hope that your exile will be graced by the triumph which Plato would have accorded you—the palm-branches, the trumpet, and the crown of flowers!'"

How singularly is part at least of this prediction of his brother-poet likely to be verified! there seems every probability of Lamartine's being banished from that very republic of which he himself is the chief creator—as Plato, upon his own showing, ought to have been banished from his. Certain it is, that he will either be banished from it, or cease to be a poet.

We shall now give portions of a private letter from Jules Janin to a friend in the provinces: it is singularly *à propos* to the existing state of things in France. The letter is without date, but was written about a week after the issue of the celebrated *ordonnances* of the 26th of July, 1830, and expresses the feelings of the young enthusiast on the immediate results of that event, and of the "three days." At the date of his letter its writer was about three or four-and-twenty years of age.

* * * * *

"Yes, my dear friend, it is no less true than strange! At the end of a week's triumph we have achieved our liberty without parting with our royalty—we have still a king, and yet we are free; a king who is a popular one in the only true sense of the phrase—a king who has the wit to know and feel that he is no better than another man in respect of his kingship—a king who shakes hands with his friends, just as you and I do when we meet—a king whose sons are fellow-students with us in our public schools, and who, when we meet them in the streets or the market-place, greet us with a good-humored 'How are you?'"

"Well might Lafayette exclaim the other day, as he took Louis Philippe by the arm, '*This is the republic for my money!*' I echo his words—this is the republic for France!"

"It takes away one's breath even to think of the rapid succession of such astounding events. A throne tumbled into ruins; another throne rising, phoenix-like, from those ruins; our old tricolor restored to us by him, our good Lafayette, who has cherished it in his bosom when all else forgot or repudiated it; the greatest of our writers, our divine Chateaubriand, lifting up his voice, and in words of superhuman eloquence taking a solemn leave of that long line of kings to whom his life had been devoted in vain; those cries of gladness to which our public places have echoed; those tears of joy which even the sternest eyes have shed; this solemn triumph on the one hand—that no less solemn defeat on the other; what can we think or say of all these things?—what, but to repeat the sublime words of Bossuet, 'GOD ALONE IS GREAT!'"

"There are no other words to express these things—things which have baffled all the speculations of politicians, and set at naught all the calculations and combinations of statesmen. In a word, they are miracles—we have passed a week of miracles—and at the end of it, France, arrested in her onward progress for fifteen years, is once more

marching forward in her appointed course. To-day she shouts Victory! to-morrow she pauses, and prays, and weeps!—and lo! on the third day she possesses a king and a charter that are not empty words but solemn verities—verities henceforth and forever!

"But let me, my dear friend, proceed more soberly. I was one of that mighty crowd which created that mighty king. Peers, deputies, citizens, national guards, work-people, women—all indiscriminately entered the Palais Royal—for it was open to all; the Duke of Orleans uttered a few simple words in his new character, of king; and the vast crowd confirmed the office by a universal shout of '*Vive le Roi!*' Then the whole of the beautiful offspring of the new king clapped their young hands, and bowed their heads, and the tears fell from their eyes—and lo! the ceremony of king-making was concluded!

"Can the history of the world show a parallel scene? the monarchy of the greatest nation in the world offered without ceremony—accepted with as little—and there an end! This is not the way in which the imagination creates a great empire.

"Thanks to this happy change, we may now speak as loud as we like; we may write without feeling that our thoughts are hampered, or our pens trammelled; our orators need not weigh their words in a metaphysical balance; or poets need not measure their verses with a moral rule; to sum up all in a word, we may praise Charles X. if our taste lies that way—nobody will trouble us for it!

"What France has desired to be for the last fifty years, that she now is. We have reached the epoch which the author of the *Contrat Social* dreamed of. That which the finest imaginations since Plato have conceived only as a possible state of things, that have a handful of French citizens turned into a living reality. The true solution of the problem of government has been discovered.

"What that solution is, my friend, you of the provinces have at present no conception of. When you think of a court, it is as of a place beset with splendid equipages, lackeys covered with gold lace, chamberlains, masters of the ceremonies, pages, and what not.

You cannot imagine a king otherwise than enthroned in a gilded palace, surrounded by officers of state, guarded by household troops, and followed wherever he goes by crowds of bowing courtiers. Thank Heaven, we have changed all this, and shall henceforth have a king who lives in the midst of his family, walks about his capital with an umbrella under his arm, wears a plain frock-coat, and converses with his friends as one gentleman does with another. You knock at the door of his house—the porter opens it—'Is his Majesty within?'—'Yes, sir;' and the next minute you are speaking to the King of the French!

"Alas for fawning courtiers, and titled valets, and hired flatterers! alas for etiquette and ceremony! alas for the whole breed of the Dreux-Brezès! Their reign is at an end. They have already grown obsolete—defunct—they rank among the things that were.

"'But all this,' you will say, 'applies to the metropolis only.'

"Yes—but do not fear but the good will extend itself all over France, and that you will have your share of it. There will be no more despotism at second-hand, more insupportable than that which comes direct from the fountain-head. Your noble old city of — will assume a new aspect. The miserable little *tracasseries* of its aristocracy of wealth—the intrigues and impertinences of its *bureaucratie*—the petty cabals and tyranny of its *préfets* and public functionaries—all these will find their just level, and it shall go hard, but by and by your honest laborers, and skilful artisans, shall not be ashamed to show their faces in the presence of one of M. Peyronnet's clerks.

"Finally, you will choose your own magistrates from among yourselves; and who knows?—even your *préfet* and *sous-préfet* may learn to act and feel like simple citizens—unless, indeed, they should be above taking example by a king."

In concluding these extracts, we cannot help wondering whether our pleasant and witty friend, Jules Janin, will recognize his own writing of eighteen years ago, in all these agreeable vaticinations which have since been so sadly falsified.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Soul: her Sorrows and her Aspirations. By FRANK W. NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

This publication, from the character of the author and the great noise he has made in the world, is itself sure to make a great noise. It is denominated "*An Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the True Basis of Theology.*" and, as far as we can comprehend the meaning of a *Natural* theory, deduced from the perception of a *Spiritual essence*, affects to do that in religion which has been done in morals and metaphysics, on the precept that "the noblest study of mankind is man." A new system demands a new vocabulary and new definitions of the old. Thus the reader must understand that his *Soul* is "that side of human nature upon which he is in contact with the Infinite, and with God, the Infinite Personality." All else is but leather and primella, and the consequence is, that by aiming so high, all that is really useful, good and precious among mankind is destroyed for the sake of an impracticable and unapproachable phantom. This is the evil of the book and the doctrine. A transcendentalism is substituted for the exercise of human duties, beneficent morals and practical religion. A vague and ideal communion with the inconceivable Supreme is the be all, and the end all, and all the rest of existence is a mere nothing. *vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.* Now, it is evident to demonstration that such a condition in the business of life and intercourse of the world is utterly impossible. To reach it the individual must become an ascetic and seclude himself, solitary in the desert, far from the haunts of his fellow creatures; or he must imitate the fanatic fakirs of India, and sit down in the sun, forever wrapt in the contemplation of his own navel, like the sect of Navellers, thence so called. Mr. Newman merely substitutes the Soul for this corporeal object, and his system is only a variety of Hindoo superstition, and as old as Plato. We repeat, therefore, that in requiring us to attain a state which cannot be, or consist with society, the writer demands the sacrifice of every substantial virtue and real blessing, and like Ixion, embraces a cloud, ourselves being no better than shadows. His enthusiasm stops nothing short of this, and the excitement he propounds could not be satisfied with less than Joe Smith and Nauvoo, or Jumpers and mysterious Love Feasts.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Seven Lamps of Architecture. By JOHN RUSKIN, author of "Modern Painters."

[A very beautiful reprint of this able work has been issued from the press of Mr. Wilby, of New York. The favorable estimate of the Britannia is

echoed by all the British press; and the American reader will find in it a freshness and originality of thought, and a poetic beauty of expression which will justify all that is said in its praise.—*Kn.*]

Mr. Ruskin's mind is of that vigorous and searching nature which can be satisfied with nothing less than the elucidation of pure principles in art. He will accept nothing mean because it is showy, nothing vicious because it is common, nothing false because it is specious. He has no kind of respect for the cant of art, nor for that superficial vulnerability which often passes for knowledge. He observes and he investigates for himself; and, gaining thus very clear and very decided conceptions, he expresses himself in a strain of copious eloquence, which rivets the mind by its fullness of meaning, and fascinates the fancy by its singular appropriateness of language and richness of imagery. It is the great merit of this author that he is never commonplace. We may agree with him or not, but always as he speaks he makes us feel that we are in communion with a powerful and cultivated intellect, and that his inspiration comes from the noble exercise of God given faculties. Writing like him is so rare that we cannot expect it to soon become popular, but as a relief from the *Times*-and-*Chronicle*-made opinions one is in the constant habit of hearing—from the mere manufactured thought with which people now store their minds in the morning, as regularly as they take rolls, coffee, and eggs—we receive it with grateful welcome. Even its eccentricities are most acceptable and wholesome as a stimulant to mental exertion. But we must be careful not to class as eccentricity what at first appears strange and even incomprehensible. It is the distinctive promise of original genius to surprise us by the boldness and novelty of its conceptions—to make discoveries which we were not prepared to receive, and which, therefore, we hesitate to adopt, and this is so true that perhaps no author well worth a second reading ever thoroughly satisfied us with a first. It would be strange, indeed, if the scholar could rise to the height of his master by a single lesson. The surprise with which the highest intellectual efforts of all kinds inspire us is a salutary admonition that we should study before we criticize them.—*Britannia.*

Jalamerk, a Tale of the Nestorians. By MRS. J. B. WEBB, author of "Naomi."

The proposed object of this work, that of exciting a warmer interest in the welfare of the steadfast and persecuted people of whom it treats, is so laudable that we should have been inclined to overlook many minor errors, and pass over many ordinary deficiencies. But Mrs. Webb has not given herself

the trouble even to get hold of the true state of the case. She has blindly adopted the absurd theories of Dr. Grant, as to the Jewish origin of the Nestorians; an hypothesis which was forever set to rest by the mission sent to these mountaineers, some years back, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Royal Geographical Society; and she, most inopportunately, reproduces this hypothesis at a moment when Layard's rich discoveries of Assyrian antiquities have cast an additional interest on those whom that distinguished traveller, like his predecessors, looks upon as the only existing descendants of the Assyrians or Chaldeans of old.

Few finer fields for romance lay as yet untrodden than these few followers of a primitive Christianity. Their patriarchal manners, the simplicity of their habits, the antiquity of their faith, the chaste ceremonies of their church, their hardy lives and the wondrous country in which they dwell, unrivalled in the magnificence of its mountain scenery, afforded materials of the most available character. Then, again, their persecutions, down even to the slaughter of the men, women and children in that horrid cave near Lizan, as described by Layard, were surely within the domain of the author's proposed objects; instead of which, we have a story, partly of a sentimental and partly of a pious character, of a Nestorian lover and a Jewish maiden, with some brief allusions to Mar Shimon and Nurullah Bey, the murderer of Schultze, and some still fainter attempts at description; but all of which are rather calculated to have the effect of wearying the reader with the already too much neglected Nestorians, than of interesting him in their cause.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Visit to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. ROBERT CULZON.

This book is possessed of some most excellent qualifications; it is instructing and pleasing. It has the happy property also of containing within it much that will find favor with every description of readers; it has subjects for all—grave and gay, serious and ludicrous, romantic stories, perilous adventures, hair-breadth escapes, amusing anecdotes, and most touching incidents.—*Beulley's Miscellany*.

Southey's Common-Place Book. Edited by his Son-in-Law, J. WOOD WARTER, B.D.

Within four of 600 pages, in double columns, this ample repertory bears witness to Southey's indefatigable reading and collective industry during the long period of his literary life. A more miscellaneous work never was published; and it is fortunate in having a good index to direct attention to the authors and subjects so multitudinously quoted. Otherwise its perusal is like wandering in a vast forest where every kind of tree, shrub and flower, and every kind of animal are to be found; so that you look around and at every turn make acquaintance with a new object, though the whole is a perfect maze of produce, which may be grouped as *one tree of knowledge* bearing many useful and pleasant

fruits. The preface describes it as showing "the wonderful stores, the accumulated learning, and the unlimited research" of the gifted collector; and the Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, and French authors, besides our own English from early times, who are liberally referred to, warrant the truth of this character.

There are two parts; the first and longest consisting of choice passages, moral, religious, political, philosophical, &c.; and the last, of selections apparently got together during twenty years to be wrought into a History of Manners in England, which Southey projected.—*Literary Gazette*.

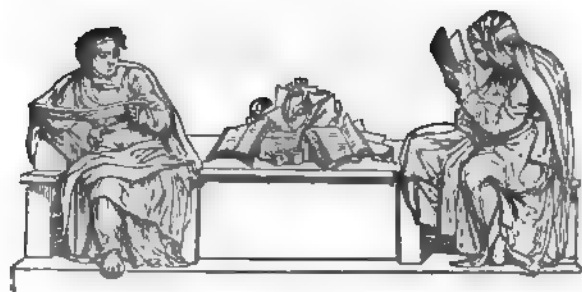
Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, First President of France. Biographical and Personal Sketches, including a Visit to the Prince at the Castle of Ham. By HENRY WIKOFF.

This is a book introduced to the English public by Mr. Chapman the publisher, and full to overflowing of that fierce and furious writing which appears to be so dear to American authorship, but on a subject which the recent march of events has endowed with great public interest. Of the author himself, or of the execution of his work, it is impossible to say much that is favorable. His temper and temerities remove him from the pale of moderate sympathies; we have no wish to chafe his anger, and to correct his misinformation on things English and European would take up too much of our time and space. Patience has its limits, and Mr. Wikoff is just the sort of man to find them out. His hatred of England is cordial, and intense. He hates her institutions, her history, her race, her literature. She has in his eyes no redeeming point.

Our author advertises himself as an intimate friend of every member of the Bonaparte family, and proves his assertion by here reporting private conversations held in the secrecy of their homes by those illustrious personages. Such services should not go unrewarded, and the least that the President of the young Republic can do for his laudator is to make him caves-dropper to some foreign court—St. Petersburg, for example.—*Athenaeum*.

Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers; including their Private Correspondence, now first published from the Original Manuscripts. By ELIOT WARBURTON, author of the "Crescent and the Cross."

MACAULAY is, we presume, a name to conjure with, and especially at a time when it so loudly fills the trump of Fame; and we have no hesitation in coupling with it that of Warburton, as the producer of a work of very high literary character and lasting historical value. It will stand properly in its place on the library shelf by the side of that brilliant performance, which has achieved so great and immediate a triumph; and, for the sake of true English history, they ought to be so ranged and read together—the conflicting opinions of the authors inviting this juxtaposition.—*Literary Gazette*.



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AUGUST, 1849.

From the Quarterly Review.

VISITS TO MONASTERIES IN THE LEVANT.

Visits to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. ROBERT CURZON, Jun. With numerous Woodcuts. London, post 8vo. pp. 449. 1849.

SOME few years ago we submitted to our readers a brief account of the Syriac and other MSS. with which the British Museum had been enriched through the zeal and industry of Mr. Archdeacon Tattam; and we were fortunate enough to be allowed to enliven our article on apparently a rather dry subject, by several sketches of monastic manners, extracted from the private letters and journals, not only of Mr. Tattam's niece and companion, Miss Platt, but also of Lord Prudhoe, (now Duke of Northumberland,) and the Hon. Robert Curzon—both of whom had preceded the archdeacon in the inspection of the Coptic convents of the Nairon Lakes, and negotiated, with more or less success, for the purchase of ancient books and scrolls no longer intelligible to the few poor harmless drones that still doze out life in those mouldering cradles of asceticism. The fragment of narrative then furnished to us by Mr. Curzon, (*Quar. Rev.* vol. 77, pp. 52-55,) seemed to ourselves a particularly entertaining one, and we hinted our hope that he might take courage to give the pub-

lic more copious specimens of his adventures as a bibliomaniacal tourist in the Eastern regions. This volume consists of such specimens—being the descriptions of visits to several of the Egyptian convents above mentioned in 1833—to those of the Holy Land in 1834—and subsequently to others in different parts of the Ottoman empire—ending with the extraordinary conglomeration of monasteries on Mount Athos. He seems to have spent about five years in his expedition, and his notes leave no doubt that they were well-spent years. Whether or not he passed part of *them* in Italy, we are not told; but he seems to be very well acquainted with her monuments of antiquity and art, especially with her ecclesiastical architecture and old religious painting and sculpture. It is needless to add, that the ardent Roxburgher shows himself to be familiar with her great libraries, as well as those of France. The reader, however, is not to anticipate a ponderous dose of erudition and artistic criticism. Anything but that. Mr. Curzon, a young gentleman of rank—heir indeed to a

peerage—had left Oxford with the usual tastes and habits of his contemporaries, as well as with a rare and praiseworthy love and affection for the darkest recesses of the Bodleian, and such a filial reverence for its antique gems of caligraphy and typography, as must have satisfied the warmest wishes of Dr. Bliss. He had kept a healthy appetite for the ordinary comforts and pleasures of prosperous youth, and evidently enters into all innocent varieties of sport and fun with a fearless zest. He would not be a worthy Roxburgher if he did not, among his other scientific developments, include a cognoscent appreciation of eatables and drinkables—the “portly eidolon” of Dibdin would frown! Nor—haunting as he does with such gusto the dim and flinty corridors of Oriental cenobites, poring morning after morning over unciated and miniaturesd parchments, and in the evening hobnobbing (rosoglio to wit) with holy recluse Agoumenoi of Meteora or Athos (within which last entire peninsula of piety no female creature is known to have ventured for ages, except only one cat and certain fleas)—does our “Milordos Inglesiss” conceal his having retained in one corner a decorous but genial devotion to the cowl-eschewed charms. We should be inclined to form a very favorable notion of our author’s whole character and disposition; but not to trespass further on what may seem hardly lawful ground, we think all his readers will feel how gracefully the literary and antiquarian enthusiasm that prompted, and gives importance and dignity, to his wanderings, is set off by the artless, unchecked juvenility of spirit which he carries everywhere with him in his social intercourse, and the fresh hearty enjoyment he has in the beauties of external nature.

The greatest and rarest merit of the book, is the total absence of all conceits and affectations. We have seldom read one that had less the air of being written for effect. Nobody can put a volume of light sketches from a tour for missals and triptics, on a level with such a masterly record of gallant enterprise and exciting discovery as Mr. Layard’s; but it will, we are confident, take a good place and keep it. No book could well be less like *Eothen*—in spirit, in substance, in temper, in style, they are each other’s antipodes; but we hazard little in prophesying that Mr. Curzon’s work will be more popular than any other recent set of Oriental descriptions, except Mr. Kinglake’s; and however that remarkable writer may claim the superiority in wit, point, and

artistical finish, we should not be surprised if the respectable oddity of Mr. Curzon’s objects and fancies, with the happier cast of his general sentiments and reflections, should be sufficient to win fully equal acceptance for the Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant.

When an author of such promise publishes his first book, we consider it our duty to adhere, or rather to revert, to the old style of reviewal, and allow our readers the opportunity of judging him for themselves, from as copious extracts as we can well afford.

No one will pretend to compare on the whole the monasteries of the East with those of the West—the influence of the former, whether we look to religion, to literature, to science, to art, or to the political arrangements of society, has been very inferior to that which all historians recognize in the other case. But still the eastern monasteries deserve more attention than has fallen to their share; and to trace them from their origin to the present time, would be a task worthy of no ordinary talents. Should Mr. Curzon possess, in addition to the many excellent qualities he has already given proof of, the fixity of purpose and resolution to devote his leisure to this task, he might, we do not doubt, earn for his name a permanent station in a high department of historical research. These establishments, in their earlier days, were the residences of the Christian Fathers, from whom we ourselves inherit our noblest liturgies, many of whose doctrinal expositions remain of uncontested authority, and whose command of lofty and pathetic eloquence must always rank them foremost in the literature of the pulpit. Continuously as the Greek monasteries have been sinking during many centuries past, their preservation from utter destruction amidst so many violent revolutions, in spite of the downfall of Christian empires and kingdoms, the conquests of unbelieving powers, the cruel persecutions and oppressions, murderings and spoilings of ages of barbarous tyranny, has more than any one circumstance besides kept alive many traditions of antiquity; and to the very buildings themselves, few comparatively though they be, that still exist, we owe all but our best materials for realizing the modes and conditions of ancient life among any one class of men. But for the revelations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, we should in this respect have had nothing at all to place above or beside them.

Their troubled history too well explains why, from a very early date, they all as-

sumed the character of fortresses. Everywhere, from the morasses of Moldavia to the Cataracts of the Nile, from the vale of the Pencus to the mountains of Koordistan, they have been and are castles. Sometimes they are found hanging like birds'-nests or bee-hives on some shelf in the face of an enormous precipice—accessible only by pulleys or ladders. Not uncommonly they occupy the summit of an isolated pillar of rock, rising hundreds of feet sheer from the pass. In flat regions, where violence has been rife, as in Egypt and Mesopotamia, the whole is enclosed with a high dead wall—with no windows outwards, except perhaps in some wooden gallery or wicker cradles that top the massive battlement, and may be removed with ease, or destroyed without serious inconvenience. If by such means they can baffle external assault, their own hereditary feelings ensure a most sacred watch over whatever is enclosed within, and can be in any degree appreciated by the community. If a chapel, a refectory, even a kitchen or a cellar requires repair, it is restored with the most anxious precision, and all trace of the modern hand is very soon indistinguishable. It is the same with every painting; a careful pencil is always ready to freshen the least spot of decay or dimness, and such as they were a thousand years ago or more, such are they at this hour. The artists are servilely mechanical—they have sets of rules many centuries old, with pattern tints for every object of detail, and by these they guide themselves from generation to generation, as scrupulously as if the most serious duty of religion were concerned. Their shrines, reliquaries, chalices, every article in metal, the carved and embossed frames of pictures and boards of holy books, have in many instances come quite unharmed through all the chances of twelve centuries. The MS. charters and books themselves, the great objects of Mr. Curzon's quest, are often of equal antiquity; and but for the unhappy device of the Palimpsest, and the utter ignorance of the more modern monks, we might not unfairly hope for the recovery among their tranquil shelves of all those treasures which were accessible, it seems as but yesterday, to the grammarians and epitomizers of the Byzantine school. As it is, we by no means give up all such hopes, even as to remains of classical literature; a wandering Mai may yet work wonders of decipherment. But the stores of Eastern and ecclesiastical history are undoubtedly very great; and after

what we have just seen gathered from the Natron Valley, it is hard to put limits to still rational anticipation.

There can be no question that the ever-darkening ignorance of the monks has induced neglect in the one department where care would have been most important; and thus, even within a recent period, very many curious MSS. have been lost or destroyed; nor do we see how the process is at all likely to be checked, except by the excitement of cupidity from the visits of such liberal merchants as Mr. Curzon. The examples his own narrative affords of woful waste, are frequent and most painful. In his preface he retails at least a good story—

“A Russian, or I do not know whether he was not a French traveller, in the pursuit, as I was, of ancient literary treasures, found himself in a great monastery in Bulgaria to the north of the town of Cavalla; he had heard that the books preserved in this remote building were remarkable for their antiquity, and for the subjects on which they treated. His dismay and disappointment may be imagined when he was assured by the agoumenos or superior of the monastery, that it contained no library whatever, that they had nothing but liturgies and church books, and no palæa pragmata or antiquities at all. The poor man had bumped upon a packsaddle over villainous roads for many days for no other object, and the library of which he was in search had vanished as the visions of a dream. The agoumenos begged his guest to enter with the monks into the choir, where the almost continual church service was going on, and there he saw the double row of long-bearded holy fathers, shouting away at the chorus of *Κυrie eleison, Χριστε eleison* (pronounced Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison), which occurs almost every minute in the ritual of the Greek Church. Each of the monks was standing, to save his bare legs from the damp of the marble floor, upon a great folio volume, which had been removed from the conventual library and applied to purposes of practical utility in the way which I have described. The traveller on examining these ponderous tomes found them to be of the greatest value; one was in uncial letters, and others were full of illuminations of the earliest date; all these he was allowed to carry away in exchange for some footstools or hassocks, which he presented in their stead to the old monks; they were comfortably covered with ketché or felt, and were in many respects more convenient to the inhabitants of the monastery than the manuscripts had been, for many of their antique bindings were ornamented with bosses and nail-heads, which inconvenienced the toes of the unsophisticated congregation who stood upon them without shoes for so many hours in the day. I must add that the lower halves of the manuscripts were imperfect, from the damp of the floor of the church having corroded and eaten away their vellum leaves—and also that, as the story is not

my own, I cannot vouch for the truth of it, though, whether it is true or not, it elucidates the present state of the literary attainments of the Oriental monks."—p. xxiii.

On another point Mr. Curzon's candid statement may disappoint some. The architecture of the churches in the ancient monasteries of the East is rarely fine; they were for the monks alone, and therefore usually very small—never large. Even the non-monastic churches were always far inferior in every respect to the Latin basilicas of Rome. The only Byzantine church of any magnitude is the Cathedral of St. Sophia, now a mosque.

"The student of ecclesiastical antiquities need not extend his architectural researches beyond the shores of Italy; there is nothing in the East so curious as the church of St. Clemente at Rome, which contains all the original fittings of the choir. The churches of St. Ambrogio at Milan, of Sta. Maria Trastevere at Rome, the first church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; the church of St. Agnese near Rome, the first in which galleries were built over the side aisles for the accommodation of women, who, neither in the eastern nor western churches, ever mixed with the men for many centuries; all these and several others in Italy afford more instruction than those of the East—they are larger, more magnificent, and in every respect superior to the ecclesiastical buildings of the Levant. But the poverty of the Eastern church, and its early subjection to Mohammedan rulers, while it has kept down the size and splendor of the churches, has at the same time been the means of preserving the monastic establishments in all the rude originality of their ancient forms."—i. p. xxi.

It was in the winter of 1833 that Mr. Curzon's bibliomania first carried him into a Mohammedan realm; and though he has far too much taste and modesty (which always go together) for occupying many of his pages with the scenery and manners of Egypt, so fully treated by contemporaries like Lane and Wilkinson, still, in the fragments of general narrative necessary for bringing in conveniently and intelligibly his accounts of monastic fastnesses and book-bargainings, there are not a few passages that will reward his reader—thoroughly unaffected transcripts of the first impressions made in a totally new world on an acute and susceptible mind. For instance, take this little glimpse at Alexandria:

"Long strings of ungainly-looking camels were continually passing, generally preceded by a donkey, and accompanied by swarthy men clad in a short shirt with a red and yellow handkerchief tied in a peculiar way over their heads, and wear-

ing sandals; these savage looking people were Bedouins, or Arabs of the desert. A very truculent set they seemed to be, and all of them were armed with a long crooked knife and a pistol or two, stuck in a red leathern girdle. They were thin, gaunt, and dirty, and strode along looking fierce and independent. There was something very striking in the appearance of these untamed Arabs: I had never pictured to myself that anything so like a wild beast could exist in human form. The motions of their half-naked bodies were singularly free and light, and they looked as if they could climb, and run, and leap over anything. The appearance of many of the older Arabs, with their long white beard and their ample cloak of camel's hair, called an abba, is majestic and venerable. It was the first time that I had seen these 'Children of the Desert,' and the quickness of their eyes, their apparent freedom from all restraint, and their disregard of any conventional manners, struck me forcibly. An English gentleman in a round hat and a tight neck-handkerchief and boots, with white gloves and a little cane in his hand, was a style of man so utterly and entirely unlike a Bedouin Arab, that I could hardly conceive the possibility of their being only different species of the same animal."—pp. 7, 8.

At Cairo he gives this note:

"The Mohammedan day begins at sunset, when the first time of prayer is observed; the second is about two hours after sunset; the third is at the dawn of day, when the musical chant of the muezzins from the thousand minarets of Cairo sounds most impressively through the clear and silent air. The voices of the criers thus raised above the city always struck me as having a holy and beautiful effect. First one or two are heard faintly in the distance, then one close to you, then the cry is taken up from the minarets of other mosques, and at last, from one end of the town to the other, the measured chant falls pleasingly on the ear, inviting the faithful to prayer. For a time it seems as if there was a chorus of voices in the air, like spirits calling upon each other to worship the Creator of all things. Soon the sound dies away, there is a silence for a while, and then commence the hum and bustle of the awakening city. This cry of man, to call his brother man to prayer, seems to me more appropriate and more accordant to religious feeling than the clang and jingle of our European bells."

Nothing has left a deeper impression on most Oxonian memories than the observance at Magdalen College on the 1st of May, when the choristers ascend the tall and beautiful tower, and there sing a Latin hymn to the season. We rather wonder that Mr. Curzon did not allude to that scene, for he seems to have had in his mind the lovely stanza on it in "The Scholar's Funeral" of Professor

Wilson, where the bells have due honor as well as the human voices :

"Why hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalen Tower,

Still wont to usher in delightful May,
The dewy silence of the morning hour
Cheering with many a changeful roundelay ?
And those pure youthful voices, where are they,
That, hymning far up in the listening sky,
Seemed issuing softly through the gates of day,
As if a troop of sainted souls on high
Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody ?"

But to return to El Kahira and the Muezzins :

"The fourth and most important time of prayer is at noon, and it is at this hour that the Sultan attends in state the mosque at Constantinople. The fifth and last prayer is at about three o'clock. The Bedouins of the desert, who however are not much given to praying, consider this hour to have arrived when a stick, a spear, or a camel throws a shadow of its own height upon the ground. This time of day is called 'Al Assr.' When wandering about in the deserts, I used always to eat my dinner or luncheon at that time, and it is wonderful to what exactness I arrived at last in my calculations respecting the Assr. I knew to a minute when my dromedary's shadow was of the right length."—pp. 37, 38.

His first interview with old Mehemet Ali, was in February, 1834, at Cairo :

"A curtain was drawn aside, and we were ushered at once into the presence of the Viceroy, whom we found walking up and down in the middle of a large room, between two rows of gigantic silver candlesticks, which stood upon the carpet. This is the usual way of lighting a room in Egypt:—Six large silver dishes, about two feet in diameter and turned upside down, are first placed upon the floor, three on each side, near the centre of the room. On each of these stands a silver candlestick, between four and five feet high, containing a wax candle three feet long and very thick. A seventh candlestick of smaller dimensions stands on the floor, separate from these, for the purpose of being moved about ; it is carried to any one who wants to read a letter, or to examine an object more closely while he is seated on the divan. Almost every room in the palace has an European chandelier hanging from the ceiling, but I do not remember having ever seen one lit. These large candlesticks, standing in two rows, with the little one before them, always put me in mind of a line of life-guards of gigantic stature, commanded by a little officer whom they could almost put in their pockets.

When we were seated on the divan we commenced the usual routine of Oriental compliments ; and coffee was handed to us in cups entirely covered with large diamonds. A pipe was then brought to the Pasha, but not to us. This pipe was about seven feet long ; the mouthpiece,

of light green amber, was a foot long, and a foot more below the mouthpiece, as well as another part of the pipe lower down, was richly set with diamonds of great value, with a diamond tassel hanging to it.

"We discoursed for three quarters of an hour about the possibility of laying a railway across the Isthmus of Suez, which was the project then uppermost in the Pasha's mind ; but the circumstance which most strongly recalls this audience to my memory, and which struck me as an instance of manners differing entirely from our own, was, in itself, a very trivial one. The Pasha wanted his pocket-handkerchief, and looked about and felt in his pocket for it, but could not find it, making various exclamations during his search, which at last were answered by an attendant from the lower end of the room—"Feel in the other pocket," said the servant. "Well, it is not there," said the Pasha. "Look in the other, then." "I have not got a handkerchief," or words to that effect were replied to immediately. "Yes, you have ;"—"No, I have not ;"—"Yes, you have." Eventually this attendant, advancing up to the Pasha, felt in the pocket of his jacket, but the handkerchief was not to be found ; then he poked all round the Pasha's waist, to see whether it was not tucked into his shawl. That would not do ; so he took hold of his Sovereign and pushed him half over on the divan, and looked under him to see whether he was sitting on the handkerchief ; then he pushed him over on the other side. During all which manœuvres the Pasha sat as quietly and passively as possible. The servant then, thrusting his arm up to his elbow in one of the pockets of his Highness's voluminous trowsers, pulled out a snuff-box, a rosary, and several other things, which he laid upon the divan. That would not do, either ; so he came over to the other pocket, and diving to a prodigious depth he produced the missing handkerchief from the recesses thereof ; and with great respect and gravity, thrusting it into the Pasha's hand, he retired again to his place at the lower end of the hall."—pp. 49, 51.

The sense of all this apparently free-and-easy handling of the Turk by his servant is, that the servant is his chattel—and can no more be suspected of intentional disrespect than a pair of lazy-tongs.

In the course of his progress up the Nile, Mr. Curzon has the good luck to be an eye-witness of a fact mentioned by Herodotus, but not previously attested by any traveller from the lands of modern science, and consequently questioned by many of the learned lords and knights of the British Association—who will no doubt be surprised to find themselves instructed by a young collator of codices and stalker of crocodiles :

"I had always a strong predilection for crocodile shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw,

a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank. There he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a greyish color, and as large as a small pigeon.

"The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and, instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed Ziczac! Ziczac! with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started, and, immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and, dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history."—pp. 149-151.

Our readers may, if they please, turn back to the Q. R. of Christmas, 1845, for the most important of Mr. Curzon's book-hunts among the monks of the Nitrian desert in Upper Egypt, as well as our own summary of their past history and present abject condition. Though the account of his discoveries in the vault and tower at Baramous was not so full as that now printed, it was picturesque and for our purposes sufficient. But his emergence from the murky and musty store of oil-vats and patristic vellum is new, and not to be omitted:

"On leaving the dark recesses of the tower I paused at the narrow door by which we had entered, both to accustom my eyes to the glare of the daylight, and to look at the scene below me. I stood on the top of a steep flight of stone steps, by which the door of the tower was approached from the court of the monastery; the steps ran up the inside of the outer wall, which was of suf-

ficient thickness to allow of a narrow terrace within the parapet; from this point I could look over the wall on the left hand upon the desert, whose dusty plains stretched out as far as I could see, in hot and dreary loneliness to the horizon. To those who are not familiar with the aspect of such a region as this, it may be well to explain that a desert such as that which now surrounded me resembles more than anything else a dusty turnpike-road in England on a hot summer's day, extended interminably both as to length and breadth. A country of low rounded hills, the surface of which is composed entirely of gravel, dust, and stones, will give a good idea of the general aspect of a desert. Yet, although parched and dreary in the extreme from their vastness and openness, there is something grand and sublime in the silence and loneliness of these burning plains; and the wandering tribes of Bedouins who inhabit them are seldom content to remain long in the narrow enclosed confines of cultivated land. There is always a fresh breeze in the desert, except when the terrible hot wind blows; and the air is more elastic and pure than where vegetation produces exhalations, which in all hot climates are more or less heavy and deleterious. The air of the desert is always healthy, and no race of men enjoy a greater exemption from weakness, sickness, and disease than the children of the desert, who pass their lives in wandering to and fro in search of the scanty herbage on which their flocks are fed, far from the cares and troubles of busy cities, and free from the oppression which grinds down the half-starved cultivators of the fertile soil of Egypt.*

"Whilst from my elevated position I looked out on my left upon the mighty desert, on my right how different was the scene! There below my feet lay the convent garden in all the fresh luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Tufts upon tufts of waving palms overshadowed the immense succulent leaves of the banana, which in their turn rose out of thickets of the pomegranate, rich with its bright green leaves and its blossoms of that beautiful and vivid red which is excelled by few even of the most brilliant flowers of the East. These were contrasted with the deep dark green of the caroub or locust-tree; and the yellow apples of the lotus vied with the clusters of green limes with their sweet white flowers, which luxuriated in a climate too hot and sultry for the golden fruit of the orange, which is not to be met with in the valley of the Nile. Flowers and fair branches exhaling rich perfume and bearing freshness in their very aspect became more beautiful from their contrast to the dreary arid plains outside the convent walls, and this great difference was owing solely to there being a well of water in this spot from which a horse or mule was constantly employed to draw the fertilizing

* John Abernethy used to tell his scholars that all human maladies proceed from two causes—*stuffing* and *fretting*. Mr. Curzon seems to agree with this theory, by which our great surgeon's own personal practice was not regulated.

streams which nourished the teeming vegetation of this monastic garden.

"I stood gazing and moralizing at these contrasted scenes for some time; but at length when I turned my eyes upon my companions and myself, it struck me that we also were somewhat remarkable in our way. First, there was the old blind grey-bearded abbot, leaning on his staff, surrounded with three or four dark-robed Coptic monks, holding in their hands the lighted candles with which we had explored the secret recesses of the oil-cellar; there was I, dressed in the long robes of a merchant of the East, with a small book in the breast of my gown and a big one under each arm; and there were my servants armed to the teeth and laden with old books; and one and all we were so covered with dirt and wax from top to toe, that we looked more as if we had been up the chimney than like quiet people engaged in literary researches."—p. 93.

This is very good. Nor can we pass the subsequent discovery that within the strong wall of these Coptic fathers shelter had been found for the remnant of an Abyssinian brotherhood, whose own monastery far off in the desert had been sadly mauled by certain Ishmaelites, and was since fallen into utterly desperate dilapidation. Every spring these guests were recruited by one or two Abyssinian pilgrims on their way back from Jerusalem; and so for many years the little stranger community had pretty nearly kept up its original muster. His ear was suddenly invaded by the sound of a psalmody different in character from that of the Coptic choir, and accompanied by a most barbarous squeaking and grinding of hitherto unknown hurdigurdies. The story of the siege, the rapine, and the exile was told—and when the Abyssinian service was over, and the party filed out of their little chapel-of-ease in a corner of the court, an introduction took place. He says:

"These holy brethren were as black as crows; tall, thin, ascetic-looking men, of a most original aspect and costume. I have seen the natives of many strange nations, both before and since, but I do not know that I ever met with so singular a set of men, so completely the types of another age and of a state of things the opposites to European, as these Abyssinian Eremites. They were black, as I have already said, which is not the usual complexion of the natives of Habesh; and they were all clothed in tunics of wash-leather made, they told me, of gazelle-skins. This garment came down to their knees, and was confined round their waist with a leathern girdle. Over their shoulders they had a strap supporting a case like a cartridge-box, of thick brown leather, containing a manuscript book; and above this they wore a large shapeless cloak or toga, of the same light yellow wash-leather as the tunic; I

do not think that they wore anything on the head, but this I do not distinctly remember. Their legs were bare, and they had no other clothing, if I may except a profuse smearing of grease; for they had anointed themselves in the most lavish manner, not with the oil of gladness, but with that of castor, which, however, had by no means the effect of giving them a cheerful countenance; for although they looked exceedingly slippery and greasy, they seemed to be an austere and dismal set of fanatics, true disciples of the great Macarius, the founder of these secluded monasteries, and excellently calculated to figure in that grim chorus of his invention, or at least which is called after his name, "*La danse Macabre*," known to us by the appellation of the Dance of Death. They seemed to be men who fasted much and feasted little; great observers were they of vigils, of penance, of pilgrimages, and midnight masses; eaters of bitter herbs for conscience' sake. It was such men as these who lived on the tops of columns, and took up their abodes in tombs, and thought it was a sign of holiness to look like a wild beast—that it was wicked to be clean, and superfluous to be useful in this world; and who did evil to themselves that good might come. Poor fellows! they meant well, and knew no better; and what more can be said for the endeavors of the best men?"—pp. 94-96.

Nevertheless, these black and odoriferous men of Habesh could do what their Coptic hosts could not—"they could all read fluently out of their own books." (p. 98.) Their kitchen and refectory was also their library. All round the walls, just within arm's reach, were long wooden pegs, and on each peg hung one, two, or three of the leathern bags above-mentioned, some square, some oblong, all well strapped and buckled. These contained the Service-books, Evangelistaria, and Hagiologies, which constituted the library. In the middle of the floor was a hearth, on which one brother was busy with the lentile-soup. The table was ready for dinner close by—that is, a long board or tray placed flat on the ground; pots and pans—a very few—garnished low shelves behind the cook; beneath the important pegs long spears, and also some long pipes, rested against the wall. The stranger, if introduced without preface, would have fancied himself in the guard-room of some of Mehemet Ali's irregulars, surrounded suitably with their arms, knapsacks, and cartridge-boxes. But they could read, and would not sell their books; whereas the blind old abbot of the Copts was, as previously set down, easily seduced by a second bottle of rosoglio; and so much the better, not only for Parham but for the Museum.

On his way from one of these canobia to

another, Mr. Curzon had the good fortune to be piloted by a Mussulman cobbler, who vilipended his last, addicted himself (like so many of his craft here) to poetry, and possessed a considerable knowledge of history; we are favored with this very desirable specimen of his information:

"In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. 'Oh, vultures!' cried King Solomon, 'come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face.' But the vultures answered, and said, 'We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back on our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face.' Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, 'Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because you will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your neck shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world.' And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

"Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the king cried out to them, and said, 'O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings.' Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered and said, 'O King, we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size.' So the hoopoes gathered

together, and flying in a cloud over the throne of the King, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun.

"When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshid, he commanded that the king of the hoopoes should stand before his feet. 'Now,' said King Solomon, 'for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the king, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe! and what shall be given unto the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?' Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honor of standing before the feet of the king; and making his obeisance, and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, 'O King, live for ever! Let a day be given to thy servant to consider with his queen and councillors what it shall be that the king shall give unto us for a reward.' And King Solomon said, 'Be it so.' And it was so.

"But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and she desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward; and they called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, 'My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of king Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds.' And the words of the queen and the princesses her daughters prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all the hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, 'Hast thou considered well what it is thou desirest?' And the hoopoe said, 'I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads.' So Solomon replied, 'Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thine heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help.' So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon, with a golden crown upon his head. And all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water; that they might admire themselves as it were in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops her cousin, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

"Now there was a certain fowler who set traps

for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, 'it is a crown of brass.' And he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob: until one day he met another man who was a jeweller, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the jeweller told him that they were of pure gold; and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

"Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird-lime was made in every town; and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trap-makers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny. At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes that had happened to his race.

"So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, 'Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth.' Now when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day."—p. 152.

Mr. Curzon, having finished his first visitation of the Natron monasteries (for he was there again in 1838), made his way to the Red Sea, and thence, *via* Sinai, to Jerusalem, where he wished to be present at the grand ceremonies at Easter. He says, in reference to all this part of his travels—

"In addition to the Bible, which almost sufficed us for a guide-book in these sacred regions, we had several books of travels with us, and I was struck with the superiority of old Maundrell's narrative over all the others, for he tells us plainly and clearly what he saw, whilst other travellers so encumber their narratives with opinions and disqui-

sitions, that instead of describing the country, they describe only what they think about it; and thus little real information as to what there was to be seen or done could be gleaned from these works, eloquent and well written as many of them are; and we continually returned to Maundrell's homely pages for a good plain account of what we wished to know."—p. 193.

The chapters on Palestine are among the best in the volume—without bigotry, without extravagance—a fair honest picture, including several touches (to us) of novelty. In a volume dedicated mainly to a particular taste and pursuit, such as Mr. Curzon's, it would in fact have been irreverent to expatiate on the feelings that give the chief color to Lord Lindsay's touching and pathetic portraiture of the same scenery, and intermingle largely and gracefully in the corresponding chapters of "The Crescent and the Cross," but the genuine feeling is here, and you are made to sympathize with its depth, even where the writer seems most desirous of concealing it. Of Jerusalem, he says, the inhabitants, being of motley races, and tongues, and creeds, inwardly despise each other on the score of heterodoxy; but still—

"As the Christians are very numerous, there reigns among the whole no small degree of complaisance, as well as an unrestrained intercourse in matters of business, amusement, and even of religion. The Mussulmans, for instance, pray in all the holy places consecrated to the memory of Christ and the Virgin, except the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, the sanctity of which they do not acknowledge, for they believe that Jesus Christ did not die, but that he ascended alive into heaven, leaving the likeness of his face to Judas, who was condemned to die for him; and that as Judas was crucified, it was his body, and not that of Jesus, which was placed in the sepulchre. It is for this reason that the Mussulmans do not perform any act of devotion at the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, and that they ridicule the Christians who visit and revere it.

"The Jews—the 'children of the kingdom'—have been cast out, and many have come from the east and the west to occupy their place in the desolate land promised to their fathers. Their quarter is in the narrow valley between the Temple and the foot of Mount Zion. Many are rich, but they are careful to conceal their wealth from the jealous eyes of their Mohammedan rulers, lest they should be subjected to extortion.

"It is remarkable that the Jews who are born in Jerusalem are of a totally different caste from those we see in Europe. Here they are a fair race, very lightly made, and particularly effeminate in manner; the young men wear a lock of long hair on each side of the face, which, with their flowing silk robes, gives them the appearance of women. The Jews of both sexes are exceedingly

fond of dress: and although they assume a dirty and squalid appearance when they walk abroad, in their own houses they are to be seen clothed in costly furs and the richest silks of Damascus. The women are covered with gold, and dressed in brocades stiff with embroidery. Some of them are beautiful; and a girl of about twelve years old, who was betrothed to the son of a rich old rabbi, was the prettiest little creature I ever saw; her skin was whiter than ivory, and her hair, which was as black as jet, and was plaited with strings of sequins, fell in tresses nearly to the ground. She was of a Spanish family, and the language usually spoken by the Jews among themselves is Spanish. The house of Rabbi A—, with whom I was acquainted, answered exactly to Sir Walter Scott's description of the dwelling of Isaac of York. The outside and the court-yard indicated nothing but poverty and neglect; but on entering I was surprised at the magnificence of the furniture. One room had a silver chandelier, and a great quantity of embossed plate was displayed on the top of the polished cupboards. Some of the windows were filled with painted glass; and the members of the family, covered with gold and jewels, were seated on divans of Damascus brocade. The Rabbi's little son was so covered with charms in gold cases to keep off the evil eye, that he jingled like a chime of bells when he walked along.

"The Jewish religion is now so much encumbered with superstition and the extraordinary explanations of the Bible in the Talmud, that little of the original creed remains. They interpret all the words of Scripture literally, and this leads them into most absurd mistakes. On the morning of the day of the Passover I went into the synagogue under the walls of the Temple, and found it crowded to the very door; all the congregation were standing up, with large white shawls over their heads with the fringes which they were commanded to wear by the Jewish law. They were reading the Psalms, and after I had been there a short time all the people began to hop about and to shake their heads and limbs in a most extraordinary manner; the whole congregation was in motion from the priest, who was dancing in the reading-desk, to the porter who capered at the door. All this was in consequence of a verse in the 35th Psalm, which says, 'All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?'"—pp. 185-188.

Luckily for Mr. Curzon, Ibrahim Pasha, at that time in full sway over all Syria, had also the curiosity to make the pilgrimage of Jerusalem in the spring of 1834, and his courtesy afforded every facility for seeing the shows of the season to the best advantage. The portent of the Holy Fire was timed to suit the Pasha's convenience, and he gratified Mr. Curzon with a cushion in the reserved gallery. As soon as the great Turk was comfortable in his corner, the two Patriarchs, who once in the year condescend to act in the same piece, performed the mir-

acle, and the church was instantly a scene of the most hideous tumult: hundreds of the pilgrims, from every quarter—Greek, Armenian, Copt, and Abyssinian—rushing pell-mell to light their lamps, with which all come provided, at the holy flame just descended from heaven at the prayer of those most reverend personages. Old Maundrell stands the test here as elsewhere. "The two miracle mongers," quoth he, "had not been above a minute in the Holy Sepulchre when the glimmering of the holy fire was seen, or imagined to appear: and certainly Bedlam never witnessed such an unruly transport as was produced in the mob at that sight." But though there always is great disturbance, and serious accidents have often occurred, the miracle of 1834 was followed by horrors on a scale wholly unexampled; and it is fortunate that for a scene so monstrous we have the complete and living evidence of an English gentleman:

"Soon you saw the lights increasing in all directions, every one having lit his candle from the holy flame: the chapels, the galleries, and every corner where a candle could possibly be displayed, immediately appeared to be in a blaze. The people, in their frenzy, put the bunches of lighted tapers to their faces, hands, and breasts, to purify themselves from their sins. . . . The Patriarch was carried out of the sepulchre in triumph, on the shoulders of the people he had deceived, amid the cries and exclamations of joy which resounded from every nook of the immense pile of buildings. As he appeared in a fainting state, I supposed that he was ill; but I found that it is the uniform custom on these occasions to faint insensibility, that the pilgrims may imagine he is overcome with the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence they believe him to have returned.

"In a short time the smoke of the candles obscured everything in the place, and I could see it rolling in great volumes out at the aperture at the top of the dome. The smell was terrible; and three unhappy wretches, overcome by heat and bad air, fell from the upper range of galleries, and were dashed to pieces on the heads of the people below. One poor Armenian lady, seventeen years of age, died where she sat, of heat, thirst, and fatigue.

"After a while, when he had seen all that was to be seen, Ibrahim Pasha got up and went away, his numerous guards making a line for him by main force through the dense mass of people which filled the body of the church. As the crowd was so immense, we waited for a little while, and then set out altogether to return to our convent. I went first, and my friends followed me, the soldiers making way for us across the church. I got as far as the place where the Virgin is said to have stood during the crucifixion, when I saw a number of people lying one on

another all about this part of the church, and as far as I could see towards the door. I made my way between them as well as I could, till they were so thick that there was actually a great heap of bodies on which I trod. It then suddenly struck me they were all dead! I had not perceived this at first, for I thought they were only very much fatigued with the ceremonies and had lain down to rest themselves there; but when I came to so great a heap of bodies I looked down at them, and saw that sharp, hard appearance of the face which is never to be mistaken. Many of them were quite black with suffocation, and farther on were others all bloody and covered with the brains and entrails of those who had been trodden to pieces by the crowd.

"At this time there was no crowd in this part of the church; but a little farther on, round the corner towards the great door, the people, who were quite panic-struck, continued to press forward, and every one was doing his utmost to escape. The guards outside, frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled, like oxen, with the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself, or to get away, and all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage did the fight become, that even the panic-struck pilgrims appear at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves.

"For my part, as soon as I perceived the danger, I had cried out to my companions to turn back, which they had done; but I myself was carried on by the press till I came near the door, where all were fighting for their lives. Here, seeing certain destruction before me, I made every endeavor to get back. An officer of the Pasha's, who by his star was a colonel or bin basha, equally alarmed with myself, was also trying to return: he caught hold of my cloak, or bournouse, and pulled me down on the body of an old man who was breathing out his last sigh. As the officer was pressing me to the ground we wrestled together among the dying and the dead with the energy of despair. I struggled with this man till I pulled him down, and happily got again upon my legs—(I afterwards found that he never rose again)—and scrambling over a pile of corpses, I made my way back into the body of the church, where I found my friends, and we succeeded in reaching the sacristy of the Catholics, and thence the room which had been assigned to us by the monks. The dead were lying in heaps, even upon the stone of unction; and I saw full four hundred wretched people, dead and living, heaped promiscuously one upon another, in some places above five feet high. Ibrahim Pasha had left the church only a few minutes before me, and very narrowly escaped with his life; he was so pressed upon by the crowd on all sides, and it was said attacked by several of them, that it was only by the greatest exertions of his suite, several of whom were killed, that he gained the outer court.

He fainted more than once in the struggle, and I was told that some of his attendants at last had to cut a way for him with their swords through the dense ranks of the frantic pilgrims. He remained outside, giving orders for the removal of the corpses, and making his men drag out the bodies of those who appeared to be still alive from the heaps of the dead. He sent word to us to remain in the convent till all the bodies had been removed, and that when we could come out in safety he would again send to us.

"We stayed in our room two hours before we ventured to make another attempt to escape from this scene of horror; and then, walking close together, with all our servants round us, we made a bold push, and got out of the door of the church. By this time most of the bodies were removed; but twenty or thirty were still lying in distorted attitudes at the foot of Mount Calvary; and fragments of clothes, turbans, shoes, and handkerchiefs, clotted with blood and dirt, were strewn all over the pavement.

"In the court in the front of the church the sight was pitiable; mothers weeping over their children—the sons bending over the dead bodies of their fathers—and one poor woman was clinging to the hand of her husband, whose body was fearfully mangled. Most of the sufferers were pilgrims and strangers. The Pasha was greatly moved by this scene of woe; and he again and again commanded his officers to give the poor people every assistance in their power, and very many by his humane efforts were rescued from death.

"I was much struck by the sight of two old men with white beards, who had been seeking for each other among the dead; they met as I was passing by, and it was affecting to see them kiss and shake hands, and congratulate each other on having escaped from death.

"When the bodies were removed, many were discovered standing upright, quite dead; and near the church door one of the soldiers was found thus standing, with his musket shouldered, among the bodies, which reached nearly as high as his head; this was in a corner near the great door on the right side as you come in. It seems that this door had been shut, so that many who stood near it were suffocated in the crowd; and when it was opened, the rush was so great that numbers were thrown down and never rose again, being trampled to death by the press behind them. The whole court before the entrance of the church was covered with bodies laid in rows, by the Pasha's orders, so that their friends might find them and carry them away. As we walked home we saw numbers of people carried out, some dead, some horribly wounded and in a dying state, for they had fought with their heavy silver inkstands and daggers."—p. 214.

The description of the moaning and lamenting of the ensuing night, with the rows of dead people stretched on the pavement of the court under the traveller's window, is very striking; but we must pass on to his interview next day with Ibrahim Pasha:

"The conversation turned naturally on the blasphemous impositions of the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, who, for the purposes of worldly gain, had deluded their ignorant followers with the performance of a trick in relighting the candles which had been extinguished on Good Friday with fire which they affirmed to have been sent down from heaven in answer to their prayers. The Pasha was quite aware of the evident absurdity which I brought to his notice, of the performance of a Christian miracle being put off for some time, and being kept in waiting for the convenience of a Mohammedan prince. It was debated what punishment was to be awarded to the Greek patriarch for the misfortunes which had been the consequence of his jugglery, and a number of the purses which he had received from the unlucky pilgrims passed into the coffers of the Pasha's treasury. I was sorry that the falsity of this imposture was not publicly exposed, as it was a good opportunity of so doing. It seems wonderful that so barefaced a trick should continue to be practised every year in these enlightened times; but it has its parallel in the blood of St. Januarius, which is still liquefied whenever anything is to be gained by the exhibition of that astonishing act of priestly impertinence. If Ibrahim Pasha had been a Christian, probably this would have been the last Easter of the lighting of the holy fire; but from the fact of his religion being opposed to that of the monks, he could not follow the example of Louis XIV., who having put a stop to some clumsy imposition which was at that time bringing scandal on the Church, a paper was found nailed upon the door of the sacred edifice the day afterwards, on which the words were read—

'De part du roi, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.'

The interference of a Mohammedan in such a case as this would only have been held as another persecution of the Christians; and the miracle of the holy fire has continued to be exhibited every year with great applause, and luckily without the unfortunate results which accompanied it on this occasion."—p. 224.

Mr. Curzon's colloquy with the Pasha touching the annual manifestation of holy fire will not, we suppose, excite any very grave criticism among our still adhesive presbyters of the Littlemore persuasion; for the Oriental Churches being, like our own, in a state of schism, the gift of miracles may be fairly supposed to have passed from their succession also. But his allusion to the affair of St. Januarius at Naples must, we apprehend, expose our author to severe animadversion; and indeed, if he has ever indulged any ambition of representing his Alma Mater in the House of Commons, we need hardly hesitate to advise the immediate abandonment of such aspirations. He would at all events have to encounter the steadiest hostility of that section of academicians who

approved of the *Lives of the English Saints*, and are now enjoying with edification the "Letters and Journals" of the reverend gentleman who describes himself on his title-page as "John Thomas Allies, A. M., Rector of Launton, Oxon;*" for this Rector—besides an elaborate argument for the celibacy of the clergy and the reinstitution of monastic bodies among ourselves, accompanied with very dolorous lamentations over the helplessness under which our condition must continue until we shall have resumed the practice of invoking the intercession of the saints, and formally reunited ourselves to the successor of St. Peter—is at all due pains to exhibit not only his own entire belief, but that of his two fellow-travellers (both also clergymen in English orders), in those very recent miracles of the Sister Ecstatica and the Sister Addolorata, the previous attestation whereof by "an enlightened Roman Catholic nobleman of our age" had surprised the judicial understanding of the Plutarch of the Lord Chancellors; nay, Mr. Allies and his friends appear to vouch with equal confidence for two miraculous cures, effected in the summer of 1848 at Paris, which city they revisited very soon afterwards; namely, the instant recovery of sight by one female, and the instant removal of a distortion of the spine, which had made another, during several years, a miserable, bed-ridden cripple, in virtue of the intercession of St. Vincent de Paul, on his anniversary festival, with the aid, in one of the cases, of a thread from the vestment of that saint, swallowed in a glass of water.† If, as these pious writers evidently believe, the gift of miracles was granted for ever to the Church Catholic, how can they hesitate to act upon the corollary that no ecclesiastical body which neither exercises that gift nor claims it can be a living member of the Church Catholic? Upon what principle can such men consent to eat the bread of the Anglican Church, A. D. 1849? Upon what principle, if there be any such thing as discipline in our system, are they allowed to eat it? We cannot answer these questions; but we think we may answer for their indignation at Mr. Curzon's scepticism in *re Sancti Januarii*—as also at the satisfaction wherewith he reports that the Greek priests, "like Protestants," always speak of the holy table (ἁγία εὐχαριστία), never of the altar!

* Published by Messrs. Longman, post 8vo., 1849.

† Madame de Sevigny, who knew this saint well, says, on hearing of his death, that he was an agreeable man—only he cheated at cards.

We beg pardon for this digression. Let us change the scene. Being at Corfu, one October, our author conceived a strong desire to beat for his favorite game among the monastic coverts of the adjoining main-land ; and though the accomplished officers of the garrison, who had no doubt that his object was snipe-shooting, advised him to restrain his propensities, inasmuch as some "revolution, or rebellion, or general election, or something of the sort was going on," and robbery and murder must be more than commonly in fashion, the enthusiastic sportsman would persist. For which he thus renders his reason :

"The Albanians are great dandies about their arms: the scabbard of their yataghan, and the stocks of their pistols, are almost always of silver, as well as their three or four little cartridge-boxes, which are frequently gilt, and sometimes set with garnets and coral ; an Albanian is therefore worth shooting, even if he is not of another way of thinking from the gentleman who shoots him. As I understood, however, that they did not shoot so much at Franks, because they usually have little about them worth taking, and are not good to eat, I conceived that I should not run any great risk ; and I resolved, therefore, not to be thwarted in my intention of exploring some of the monasteries of that country. There is another reason also why Franks are seldom molested in the East : every Arab or Albanian knows that if a Frank has a gun in his hand, which he generally has, there are two probabilities, amounting almost to certainties, with respect to that weapon. One is, that it is loaded ; and the other that, if the trigger is pulled, there is a considerable chance of its going off. Now, these are circumstances which apply in a much slighter degree to the magazine of small arms which he carries about his own person. But, beyond all this, when a Frank is shot there is such a disturbance made about it ! Consuls write letters—pashas are stirred up—guards, kawasses, and tatars gallop like mad about the country, and fire pistols in the air, and live at free quarters in the villages ; the murderer is sought for everywhere, and he, or somebody else, is hanged to please the consul ; in addition to which, the population are beaten with thick sticks *ad libitum*. All this is extremely disagreeable, and therefore we are seldom shot at, the pastime being too dearly paid for.

"The last Frank whom I heard of as having been killed in Albania was a German, who was studying botany. He rejoiced in a blue coat and brass buttons, and wandered about alone, picking up herbs and flowers on the mountains, which he put carefully into a tin box. He continued unmolested for some time, the universal opinion being that he was a powerful magician, and that the herbs he was always gathering would enable him to wither up his enemies by some dreadful charm, and also to detect every danger which menaced him. Two or three Albanians had

watched him for several days, hiding themselves carefully behind the rocks whenever the philosopher turned towards them ; and at last one of the gang, commending himself to all his saints, rested his long gun upon a stone, and shot the German through the body. The poor man rolled over, but the Albanian did not venture from his hiding-place until he had loaded his gun again, and then, after sundry precautions, he came out, keeping his eye upon the body, and with his friends behind him to defend him in case of need. The botanizer, however, was dead enough ; and the disappointment of the Albanians was extreme when they found that his buttons were not gold, for it was the supposed value of these ornaments that had incited them to the deed."—p. 238.

The stanch book-hunter, therefore, proceeded, and the excursion appears to have been more fruitful of adventures, though not of folios, than any other in his tablets. Of the lighter variety of his experiences, we can afford only one small glimpse : scene, Paramathia :

"On inquiring for the person to whom I had a letter of introduction, I found he was a shop-keeper who sold cloth in the bazaar. We accordingly went to his shop, and found him sitting among his merchandise. When he had read the letter he was very civil, and, shutting up his shop, walked on before us to show me the way to his house. It was a very good one, and the best room was immediately given up to me, two old ladies and three or four young ones being turned out in a most summary manner. One or two of the girls were very pretty, and they all vied with each other in their attentions to their guest, looking at me with great curiosity, and perpetually peeping at me through the curtain which hung over the door, and running away when they thought they were observed.

"The prettiest of these damsels had only been married a short time ; who her husband was, or where he lived, I could not make out, but she amused me by her anxiety to display her smart, new clothes. She went and put on a new capote, a sort of white frock coat, without sleeves, embroidered in bright colors down the seams, which showed her figure to advantage ; and then she took it off again, and put on another garment, giving me ample opportunity of admiring its effect. I expressed my surprise and admiration in bad Greek, which, however, the fair Albanian appeared to find no difficulty in understanding. She kindly corrected some of my sentences, and I have no doubt I should have improved rapidly under her care, if she had not always run away whenever she heard any one creaking about on the rickety boards of the anteroom and staircase. The other ladies, who were settling themselves in a large gaunt room close by, kept up an interminable clatter, and displayed such unbounded powers of conversation, that it seemed impossible that any one of them could hear what all the others said ; till at last the master of the house

came up again, and then there was a lull."—p. 243.

His intercourse with the Patriots, or Klephts, was frequent, and is described with special liveliness. We again confine ourselves to one specimen. Mahomed Pasha, Vizier of Janina, gave him a circular of recommendation to the chief persons in all towns of the interior. Entering Messovo, understood to be a place of steady loyalty, the hatred and terror of the new Anti-Turk League, he cantered confidently up the street till he reached a considerable company of the aristocracy seated with their pipes under an awning by a fountain, and, producing the Pasha's document, requested to be informed of the name and whereabouts of "the chief person in this town." A most portly gentleman, splendidly clad in red velvet, and with a bazaar of beautiful daggers and pistols about his belts, took the rescript with polite alacrity, and, having read it, asked the others with a condescending smile if there could be a doubt that he was the right man; to which receiving the expected answer, he immediately tore off a scrap of the Vizier's paper, scribbled thereupon some Romaic hieroglyphics, and, handing it back, bade him go on and prosper; the Milordos Inglesis need only give that billet to the first soldiers he met at the foot of Mount Pindus, and a sufficient number of them would at once constitute themselves a guard for his Excellency's protection, and see him safe to the famous monasteries of Meteora. Thus fortified, Milordos pursued his journey for a few hours among rough hills and thick box-groves:

"This path continued for some distance until we came to a place where there was a ledge so narrow that two horses could not go abreast. Here, as I was riding quietly along, I heard an exclamation in front of "Robbers! robbers!" and sure enough, out of one of the thickets of box-trees there advanced three or four bright gun-barrels, which were speedily followed by some gentlemen in dirty white jackets and fustanellas, who, in a short and abrupt style of eloquence, commanded us to stand. This of course we were obliged to do; and as I was getting out my pistol, one of the individuals in white presented his gun at me, and upon my looking round to see whether my tall Albanian servant was preparing to support me, I saw him quietly half-cock his gun and sling it back over his shoulder, at the same time shaking his head as much as to say, 'It is no use resisting; we are caught; there are too many of them.' So I bolted the locks of the four barrels of my pistol carefully, hoping that the bolts would form an impediment to my being shot with

my own weapon after I had been robbed of it. The place was so narrow that there were no hopes of running away, and there we sat on horseback, looking silly enough I dare say. There was a good deal of talking and chattering among the robbers, and they asked the Albanian various questions to which I paid no attention, all my faculties being engrossed in watching the proceedings of the party in front, who were examining the effects in the panniers of the baggage-mule. First they pulled out my bag of clothes, and threw it upon the ground; then out came the sugar and the coffee, and whatever else there was. Some of the men had hold of the poor muleteer, and a loud argument was going on between him and his captors. I did not like all this; but my rage was excited to a violent pitch when I saw one man appropriating to his own use the half of a certain fat tender cold fowl, whereof I had eaten the other half with much appetite and satisfaction. 'Let that fowl alone, you scoundrel!' said I, in good English; 'put it down, will you? if you don't I'll —!' The man, surprised at this address in an unknown tongue, put down the fowl, and looked up with wonder at the explosion of ire which his actions had called forth. 'That is right,' said I, 'my good fellow; it is too good for such a dirty brute as you.' 'Let us see,' said I to the Albanian, 'if there is nothing to be done; say I am the King of England's uncle, or grandson, or particular friend, and that if we are hurt or robbed he will send all manner of ships and armies, and hang everybody, and cut off the heads of all the rest. Talk big, O man! and don't spare great words; they cost nothing, and let us see what that will do.'

We are sorry not to quote the rest of the story. By and by he was told they would carry him before their immediate superior, and he was led through a wilderness of ravines to a little encampment on Mount Pindus. The commanding officer here was at first sulky enough, but when he had at last contrived to make out the Messovo scrap, things instantly put on a new face. All was civility—a comfortable supper, plenty of wine, and assurance of a stout guard for the morrow. He had supposed the stranger to be one of those mean-spirited Franks who approved of the Grand Turk, and consorted with the tyrant of Janina—but since it was a friend of his own General, whatever the Patriot Klephts could do for Milordos was heartily at his service. The General of the insurgents, the reader sees, was no other than the dignitary in red velvet, who had answered to the character of "chief person in Messovo." He was a good-natured rebel, and liked a joke, and to his humorous turn Mr. Curzon owed the only scrap of penmanship that could have been of any use to him at that epoch anywhere near Mount Pindus.

The captain obeyed the general, the detachment obeyed the captain, and he was conducted with honesty and decorum to the extraordinary valley from which the convent-capped cliffs of Meteora arise like so many towers, or, in some cases, chimneys. On his return, it is pleasant to find that he of the red velvet had become, by a sudden conversion in politics, reconciled to the Visier, and was now *de jure* as well as *de facto* the chief person in Messoro. The Turkish government had, moreover, been favored with his bill for the expenses of his insurrection; and the section of the population that had fought and bled, and been burnt out and plundered, in defense of the Sultan and the Pasha, were grumbling over a tax imposed upon them for the defraying of the said bill; which, in the comparatively unenlightened time of Viscount Melbourne, seemed strange work in the eyes of a young Milordos. But we all get wiser as we advance in life. And now for the most singular scenery into which his yet rebellious Klephts had escorted him—the holy vale and rocks of Meteora:

"The end of a range of rocky hills seems to have been broken off by some earthquake or washed away by the deluge, leaving only a series of twenty or thirty tall, thin, smooth, needle-like rocks, many hundred feet in height; some like gigantic tusks, some shaped like sugar-loaves, and some like vast stalagmites. These rocks surround a beautiful grassy plain, on three sides of which there grow groups of detached trees, like those in an English park. Some of the rocks shoot up quite clean and perpendicularly from the smooth green grass; some are in clusters; some stand alone like obelisks; nothing can be more strange and wonderful than this romantic region, which is unlike anything I have ever seen either before or since. In Switzerland, Saxony, the Tyrol, or any other mountainous region where I have been, there is nothing at all to be compared to these extraordinary peaks.

"At the foot of many of the rocks which surround this beautiful grassy amphitheatre there are numerous caves and holes, some of which appear to be natural, but most of them are artificial; for in the dark and wild ages of monastic fanaticism whole flocks of hermits roosted in these pigeon-holes. Some of these caves are so high up the rocks that one wonders how the poor old gentlemen could ever get up to them; whilst others are low the surface, and the anchorites who buried in the earth, frequently afforded a moving Baracens; in to have been a fashion to the twelfth centuries, and in small, stiff grounds, we see many men on horseback in

tures the monks and hermits are represented in gowns made of a kind of coarse matting, and they have long beards, and some of them are covered with hair; these I take it were the ones most to be admired, as in the Greek Church sanctity is always in the inverse ratio of beauty. All Greek saints are painfully ugly, but the hermits are much uglier, dirtier, and older than the rest; they must have been very fusty people besides, eating roots, and living in holes like rats and mice. It is difficult to understand by what process of reasoning they could have persuaded themselves that, by living in this useless, inactive way, they were leading holy lives. They wore out the rocks with their knees in prayer; the cliffs resounded with their groans; sometimes they banged their breasts with a big stone, for a change; and some wore chains and iron girdles round their emaciated forms; but they did nothing to benefit their kind. Still there is something grand in the strength and constancy of their faith. They left their homes and riches and the pleasures of this world, to retire to these dens and caves of the earth, to be subjected to cold and hunger, pain and death, that they might do honor to their God, after their own fashion, and trusting that, by mortifying the body in this world, they should gain happiness for the soul in the world to come; and therefore peace be with their memory!

"On the tops of these rocks in different directions there remain seven monasteries out of twenty-four which once crowned their airy heights. How anything except a bird was to arrive at one which we saw in the distance on a pinnacle of rock was more than we could divine; but the mystery was soon solved. Winding our way upwards, among a labyrinth of smaller rocks and cliffs, by a romantic path which afforded us from time to time beautiful views of the green vale below us, we at length found ourselves on an elevated platform of rock, which I may compare to the flat roof of the church; while the monastery of Barlaam stood perpendicularly above us, on the top of a much higher rock, like the tower of this church. Here we fired off a gun, which was intended to answer the same purpose as knocking at the door in more civilized places; and we all strained our necks in looking up at the monastery, to see whether any answer would be made to our call. Presently we were hailed by some one in the sky, whose voice came down to us like the cry of a bird; and we saw the face and grey beard of an old monk some hundred feet above us peering out of a kind of window or door. He asked us who we were, and what we wanted, and so forth; to which we replied, that we were travellers, harmless people, who wished to be admitted into the monastery to stay the night; that we had come all the way from Corfu to see the wonders of Meteora, and, as it was now getting late, we appealed to his feelings of hospitality and Christian benevolence. 'Who are those with you?' said he. 'Oh! most respectable people,' we answered; 'gentlemen of our acquaintance, who have come with us across the mountains from Messoro.'

"The appearance of our escort did not please

the monk, and we feared that he would not admit us into the monastery; but at length he let down a thin cord, to which I attached a letter of introduction which I had brought from Corfu; and after some delay a much larger rope was seen descending with a hook at the end—to which a strong net was attached. On its reaching the rock on which we stood, the net was spread open; my two servants sat down upon it; and the four corners being attached to the hook, a signal was made, and they began slowly ascending into the air, twisting round and round like a leg of mutton hanging to a bottle-jack. The rope was old and mended, and the height from the ground to the door above was, we afterwards learned, 37 fathoms, or 222 feet. When they reached the top I saw two stout monks reach their arms out of the door and pull in the two servants by main force, as there was no contrivance like a turning-crane for bringing them nearer to the landing-place. The whole process appeared so dangerous, that I determined to go up by climbing a series of ladders which were suspended by large wooden pegs on the face of the precipice, and which reached the top of the rock in another direction, round a corner to the right. The lowest ladder was approached by a pathway leading to a rickety wooden platform which overhung a deep gorge. From this point the ladders hung perpendicularly upon the bare rock, and I climbed up three or four of them very soon; but coming to one, the lower end of which had swung away from the top of the one below, I had some difficulty in stretching across from the one to the other; and here unluckily I looked down, and found that I had turned a sort of angle in the precipice, and that I was not over the rocky platform where I had left the horses, but that the precipice went sheer down to so tremendous a depth, that my head turned when I surveyed the distant valley over which I was hanging in the air like a fly on a wall. The monks in the monastery saw me hesitate, and called out to me to take courage and hold on; and, making an effort, I overcame my dizziness, and clambered up to a small iron door, through which I crept into a court of the monastery, where I was welcomed by the monks and the two servants who had been hauled up by the rope. . . . I forthwith made myself at home, and took a stroll among the courts and gardens of the monastery while dinner or supper, whichever it might be called, was getting ready. I soon stumbled upon the Agoumenos (the lord abbot) of this aerial monastery, and we prowled about together, peeping into rooms, visiting the church, and poking about until it began to get dark; and then I asked him to dinner in his own room; but he could eat no meat, so I ate the more myself, and he made up for it by other savory messes, cooked partly by my servants and partly by the monks. He was an oldish man. He did not dislike sherry, though he preferred rosoglio, of which I always carried a few bottles with me in my monastic excursions. The abbot and I, and another holy father fraternized, and slapped each other on the back, till it was time to go to bed; when the two venerable monks gave me their blessing and stumbled out

of the room; and in a marvellously short space of time I was sound asleep.”—p. 286.

In this convent of Barlaam (not Balaam,) he admired the kitchen, perched on the very edge of the precipice, square in its plan, with a steep roof of stone, the centre thereof open to the sky. Within, upon a square platform of stone, rested four huge pillars, supporting the roof. This platform was the hearth where the fire blazed, while smaller fires of charcoal could be lit upon stone dressers all round the wall, so that the whole building was chimney and fireplace; and it occurred to him to wonder how, when a great dinner was in hand for a feast-day, the cooks could escape being roasted, as well as the lambs, pigs, and turkeys. The kitchen at Glastonbury is somewhat like this, but cannot pretend to its antiquity. In the course of the second evening, after another episode of sweet drams and clapping on the back, the Agoumenos and the Milordos adjourned privately to the library, and two Codices, both of the Gospels—one, a large quarto, richly ornamented with miniatures, the other, a small one, in gold semi-uncials on purple vellum, with the original binding of silver filigree, and which had once probably been the pocket volume of some Palæologus or Comnenus, were secured for the library at Parham, in consideration of certain pieces of yellow dross, which the worthy abbot “seemed to pocket with the sincerest satisfaction,” and of which there is no particular reason to suppose that he ever made any mention to the rest of the community. “Never” (says Mr. C.) “was any one more welcome to his money, though I left but little to pay my expenses back to Corfu. Such books would be treasures in the finest national collection in Europe.” In some of the other nests near St. Barlaam, he was lucky enough to make farther acquisitions, but still he contrived to get back in honor and credit to the mess-table at Corfu, where without question he found hearty sympathy in respect of the exquisite semi-uncials, the purple vellum, the tri-color miniatures, and the Palæological filigree.

We must make a brave skip from 1835 to 1837, and from Meteora to Mount Athos. In starting for this among the last of his Levantine battues, Mr. Curzon had uncommon advantages. He had been passing some weeks at Constantinople as the guest of Lord Ponsonby, and, merely as the English ambassador's friend, might well have counted on the patronage of the Byzantine Patri-

arch; but he was moreover provided with a letter from Archbishop Howley.

"When we had smoked our pipes for a while, and all the servants had gone away, I presented the letter. It was received in due form; and read aloud to the Patriarch, first in English, and then translated into Greek. 'And who,' quoth the Patriarch of Constantinople, 'who is this Archbishop?' 'Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury,' 'Archbishop of *what*?' said the Patriarch. 'Canterbury,' said I. 'Oh!' said the Patriarch. 'Ah! yes! and who is he?' Here all my English friends and myself were taken aback sadly; we had not imagined that the high-priest before us could be ignorant of such a matter as the one in question. The Patriarch of the Greek church, the successor of Gregory Nazianzen, St. John Chrysostom, and the heresiarch Nestorius, seemed not to be aware that there were any other denominations of Christians besides those of his own church and the Church of Rome. But the fact is, that the Patriarch of Constantinople is merely the puppet of an intriguing faction of the Greek bankers and usurers of the Fanar, who select for the office some man of straw whom they feel secure they can rule, and whose appointment they obtain by a heavy bribe paid to the Sultan; for the head of the Christian Church is appointed by the Mahommedan Emperor.

"We explained, and said that the Archbishop of Canterbury was a man eminent for his great learning and his Christian virtues; that he was the primate and chief of the great reformed Church of England, and a personage of such high degree that he ranked next to the blood-royal; that from time immemorial the Archbishop of Canterbury was the great dignitary who placed the crown upon the head of our kings—those kings whose power swayed the destinies of Europe and of the world; and that this present Archbishop and Primate had himself placed the crown upon the head of King William IV., and that he would also soon crown our young Queen. 'Well,' replied the Patriarch, 'but how is that? how can it happen that the head of your church is only an Archbishop? whereas I, the Patriarch, command other patriarchs, and under them archbishops, archimandrites, and other dignitaries of the Church? How can these things be? I cannot write an answer to the letter of the Archbishop of—of—.' 'Of Canterbury,' said I. 'Yes, of Canterbury; for I do not see how he who is only an archbishop can by any possibility be the head of a Christian hierarchy; but as you come from the British embassy I will give my letters, which will ensure your reception into every monastery which acknowledges the supremacy of the *orthodox* faith of the Patriarch of Constantinople.'"

In a few days the patriarchal firman was received, and the fees thereon duly discharged. With this authoritative epistle*

in his hands Mr. Curzon (having safely weathered sundry squalls and outsailed one or two supposed pirates) arrived amongst the marvels of the holy peninsula, and visited in succession all its monasteries, save one, renowned for its figs, but supposed to have lost long before all its precious vellums. These establishments are in number twenty-one, and of all sizes; in some he found one hundred monks, with accommodations for as many more; but half of the brethren are usually absent on agricultural duty, located for the time in outlying *cells*—that is, comfortable little farm-houses among the glens of the inner region; others are of comparatively small consequence, the whole fraternity not exceeding perhaps a dozen, besides the agoumenos. All or most are still well endowed, and in fair condition, despite innumerable heavy blows and great discouragements in former ages of the Turkocracy; and though severely injured and plundered, many of them, but yesterday during the wars of the Greek revolution, when the Christian patriots were not very particular as to their selection of spots on the Ottoman sea-board for a foray, nor the Ottoman soldiers in distinguishing between Greek rebels and Greek victims of the licence of rebellion. The scenery is most charming. Mr. Curzon lingers with fond memory over the "rocks of white marble" garnished with shrubs and flowers, the sight of which would make Mr. Paxton gape and Mrs. Lawrence sigh—the gorgeous woods—the majestic central peak, which would not, he thinks, have been improved by being hewn into an image of Alexander the Great. This Paradise of monks includes some tracts of very rich soil. Their farms yield good

Holy Mountain, and to the Holy Fathers of the same, and of all other Sacred Convents, our beloved Sons. We, Gregorios, Patriarch, Archbishop Universal, &c., &c., &c. Peace be to you. The bearer of the present, our patriarchal sheet, the Honorable Robert Curzon, of a noble English family, recommended to us by most worthy and much-honored persons, intending to travel, and wishing to be instructed in the old and new philology, thinks to satisfy his curiosity by repairing to those sacred convents which may have any connection with his intentions. We recommend his person, therefore, to you all; and we order that you not only receive him with every esteem and hospitality, but give him precise and clear explanations to all his interrogations relative to his philological examinations, obliging yourselves, and lending yourselves, in a manner not only fully to satisfy and content him, but so that he shall approve of and praise your conduct. This we desire and require to be executed, rewarding you with the Divine and with our blessing. GREGORIOS, Universal Patriarch."

* "To the blessed Inspectors, Officers, Chiefs, and Representatives of the Holy Community of the
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revenues; they are active timber-merchants, and supply quantities of corn, fruit, oil, and beef to the Constantinople markets. Neither butcher-meat nor smoking is allowed within the sacred region, but in some of the colleges the fish dinners seem almost to rival Greenwich, and Mr. Curzon speaks with awful admiration of their wine-cellars—he “never saw such tuns, except at Heidelberg.” In several the libraries are still considerable, but the sprinkling of anything but Byzantine divinity is small in the best of them. Only one of the Heads of Houses seems to have impressed Mr. Curzon as a man of any pretensions to learning, but several were well-bred, gentlemanlike Amphitryons. Among the Fellows he found three or four of some attainments; one could speak French, one German, several a sort of Italian—the effects of housing now and then foreign wanderers who relished the fish-pot and swallowed the vows. Where the abbot was also librarian, or had the officer so designated in his special confidence, Mr. Curzon found little difficulty about buying such books as smit his fancy. In general, when such transactions must take place with the concurrence of the brotherhood at large, it was hopeless to deal—their childish ignorance and extravagant expectations baffled the Frank. He brought away two saddle-bags and a trunk well stuffed with literary prizes, for the enumeration and laudation of which we have not at present room, and also some few pieces (for one or two of the Heads were over-tempted) of church-plate—goblets and paterae of rare Byzantine workmanship, probably among the oldest articles of the class now in existence. But his mouth watered in vain at the sight of the grandest and, of course, most celebrated objects—things too sure to be missed and inquired about—for example, the “glorious triptic” at St. Laura—pure gold, eighteen inches high—set over externally “with emeralds, pearls and rubies as large as sixpences, and a double row of diamonds—the most ancient specimens of this stone that I have seen;” in the interior “wholly covered with engraved figures of saints which were full of precious stones”—altogether “a superb work of art,” and the undoubted gift of the Emperor Nicephorus Phocas, the founder of the monastery. This great convent has two churches, besides separate chapels. The architecture is like that of the buildings erected in Constantinople between the fifth and twelfth centuries—that Byzantine of which St. Marc’s at Venice is

the finest specimen in the West; but he thought the resemblance was still closer to the chapel in the ancient palace at Palermo. There are, however, few mosaics on Mount Athos, the churches and chapels depending for decoration on fresco paintings of saints and the last judgment. This last emblazons every porch, or Galilee, in the peninsula:

“In these pictures, which are often of immense size, the artists evidently took much more pains to represent the uncouthness of the devils than the beauty of the angels, who, in all these ancient frescoes, are a very hard-favored set. The chief devil is very big; he is the hero of the scene, and is always marvellously hideous, with a great mouth and long teeth, with which he is usually gnawing two or three sinners who, to judge from the expression of his face, must be very nauseous articles of food. He stands up to his middle in a red pool which is intended for fire, and wherein numerous little sinners are disporting themselves like fish in all sorts of attitudes, but without looking at all alarmed or unhappy. On one side of the picture an angel is weighing a few in a pair of scales, and others are capering about in company with some smaller devils, who evidently lead a merry life of it. The souls of the blessed are seated in a row on a long hard bench very high up in the picture; these are all old men with beards; some are covered with hair, others richly clothed, anchorites and princes being the only persons elevated to the bench. They have good stout glories round their heads, which in rich churches are gilt, and in the poorer ones are painted yellow, and look like large straw hats. These personages are severe and grim of countenance, and look by no means comfortable or at home; they each hold a large book, and give you the idea that except for the honor of the thing they would be much happier in company with the wicked little sinners and merry imps in the crimson lake below. This picture of the Last Judgment is as much conventional as the portraits of the saints; it is almost always the same, and a correct representation of a part of it is to be seen in the last print of the rare volume of the Monte Santo di Dio, which contains the three earliest engravings known: it would almost appear that the print must have been copied from one of these ancient Greek frescoes. It is difficult to conceive how any one, even in the dark ages, can have been simple enough to look upon these quaint and absurd paintings with feelings of religious awe; but some of the monks of the Holy Mountain do so even now, and were evidently scandalized when they saw me smile.”

Mr. Curzon here adds a note showing that, however modern Franks may smile, one of these pictures was really the cause of a whole nation’s embracing Christianity—

“Bogoris, king of Bulgaria, having written to

Constantinople for a painter to decorate the walls of his palace, a monk named Methodius was sent to him—all knowledge of the arts, in those days, being confined to the clergy. The king desired Methodius to paint on a certain wall the most terrible picture that he could imagine; and, by the advice of the king's sister, who had embraced Christianity some years before whilst in captivity at Constantinople, the monastic artist produced so fearful a representation of the torments of the condemned in the next world, that it had the effect of converting Bogoris to the Christian faith. In consequence of this event, the Patriarch of Constantinople dispatched a bishop to Bulgaria, who baptized the king by the name of Michael, in the year 865. Before long, his loyal subjects, following the example of their sovereign, were converted also; and Christianity from that period became the religion of the land.*—p. 365.*

We noticed, near the beginning of our paper, the most remarkable peculiarity about the art of the Greek Church. It is to be regretted that Mr. Curzon had not read, before he published his volume, the very instructive and curious work of MM. Dindron and Durand: '*De l'Iconographie Chrétienne, Grecque et Latine*' (Paris, 1845). It includes a translation of a Byzantine treatise, '*Εἰσαγωγή εἰς τὴν ζωγραφικὴν*,' which Father Joasaph, a monk of Athos, and the chief artist of that peninsula, communicated in 1839 to M. Dindron, on finding the Frenchman astonished with the rapidity of his pencil in the decoration of a new church for the convent of St. Esphigmenou, and the exactness with which he was reproducing the usual type of every saint in the calendar. In this work, which begins with quoting the Nicæan Canon—"Art belongs to the painter of Holy Objects, but not Invention"—M. Dindron found the code so familiar to Joasaph's memory, that he but rarely had occasion to re-open its page. Here not only is the length of nose, and lip, and brow for every particular prophet and martyr set down, with the tint of hair, the arrangement of robes to the smallest fold, and the text of the Bible to be inscribed on his skirt, but the rule is equally precise for the proportions and color of the ass of Balaam, the cock of Peter, the whale of Jonah, the apes and peacocks of Solomon, and every animal in holy writ. M. Dindron dwells on the apple

* We may observe, that in some of the grandest churches of Rome, two or three years ago, we saw many new pictures of Purgatory, with every horror that red and black daubing could represent, stuck up in conspicuous places, with placards inviting relations, friends, and all benevolent Christians, to subscribe liberally for masses to hasten the day of deliverance.

of Eve—always the same, not only in the thousand chapels of Athos—(churches, chapels, and oratories together considerably exceed that number)—but wherever the mosaic or fresco has been executed under the authority of the Greek Church—for he had studied well the parallel illustrations of the West, and knew that in the old churches of Burgundy and Champagne our first mother is usually tempted by a cluster of grapes; in those of Provence, &c., by an orange; while in Normandy and Picardy it is the common apple of those districts; and that the same sort of variation runs through Spain and Italy, unless in particular places where Byzantine artists had set the early copy. Whenever the decorator of a Greek church has put his name to his work, it is not as *painter* that he designates himself, but as *historizer*—as in one splendid example at Salamis, date 1755—'*Ἱστορίῃς ὁ θεὸς καὶ πάντες οἱ ναὶ εὐεὶς διὰ χεῖρος Ἱστορίῃς Μάρκου ἐκ πολλῶν Ἀγγλῶν καὶ τῶν μαθητῶν διὰ Νικολάου καὶ Ἀντωνίου*.'—*Iconographie*, p. xiii. M. Dindron adds that the intelligence of Father Joasaph surprised and delighted him. We are sorry that Mr. Curzon did not make acquaintance with this superior specimen of the recluses.

The convent of St. Laura is the second in magnitude, and it is a rich house every way; but in its cookery, we are sorry to add, the schismatical taint is marked—

"I was informed that no female animal of any sort or kind is admitted on any part of the peninsula of Mount Athos; and that since the days of Constantine the soil of the Holy Mountain had never been contaminated by the tread of a woman's foot. That this rigid law is infringed by certain small and active creatures who have the audacity to bring their wives and large families within the very precincts of the monastery, I soon discovered to my sorrow, and heartily regretted that the law was not more rigidly enforced; nevertheless, I slept well on my divan, and at sunrise received a visit from the agoumenos, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters, I inquired about the library. The agoumenos declared his willingness to show me everything. 'But first,' said he, 'I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and from the special good will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest, I shall prepare it with my own hands; for it is really an admirable dish, and one not presented to all persons.' 'Well,' thought I, 'a good breakfast is not a bad thing;' and the fresh mountain-air and the good night's rest had given me an appetite; so I expressed my thanks for the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on the divan, proceeded to prepare his dish. 'This,' said he, pro-

ducing a shallow basin half-full of a white paste, 'is the principal and most savory part of this famous dish; it is composed of cloves of garlic, pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese'—it seemed to be of the white acid kind, called *caccia cavallo* in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers—'and now it is completed!' He stirred the savory mess with a large wooden spoon, until it sent forth over room and passage and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma not to be described. 'Now,' said the agoumenos, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, 'this is a dish for an emperor! Eat, my friend, my much respected guest; do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl you shall go into the library and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which, I can assure you, you will not meet with everywhere.'

"I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? Was ever an unfortunate bibliomaniac dosed with such a medicine before? It would have been enough to have cured the whole Roxburghe Club for ever and ever. 'My lord,' said I, 'it is a fast; I cannot this morning do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast; I am under a vow. Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong; my conscience wont permit it, though the odor certainly is most wonderful! Truly, an astonishing savor! Let me see you eat it, O agoumenos!' continued I; 'for behold I am unworthy of anything so good.' 'Excellent and virtuous young man!' said the agoumenos, 'no, I will not eat it. I will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace; for know, that to travellers all such vows are set aside. On a journey, it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples, but be not afraid, it is lawful. Take it, my honored friend, and eat it; eat it all, and then we will go into the library.' He put the bowl into one of my hands, and the great wooden spoon into the other; and in desperation I took a gulp, the recollection of which still makes me tremble. What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility; not all my ardor in the pursuit of manuscripts could give me the necessary courage. I was overcome with sorrow and despair. My servant saved me at last; he said 'that English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings, he believed; but he requested that it might be put by, and he was sure I should like it very much later in the day.' The agoumenos looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the board sounded for church.* 'I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord,' said he; 'I will take you to the library, and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church.' So I

got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladleful stuck to me for days. I followed the good agoumenos to the library, where he left me to my own devices."—p. 369.

There were two small rooms full of books; and they were disposed in tolerable order on their shelves; but the dust had not been disturbed for many years, and almost blinded the intruder. He counted them, however, and indeed spent several days among them. There were, he says, full 5,000 volumes; the largest collection extant on Mount Athos. Some 4,000 are printed books, including several fine Aldine classics and the *Editio Princeps* of the *Anthologia* in capital letters. Of the 900 or 1,000 MSS., 600 were on paper—all theology save four, viz: the *Iliad*, *Hesiod*, and two on botany, "probably the works of *Dioscorides*, and not in good condition, having been much studied by the monks in former days—large thick quartos." Among 300 MSS. on vellum, was one *Evangelisterium*, of the ninth century—a splendid tome; about fifty Gospels of the eleventh and twelfth; many huge folios of *St. Chrysostom*, &c., equally ancient. "Not one leaf of a classic author on vellum."

At *St. Laura* nothing could be done in the way of bargain; the monks were too many, or the abbot too honest. At *Pantocratoras*—a small house—there would probably have been no objection to treat; but when now, after years of forgetfulness, the Principal explored his book-tower, behold all the volumes and rolls had been piled in a heap together at the bottom during some alarm of the *Philhellenic* war, and the Turkish cannon having injured the roof, and no repair of a mere library having been thought of, the rain had by this time reduced the whole collection of paper and vellum to one black layer of stinking paste. Another of the smaller convents, with an autocratic abbot, is that of *Caracalla*.

"The library I found to be a dark closet near the entrance of the church; it had been locked up for many years, but the agoumenos made no difficulty in breaking the old-fashioned padlock by which the door was fastened. I found upon the ground and upon some broken-down shelves about four or five hundred volumes, chiefly printed books; but amongst them, every now and then, I stumbled upon a manuscript; of these there were about thirty on vellum and fifty or sixty on paper. I picked up a single loose leaf of very ancient uncial Greek characters, part of the Gospel of *St. Matthew*, written in small square letters and of small quarto size. I searched in vain for the

* A board and a hammer serve these schismatics for a bell.

volume to which this leaf belonged. As I had found it impossible to purchase any manuscripts at St. Laura, I feared that the same would be the case in other monasteries; however, I made bold to ask for this single leaf as a thing of small value. 'Certainly!' said the agoumenos, 'what do you want it for?' My servant suggested that, perhaps, it might be useful to cover some jam-pots or vases of preserves which I had at home. 'Oh!' said the agoumenos, 'take some more;' and, without more ado, he seized upon an unfortunate thick quarto manuscript of the Acts and Epistles, and drawing out a knife, cut out an inch thickness of leaves at the end before I could stop him. It proved to be the Apocalypse, which concluded the volume, but which is rarely found in early Greek manuscripts of the Acts; it was of the eleventh century. I ought, perhaps, to have slain the tomeicide for his dreadful act of profanation, but his generosity reconciled me to his guilt, so I pocketed the Apocalypse."

At the monastery of St. Paul Mr. Carzon made the rarest of all his acquisitions. This house was founded by an old hospodar of Wallachia, and its Servian and Bulgarian MSS. amounted to 250, some of them most curious. One copy of the Gospels was from beginning to end a perfect blaze of illuminations.

"I had seen no book like it anywhere in the Levant. I almost tumbled off the steps on which I was perched on the discovery of so extraordinary a volume. I saw that these books were taken care of, so I did not much like to ask whether they would part with them; more especially as the community was evidently a prosperous one, and had no need to sell any of their goods.

"After walking about the monastery with the monks, as I was going away the agoumenos said he wished he had anything which he could present to me as a memorial of my visit to the convent of St. Paul. On this a brisk fire of reciprocal compliments ensued, and I observed that I should like to take a book. 'Oh! by all means!' he said; 'we make no use of the old books, and should be glad if you would accept one.' We returned to the library; and the agoumenos took out one at a hazard, as you might take a brick or a stone out of a pile, and presented it to me. Quoth I, 'If you don't care what book it is that you are so good as to give me, let me take one which pleases me;' and, so saying, I took down the illuminated folio of the Bulgarian Gospels, and I could hardly believe I was awake when the agoumenos gave it into my hands. Perhaps the greatest piece of impertinence of which I was ever guilty was when I asked to buy another; but that they insisted upon giving me also; so I took other two copies of the Gospels, all three as free-will gifts. I felt almost ashamed at accepting these two last books; but who could resist it, knowing that they were utterly valueless to the monks, and were not saleable in the ba-

azar at Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica, or any neighboring city? However, before I went away, as a salvo to my conscience, I gave some money to the church."—p. 424.

One of the last convents visited was Simopetra. A monk who had just arrived from one of the farms could speak a little Italian, and was deputed to dine with Milordos.

"He was a magnificent-looking man of thirty or thirty-five years of age, with large eyes and long black hair and beard. As we sat together in the evening in the ancient room, by the light of one dim brazen lamp, with deep shades thrown across his face and figure, I thought he would have made an admirable study for Titian or Sebastian del Piombo. In the course of conversation I found that he had learnt Italian from another monk, having never been out of the peninsula of Mount Athos. His parents and most of the other inhabitants of the village where he was born, somewhere in Roumelia—but its name or exact position he did not know—had been massacred during some revolt or disturbance. So he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it; he had been educated in a school in this or one of the other monasteries, and his whole life had been passed upon the Holy Mountain; and this, he said, was the case with very many other monks. He did not remember his mother, and did not seem quite sure that he ever had one; he had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were, or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of the Panagia, the Holy Virgin, which hang in every church. Now, those who are conversant with the peculiar conventional representations of the Blessed Virgin in the pictures of the Greek Church, which are all exactly alike, stiff, hard, and dry, without any appearance of life or emotion, will agree with me that they do not afford a very favorable idea of the grace or beauty of the fair sex; and that there was a difference of appearance between black women, Circassians, and those of other nations, which was, however, difficult to describe to one who had never seen a lady of any race. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, but I did not think it charitable to carry on the conversation farther, although the poor monk seemed to have a strong inclination to know more of that interesting race of beings from whose society he had been so entirely debarred. I often thought afterwards of the singular lot of this manly and noble-looking monk; whether he is still a recluse, either in the monastery or in his mountain-farm, with its little moss-grown chapel as ancient as the days of Constantine; or whether he has gone out into the world and mingled in its pleasures and its cares."—p. 428.

From this spinny no bag reported. At

the next, Coutloumoussi, the wallet opened and closed on several rich morsels—especially a matchless folio of St. Chrysostom—"who seems to have been the principal instructor of the monks of Mount Athos, that is, in the days when they were in the habit of reading; a tedious custom which they have long since given up by general consent." (p. 430.)

In leaving this singular peninsula, still so rich in monuments of the piety and munificence of the Byzantine Cæsars, we must lay our hands on one paragraph more from Mr. Curzon's introduction :

"The bodies of the Byzantine emperors were enclosed in sarcophagi of precious marbles, which were usually deposited in chapels erected for the purpose—a custom which has been imitated by the sultans of Turkey. Of all these magnificent sarcophagi and chapels or mausoleums where the remains of the imperial families were deposited, only one remains intact; every one but this has been violated, destroyed, or carried away; the ashes of the Cæsars have been scattered to the winds. This is now known by the name of the chapel of St. Nazario e Celso, at Ravenna; it was built by Galla Placidia, the daughter of Theodosius; she died at Rome in 440, but her body was removed to Ravenna and deposited in a sarcophagus in this chapel; in the same place are two other sarcophagi, one containing the remains of Constantius, the second husband of Galla Placidia, and the other holding the body of her son, Valentinian III. These tombs have never been disturbed, and are the only ones which remain intact of the entire line of the Cæsars, either of the Eastern or Western empires."—p. xxviii.

Our readers will hardly quarrel with the extent of our quotations, but we may as well confess that one main temptation was the pure unaffected English of the book. In many respects the largely foreign training of the young men of rank in these our later days has produced serious evil. We ascribe to this cause, in no trivial measure, the melancholy aspect of our domestic politics. The old national spirit was essentially blended with the old national taste. The results in our literature have been equally marked, and in their place and degree are equally to be regretted. It is very much to the credit of our younger aristocracy that so many of them have aspired to distinction by the use of the pen; but how few of these have escaped the foreign tinge—how few feel it as their peculiar duty to guard uncontaminated the proud inheritance of the native speech! Lord Brougham does not fall within our category; but, exercising as he

does a command over the resources of French diction that astonishes French people, what an example he sets of stern and rigid rejection of all outlandish embroidery when he unfolds his plain strong web of the vernacular! Lord Mahon too is rather of older standing than the class we alluded to; but in him they see a master of French style, who is so severely native in his English that he has sometimes been sneered at, by such critics as such an author may accept placidly, as a *Purist*. We were delighted to see Mr. Curzon following these worthy examples. Few of his years have been greater travellers, and there is not one foreign word used in his volume when an English one was at his service.

A new book of another kind, which also from internal evidence must have been written by a person constantly mingling in the highest English society, reaches us when this sheet is in the press, and the rest of our pages are all bespoken; otherwise, on many accounts, but especially because it is another instance of manly unpolluted English, we should have much wished to make it the subject of a separate article in this number. That is now impossible, but we beg to call our readers' attention, in case the novel has not come in their way, to "*Rockingham, or the Younger Brother*." We think the writer has made two serious mistakes—first, in selecting for his main subject the very painful one of fraternal rivalry in love; secondly, what is moreover very bad in an artistical point of view, in having introduced about the middle certain "*Fragments*" of a second tragedy on exactly the same unhappy theme. But the work abounds in interest—and indeed we should be at a loss to name another recent novel that shows anything like the same power of painting strong passion—or rather we should say the strong passion of gentle natures, and this too under all the habitual restraints of education, principle, and self-control. It was, however, the beautifully pure English that we especially desired to dwell upon, and that is the more noticeable because the *episode* above condemned is wholly in French; and, as we may say on far higher authority than our own, such French as was never before published by an Englishman. In Lord Brougham's French writings, in Lord Mahon's, and also in Mr. Beckford's, it was, we believe, the judgment of Paris, that, extraordinary as their correctness was, a native eye could not fail to detect some mixture of the French of different epochs. How could it be otherwise, we may well ask. But so much more

the wonder if, as we are assured, it is the fact that the miniature romance framed into "Rockingham" is as completely in the best French of the present time as the bulk of the work is in its best English.

The history of the patch we conjecture to have been this. The author originally designed a French novel on the full scale—perhaps he finished it. He by-and-by saw reason to think that he could bring out his general conception better with the use of English manners—and, *dominus utriusque linguæ*, penned *Rockingham*, interweaving much matter from the discarded *Royaulmont*.

When he had done, he found he had been forced to omit some of the best scenes of the French piece. No skill could amalgamate those plums with the new pudding—so he served up as a side-dish a few slices of the old one. And we sympathize with his reluctance to throw away altogether such passages as Marie Antoinette's ball at Versailles, and the execution of the too tender Marquis de Royaulmont—in truth, we think them even better than the best in the loves of his English "younger brother," and his (of course quite correct) English Marchioness.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

BY G. L. BANKS.

Hang up the sword! let it rust and decay,
Through all changes of time, 'mid the lumber of years,
The glory it had is now passing away,
Supplanted by one without bloodshed and tears.
A new creed is rife in this planet of ours,
And strongly it aways in the bosoms of men,
Who summon the might of their holiest powers
To make a good weapon, and sure, of the pen.

Hang up the sword! give its fame to the wind,
And the deeds it has done to the annals of lust;
The scales are removed from the eyes of the blind,
Who shudder to see how they've fattened the dust.
Peace! peace! is the cry, spreading everywhere fast,
And kindling proud hopes in the spirits of men;
The reign of the sword was earth's midnight, now past—
The brightness of morning begins with the pen.

Hang up the sword! hang it up out of sight;
'Tis useless, 'tis powerless, 'tis crimsoned with shame;
It may glare for a while in the blaze of earth's light,
Till the stain on its blade is transferred to our fame.
But the blade shall be shivered, the stain be rubbed out,
And the "glory of old" light our frail world again,
When, instead of the warrior's carnage and shout,
Mind alone shall be might, and its weapon the pen.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GORE HOUSE.

BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

AMONGST the many things to fix the attention of an inhabitant of the United States of America when he travels in Europe, there is, perhaps, nothing which strikes him more than the decay or break-up of old institutions, political or social, moral or material. We are so much accustomed to progress in the New World, that almost the only change we look for is that caused by a wider expansion of views, a continual enlargement of means. Our course is so directly onward, that we never pause to think of those who fall behind in the race; or if we occasionally witness the ruin of an ample fortune, we ascribe it, in all probability to the right cause—an incautious speculation; consoling the sufferer, if we offer consolation at all, with the assurance that in a new country there is always plenty of opportunity for a man to begin again. The displacement even of the Indian tribes, one of the few facts that speak of the history of the past in America, goes for nothing in our account; the scanty mementoes which they have left exciting our sympathy in an infinitely smaller degree than the void which they have made for new enterprise affects our desire for advancement.

But on this side of the Atlantic the case is quite different. We are spectators of the play, not actors in it. We come here to observe upon men and manners—to examine with an equal eye both the past and the present, reserving the future for ourselves in our own land, in the hope of creating that which one day may become a glorious past.

It has personally been my fortune, during previous visits to Europe, to witness some remarkable mutations. I shall say nothing of political occurrences or altered opinions, as I have no desire at this moment to enter upon a grave disquisition on such subjects. I prefer rather to speak of changes that have interested me more nearly than the general events which belong to history. I will not, therefore, like King Richard,

“Make dust my paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,”

but tell what I have to say in a less uncheerful spirit.

When last I was in England, the subject which chiefly engrossed conversation, as a question of society, was the great sale at Strawberry Hill; the dispersion of the countless objects of art and *virtu* which the taste and antiquarian zeal of Horace Walpole had for half a century been occupied in collecting. Like many more of my countrymen, I wandered through the pasteboard Gothic galleries of the reviver of mediæval art, criticising the man while I admired the result of his exertions; but not without respect for his opinions as well as his talents; for Walpole was one of the few who had the wisdom to see and the frankness to denounce the unjust policy of his government towards the colony which, happily for all parties, became so soon an independent nation. But beyond this feeling, I sympathized little with the family of the then possessors of Strawberry Hill; and had I even been that way disposed, I heard enough from the persons I met there to give my thoughts an opposite direction. One amongst these was a very singular man, whom I had often heard of, and now accidentally encountered—the celebrated author of *Vathek*, but more celebrated still as the owner of Fonthill, his own creation, and the victim of his own caprice.

No man's career had been more uniformly cast in high places than Mr. Beckford's; none had possessed more, few so many, opportunities of seeing life, and there was probably no one in England who could say so much of what he had seen and known, or say it so well as himself. I have heard that he cared less for his own countrymen than for any other people on earth, and I am inclined to think so from the *mauvaise langue* with which he spoke of so many whom I

named to him as celebrities, who had been his contemporaries in youth and middle age.

He soon discovered, perhaps from the free-spoken manner with which I questioned him on various points, that I was an American; and whether he was on that account more communicative than he otherwise would have been, or was willing to entertain me because I was a stranger, I cannot say, but he certainly put no restraint on his words, nor troubled himself much about the effect which might be caused by his anecdotes.

Towards Horace Walpole he seemed to entertain a feeling of animosity, which nearly half a century of the shrouded stillness of the grave had been unable to remove.

"I wrote a book," said he, "when I was only eighteen—not to ridicule Horace Walpole, though he thought so, and cherished a spite against me as long as he lived—but to mystify an old housekeeper of mine, who believed every word that was set down in it, and learnt it all by heart to retail it to the people who came to see my house. She was firmly persuaded, because I had told her so, that Michael Angelo was a baker whom I had set up in business in Bath, where he took to painting, and produced the work on which she used to descant to the astonished visitors. The title of the book offended Walpole, but there was nothing in it against him; it was thought amusing; a bookseller gave me a hundred and sixty guineas for it, and it had its day. But besides that," continued Mr. Beckford, "he disliked me as a younger and rival collector. If"—and the old man churned his words spitefully, a light foam settling from time to time on his lips as he rapidly went on—"if he could see me now, fixing on the things I mean to buy, he would *even* wish himself back again. Horace Walpole's taste," he added with vehemence, "was bad. He was an *offalist*."

He told a good story of the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany, which he had had from the famous Prince de Ligne, with whom he had been intimate at Brussels some sixty years before.

"The emperor," said Mr. Beckford, "had fewer brains than kings, *quand même ils fussent Allemands*, generally have. His Lorraine-French was exquisite, and the Prince de Ligne could imitate him to the life. He was one day out walking with the great chamberlain and some other officers of his court, when it came on to rain. The emperor turned round in a state of helpless distress, and—*gueule béante*—exclaimed to the cham-

berlain: '*Il bleut tans ma pouche!*' The functionary received the intimation as gravely as if it had been the profoundest state secret; the vast resources of his mind, however, suggested a remedy. Approaching the afflicted emperor with a low bow at every step as he drew nearer, he paused at length, and looking respectfully in the vacant face, said with the utmost gravity: '*Qu'il blaise à sa machesté imbériale te pien fouloir fermer sa pouche?*'"

The look of imbecile gratitude which Mr. Beckford put on to express the monarch's thanks, could not have been surpassed by the emperor himself, or by his witty reporter.

Of a great predecessor of the Lorraine prince—the Emperor Charles V.—Mr. Beckford spoke with more respect. We were examining a portfolio of rare prints together, and came to a portrait of the recluse of St. Just, engraved, however, from a picture when he still wore the diadems of Germany and Spain. After commenting on his character in terms of praise, perhaps on account of his having exhausted his ambition, or for his contempt of the nothingness of fame, he suddenly said—

"This is a very good likeness. I can say so, for I have seen him."

"I know, sir, you have seen a great deal more than most people," I replied, smiling; "but Charles V. has been dead nearly three hundred years."

"Very true," returned Mr. Beckford, "but for all that I have seen him."

He said this so positively, that I stared with astonishment, beginning to ask myself if I had got into company with the Wandering Jew.

"When I was first in Spain," pursued he, "although my visit was ostensibly for my own amusement, I had been charged by the Queen of Portugal with certain matters of importance to the Court of Spain, and more facilities were given me for seeing whatever I pleased than any foreigner had enjoyed before. I had only to express a wish, and it was immediately gratified. When I went to the Escorial, I said that I should like to see the body of Charles V. as he lay embalmed in his coffin. The tomb was consequently opened, and I saw his face as distinctly as I see yours now, as plainly as this engraving shows it. There's only one difference—the mouth had slightly fallen in, but the rest of the features as prominent as in his lifetime. I shall never forget them."

Mr. Beckford's acquaintance with the royal

family of Portugal provoked his cynical, or perhaps scandal-loving propensities.

"Few of that race," said he, "are legitimate. Dom Miguel, for instance; his father was the Marquis of Marialva, not Dom Joao; and the proof of it is that he is *web-footed*. The Marialvas all have that mark, like the Reine Pédauque."

How true this assertion may be, it is impossible for me to say, but Mr Beckford asserted it as a fact which admitted of no dispute. His tone, indeed, was so confident, that had he declared Dom Miguel to be a human *ornithoryncus*, I should scarcely have raised a doubt upon the subject. After all, nature indulges in so many freaks, that I see no reason why, amongst other blemishes, a few extra membranes may not become hereditary. I could repeat many more curious things which fell from this strange old man, who, at the age of eighty-two, spoke with all the fervor and energy of youth; but they would lead me too far from my subject—though the allusion to him is not altogether disconnected with the theme which more particularly occupies me, for in the same gallery where I saw Mr. Beckford, I renewed my acquaintance with the Countess of Blessington.

Thirteen years before—time has since lengthened the period to twenty—I had been presented to her ladyship in Paris by my countryman Fenimore Cooper. She then struck me as one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen; and that opinion was scarcely shaken when I met her again, standing beneath Sir Joshua's portrait of the lovely Lady Waldegrave, a test of some severity. More fullness had been added to her figure, and the oval form of her face was less apparent, but the grace of the one and the sweetness of the other were still conspicuous. There are some faces in which the light of beauty is never extinguished, and Lady Blessington's was of that order. He who has only seen Lawrence's exquisite portrait of her will have carried away this impression; we, who have known the original, many years after that picture was painted, can confirm the truth of this creed by our own experience.

There was more of change in the appearance of Count D'Orsay, on whose arm Lady Blessington was leaning. The wear and tear of a man's life, and such a life as I have heard he led, sufficiently account for this. But there was nothing altered in his manner—nor in that of either. The faculty which all clever people possess, in common

with many who are notoriously deficient in other respects—that of remembering faces—recalled me at once to their recollection.

"You must come and see me at Gore House," said her ladyship; "my rooms are not quite so large as the *salons* in the Faubourg St. Honoré, but I manage to fill them as well, if not better. J'ai lâché la parole, mon cher Alfred," added she, turning with a smile to her companion, "j'espère que tu ne m'en veux pas?"

"Je n'ai rien à dire," was the count's reply; "on gagne toujours quand on trouve de nouveaux amis sans en perdre de vieux."

"Surtout," continued the countess, giving me her hand, "quand ils arrivent de si loin."

I need scarcely say, that after this welcome, I did not bend unwilling feet in the direction of Gore House during the remainder of my stay in London that summer.

The first time I dined there I shall not easily forget. It was a beautiful evening in the beginning of June, and though the day had been spent in a round of sight-seeing, I experienced none of the fatigue which I might have felt at another moment, with so much pleasure had I looked forward to the party I expected to meet. In the month of June, if the season be at all propitious, the environs of London, especially to the west, are charming. An hour or two before, Hyde Park had been filled with the beauty and fashion of the town; but now, as I drove to my appointment, only a few stray horsemen were still enjoying the freshness of the turf and the coolness of the evening. They were diners at clubs, I fancied, who had no such attraction before them as that which beckoned me on. I was fearful, indeed, of being rather behind time myself, having been delayed by a slight accident at my lodgings, but—like my countryman, N. P. Willis, who had been similarly graced a few years before—I had gained upon the clock, or perhaps I should rather say, had been too literal an interpreter of its meaning in London society, for when I was shown into the library, where Lady Blessington generally received her guests, no one had yet arrived. I had leisure, therefore, to examine the locality; and as this hospitable mansion is now, alas! dismantled, some description of it, even though it trench upon the auctioneer's privilege, may not out of place.

The rooms on the ground-floor consisted of a small study on the left of the vestibule, separated by a wide old-fashioned staircase from the dining-room, which looked out upon the

garden. The library on the right hand occupied the whole depth of the house, and was narrow in proportion to its length, which I should judge to be about forty feet.

As N. P. Willis has said, it was filled with "sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts, arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness throughout the room;" and this description held good of every apartment in the house. But amidst the profusion of ornament which met the eye everywhere, perplexing it in its choice of rest, when it *did* settle, the object was always commended by beauty of form, richness of decoration, or intrinsic value. China of deep oriental blue, porcelain of Sevres and Dresden, sea-green and turquoise, vases for flowers and essences of glittering gold and brightest ruby, many-hued marble pedestals crowned with classical *tazze*—antiques in bronze—middle-age relics of silver and ivory—clocks of *or-molu*, and goodly rows of books which lined the walls on either side, some thousands in number, surmounted by golden urns, were amongst the many beautiful things which attracted my notice. Here was an exquisitely chiselled bust of a lovely woman, whom instinct alone would have told me was the presiding genius of the place; opposite to it a companion piece of sculpture, evidently by the same hand, in which I at once traced the features of Count D'Orsay, perfect in their proportion and striking in their *ensemble*. These I afterwards learnt were the work of Bertolini. At that time the sculptor's art was unpractised by the accomplished French nobleman, or if practised, nothing had been issued beyond the limits of his studio; and the numberless *statuettes* which the auctioneer's hammer sent flying all abroad the other day, had not yet seen the light. Versatile in his talents as he is successful in the exercise of them, Count D'Orsay, at the period of which I speak, confined himself to those admirable *croquis*, which so soon became multiplied into one of the most agreeable galleries of contemporaneous portraiture that have been drawn by one hand.

But if the library, with its white and gold *boiserie*, its green and amber brocade, its doors lined with plate-glass, its golden flambeaux and antique-shaped candlesticks, gave an idea of luxurious embellishment; how much more was that impression heightened by the splendid decoration of the drawing-room adjoining, the approach to which was by a small lobby at the northern extremity of the apartment! Gorgeous with crimson and gold, and reflecting its brightness in

countless mirrors and looking-glasses, which reached mostly from the floor to the ceiling, and lit in the midst by one enormous chandelier with its shivering pendants of rainbow dye, it seemed as if it were beyond the power of art to add to the display of ornament. And this, perhaps, was true; but art which was not the upholsterer's or the jeweller's had been busy at work on the walls, banishing all else from the mind when once you gazed upon it.

Byron somewhere in his journal speaks of a picture by Titian or Giorgione, which seemed to light up the place where he beheld it, filling the eye to the exclusion of everything beside. The same effect was produced when one looked on the exquisite portrait of Lady Blessington which hung over the lobby entrance. No painter of his time, nor scarcely of any other, could so truly as Sir Thomas Lawrence have interpreted the matchless beauty of the original. That smiling face, that dimpled cheek, that rich but fair complexion, that sweet mouth, those clear expressive eyes, that hair of darkest brown sweeping so gracefully over a brow of snow, that bending, speaking attitude, that air of joyousness and tenderness combined! It would seem as if the poet's vision were prophetic, though at the time he wrote the following lines Byron had not yet seen Lady Blessington.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrows' shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth.

Her brow was white and low; her cheeks' pure
dye
Like rosy twilight still with the set sun;
Short upper lips, such lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such.

Rarely before have such charms met in one person, and still more rare the endeavor to transfer them to canvass. He who succeeds in such a task, has by that work alone secured for himself an immortality. Lawrence—the modern Vandyke in this branch of his art—has painted many beautiful women, but he never had a subject more worthy of his pencil. This enchanting portrait has now become the property of the Marquis of Hertford, who acquired it for 320 guineas—but little more than half the sum that Lawrence used to receive for an ordinary portrait.

From such a picture to the fac-simile produced by the skill of the modeller, the transition is natural. In a small boudoir, the only drawback to which was that it looked

out upon the stables, lay reclined upon a velvet cushion, and carefully protected by a glass shade from the blackening air, a pair of hands modelled in silver after those of Lady Blessington. Small, and round, and dimpled, with long taper fingers and arching nails, the sculptor never met with a finer study. What was given for them I know not, though even as a work of art they were worth any price, but at the sale they went for 34*l*. "The hands of old gave hearts," Othello says;—Lady Blessington's heart has scarcely gone with her hands. Whoever the purchaser may be, let him content himself with the fragments which fortune has thrown into his lap.

The companion portrait to the one just now described was that of the late Earl of Blessington, also by Lawrence, and valuable as a specimen of his style.

Having got on the subject of art, I may as well enumerate here a few of the principal works scattered through different parts of the house; less on account of their intrinsic merit, than from so many of them having been produced by one who was so long the leader of the English world of fashion. They served also, in a very interesting degree, to illustrate the friendships and feelings which predominated in Gore House. The name of Napoleon was there a worshipped one. Not only did his portrait appear in various places, but more than one bust and several statuettes in marble, in bronze, and other materials, were to be seen. Josephine, of whom there was one miniature, was chiefly represented by objects in which elegance and utility were mingled—as, for instance, in the china and ornamental furniture that came from Malmaison. Of the little King of Rome there was also a miniature by Isabey, set round with false diamonds—the moral of his brief career.

No less conspicuous than the memorials of the Emperor were those of his great opponent the Duke of Wellington, who has not himself been neglectful of the respect due to the departed hero. In the drawing-room hung the three-quarter-length profile of the duke, painted by Count D'Orsay, from which the well-known engraving has been taken. The pendant to it, the Marquis of Wellesley, was by the same hand. A like spirit of antagonism was apparent whichever way one turned. Here was O'Connell—there Lord Lyndhurst; and the party-wall between them—now leaning one way, now the other—was the versatile, "wind-changing" Brougham. Absolute power and the

right divine were figured under the semblances of the Emperor Nicholas and the King of Hanover; liberty, under that of Massaniello—the painter, in this case, being Salvatore Rosa himself. This portrait, one of the most interesting in the collection at Gore House, came from the Belvidere Palace at Naples, and was sold for fifty-five guineas. In one place was a likeness of Lord Byron, and in another that of Walter Savage Landor, whom, as I think, he too savagely assailed in Don Juan; the first of these pictures, a very clever and interesting production, was by Count D'Orsay; the painter of the second might be recognized by the pencilled inscription alone, the words "*jour à gauche*" being the shibboleth of Chalon.

The facile hand of Count D'Orsay had, in one instance, assembled a very amusing group on the lawn beneath. A large cow forms the great object of attraction, and, gazing on it admiringly—never was cow luckier—are Edwin Landseer, to whom every beast of the field owes homage; the gay and good-humored Earl of Chesterfield, (his ancestor, most likely, would have taken off his hat to the august animal,) and the clever artist himself. Slowly approaching on the other side, are the Duke of Wellington and Lady Blessington, linked arm-in-arm; and in the distance appear the beautiful girls whose faces have happily been brought nearer to our gaze in other pictures than they are presented here. It could not as a work of art be estimated very highly, but it was interesting from the associations connected with it.

The various specimens which Edwin Landseer, Wilkie, Etty, Maclise, Grant, and Chalon had added to the collection at Gore House, attested still further the intimacy of its owner with the world of art; and the names one read off from the book-shelves confirmed the impression that the greatest living literary celebrities of England found a ready and hospitable welcome there. Of these I shall take occasion to speak presently.

The interruption to my wanderings round the room came in the most agreeable form, in the person of the fair hostess; and the pleasant *tête-à-tête* that followed, which revived many happy recollections, was not broken in upon for some minutes. A Persian visitor might, in the hyperbole of his language, have compared Lady Blessington's carpet to the celebrated one in the "Arabian Nights," which transported all who trod on it wherever they wished to go;

but oriental exaggeration was unnecessary, the truth being that every one who pressed it with their feet found that they had realized their greatest wish in remaining where they were.

As I had been the first comer, I had the advantage—no slight one to a stranger—of hearing the various guests announced, so that I caught their names more readily when I was afterwards introduced. The earliest arrival was that of Dr. Q——, into whose lively, laughing, good-natured face it was impossible to look without feeling assured that a kind, warm heart responded to the outward sign. There is no profession in which such true benevolence is shown as in that of the medical man; I have found it so in my own country under the most trying circumstances, and every one who knows Dr. Q—— is well aware that his practice is closely modelled on the example of the good Samaritan. He had adopted the homœopathic principle in the medical treatment of his patients, but there was no homœopathy in the distribution of his charity and kindness. I made acquaintance with him at sight, and the draft is still honored whenever presented.

In striking contrast both of person and manner to the hearty, buoyant, and somewhat sturdy physician, was the next comer, Mr. A—— F——. Unusually tall and thin, and of colorless aspect, a grave expression on his features seemed at the first glance to denote the man who had sacrificed his own health in searching after the secret of preserving that of others; but the moment he spoke, the smile that played round his mouth, and the light that shone in his eye, fitly heralded the playful wit that fell from the lips of one of the most observant men of the world. Epigrammatic in speech, his style in writing was yet more keenly pointed; and many a political opponent would rather have been exposed to the heaviest thunder of the *Times* than to the quick summer-lightning (for after all there was no “forked malice” in it) of the E——r.

The D—— of B——t came next, a man of fashion with a great historic name, and preserving at fifty all the manners and much of the personal appearance which had “witch’d the world,” when as the gay and dashing W—— he wore the brilliant uniform of the —th Hussars before he exchanged the dragoon’s saddle for the driving-box of the B—— coach. Good-natured and hospitable in an eminent degree, he did the honors of his princely seat in W——shire in a way to excite the regret of his numerous

friends that one with so large a heart should ever be circumscribed for means.

Him followed closely three younger men, all bearing the same Christian name, but having little other resemblance between them. These, I found, were amongst the latest horsemen in the park, whom I had unwittingly consigned to the solitude of club dinners. The first was Lord A—— P——t, tall, heavy limbed, and dark-browed, hereditarily skilful alike in horsemanship and yachting, but taking to the last perhaps the kinder of the two. The second was Mr. A—— M——y, slightly made, and with fine delicate features—a pet, I was told, amongst the women, who listened with willing ear to his pleasant discourse, pleasant, albeit accompanied by a slight impediment of speech—for where this defect exists, the set-off lies in the rapidity with which the pregnant meaning of the sentence is shot home when the temporary barrier is overleapt. The third representative of a royal name—one held in veneration even by Republicans as a giver of liberty and diffuser of enlightenment—was *l’ami de la maison*, the accomplished artist-nobleman of whom I have already made frequent mention. There is no need to say anything more of one so well known and so deservedly admired.

But the number of guests was not yet complete. They arrived in the following order:

Slowly, with the foot of age, his head bent forward and his hands extended, came Mr. S—— R——, endowed alike with the gifts of Plutus and Apollo, and enjoying, perhaps, a higher reputation for the possession of each than he deserved. If the couplet ascribed to Lady B—— be really hers, her ladyship seems to have thought his most celebrated poem somewhat overpraised; it ran thus:

“Of R——s’s Italy, L——ttr—ll relates,
That it would have been dish’d were it not for
the plates.”

In this opinion I do not, however, coincide, believing some of his Ausonian fragments—above all, those descriptive of Venice—to be the finest he ever wrote, and worthy of themselves alone to place him high amongst poets. Of the peculiarities of which I had heard so much, but one was strikingly exemplified—his fondness for female admiration. Other men have been anxious to engross the attention of a beautiful woman, before it fell to the lot of Mr. R—— to attempt it; but very few, I imagine, have tried to turn it in the same direction. Like a young Frenchman

whom I formerly knew in Paris, his motto has been—not “Comme je l’aime !” but “Comme elle m’adore !” Goldsmith is said to have been jealous if a pretty woman attracted more notice than himself; and it was no uncommon thing for R—— to sulk for a whole evening if the prettiest woman in the company failed to make much of him.

A tall, good-natured looking man, with a curious expression in his eye, and a countenance whose freshness of color contrasted forcibly with the poet’s pallid hue, came close upon the heels of the latter; he was welcomed as Lord C——y, a title earned by length of service in the capacity of first commoner of England, and chosen in honor of the distinguished prelate, his father, to perpetuate the memory of a transitory ecclesiastical dignity. Gravity of manner was the compelled attribute of his long-held official position; but that it was not congenial to him was apparent at once to all who had the pleasure of meeting him in general society. If he did not say brilliant things, he knew how to appreciate them, and, with a great command of language, told a story admirably.

The two last who entered were Captain M—— and Lord C——d. Owing to my long intimacy with Fennimore Cooper, I was anxious to see his rival, the great English naval novelist. His appearance was characteristic of his country and profession; his manner a little rough and outspoken, but with nothing offensive in its freedom; his conversation was shrewd and to the purpose, and occasionally revealed those broad traits of humor for which his novels are so famous. When Philip IV. of Spain saw from his palace windows a student with a book, who was walking by the banks of the Manzanares, and who paused every now and then to burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter, he turned to his courtiers and said—“That fellow is either mad, or reading Don Quixote.” A similar story has been told of the author of Peter Simple.

The fair-haired nobleman who closes this list of guests had, to make his presence more acceptable, brought with him a gorgeous portfolio, which he presented to the countess. It was a splendid offering, the finest thing, indeed, of the kind, that ever I saw. It was exquisitely bound in scarlet velvet, adorned with precious stones; and a coronet inlaid in gold, with various devices round it, indicated the rank of the lady for whom it was designed. In the centre of the cover, instead of ornament was a plain oval mirror

set in a delicately-shaped frame of gold; “no picture that could be placed there,” the earl gallantly said, “being comparable to the image that would be reflected when Lady Blessington gazed on it.”

For the sake of its owner, it is to be regretted that her features had not been daguerreotyped in the mirror; in that case, Lord C——’s handsome *cadeau*, for which, I was told, he gave about 200*l.*, would not have been disposed of at something less than 40*l.*

After a few minutes spent in admiration of this costly trifle, dinner was announced; and indiscriminately following our hostess, to whom the D—— of B—— gave his arm, we placed ourselves round the hospitable board. Apicius himself, with Monsieur prefixed to his name, would have been satisfied with the way in which it was spread. If it be true, as has been said by a distinguished gastronome, that “un estomac à tout épreuve est le premier principe de tout bonheur,” the experimentalist at Lady Blessington’s table, exposed to every temptation that variety could offer, need have feared no further test of his capabilities, and, passing safely through the ordeal, might have comfortably established the principle. But the sense of happiness, so far at least as I was concerned, was not limited to the taste, though the excellence of the *cuisine* might, under other circumstances, have been all-sufficient for enjoyment. Gaiety, wit, and good-humor were the sauce with which “on mangeait son poisson,” and there was no lack of these ingredients.

I was placed between Dr. Q—— and Captain M——; and never, I think, did I meet with two more entertaining companions. Poor M——! I am told that during the last year or two of his life he had become greatly changed; having taken a peculiar turn in matters of religion—more earnest than when he mystified a great artist, his particular friend, by pretending to feel a call towards the Church of Rome. In spite of the subject, it was impossible to avoid laughing as he told the story of his confession, and described the unheard-of iniquities which he laid to his own charge, and the pious horror and simple credulity of his kind-hearted, anxious friend, who had vicariously undertaken to listen to the catalogue of his crimes. The subject led, somehow, from the Catholics to the Jews; and Dr. Q—— amused us by an anecdote of what had recently befallen an acquaintance of his, a Portuguese gentleman—a Roman Catholic, of course—who, after some years’ residence in London, was

about to return to his own country. This gentleman had some wealthy Hebrew friends, and having experienced a good deal of hospitality from them during his stay, wished to give them some slight token to remember him by. He was a great amateur in wood-carving, and had collected some good specimens, chiefly from Belgium. Amongst them was a fine head of David—neither the painter nor the sculptor, but the hero-king of Israel. This was offered and received so readily, that, forgetting he had to do with “the people,” he pressed them to accept another subject—of exquisite *travail*—the “Holy Family!”

“No, thankee,” said Mr. Solomons, rather drily, “*we don't take any interest in that family.*”

“Perhaps,” added Dr. Q—, “it would have been better for them if they did.”

The current topics of the day furnished endless subjects for discussion—such, for instance, as the absurd recent attempt of Francis on the life of the Queen—the news from India, of Sale's heroic defense of Jellalabad—the suicide of Lord Congleton—the Chartist camp-meeting in the north, and the marriage of the Marquis of W—d; the last, an event which seemed to have excited more interest in the fashionable world than all the rest put together. This nobleman's eccentricities had long been of so striking a character, that the idea of his being tamed down to matrimony was looked upon as the wildest experiment ever made.

“I was present,” said Lord C—d, “at the marriage, in the chapel of Whitehall. A few moments after the bride entered the vestry, very handsome but as pale as marble, W—d came in with his brother, Lord W. B—. W—d too looked pale, but with that air of determination which a courageous man wears when he is about to venture on an enterprise of danger. He reminded me,” added Lord C—, “of nothing so much as of a fellow stepping into the ring, followed by his backer; and I could hardly help offering the odds to my next neighbor.”

“For or against him?” asked A—M—y, with a slight effort.

“In his favor, certainly,” replied Lord C—; “and I should win, I'm sure, if I had. People say he will very soon neglect her, and get back to his old kind of life; but after keeping his promise so strictly for a whole year, of never once getting into a row of any kind, I don't think you'll hear any more of W—d's escapades. He has good sense and a good heart, and she is a

woman who will bring them both into play, take my word for it.”

Every one knows that the result of this singular marriage has justified Lord C—'s prediction, and that no better husband, no kinder landlord, no more useful member of society, is to be met with in the three kingdoms. It is a great triumph for one so dangerously situated as Lady W—d; but she owes it to the high qualities of her own mind.

“Your comparison of a prize-fighter,” said Lord C—y, “puts me in mind of what was once said to me by a very beautiful girl on the morning of her marriage. I had breakfasted at her aunt's house in the country, about ten or twelve miles from town, where she was staying, quite alone; and the wedding was to take place in the evening, on a splendid scale, at her grandfather Lord A—'s, in — Street. I put her into the carriage, and as I took leave—

“‘How quiet it all is here!’ she said; ‘it will be rather a different thing by-and-by, when I'm brought to the scratch!’”

I laughed with the rest at this speech, but could not help saying that no young lady of my acquaintance in the United States would have ventured to make it; on which M—rallied me on what he was pleased to call the over-refinement of American females, reminding me of the story, which I believe he invented, of Miss —, of Boston, who, he said, put the legs of her piano into frilled trowsers, and always spoke of the back of her gown as “the western side.”

His joke, however, failed to convince me that it was desirable for women of rank to adopt the slang phrases of the clubs, a custom which seems to me to prevail more and more.

“You would have sympathized,” said Mr. A— F—, addressing me across the table, “with a lady of my acquaintance, whose marriage took place under circumstances rather disagreeable to a sensitive person. One of the Indian chiefs who were lately exhibiting at Exeter or the Egyptian Hall, I forget which, prevailed upon an English girl to become his wife, and they were married at St. Martin's, the parish church in which my friend lived. Her wedding, unluckily, had been fixed for the same day; and to make the matter worse, it was Easter Monday, so that when her party got into the church the crowd they found there assembled to see the Indian sacrifice, was tremendous; and they had to wait till their turn came. This would not have signified so much, but as the

Chippeway warrior did not appear at the altar in his war-paint, with tomahawk and necklace of bears' claws, but was dressed like a respectable London mechanic, half the people present didn't know which was which, and when the Earl of — left the church with his bride, they were followed by the roaring mob, hurraing and shouting all the way to Spring Gardens; they didn't disperse, either, till they were assured that the Swift Eagle and his squaw had embarked in the penny steamer at Hungerford Stairs to spend the honeymoon in Ratchliffe-Highway. My friends had a narrow escape of the marrowbones and cleavers."

"A strange kind of marriage took place the other day," said Dr. Q——, "where I was present. It was the wedding of one of the daughters of Lord E——. He was dying at the time, but would have the ceremony performed in his own drawing-room. He sat propped up in a chair, unable to speak; and the newly married couple and all the guests filed past him and left him alone, at his own desire—expressed by signs—to die. His death actually took place a few hours afterwards. A marriage contracted under such circumstances ought, in compensation, to turn out a happy one."

"Talking of happy marriages," said Mr. R——s, breaking silence for the first time, "I see that B——, the composer, whose wife ran away from him, has been dubbed with unhacked rapier. He couldn't foresee his domestic misfortune, and is properly enough *be-knighted*."

"He was not alone in his glory," said Lord C——y; "there were a batch of painters similarly graced: R——s, who I wish would make me a miniature copy of the Lawrence in the next room; A——n, a very worthy fellow, and, next to Sir D——W——, the best exponent of Scottish art; and H——r, who has done some clever things in his way, but who spoils all by his intolerable conceit."

"In what way?" I ventured to ask.

"I will give you an instance," replied Lord C——y. "I happened to be at a dinner once where his health was proposed as an ornament to his art. In returning thanks he said he was very much obliged to the proposer, but he felt that he deserved the compliment, 'for,' continued he, 'I always succeeded in everything I attempt. It would have been just the same if I had been brought up a poet instead of a painter.'"

"His acquaintance with poetry is, however, not very extensive," said Captain

M——. "When I was sitting to him, we had some conversation on the subject."

"'Tom Moore's plays are very fine,' said he.

"'Plays! what plays?' I asked.

"'Why, his tragedies and comedies.'

"'He never wrote anything dramatic,' I replied, 'except a piece called *The Blue Stocking*, which had no success.'

"'Indeed!' said H——, 'then who wrote *'She Stoops to Conquer*'?

"'Goldsmith.'

"'Oh, ah, so he did—yes, Goldsmith—ah—and *Otway*'!"

"He had a great idea of there having once been a famous author of the name of *Clincher*'!"

"It's a good job," said Mr. R——, looking slyly at me, "that *Clincher* does not live now, to make a fight for his copyright."

"I heard a curious definition of copyright a little while ago," observed Dr. Q——. "It was by a cabman. He had taken me a fare on May-day, and there were a great many sweeps in the street. When I paid him, I said something about their having blocked up the way."

"'Oh,' replied he, philosophically, 'they will do it just at this time; they thinks themselves privileged. Every one on 'em has their own beats. Why, this very mornin', as I was a-drivin' down Cockspur-street, I seed the most ludicrous sight as ever I witnessed. There was two sets o' chummies, one on 'em comin' from Westmister, and t'other from Simmerton's-lane, and they met in the street there leadin' into the Park. The Westmister ones was upon their wrong beat. I expected a reg'lar row, but, Lord bless yer, no sich thing. Instead of fightin', they behaved to each other in the most contemptiblest way possible. My lady she darnes up to her namesick and makes her a low kerchy, as much as to say, So much for you, marm; and t'other returns it in the same affable manner; and there they stands a-kerchyng and takin' off of each other, till one party was quite driv' off the ground, them as was infractin' the privilege of the perrish of Simmerton's. It's hard, pursued my friend the cabman, 'to know your own chummies when they're dizened out so in greens and gold-lace, but they has their beats, just as milkmen has their walks, and that's wot I call the *reg'lar law of copy-right*.'"

This absurd illustration, which I have tried to give as Dr. Q—— repeated it, brought on the general question; though less was said

on the occasion than I suspect would have been the case had I not been present, for the subject could scarcely be discussed without reference to America. My own opinion, however, was given without reserve; nor have I since seen reason to change it, every day's experience of the labors of a literary life convincing me that wherever a common language is spoken, the author should have protection. Where the husbandman casts his seed, he ought to gather in the crop.

Lady Blessington changed the theme, and led the conversation to more agreeable topics, discoursing with infinite grace on all she touched upon—poetry, the fine arts, the drama, literature, incidents of travel, and anecdotes of the many remarkable persons with whom she had been acquainted abroad and at home. Byron, Lawrence, Canova, Mezzofanti, Lafayette, Sismondi, Cuvier, Casimir Perier, Scott, Moore, Dickens, Carlyle, were passed in review, with many more; and for all she had something to say that illustrated the particular genius of each. Count D'Orsay also showed that the talent of the *raconteur*, a talent which his countrymen cultivate so successfully, was one of the many which nature and education had joined to endow him with; nor was what he said less piquant from the peculiar accent with which he spoke English. I cannot remember a tithe of the stories told either by him or the other guests, and I fear that those I have been able to recall will give but a very imperfect idea of the general style of the conversation.

One slight anecdote, however, clings to my recollection, that amusingly exemplifies the facility with which people of the world forget their dearest friends. Count D'Orsay told it of the Countess of D—, when verging on her ninetieth year. This old lady was always a strict observer of birth-days, not only her own, but those of all her friends. One morning, on examining the calendar, she found it was the fête of Miss L—, a spinster of sixty, whom she had known nearly half a century. She desired her gardener to cut a fine bouquet in the conservatory, and then drove off some seven or eight miles to lunch with Miss L—, and present her offering. When the carriage drew up at her friend's door, a very dismal-looking servant made his appearance.

"I've come to lunch with Miss L—," said Lady D—, popping her head out of the carriage-window.

"If you please, my lady," replied the

man, advancing, "mistress died this morning at half-past six o'clock."

"Bless my heart," exclaimed Lady D—, "dead! how shocking!" Then, looking at her watch, "Coachman, drive to Mrs. P—'s; I shall be just in time for luncheon there."

She was so, and without saying a word about its original destination, presented the bouquet which she had intended for her deceased friend to the live luncheon-giver. I thought, as this story was being told, that it sounded just like a bit of gossip from Madame de Sevigné.

In the evening many additions were made to the dinner-guests; some, like Lords C— and M—, noted for their position in the world of fashion; others, such as B— and T—, skilled in diplomacy; others again celebrated for their various talents: like G—, the famous surgeon; L—, the clever lithographic artist; S—, K—, the dramatist; J— F—, the accomplished and acute critic; L—, the wondrous piano-forte player; Lord D— S—, the firm friend, not only of suffering Poland, but of all who suffer; and the two handsome brothers, Charles and Frank S—n, whom neither wit nor beauty could save from an early tomb. Some of the *habitués* were absent, whom I should have been glad enough to have met; and in the list of absentees were the two ex-chancellors; M—, the poet, whose journeys to London, always like angels' visits, have now, unhappily, ceased altogether; C— D—, of world-wide reputation, whom I missed seeing when he visited the States; Sir E— B—, in the zenith of his literary fame; and, not less earnestly desired because the thing was impossible, Prince Louis Napoleon, a prisoner then in a dreary fortress in Picardy, and now the President of Republican France!

The absence of these might be regretted, but I found enough, and more than enough, in Gore House that evening, to reconcile me even to greater disappointment; and the recollection of the kind reception which was given to a comparative stranger, will live among the memories which I cherish most.

It was with altered feelings that I bent my way to Gore House at the beginning of last month. I had only been in England a few days, and already found—besides what the public papers had told, of little as well as of great events—that more change had happened than the heart would willingly

have been cognizant of. Not the least painful intelligence was the announcement that the hospitable owner of Gore House had suddenly quitted the scene of which she had so long been the principal ornament; and not only gone, but without any prospect of return, for the sale of everything was to take place the following week.

I was unwilling, in the first instance, to go near the spot; but the desire once more and for the last time to visit a place where I had spent so many happy hours, and something also of the wish to possess myself of some slight relic, on which I might fix beforehand, prevailed over my first resolution; and instead of going down to the flower-show at Chiswick, whither everybody was hurrying, I stopped short at Kensington.

Both gates were wide open; and, amidst an array of street-cabs, hurrying to avoid the storm which suddenly came pelting down, I forced my way into the vestibule, no longer lined with well-dressed servants, but thronged by curious idlers and scowling bailiffs. It was difficult to believe that I was actually in the same house again; but the mute tokens of the taste and genius, not yet displaced, which gleamed from the walls and met my gaze at every turn, only too surely convinced me that there was no delusion. Pierre's description of the ruin in Jaffier's house was fully realized; the ruffians were there, "lording it o'er the heaps of massive plate;" men in possession, insolently loling in brocaded chairs, measured the visitors with a scrutinizing eye, as if doubtful of their honesty; long-aproned men, in paper caps, answered indifferently, "Yes," and "No," to the numerous questions put to them; and busy brokers scuffled through the crowd offering their cards and tendering their services to possible purchasers. In one place a number of stooping figures were bent over a curious cabinet, or a portfolio of rare prints; in another, a group were eagerly discussing, with loud-voiced criticism, the merits of a picture, of which they neither knew the subject nor the artist; some were laboriously following their catalogues, and bewildering themselves inextricably in wrong rooms, insisting upon it that a boudoir was a study, and a bed-chamber a dining-room; while others, tired to death of staring at objects that did not interest them, and fatigued with the heat and the crowd, stole off into quiet corners and composed themselves to sleep. One party consisted of a bevy of fine ladies: Lady J—— was their leader, who scornfully, but no less eagerly,

examined the thousand objects of *virtù*, of which they had, doubtless, heard much, and longed still more to see, perhaps even to possess. To a worshipper of the gentler virtues which adorn the female character, it was not a gratifying spectacle; and I thought more than once that forbearance, if not pity, would have set off those ladies even more than the witty and sarcastic comments in which they indulged.

And what a profusion of beautiful things were gathered together in the rooms upstairs, which I had never yet seen!

First, there was Lady Blessington's study, where the thirty or forty volumes of clever novels, travels, and biographical sketches—the authorship of which she has acknowledged—have, for the greater part, been written. The place of honor was now usurped by a stout, vulgar, over-dressed fellow of Jewish physiognomy, who had adorned his huge fingers with heavy, glittering rings, as if that were any justification for the exposure of his coarse ungloved hands. Sullen and watchful, there was no mistaking who he was; and I gladly turned away to look at a sketch of poor L. E. L., in whose mournful fate, without knowing her personally, I had deeply sympathized. Many other portraits also interested me greatly; one of them, a miniature copy of Lawrence's picture, painted on Hanoverian china.

There was one set of objects under a glass case which was amusing enough to look at, particularly for a republican. It consisted of a number of little painted figures, representing the court and household of the King of Hanover, stiff and stately and ridiculous as the German originals. They seemed as closely affixed to ceremonials as Polonius himself. Here again were statuettes, vases, clocks, flambeaux, and a hundred nameless contrivances for the display of ornament. One portfolio or album, richly bound in morocco, had nothing now but its binding and its golden clasps to attract the purchaser. It was locked, and the key was gone, but the leaves had all been cut out, with a hasty, and, as I fancied from the broken line of the paper, a trembling hand. It told its own story and the ruin of the house as completely as the richest amongst the objects sacrificed to the mercy of a callous creditor. I fixed on this as the relic I wished to preserve, and I had scarcely a competitor for its purchase. Of the rarer things in this room were a miniature of Madame de Maintenon, ascribed in the catalogue to Petitot, but denounced in my hearing as a copy only, by a

well-known Hebrew curiosity-dealer; a silver-gilt old Italian knife, fork, and spoon, set with turquoises, once the actual property of the lucky widow of Scarron, whose authenticity the Jew did not venture to contest; a ring with a black pearl found in the East by Lord Byron, and given by him to Lady Blessington when so much in her society at Genoa; a gold enamelled vinaigrette, which once had been Napoleon's; a pair of Gondo-la bracelets set with precious stones, the gift to Lady Blessington of the King of Naples; rings that had belonged to royal dukes, and golden medals scattered at coronations.

From the study I passed into a gallery running through the depth of the house, and with a bed-room on the north side filled with works of art of every description, the most precious being drawings and sketches by Edwin Landseer, MacIse, and other modern English celebrities. To enumerate them all would be impossible in this place, so that the mention of a few must suffice—such, for instance, as the original sketch in sepia of that beautiful picture "The Challenge," by E. Landseer, which went at the sale for twenty-six guineas; the portrait of Montaigne, the canine Chancellor, by the same hand, still further immortalized (lucky dog) in the great picture now in the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chiswick, and fetching in this early state the sum of nineteen guineas; a clever blackbird, in appropriate black chalk, which looked as if it could sing but wouldn't in such a crowd, and afterwards gave itself away out of spite for five guineas; a singular drawing of a Centaur, with the features of Count D'Orsay substituted for those of Nessus, by Lane; some pretty landscapes by E. Landseer, and a spirited sketch by him in pen and ink of the single-stringed wizard Paganini; an etching of a Scotch terrier on its hind legs begging, which according to Landseer's own description was "etched and bit-in in half an hour at Buckingham Palace, and drawn from recollection"—this brought 22l.; a wonderfully amusing sketch by MacIse of Count D'Orsay painting the great O'Connell, treated satirically, which sold for ten guineas; a curious book of ornamental sketches by old masters from the antique, for which a Spanish gentleman gave at the sale thirty-four guineas; and finally, two noble portfolios filled with portraits by Count D'Orsay of "the aristocracy and distinguished political and literary characters of the day," a collection which was well worth the 165 guineas which was given for it by a bookseller in Bond-street. These *silhouettes*

are of a kind never surpassed for accuracy of likeness and delicacy of treatment, and constitute Count D'Orsay's greatest claim to rank high in the artistical world.

In the *adyta penetralia* of the mansion—the dressing-room and bed-room of Lady Blessington—amidst crowds of costly and beautiful objects, there was one that was interesting from the associations which surrounded it. At the further extremity of the inner apartment the eye was attracted to a superb bedstead, which reflected the rich blue satin hangings and fine muslin curtains with which it was decorated, in a large pier glass let into the wall behind it. The bedstead itself, of white and gold, was richly carved; but it owed its chief value to the fact of its having once belonged to Josephine Beauharnais. Under that canopy the dis-crowned empress, and repudiated wife, had sighed through many a sleepless night, mourning the loss of him whom love had been unable to bind; and haply foreseeing with prophetic eye the bitter future reserved to avenge her for his misplaced ambition. An upholsterer carried off his bedstead—figuratively—for something short of 20l. Of sofas and cheval glasses, tripods, what-nots, commodes, ottomans, *étagères*, tables of marqueterie, and garde-robes of boule, I shall say nothing; but I cannot pass over a charming toilet-glass in a silver frame, which, in spite of its mounting, was never, I am sure, open to the reproach cast by William Spencer on the silver furniture of the Prince Regent, that it made all the people in the room look like spectres. One thing I noticed in the catalogue, which, in the confusion of the crowded room, I could not discover. It was thus quaintly described: "A curious ancient watch, with enamel revolving star, which, when wound up, *plays on the forehead of Madame de Pompadour*." The forehead of the royal favorite has long been laid low in a grave upon which no star has ever shone! I was more successful in getting a glimpse of another singular ornament, shaped like a beetle, of dark green enamel, which, when it fluttered its wings, disclosed a small watch beneath them.

The jewels— But no! I should so imperfectly describe what—owing to the throng of ladies—I so imperfectly saw, that it is better to leave the list of them to the reader's imagination.

Had I been a rich man— But this is one of my numberless day-dreams.

And Gore House now is but a dream!

From the North British Review.

HENRY VAUGHAN—AND SOME LATER POETS.

1. *Olor Iscanus—the Swan of Usk. Silex Scintillans—Sacred Poems.* By HENRY VAUGHAN, M. D. Reprinted, London, 1847.
2. *IX. Poems.* By V. London, 1841.
3. *Madmoments, or First Verseattempts by a Bornnatural.* By HENRY ELLISON. London, 1839.
4. *E. V. K. to his Friend in Town.* Privately printed.

"WHAT do you think of Dr. Channing, Mr. Coleridge?" said a brisk young gentleman to the mighty discourser, as he sat next him at a small tea-party. "Before entering upon that question, Sir," said Coleridge, opening upon his inquirer those "noticeable gray eyes," with a vague and placid stare, and settling himself in his seat for the night, "I must put you in possession of my views, *in extenso*, on the origin, progress, present condition, and essence of the Unitarian controversy, and especially the conclusions I have come to on the great question of what may be termed the philosophy of religious difference." In like manner, before telling our readers what we think of "Henry Vaughan, the Silurist," or of "V.," or of "Henry Ellison, the Bornnatural," or of "E. V. K.," it would have been very pleasant (to ourselves) to have given, *in extenso*, our views *de Re Poetica*, its nature, its laws and office, its means and ends; and to have made known how much and how little we agreed and differed on these points from and with such worthies as Aristotle and Plato, Horace and Richard Baxter, Petronius Arbitr and Blaise Pascal, Ulric von Hütten and Boileau, Hurdis and Hurd, Dr. Arnold and Montaigne, Harris of Salisbury and his famous uncle, Burke and "John Bunclé," Montesquieu and Sir Philip Sidney, Dr. Johnson and the two Wartons, George Gascoyne and Spenser's friend Gabriel Harvey, Puttenham and Webbe, George Herbert and George Sand, Petrarch and Pinciano, Vida and Julius Cæsar Scaliger, Pontanus and Savage Landor, Leigh Hunt and Quintilian, or Tacitus (whichever of the two wrote the Dialogue *De Oratoribus*, in which there is so much of the best of philosophy, criticism,

and expression,) Lords Bacon and Buchan and Dr. Blair, Dugald Stewart and John Dryden, Charles Lamb and Professor Wilson,* Vinet of Lausanne and John Foster, Lord Jeffrey and the two brothers Hare, Drs. Fuller and South, John Milton and Dr. Drake, Dante and "Edie Ochiltree," Wordsworth and John Bunyan, Plutarch and Winkelman, the Coleridges, Samuel, Sara, and Hartley, and Sir Egerton Brydges, Victor Cousin and "the Doctor," George Moir and Madame de Staël, Dr. Fracastorius and Professor Keble, Martinus Scriblerus and Sir Thomas Browne, Mr. Macaulay and the Bishop of Cloyne, Collins and Gray and Sir James Mackintosh, Hazlitt and John Ruskin, Shakspeare and Jackson of Exeter, and the six Taylors, Jeremy, William, Isaac, Jane, John Edward, and Henry. We would have had great pleasure in quoting what these famous men and women have written on the essence and the art of poetry—and to have shown how strangely they differ, and how as strangely at times they agree. But as it is not related when our brisk young gentleman got his answer regarding Dr. Channing, so it likewise remains untold what our read-

* We wish Professor Wilson would be prevailed on to give to the world, what he has for years given to his class, his Theory of Imagination, as (if we remember rightly) *Intellect working under a law of impersonal emotion*. We were persuaded, when we heard these Lectures long ago, and have had no reason to alter our opinion by what we have read or thought since, that in them he came nearer to the quick of this beautiful but baffling subject than any one else, ancient or modern. What a delightful took he might make by prefixing these Lectures, and those on *Paradise Lost*, to his papers on Homer, Spenser and Thomson, with which all the world, from Hallam downwards, was astonished and charmed!

ers have lost and gained in our not fulfilling our somewhat extensive desire.

It is with poetry as with flowers or fruits, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, we would all rather have them, and smell them, and taste them, than hear about them. It is a good thing to know all about a lily, its scientific ins and outs, its botany, its æsthetics, even its anatomy and "organic radicals," but it is a better thing to look at itself, and "consider" it how it grows—

"White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure."

It is one thing to know what your peach is, that it is the fruit of a rosal exogen, and is of the nature of a true drupe, that its carpel is solitary and its style proceeds from the apex, that its ovules are anatropal, and that its *putamen* separates *sponle sua* from the sacrocarp; to know also how many kinds of peaches and nectarines there are in the world, and how happy the Canadian pigs must be of an evening munching the odoriferous drupes under the trees, and what an aroma this must give to the resultant pork*—it is another and a better thing to pluck the peach, and sink your teeth into its fragrant flesh. We remember only one exception to this rule. Who has ever yet tasted the roast pig of reality equal to the roast pig of Charles Lamb? Who can forget "that young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditie*—the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest, and which, when prepared aright, is, of all the delicacies in the *mundus edibilis*, the most delicate—*obsoniorum facile princeps*—whose fat is not fat, but an indefinable sweetness growing up toward it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean not lean, but a kind of animal manna—*caelestis cibum ille angelorum*—or rather, shall we say, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosial result." But here, as elsewhere, the exception proves the rule, and even the perusal of "Original" Walker's delicious schemes of dinners at Lovegrove's, with flounders water-zoutched, and iced claret, would stand little chance against an invita-

tion to a party of six to Blackwall, with "Tom Young of the Treasury" as Prime Minister.

Poetry is the expression of the beautiful—by words—the beautiful of the outer and of the inner world; whatever is delectable to the eye or the ear, the every sense of the body and of the soul—it presides over *veras dulcedines rerum*. It implies at once a vision and a faculty, a gift and an art. There must be the vivid conception of the beautiful, and its fit manifestation in numerous language. A thought may be poetical, and yet not poetry; it may be a solution containing the poetical element, but waiting and wanting the precipitating of it, the crystallization of it. It is the very blossom and fragrant bloom of all human thoughts, passions, emotions, language; having for its immediate object—its very essence—pleasure and delectation rather than truth; but springing from truth, as the flower from its fixed and unseen root; to use the words of Puttenham in reference to Sir Walter Raleigh, poetry is a lofty, insolent (uncommon) and passionate thing. It is not philosophy, it is not science, it is not morality, it is not religion, any more than red is or ever can be blue or yellow, or than one thing ever can be another; but it feeds on, it glorifies and it exalts, it impassionates them all. A poet will be all the better of all the wisdom, and all the goodness, and all the science, and all the talent he can gather into himself, but *qua* poet he is a minister and an interpreter of *to kalon*, and of nothing else. Philosophy and poetry are not opposites, but neither are they convertibles. They are twin sisters; in the words of Augustine: "*PHILOGALIA ET PHILOSOPHIA prope similiter cognominata sunt, et quasi gentiles inter se videri volunt et sunt. Quid est enim Philosophia? amor sapientie. Quid Philocalia? amor pulchritudinis. Germana igitur ista sunt prorsus, et eodem parente procreata.*" Fracastorius beautifully illustrates this in his "*Naugerius, sive De Poetica Dialogus.*" He has been dividing writers, or composers, as he calls them, into historians, or those who record appearances; philosophers, who seek out causes; and poets, who perceive and express *veras pulchritudines rerum, quicquid maximum et magnificum, quicquid pulcherrimum, quicquid dulcissimum*; and as an example, he says, if the historian describe the ongoings of the visible universe, I am taught; if the philosopher announce the doctrine of a spiritual essence pervading and regulating

* We are given to understand that peach-fed pork is a poor pork after all, and goes soon into decomposition. We are not sorry to know this.

all things, I admire; but if the poet take up the same theme, and sing—

*" Principio cælum ac terras camposque liquentes
Lucentemque globum lunæ, titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet."*

*" Si inquam, eandem rem, hoc pacto referat
mihi, non admirabor solum, sed adamabo: et
divinum nescio quid, in animum mihi immissum
existimabo."*

In the quotation which he gives, we at once detect the proper handiwork of the poet; fancy gives us *liquentes campos, titania astra, lucentem globum lunæ*, and phantasy or imagination, in virtue of its royal and pancretic power, gives us *intus alit—infusa per artus*—and that magnificent idea, *magno se corpore miscet*—this is the *divinum nescio quid*—the proper work of the imagination—the master and specific faculty of the poet—that which makes him what he is, as the wings make a bird, and which, to borrow the singularly beautiful words of the Book of Wisdom, "is more moving than motion, one only, and yet manifold, subtle, lively, clear, plain, quick, which cannot be letted, passing and going through all things by reason of her pureness; being one, she can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new." The following is Fracastorius' definition of a man who not only writes verses, but is by nature a poet: "*Est autem ille natura poeta, qui aptus est veris rerum pulchritudinibus capi monerique; et qui per illas loqui et scribere potest;*" and he gives the lines of Virgil:

*" Aut sicuti nigrum
Ilicibus crebris sacra nemus accubat umbra,"*

as an instance of the poetical transformation. All that was merely actual or informative might have been given in the words *sicuti nemus*, but phantasy sets to work, and *videte, per quas pulchritudines, nemus depinxit; addens accubat, et nigrum crebris ilicibus et sacra umbra!* *quam ob rem, recte Pontanus dicebat, finem esse poeta, apposite dicere ad admirationem, simpliciter, et per universalem bene dicendi ideam.* This is what we call the *beau idéal*, or *κατ' ἐξοχήν* the ideal—what Bacon so nobly describes as "a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul, and the exhibition of which doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the *shews of things* to the de-

sires of the mind." It is "the wondrous and goodly paterne" of which Spenser sings in his "Hymne in honour of Beautie:"

"What time this world's great Workmaister did cast

To make all things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne, to his perfect mould
He fashioned them, as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any where.

"That wondrous Paterne wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to defloare,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore—
That is the thing that giveth pleasant grace
To all things fair.

"For through infusion of celestial powre
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seeme to please."

It is that "loveliness" which Mr. Ruskin calls "the signature of God on his works"—the dazzling printings of his fingers, and to the unfolding of which he has devoted, with so much of the highest philosophy and eloquence, a great part of the second volume of "Modern Painters," the perusal of which we would earnestly recommend to our readers.

But we are as bad as Mr. Coleridge, and are defrauding our readers of their fruits and flowers, their peaches and lilies.

Henry Vaughan, "Silurist," as he was called, from his being born in South Wales, the country of the *Silures*, was sprung from one of the most ancient and noble families of the principality. Two of his ancestors, Sir Roger Vaughan and Sir David Gam, fell at Agincourt. It is said that Shakspeare visited Scethrog, the family castle in Brecknockshire; and Malone guesses that it was when there that he fell in with the word "Puck." Near Scethrog, there is Cwm-Pooky, or Pwcca, the Goblin's valley, which belonged to the Vaughans; and Crofton Croker gives, in his Fairy Legends, a fac-simile of a portrait, drawn by a Welsh peasant, of a Pwcca, which he himself had seen sitting on a milestone, by the roadside, in the early morning, a very unlikely personage, one would think, to say—

"I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow."

We can more easily imagine him as one of those sprites :

"That do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darkness like a dream."

Henry, our poet, was born in 1621; and had a twin-brother, Thomas. Newton, his birthplace, is now a farm-house on the banks of the Usk, the scenery of which is of great beauty. The twins entered Jesus College, Oxford, in 1638. This was early in the Great Rebellion, and Charles then kept his court at Oxford. The young Vaughans were hot royalists; Thomas bore arms, and Henry was imprisoned. Thomas, after many perils, retired to Oxford, and devoted his life to alchemy, under the patronage of Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland, himself addicted to these studies. He published a number of works, with such titles as "*Anthroposophia Theomagica*, or a Discourse of the Nature of Man, and his State after death, grounded on his Creator's Proto-chemistry;" "*Magia Adamica*, with a full discovery of the true *Calum terra*, or the Magician's Heavenly Chaos and first matter of all things."

Henry seems to have been intimate with the famous wits of his time: "Great Ben," Cartwright, Randolph, Fletcher, &c. His first publication was in 1646: "Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished, by Henry Vaughan, Gent." After taking his degree in London, as M. D., he settled at his birthplace, Newton, where he lived and died the doctor of the district. About this time he prepared for the press his little volume, "*Olor Iscanus, the Swan of Usk*," which was afterwards published by his brother Thomas, without the poet's consent. We are fortunate in possessing a very fine copy of this curious volume, which is now marked in the Catalogues as "*Rariss.*" It contains a few original poems; some of them epistles to his friends, hit off with great vigor, wit, and humor. Speaking of the change of times, and the reign of the Roundheads, he says,

"Here's brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a strange sight
Of high monumental Hats, tane at the fight
Of eighty-eight; while every Burgeese foots
The mortal Pavement in eternall boots."

There is a line in one of the letters which strikes us as of great beauty—

"Feed on the vocal silence of his eye."

And there is a very clever poem *Ad Amicum Funerarium*, in defiance of his friend's demand of repayment of a loan.

There is great beauty and delicacy of expression in these two stanzas of an epithalamium :

"Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your
heads,
As the mild heaven on roses sheds,
When at their cheeks (like pearls) they wear
The clouds that court them in a tear."

"Fresh as the houres may all your pleasures be,
And healthfull as Eternitie!
Sweet as the flowre's first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the Rose
When she unfolds her curtained head,
And makes his bosome the Sun's bed!"

The translations from Ovid, Boece, and Cassimir, are excellent.

The following lines conclude an invitation to a friend :

"Come then! and while the slow isicle hangs
At the stiffe thatch, and Winter's frostie pangs
Benumme the year, blithe as of old let us
Mid noise and war, of peace and mirth discusse,
This portion thou wert born for. Why should we
Vex at the time's ridiculous miserie?
An age that thus hath fooled itself, and will,
Spite of thy teeth and mine, persist so still.
Let's sit then at this fire; and, while wee steal
A revell in the Town, let others seal,
Purchase and cheat, and who can let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome
day.
Innocent spenders wee! a better wee
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave the
obituse
Rout to their husks. They and their bags at
best
Have cares in earnest. Wee care for a jest!"

When about thirty years of age, he had a long and serious illness, during which his mind underwent an entire and final change on the most important of all subjects; and thenceforward he seems to have lived "soberly, righteously, and godly."

In his preface to the "*Silex Scintillans*," he says, "the God of the spirits of all flesh hath granted me a further use of mine than I did look for in the body; and when I expected and had prepared for a message of death, then did he answer me with life; I hope to his glory, and my great advantage; that I may flourish not with lease only, but with some fruit also." And he speaks of himself as —

one of the converts of "that blessed man, Mr. George Herbert."

Soon after, he published a little volume, called "*Flores Solitudinis*," partly prose and partly verse. The prose, as Mr. Lyte justly remarks, is simple and nervous, unlike his poetry, which is occasionally deformed with the conceit of his time.

The verses entitled "St. Paulinus to his wife Theresia," have much of the vigor, and thoughtfulness, and point of Cowper. In 1655, he published a second edition, or more correctly a re-issue, for it was not reprinted, of his *Silex Scintillans*, with a second part added. He seems not to have given anything after this to the public, during the forty years of his life.

He was twice married, and died in 1695, aged 73, at Newton, on the banks of his beloved Usk, where he had spent his useful, blameless, and we doubt not, happy life; living from day to day in the eye of Nature, and from his solitary rides and walks in that wild and beautiful country, finding full exercise for that fine sense of the beauty and wondrousness of all visible things, "the earth and every common sight," the expression of which he has left so exquisitely in his poems.* He seems to have had in large measure and of finest quality, (to use the words of Lord Jeffrey as applied to Shakespeare, and of which the great dramatist might well have been proud, either as their

occasion, or their author,) that indestructible love of flowers, and odors, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight, which are the material elements of poetry; and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion which is its essence and its vivifying power."

And though it is too true what Sir Walter says of the country surgeon, that he is worse fed and harder wrought than any one else in the parish, except it be his horse; still to a man like Vaughan, to whom the love of nature and its scrutiny was a constant passion, few occupations could have furnished him with ampler and rarer manifestations of her magnificence and beauty. Many of his finest descriptions give us quite the notion of their having been composed when going his rounds on his Welsh pony among the glen and hills, and their "unspeakable solitudes." Such lines as the following to a Star were probably direct from nature on some cloudless night:—

"Whatever 'tis, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee *stream and flow*,
And *winde and curle*, and *wink and smile*,
Shifting thy gate and guile."

This is surely "done from the life."

He is one of the earliest of our poets who treats external nature subjectively rather than objectively, in which he was followed by Gray, (especially in his letters,) and Collins, and Cowper, and in some measure by Warton, until it reached its consummation, and perhaps its excess, in Wordsworth.

We shall now give our readers some specimens from the beautiful reprint of the *Silex* by Mr. Pickering, and which is admirably edited by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, himself a true poet, of whose excellent life of our author we have made very free use.

"THE TIMBER.

"Sure thou didst flourish once! and many Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Past o'er thy head: *many light Hearts and Wings*,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living boughs.

"And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their *green branches shoot*
Towards the old and still enduring skies;
While the low violet thriveth at their root.

* In "The Retreat," he beautifully expresses this passionate love of Nature—

"Happy those early dayes when I
Shind in my Angell-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded Cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my soul to wound
My Conscience with a sinfule sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'ral sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshy dresse
Bright shooes of everlastingnesse.
O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees."

"But thou beneath the sad and heavy Line
Of death doth waste all senseless, cold and
dark ;
Where not so much as dreams of light may
shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

"And yet, as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and
thee,
Were still alive, thou dost great storms resent,
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

"Else all at rest thou lye'st, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease ;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means only those who broke in life thy
peace."

This poem is founded upon the superstition, that a tree which had been blown down by the wind gave signs of restlessness and anger before the coming of a storm from the quarter from whence came its own fall. It seems to us full of the finest phantasy and expression.

"THE WORLD.

"I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright ;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hur'd."

There is a wonderful magnificence about this ; and what a Bunyan-like reality is given to the vision by "*the other night* !"

"MAN.

"Weighing the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless
date
And Intercourse of times divide ;
Where Bees at night get home and hive ; and
flowers,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bows ;

"I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man ! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace ;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

"Man hath still either toys or Care ;
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and Irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride.

*He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where ;
He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.*

"He knocks at all doors, strays and roams ;
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes
By some hid sense their Maker gave ;
Man is the shuttle to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordain'd no rest."

There is great moral force about this ; its measure and words put one in mind of the majestic lines of Shirley, beginning—

"The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things."

"COCK-CROWING.

"Father of Lights ! what Sunnie seed,
What glance of day hast thou confin'd
Into this bird ? To all the breed
This busie Ray thou hast assign'd ;
Their magnetisme works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light."

"Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
Their little grain expelling night
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light.
It seems their candle, howe'er done,
Was tinn'd and lighted at the sunne."

This is a conceit, but an exquisite one.

"PROVIDENCE.

"Sacred and secret hand !
By whose assisting, swift command
The Angel shew'd that holy Well,
Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,
And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of yong, distress'd Ishmael."

There is something very beautiful in the opening of this on Providence, and the "*yong distress'd Ishmael*" is very touching.

"THE DAWNING.

"Ah ! what time wilt thou come ? when shall
that cry,
The Bridegroom's Comming ! fill the sky ?
Shall it in the Evening run
When our words and works are done ?
Or will thy all-surprizing light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure ?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowres ?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternitie ?

Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole Creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light."

This last line is full of grandeur and originality.

"THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

"Lord, when thou didst on ~~the~~ pitch,
And shine from Paran, when a fire Law,
Pronounc'd with thunder and thy threats, did
thaw
Thy People's hearts, when all thy weeds were
rich,
And Inaccessible for light,
Terrour and might;—
How did poore flesh, which after thou didst weare,
Then faint and fear!
*Thy chosen flock, like leafs in a high wind,
Whisper'd obedience, and their heads inclin'd.*

The idea in the last lines, which is one of great beauty, was probably suggested by what Isaiah says of the effect produced on Ahaz and the men of Judah, when they heard that Rezin, king of Syria, had joined Israel against them. "And his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are moved by the winds."

"HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Welcome, dear book, soul's Joy and food! The
feast
Of Spirits; Heav'n extracted lyes in thee.
Thou art life's Charter, The Dove's spotless
nest
Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

"In thee the hidden stone, the Manna lies;
Thou art the great Elixir rare and Choice;
The Key that opens to all Mysteries,
The Word in Characters, God in the Voice."

This is very like Herbert, and not inferior to him.

In a poem of great tenderness, having the odd mark of "¶," and which seems to have been written after the death of some dear friends, are these two stanzas, the last of which is singularly pathetic:

"They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

"He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may
know
At first sight if the bird be flown;

*But what fair Dell or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown."*

"THE NIGHT." John iii. 2.

Referring to Nicodemus visiting our Lord.

"Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

"O who will tell me where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour?
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
*Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity?*

"No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty Cherub, nor carved stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

"Dear night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;
The day of Spirits; my soul's calm retreat,
Which none disturb!
Christ's* progress and his prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

"God's silent, searching flight;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their Fair Kindred catch.

"Were all my loud, evil days,
Calm and unhaunted as is Thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here."

At the end he has these striking words:

"There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness"—

This brings to our mind the concluding sentence of "the Graduate's" fifth chapter in his second volume—"The infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable; not concealed, but incomprehensible; it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea." Plato, if we rightly remember, says, "Truth is the body of God, light is His shadow."

* Mark i. 35. Luke xxi. 37.

"DEATH.

"Though since thy first sad entrance
By just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sovereignty holds good;
Yet by none art thou understood.

"We talk and name thee with much ease,
As a tried thing,
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free
bring.

"To thy dark land these heedless go.
But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the Sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.

"And since his death we thoroughly see
All thy dark way;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which his first looks will quickly fray;
Mists make but triumphs for the day."

"THE WATERFALL.

"With what deep murmurs, through time's silent
stealth,
Doth thy transparent, cool and watry wealth
Here flowing fall,
And chide and call,
As if his liquid, loose Retinue staid
Lingring, and were of this steep place afraid."

"THE SHOWER.

"Waters above! Eternal springs!
The dew that silvers the Dove's wings!
O welcome, welcome to the sad!
Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad.
Many fair Evenings, many flowers
Sweetened with rich and gentle showers,
Have I enjoyed, and down have run
Many a fine and shining Sun;
But never, till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an Evening shower!

What a curious felicity about the repetition of "drink" in the fourth line.

"Isaac's Marriage" is one of the best of the pieces, but is too long for insertion.

"THE RAINBOW"

Has seldom been better sung:

"Still young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd though fresh and
new.
How bright wert thou, when *Shem's* admiring
eye
Thy burnisht, flaming Arch did first descry!
When *Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,*

The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intente looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine darkness looks white
and fair,

Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and
flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and Sunshine! the sure
tye

Of thy Lord's ~~land~~ ^{land}, the object* of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and ~~low~~, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minde the Covenant 'twixt All and One."

What a venerable knot of the gray fathers!

"Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot!"

Our readers will see whence Campbell stole, and how he spoiled in the stealing (by omitting the word "youthful") the well-known line in his "Rainbow"—

"How came the world's gray fathers forth
To view the sacred sign."

Campbell did not disdain to take this, and no one will say much against him, though it looks ill, occurring in a poem on the rainbow; but we cannot so easily forgive him for saying that "Vaughan is one of the harshest even of the inferior order of conceit, having some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath."

"Rules and Lessons" is his longest and one of his best poems; but we must send our readers to the book itself, where they will find much to make them grateful to "The Silurist" and to Mr. Pickering, who has already done such good service for the best of our native literature.

We have said little about the deep godliness, the spiritual Christianity, with which every poem is penetrated and quickened. Those who can detect and relish this best, will not be the worst pleased at our saying little about it. Vaughan's religion is deep, lively, personal, tender, kindly, impassioned, temperate; "it sits i' the centre." His religion grows up, effloresces into the ideas and forms of poetry as naturally, as noiselessly, as beautifully as the life of the unseen seed finds its way up into the "bright consummate flower."

Of "IX. Poems by V.," we would say

with the "Quarterly," *βαρὺ μὲν δὲ λαλᾷ* 'POAA They combine rare excellencies—the strength, the finish, the gravity of man's thoughts, with the tenderness, the insight, the constitutional sorrowfulness of a woman's—her purity, her passionateness, her delicate and just sense and expression. We confess we would rather have been the author of any one of the nine poems in this little volume, than of the very tremendous, very absurd, very raw, loud, and fuliginous "Festus," with his many thousands of lines and his amazing reputation, his bad English, bad religion, bad philosophy, and very bad jokes—his "battered thunder," (this is in his own phrase,) and his poor devil of a Lucifer—we would, we repeat, (having in this our *subita ac sæva indignatio* run ourselves a little out of breath,) as much rather keep company with "V." than with Mr. Bailey, as we would prefer going to sea for *pleasure*, in a trim little yacht, with its free motions, its quiet, its cleanliness, and its gliding at its own sweet will, to taking a state berth in some Fire-King steamer of 1000 horse power, with his mighty and troubling throb, his smoke, his exasperated steam, his clangor, his fire and fury, his oils and smells.

Had we time, and were this the fit place, we could, we think, make something out of this comparison of the boat with its sail, and its rudder, and the unseen, wayward, serviceable winds playing about it, inspiring it, and swaying its course, and the iron steamer, with its machinery, its coarse energy, its noises and philosophy, its ungainly build and gait, its perilousness from within—and we think we could show how much of what Aristotle, Lord Jeffrey, Charles Lamb, or Edmund Burke would have called genuine poetry, there is in the little "V.," and how little in the big "Festus."*

* We have made repeated attempts, but we cannot get through this poem. It beats us. We must wait the Festus senné. Some of our best friends, with whom we generally agree on such matters, are distressed for us, and repeat long passages with great energy and apparent intelligence and satisfaction. Meanwhile, having read the six pages of public opinion at the end of the third and people's edition, we take it for granted that it is a great performance, that, to use one of the author's own words, there is a mighty "*somethingness*" about it—and we can entirely acquiesce in the quotation from "*The Sunday Times*," that they "read it with astonishment, and closed it with bewilderment." It would appear from these opinions, which from their intensity, variety and number, (upwards of 50,) are to us very surprising signs of the times, that Mr. Bailey has not so much improved on, as happily superseded the authors of the Books of Job and Ecclesiastes,

"THE GRAVE.

"I stood within the grave's o'ershadowing vault :
Gloomy and damp it stretched its vast domain ;

tes, of the Divine Comedy, of Paradise Lost and Regained, of Dr. Faustus, of Hamlet, of Faust, of Don Juan, The Course of Time, St. Leon, the Jolly Beggars, and the Loves of the Angels. He is more sublime and simple than Job. More royally witty and wise, more to the point than Solomon. More picturesque, more intense, more pathetic than Dante. More Miltonic (we have no other word) than Milton. More dreadful, more curiously blasphemous, more sonorous than Marlowe. More worldly-wise and clever, and intellectually *swell* than Goethe. More passionate, more eloquent, more impudent than Byron. More orthodox, more edifying, more precocious than Pollok. More absorptive and inveterate than Godwin ; and more hearty, more tender, more of manhood all compact than Burns. More gay than Moore. More *μυρίαυτος* than Shakespeare.

It may be so. We have made repeated and determined incursions in various directions into its substance, but have always come out greatly scorched and stunned and affronted. Never before did we come across such an amount of energetic and tremendous words, going "sounding on their dim and perilous way," like a cataract—not flowing like a stream, nor leaping like a clear waterfall, but always among breakers—roaring and tearing and tempesting—a sort of transcendental din ; and then what power of energizing and speaking, and philosophizing and preaching, and laughing and joking, *is vacuo* ! As far as we can judge, and as far as we can use our senses in such a region, it seems to us not a poem at all, hardly even poetical—but rather the materials for a poem, made up of science, religion and love, the (very raw) materials of a structure—as if the bricks and mortar, and lath and plaster, and furniture, and fire and fuel, and meat and drink, and inhabitants male and female, of a house were all mixed "through other" in one enormous *imbroglio*. It is a sort of fire-mist, out of which poetry, like a star, might by curdling, condensation, crystallization, or otherwise, have been developed, after much purging, and refining, and cooling, and pains. Mr. Bailey is still a young man, full of energy—full, we doubt not, of great and good aims ; let him read over a passage, we dare say he knows it well, in the second book of Milton on Church Government, he will there, among many other things worthy of his regard, find that "the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thoughts from within," which is the haunt and main region of his song, may be "painted out and described" with "*a solid and treatable smoothness*." He may yet more than make up for this "sin of his youth ;" and let him fling away nine-tenths of his adjectives—and in the words of Old Shirley—

"Compose his poem clean without 'em,

A row of stately SUBSTANTIVES would march
Like Switzers, and bear all the fields before 'em ;
Carry their weight ; show fair, like deeds enrolled ;

Not Writs, that are first made and after fill'd
Thence first came up the title of Blank Verse ;

You know, sir, what Blank signifies !—when the sense,

Shades were its boundary ; for my strained eye
sought
For other limit to its width in vain.

"Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray,
And distant sound of living men and things ;
This, in th' encountering darkness passed away,
That, took the tone in which a mourner sings.

"I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom ;
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

"Around me stretch'd the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ach'd upon my ear ;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chill'd my heart with fear.

"The former men of every age and place,
From all their wand'rings gather'd, round me
lay ;
The dust of wither'd Empires did I trace,
And stood 'mid Generations pass'd away.

"I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
Or famine or the plague, gave up their breath ;
Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
Swept by ten thousands to the arms of death.

"I saw the old world's white and wave-swept
bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been ;
Far and confused the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.

"Death's various shrines—the Urn, the Stone,
the Lamp—
Were scatter'd round, confus'd amid the dead ;
Symbols and Types were mould'ring in the damp,
Their shapes were waning and their meaning
fled.

"Unspoken tones, perchance in praise or wo,
Were character'd on tablets Time had swept ;

First framed, is tied with adjectives like points,
Hang't, 'tis pedantic vulgar poetry.
*Let children, when they versify, stick here
And there, these piddling words for want of mat-
ter,
Poets write masculine numbers."*

As for the language in which Mr. Bailey conveys
his ideas, we do not know what to say. Mr. Carlyle
would say that it is inarticulate, fuliginous, and vili-
pends all formulas.

The Bornnatural uses considerable liberties with
his mother ; he dresses her out oddly enough, and
sometimes succeeds in making her and himself look
sufficiently foolish ; but his heart is sound, and his
affection too, and he has got an ear for music. Mr.
Carlyle, who has much to answer for in the way of
his own sins, and those of his progeny, we fear, makes
her often speak with clenched fist or arms a-kimbo,
and not very articulately at times ; but Mr. Bailey
outdoes them all—he hews his mother into as many
pieces as Typhon did the good Osiris, and then he
reconstructs her upon an improved plan. His lan-
guage is raised upon the ruins of the English.

*And deep were their half letters hid below
The thick small dust of those they once had wept.*

"No hand was here to wipe the dust away ;
No reader of the writing trac'd beneath ;
No spirit sitting by its form of clay ;
No sigh nor sound from all the heaps of Death.

"One place alone had ceas'd to hold its prey ;
A form had press'd it and was there no more ;
The garments of the Grave beside it lay,
Where once they wrapped him on the rocky floor.

"He only with returning footsteps broke
Th' eternal calm wherewith the Tomb was bound ;
Among the sleeping Dead alone He woke,
And bless'd with outstretch'd hands the host
around.

"Well is it that such blessing hovers here,
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng,
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their wo the loaded air along.

"They to the verge have follow'd what they love,
And on th' insuperable threshold stand ;
With cherish'd names its speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasp'd hand.

"But vainly there they seek their soul's relief,
And of th' obdurate Grave its prey implore ;
Till Death himself shall medicine their grief,
Closing their eyes by those they wept before.

"All that have died, the Earth's whole race, repose
Where Death collects his Treasures, heap on
heap ;
O'er each one's busy day, the nightshades close ;
Its Actors, Sufferers, Schools, Kings, Armies—
sleep."

The lines in italics are of the highest qual-
ity, both in thought and word ; the allusion
to Him who by dying abolished death, seems
to us wonderfully fine—sudden, simple—it
brings to our mind the lines already quoted
from Vaughan :

"But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the sun,
Discovered all that there is done."

What a rich line this is !

"And pour their wo the loaded air along
The insuperable threshold !"

Do our readers remember the dying
Corinne's words? *Je mourrais seule—au
reste, ce moment se passe de secours ; nos
amis ne peuvent nous suivre que jusqu'au seuil
de la vie. Là, commençant des pensées dont
le trouble et la profondeur ne sauraient se
confier.*

We have only space for one more—verses entitled "Heart's Ease."

"HEART'S-EASE.

"Oh, Heart's-Ease, dost thou lie within that flower?

How shall I draw thee thence?—so much I need

The healing aid of thine enshrined power

To veil the past—and bid the time good speed!

"I gather it—it withers on my breast;

The heart's-ease dies when it is laid on mine;

Methinks there is no shape by joy possess'd,

Would better fare than thou, upon that shrine.

"Take from me things gone by—oh! change the past—

Renew the lost—restore me the decay'd;

Bring back the days whose tide has eb'd so fast—

Give form again to the fantastic shade!

"My hope, that never grew to certainty—

My youth, that perish'd in its vain desire—

My fond ambition, crush'd ere it could be

Aught save a self-consuming, wasted fire;

"Bring these anew, and set me once again

In the delusion of Life's Infancy—

I was not happy, but I knew not then

That happy I was never doomed to be.

"Till these things are, and pow'rs divine descend—

Love, kindness, joy, and hope, to gild my day,

In vain the emblem leaves towards me bend,

Thy Spirit, Heart's-Ease, is too far away!"

We would fain have given two poems entitled "Bessy" and "Youth and Age." Everything in this little volume is select and good. Sensibility and sense in right measure, and proportion, and keeping, and in pure, strong, classical language; no intemperance of thought or phrase. Why does not "V." write more?

We do not know very well how to introduce our friend Mr. Ellison, "The Bornnatural," who addresses his "Madmoments to the Lightheaded of Society at Large." We feel as a father, or mother, or other near of kin would at introducing an ungainly gifted and much loved son or kinsman, who had the knack of putting his worst foot foremost, and making himself *imprimis* ridiculous.

There is something wrong in all awkwardness, a want of nature *somewhere*, and we feel affronted even still, after we have taken the Bornnatural* to our heart, and admire

* In his preface he explains the title Bornnatural, as meaning "one who inherits the natural sentiments and tastes to which he was born, still artunsullied and customfree."

and love him, at his absurd gratuitous self-befoolment. The book is at first sight one farrago of oddities and offenses—coarse foreign paper—bad printing—italics broadcast over every page, the words run into each other in a way we are glad to say is as yet quite original, making such extraordinary monsters of words as these—beingsriddle—sunbeammotes—gooddeed—midjune—summerair—selfflavor—seraphechoes—pure deedprompter—barkskeel, &c. Now we like Anglo-Saxon and the polygamous German,* but we like better the well of English undefiled—a well, by the by, much oftener spoken of than drawn from; but to fashion such words as these words are, is as monstrous as for a painter to *compose* an animal not out of the elements, but out of the entire bodies of several, of an ass, for instance, a cock and a crocodile, so as to produce an outrageous individual, with whom even a duck-billed Platypus would think twice before he fraternized, ornithorynchous and paradoxical though he be, poor fellow.

And yet our Bornnatural's two thick and closely small-printed volumes are as full of poetry as is an "impassioned grape" of its noble liquor.

He is a true poet. But he has not the art of *singling* his thoughts, an art as useful in composition as in husbandry, as necessary for young fancies as young turnips. Those who have seen our turnip fields in early summer, with the hoers at their work, will understand our reference. If any one wishes to read these really remarkable volumes, we would advise them to begin with "Season Changes" and "Emma, a Tale." We give two Odes on Psyche, which are as nearly perfect as any thing out of Milton or Tennyson.

This story is the well-known one of Psyche and Cupid, told at such length, and with so much beauty and pathos and picturesqueness by Apuleius, in his "Golden Ass." Psyche is the human soul—a beautiful young woman. Cupid is spiritual, heavenly love—a comely youth. They are married, and live in perfect happiness, but, by a strange decree of fate, he comes and goes unseen, tarrying only for the night; and he has told her, that if she

* For instance—*Konstantinopolitanischerdudelsackspfeifergeselle*.

Here is a word as long as the sea-serpent, but, like it, having a head and tail, being what lawyers call *quid*—not an up and down series of infatuated *phoca* as Professor Owen somewhat insolently asserts. Here is what the Bornnatural would have made of it—

A Constantinopolitanbagpiperoutofhisapprenticeship.

looks on him with her bodily eye, if she tries to break through the darkness in which they dwell, then he must leave her, and for ever. Her two sisters—Anger and Desire, tempt Psyche. She yields to their evil counsel, and thus it fares with her :

“ODE TO PSYCHE.

“1. Let not a sigh be breathed, or he is flown !
With tiptoe stealth she glides, and throbbing
breast,

Towards the bed, *like one who dares not own
Her purpose, and half shrinks, yet cannot rest
From her rash Essay* : in one trembling hand
She bears a lamp, which sparkles on a sword ;
*In the dim light she seems a wandering dream
Of loveliness* : 'tis Psyche and her lord,
Her yet unseen, who slumbers like a beam
Of moonlight, *vanishing as soon as scann'd !*

“2. One moment, and all bliss hath fled her
heart,

Like windstole odours from the rosebud's cell,
Or as the earthdashed dewdrop which no art
Can e'er replace ; alas ! we learn fullwell
How beautiful the past when it is o'er,
But with seal'd eyes we hurry to the brink,
Blind as the waterfall ; oh, stay thy feet,
Thou rash one, be content to know no more
Of bliss than thy heart teaches thee, nor think
The sensual eye can grasp a form more sweet—

“3. Than that which for itself the soul should
chuse.

For higher adoration ; but in vain !
Onward she moves, and as the lamp's faint hues
Flicker around, her charm'd eyeballs strain,
For there *he lies in undreamt loveliness !*
*Softly she steals towards him, and bends o'er
His slumberlidded eyes, as a lily droops
Faint o'er a folded rose* : one caress
She would but dares not take, and as she stoops,
An oil-drop from the lamp fell burning sore !

“4. *Thereat sleepfray'd, dreamlike the god takes
wing*

And soars to his own skies, while Psyche strives
To clasp his foot, and fain thereon would cling,
But falls insensate ;

* * * * *

Psyche ! thou shouldst have taken that high gift
Of love as it was meant, that mystery
Did ask thy faith, the gods do test our worth,
And ere they grant high boons our heart would
sift !

“5. Hadst thou no divine vision of thine own ?
Didst thou not see the object of thy love
Clothed with a beauty to dull clay unknown ?
And could not that bright image, far above
The reach of sere decay, content thy thought ?
Which with its glory would have wrapped thee
round,

To the grave's brink, untouched by age or pain !
Alas ! we mar what Fancy's womb has brought
Forth of most beautiful, and to the bound
Of sense reduce the Helen of the brain !”

What a picture ! Psyche, pale with love
and fear, bending in the uncertain light, over
her lord, with the rich flush of health, and
sleep, and manhood on his cheek, “*as a lily
droops faint o'er a folded rose !*” We remem-
ber nothing anywhere finer than this. •

“ODE TO PSYCHE.

“1. Why stand'st thou thus at gaze
In the faint taper's rays,

With strained eyeballs fixed upon that bed ?
Has he then flown away,
Lost, *like a star in day,*
Or like a pearl in depths unfathomed ?
Alas ! thou hast done very ill,

Thus with thine eyes the vision of thy Soul to kill !

“2. Thought'st thou that earthly light
Could then assist thy sight,
Or that the limits of reality
Could grasp things fairer than
Imagination's span,
Who communes with the angels of the sky ?
Thou graspest at the rainbow, and
*Wouldst make it as the zone with which thy waist
is spanned !*

“3. And what find'st thou in his stead ?
Only the empty bed !
* * * * *
Thou sought'st the earthly and there-
fore
The heavenly is gone, for that must ever
soar !

“4. For the bright world of
Pure and boundless love
What hast thou found ? alas ! a narrow
room !
Put out that light,
Restore thy Soul its sight,
For better 'tis to dwell in outward gloom,
Than thus, by the vile body's eye,
To rob the Soul of its infinity !

“5. Love, Love has wings, and he
Soon out of sight will flee,
Lost in fur ether to the sensual eye,
But the Soul's vision true
Can track him, yea, up to
The presence and the throne of the Most
High :
For thence he is, and tho' he dwell below,
To the Soul only he his genuine form will
show !”

Mr. Ellison was a boy of twenty-three when
he wrote this. That, with so much command
of expression and of measure, he should run
waste and formless, as he does in other parts
of his volumes, is very mysterious and very
distressing.

As to how we became possessed of the
poetical Epistle from “E. V. K. to his Friend
in Town,” the less we say the better. We

avow ourselves in the matter to have acted for once on M. Proudhon's maxim—" *La propriété c'est le Vol.*" We merely say, in our defense, that it is a shame in "E. V. K.," be he who he may, to hide his talent in a napkin, or keep it for his friends alone. It is just such men and such poets as he that we most need at present, sober-minded, and sound-minded, and well-balanced, whose genius is subject to their judgment, and who have genius and judgment to begin with—a part of the poetical stock in trade with which many of our living writers are not largely furnished. The Epistle is obviously written quite off-hand, but it is the off-hand of a master, both as to material and workmanship. He is of the good, old, manly, classical school. His thoughts have settled and cleared themselves before forming into the mould of verse. They are in the style of Stewart Rose's *vers de société*, but have more of the graphic force and deep feeling and fine humor of Crabbe and Cowper in their substance, with a something of their own which is to us quite as delightful. But our readers may judge. After upbraiding, with much wit, a certain faithless town friend for not making out his visit, he thus describes his residence :

" Though its charms be few,
The place will please you, and may profit too ;
My house, upon the hillside built, looks down
On a neat harbor and a lively town.
Apart, 'mid screen of trees, it stands, just where
We see the popular bustle, but not share.
Full in our front is spread a varied scene—
A royal ruin, grey or clothed with green,
Church spires, tower, docks, streets, terraces, and
trees,
Backed by green fields, which mount by due de-
grees
Into brown uplands, stretching high away
To where, by silent tarns, the wild deer stray.
Below, with gentle tide, the Atlantic Sea
Laves the curved beach, and fills the cheerful
quay,
Where frequent glides the sail, and dips the oar,
And smoking streamer halts with hissing roar."

Then follows a long passage of great eloquence, truth, and wit, directed against the feverish, affected, unwholesome life in town, before which he fears

" Even he, my friend, the man whom once I
knew,
Surrounded by blue women and pale men,"

has fallen a victim ; and then concludes with these lines, which it would not be easy to match for everything that constitutes good poetry. As he writes he chides himself for

suspecting his friend ; and at that moment (it seems to have been written on Christmas day) he hears the song of a thrush, and forthwith he "bursts into a song," as full-voiced, as native, as sweet and strong, as that of his bright-eyed feathered friend.

" But, hark that sound ! the mavis ! can it be ?
Once more ! It is. High perched on yon bare tree,
He starts the wondering winter with his trill ;
Or by that sweet sun westering o'er the hill
Allured, or for he thinks melodious mirth
Due to the holy season of Christ's birth.
And hark ! as his clear fluting fills the air,
Low broken notes and twitterings you may hear
From other emulous birds, the brakes among ;
Fain would they also burst into a song ;
But winter warns, and muffling up their throats,
They liquid—for the spring—preserve their notes."
O sweet preluding ! having heard that strain,
How dare I lift my dissonant voice again ?
Let me be still, let me enjoy the time,
Bothering myself or thee no more with rugged
rhyme."

This author must not be allowed to "muffle up his throat," and keep his notes for some imaginary and far-off spring. He has not the excuse of the mavis. He must give us more of his own clear "fluting." Let him, with keen, kindly, and thoughtful eye, look from his retreat, as Cowper did, upon the seething world he has left, seeing the popular bustle, not sharing it, and let his pen record in such verses as these what his understanding and his affections think and feel, and his imagination informs, and we shall have something in verse not unlike the letters from Olney.

What is good makes us think of what is better, as well, and perhaps more, than of what is worse. There is no sweetness so sweet as that of a large and deep nature ; there is no knowledge so good, so strengthening, as that of a great mind, which is for ever filling itself afresh. "*Out of the eater comes forth meat ; out of the strong comes forth sweetness.*" Here is one of such "*dulcedines rerarum*"—the sweetness of a strong man :

" Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompany'd ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament
With living saphirs ; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unvail'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Were we inclined to do anything but enjoy this and be thankful—giving ourselves up to its gentleness—informing ourselves with its quietness and beauty—we would admire the simplicity, the neutral tints, the greyneyness of its language, the “sober livery” in which its thoughts are clad. *In the first thirty-eight words, twenty-nine are monosyllables.* Then there is the gradual way in which the crowning phantasy is introduced. It comes upon us at once, and yet not wholly unexpected: it “sweetly creeps” into our “study of imagination;” it lives and moves, but it is a moving that is “delicate;” it flows in upon us *incredibili lenitate*. “Evening” is a matter of fact, and its stillness too—a time of the day; and “twilight” is little more. We feel the first touch of spiritual life in “*her sober livery*,” and bolder and deeper in “*all things clad*.” Still we are not deep, the real is not yet transfigured and transformed, and we are brought back into it after being told that “Silence, accompanied” by the explanatory “for,” and the bit of sweet natural history of the beasts and birds. The mind dilates and is moved; its eye detained over the picture; and then comes that rich, “thick warbled note”—“*all but the lonely nightingale*,” this fills and informs the ear, making it also “of apprehension more quick,” and are pre-

pared now for the great idea coming “into the eye and prospect of our soul”—SILENCE WAS PLEASED! There is nothing in all poetry above this. Still evening and twilight grey are now Beings; coming on, and walking over the earth like queens “with Silence,

“Admiration’s speaking’st tongue,”

as their well pleased companion. All is “calm and free,” and “full of life,” it is a “Holy Time.” What a picture! what simplicity of means! what largeness and perfectness of effect! what knowledge and love of nature! what supreme art! what modesty and submission! * what self-possession! what plainness, what selectness of speech!

* How truly and beautifully Coleridge has expressed this balance of opposite qualities in his lately published posthumous tract, “The Idea of Life”—a book more full of clear and definite ideas than any of his prose works, excepting that passage in his *Biographia Literaria*, which treats of Poetry and Wordsworth—that is first-rate in all its qualities.

“As is the height, so is the depth. The intensities must be at once opposite and equal. As the liberty, so the reverence for law. As the independence, so must be the seeing and the service, and the submission to the Supreme Will. As the ideal genius and the originality, so must be the resignation to the real world, the sympathy and the intercommunion with Nature.”

From the Examiner.

THE AGE OF IRREVERENCE.

TO —.

You might have won the poet’s name—
If such be worth the winning now—
And gained a laurel for your brow,
Of sounder leaf than I can claim.

But you have made the wiser choice—
A life that moves to gracious ends
Through troops of unrecording friends—
A deedful life, a silent voice:

And you have missed the irreverent doom
Of those that wear the poet’s crown:
Hereafter, neither knave nor clown
Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:

“Give out the faults he would not show!
Break lock and seal! betray the trust!

Keep nothing sacred: ’tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.”

Ah, shameless! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth;
No public life was his on earth,
No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best he gave,
My curse upon the clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it sweeter seem to be,
The little life of bank and briar,
The bird that pipes his lone desire
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at glory’s temple-gates,
For whom the carrion-vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From the Quarterly Review.

DOG-BREAKING.

1. *Dog-breaking.* By Lieut-Col. W. N. HUTCHINSON, (20th Regiment.) London. 12mo. 1848.

2. *Stable-Talk and Table-Talk.* By HARRY HIEOVER. The 2d Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1846.

[This spirited and humorous article is attributed to the pen of Sir Francis Bond Head. Ed.]

WE need no apology to our readers for coupling hounds with horses; destined for each other, they have run lovingly together from time immemorial and will keep company to the end of the chapter; the connection is natural, and we fancy—the chase being mimic war—few will think it strange that military men, in these piping dog-days of peace, should take first and foremost rank in the nice conduct of perdricide and vulpicide campaigns, or that those who mould their sabres into steel-pens, should feel themselves fully commissioned to teach the young idea both how to shoot and be in at the death—the end of country life. Nor is there anything new in such change of pursuits; Colonel Hutchinson and Captain Hieover do but follow where Generals Xenophon and Arrian led before; the former, unrivalled as a retriever and retriever, consoled himself when on half-pay by composing Hippias and Cynegetics in choice Greek, which no private family in Melton should be without; the latter borrowed his name and richly supplemented him by a classical treatise on coursing, for which task he states himself to be not unfit, from having been ἀμφὶ τὰ ταῦτα ἀποβου ἐσπουδακώς, κυνηγῆσαι, καὶ στρατηγίαν, καὶ ΣΟΦΙΑΝ. Meanwhile, as to “hark back” is always a bore, we recommend the volumes before us, as coverts which may be drawn during a hard frost without fear of a blank day.

Our Colonel and Captain have many kindred characteristics, common, we are proud to say, to British officers; both alike advocate drill, discipline, order, and obedience; both denounce unnecessary flogging and extravagance; and assuredly mercy, a quality of the brave, and economy, the soul of efficient armies, ought also to animate well-reg-

ulated stables and kennels. The former is favorably known in the military world by the publication of his “Standing Orders, issued to the two Battalions of the 20th Regiment;” which may be safely pronounced an encyclopædia of duty and good soldiery, from the drummer-boy to the officer in command. The author, during prolonged services in every quarter of the globe, made sporting his healthful recreation, and took his hound for a hobby. “Love me, love my dog,” has been his motto, whether his staunch comrade kept him company over the burning plains of India or the frozen regions of Canada; and we shall not pronounce these warm affections misplaced. *Man*, says Burns, is *the god of the dog*; to worship him is his happiness, to serve him his freedom; his allegiance is neither divided nor based on compulsion; he watches willingly over our couch by night, and wakes the cheerful companion of our walks by day; the chances of time or place, the changes of fortunes for better or worse, effect no alteration in his free full love; with a fidelity above suspicion—

“His honest heart is still his master’s own:
He labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.”

But although poets—Burns and Byron—have done justice to these dog-like excellences, prose-writers, like us, must blush at their non-appreciation by the world at large. The turbaned infidel Asiatic agrees with his antipodes, the hatted and hated Christian European, in using the poor dog worse than one, in holding him dog-cheap, and giving him a bad name, insomuch that, whatever the sex to which the name is applied, whatever the metaphor to which it is adapted, it is anything but complimentary.

A portion of our provincial readers must pardon the suspicion that they imperfectly

understand the philosophy of sport, the physiology of the dog, and his psychology, so to speak, for we admit the words are somewhat hard: test however the amount of information possessed on these points, by discussing them post-prandially at most of the tables of forty out of fifty-two counties:—let the deipnosophists be of good *gaudet equis canibusque* breed, born to inherit broad acres, to consume cereals, and deprive *feræ naturæ* of a share in nature's banquet:—how jejune their chase reasonings—how rarely do any two disputants coincide in opinions, but each, swearing by his own system, votes all beyond it leather and prunella! We would fain hope that the Hutchinsonian duodecimo will prove useful to many of these good lords of the soil. This serious and earnest treatise elevates dog-breaking to the dignity of a science; notwithstanding the modest statement of its opening paragraph, that, so far from being a mystery, it is an art easily acquired, when commenced on rational principles, and continued by instructors possessed of temper, judgment, and consistency; moral desiderata, be it said at starting, scarcely anywhere so plentiful as blackberries. Much, however, depends, according to our considerate author, on the degree of finish required in educating a four-footed recruit; whether, for instance, he is to be drilled to perfect manœuvring in the field, and to veteran steadiness under fire, or trained to only such a respectable mediocrity as satisfies those whose best beat is from Albemarle Street to the Athenæum; in either alternative we agree with Lord Chesterfield, that, if a thing be worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and we also quite agree with our gallant Colonel, however unfashionable the opinion, that more than half the pleasure of the chase consists in watching the hunting of well-broken dogs, and that it is nearly doubled if they chance to be of one's own breaking: the better the dog, the better the sport; for when neither temper nor nerves are ruffled by bad behavior, the shooting is calm and killing. The Colonel actually asserts that he would sooner put up with water for his sole beverage than shoot over a bad dog; a biped beater is better—although we totally condemn the battue imported from Germany since the peace, as a base, brutal, bloody, and most unsportsmanlike butchery.

It will be as well, however, to say here, *in limine*, that it is not our intention to reopen the interminable cases of Pointer versus

Partridge, or of Yoicks versus Reynard; we have in some former numbers pretty well exhausted the Chase, the Turf, and the Road; our present argument will be directed to instructional and pecuniary points, in the hope of showing how these pastimes may be pursued with the least pressure on the pocket—a view of the question which must interest all who deem

"The inflammation of their weekly bills
The consummation of all earthly ills."

Be it remembered at the onset, that the intelligence of a dog is second only to that of man. His powers of smell are incalculably superior; and though he shares in his master's prerogative of going mad, he never joins him in getting drunk. What pastor better minds his flock?—what patriot more vigorously agitates his tail? Even "honest John" never went truer to win. "You may bet on your greyhound boldly," says Hieover, "for he carries no jockey." Again, dogs are not laughing hyenas, or untamable: no amount of instruction is thrown away on them—(what would not Dr. Kay Shuttleworth give for such raw materials?)—their capability of acquiring knowledge grows with its acquisition, until they play at dominoes and point fish. A time-honored friend of ours in Dorsetshire has so perfected the education of a well-bred house-dog, who previously had waged war, from sheer goodness of nature, against beggars and suspicious-looking characters, that his conservative Cerberus now noses a radical, freetrader or freebooter, be he dressed even as a gentleman, and gives tongue 'ware wolf in sheep's clothing, and "bristles" ere either can darken his doorway. Hutchinson, Hieover, and all true and loyal Englishmen, will, we are confident, thank us for making known this important discovery. This good beast is, it is to be hoped, destined to found a numerous family; for Dr. Prichard has demonstrated, in his luculent Treatise on our own species, that the race of dogs has an irresistible turn—"an instinctive hereditary propensity"—to do, untaught, whatever the parents have learned. Thus canine talents are transmitted from father to son, which by no means obtains in the human race divine.

If teachers of dogs will only make their pupils clearly understand what is wanted, they willingly and pleasantly will perform all that nature has given them the power to do, and the instinct to comprehend. Their memories are excellent; and if they seldom

forget ill usage, they never fail to remember kindness: let them once learn to associate the idea of holiday with your presence, they will become the partners of your joys—anticipate wants and wishes—love, honor, and, above all, obey. Under all circumstances spare the rod; break the self-will of your young dogs, but never their courage and temper. If their moral qualities be destroyed, your scholar, says the grave Buffon, becomes “a gloomy egotist, instead of an honest courtier.” Occasional flogging certainly does good to inattentive idlers; but, however Moslem masters may hold the bastinado a special boon from the Prophet to true believers, the specific is not infallible with Christian dogs. Could learning be thus fundamentally inoculated, few of them, says the kind Colonel, would be found unbroken in England and Scotland, and none in the Emerald Isle, where a Conciliation Kennel—not Hall—is the thing wanted: and we might quote the equally observant Hieover to the same salutary tune. Send, therefore, your boys to Eton, to Winchester if you will; and we say this, although six lustra have neither blotted from our memories the awful writing on school-wall—“Aut disce aut discede, manet sors tertia cædi”—nor effaced the cicatrized interpretations of Dr. Goddard, “Plagossimus Orbilius.” Send your pachydermatous sons there, we repeat, but “take heartily and earnestly to educate your tender dogs yourself,” counsels the Colonel; bring them up and out at home, like your daughters: begin with your puppies in their seventh month to teach them self-respect, and inculcate a moral feeling that they are destined for higher game than a life of play and barking. Finally, as a poetical sportsman sang in long-past days—

“Keep them cautiously from curs,
For early habits stick like burs.”

Dogs degenerate in bad society: thus the coach-dog, from living with stablemen, is deficient in sagacity, and only fit to follow “the rumbling of the wheels;” while a bull-dog, from his brutal associates, becomes incapable of learning anything beyond fighting and ferocity. The unhappy dogs who once have contracted these radical defects are tabooed by all their fellow-creatures who have been better bred and brought up. Honest Launce, whose canine lectures are familiar to more than two gentlemen in and out of Verona, found how soon his retrograded Crab was nosed and cut, when he fell

into the company of “two or three gentlemanlike dogs,” at the Duke’s.

That the spouses of bachelors were the best managed we already knew, and we now learn that their dogs are the soonest broken.

“So long,” says the Colonel, “as you are unmarried, you can make a companion of your dog without incurring the danger of his being spoiled by your wife and children. The more, by the by, he is your own companion and nobody else’s, the better; all his initiatory lessons can be, and can best be, inculcated in your own breakfast-room.”—*Hutchinson*, p. 12.

He must never be taken out until perfectly master of the sixteen words of command which constitute his drill; and these are enumerated and explained by the Colonel with such perspicuity, (pp. 42, 46,) that neither dogs nor men can henceforward misunderstand them. One or two extracts will suffice to put our readers in possession of the principle of this private preparatory schooling—

“Let no one be present to distract the dog’s attention; call him to you by the whistle you purpose always using in the field; tie a slight cord, a few yards long, to his collar; throw him a small piece of toast or meat: do this several times, chucking it into different parts of the room, and let him eat what he finds; then throw a piece—as you do so, say *Dead*—and the moment he gets close to it, check him by pulling the cord, at the same time saying *Toho*, (but not very loud,) and lift up your right arm almost perpendicularly. By pressing the cord with your foot, you can restrain him as long as you please. Do not let him take it until you give him the encouraging word *On*, accompanied by a forward movement of the right arm and hand, similar to the swing of an underhand bowler at cricket. At other times, let him take the bread the moment you throw it, that his eagerness to rush forward and seize it may be continued, only to be instantly restrained at your command.—*Ibid.* pp. 13, 14.

The magic word *Toho* will soon suggest agreeable emotions, and that of the final *Drop* unpleasant ones. Nevertheless, implicit, unhesitating, immediate obedience, being the triumph of your art, there must be no compromise; you must never in the least relax either then or for the future; for, as Mrs. Jameson has detailed in her “Sacred Art,” if one moment’s weakness in even an anchorite, (see her delectable legend of Saint Shitano Boccadoro and the King’s Daughter,) can cancel the virtue of a long life, how shall a poor frail dog resist temptation? Until, therefore, this obedience to a given

signal becomes a second nature, hemp is your only help, and the sudden jerk of the cord must be repeated; should the culprit be overfrightened, make much of him, and particularly by the aforesaid toast or meat. Never forget that, in dealing with animal creatures, eating may be always advantageously combined with education, provided care be taken, (however legitimate the connection between gastronomy and literature,) that the meat be not overdone.

"Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make the ribs fat, but bankrupt quite the wits."

Ingenii largitor venter, says Juvenal; and as an empty stomach, argues the Colonel—and it will not be disputed at Guildhall—sharpens the reasoning faculties, a little fasting may be tried with the pupil who evinces squeamish appetites for learning, and these initiatory principles may be discussed before feeding-time—*impranso*, as Horace proposed. Hunger gives a relish to dry bread, the reward of labor and learning—which Soyer's last Reform Sauce never will; hence the quintessence of mortal bliss is centered with poor dogs and men in eating; nor do the highest intellects disown the savory impeachment. The whole secret of diplomacy lies in the kitchen, by which the most ponderous protocols are lubricated; and a *liberal* loaves-and-fishes logic makes more converts than Bacon or Plato, who reasoned well—as whippers-in well know at St. Stephen's, and elsewhere. Jew and gentile, Christian and infidel, hound and shooting-pony, succumb to this reasoning. The object in regard to the latter, says the Colonel, is to prove not only that the sound of a gun won't kill him, but be of great bodily comfort. The patient is to be argued into loving it after this process. Commence gradually, burn a little powder, snap a copper cap, and at last fire in his presence, always turning your back upon him, as if he were not a party concerned, for he must not even suspect you are thinking of him; at every report give him a bit of carrot; his greedy ears will soon connect sounds with slices, as a groom's do dinner-bell with beef, be he ever so deaf to its tintinnabular summons to family prayer; both animals soon join in chorus, and in encouraging the sweet strains, which appeal to their digestive reason through their acoustic organs. By persevering in similar arguments, a pony will delight to stand stock still whenever the reins are thrown on his neck, a double-barrel discharged, and car-

rots the consequence. It is by these vegetable charms, coupled with gentleness, patience, and perseverance, that horses at Astley's and poodles at Paris are taught to dance, and not by hot plates and horse-whips, as grandpapa squires, who still stick to the port, and their gamekeepers imagine. Accordingly, by practising this artful and amiable discipline, the last word of command, "*seek dead*," is made easy and agreeable to canine capacities. Toast or meat is to be concealed under carpets or—should there be no wife—sofa-cushions, and the pupil bid to find it; his eager inexperience is to be aided by particular waves of the hand. This manual exercise is an axiom, and silent signals must always supersede sounds; the report of a gun does not scare birds so much as the voice of man—the natural enemy of game; therefore first-rate sportsmen never speak when they expect to find. A dog educated on this electric telegraph system always manœuvres as if the eye of the commander-in-chief were on him. He constantly is looking out for the signal, and when the right one is hoisted, a Junot does his duty as well as Nelson.

It is of paramount necessity, whatever the code of signals you use, that they should invariably be the same; like the laws of the Medes and Persians, they must never change—false indications are fatal; the animal gets perplexed and palters; the master loses temper, uses violence, and the poor beast becomes and dies a misanthrope. Colonel Hutchinson, from feeling the folly and unfairness of this, has often contemplated a new sporting vocabulary, in order that a dog may never hear a word used in giving commands on any other than its specific occasion.

If space permitted, we could confirm the importance of true indications from the excellent "*Hints on Horsemanship*" of Colonel Greenwood, than whom few men ever rode better. "When," says he, "you go to the right, pull the right rein stronger than the left; when you go to the left, pull the left rein stronger than the right, and urge your horse strongest on the side opposite to the guiding rein; he who does so, if not a perfect horseman, will at least be a more perfect one than a million out of a million and one." Many may call these great odds, and think little of such infinitesimal directions, but beast and men acquire knowledge by accumulating small facts; the pyramids are only piled up particulars; and, without entering more into particulars at present, the result of this synthetic, bit-by-bit, in-door dog education

is, that the pupil may be taken out for the first time, be shot over, and yet behave creditably.

Of course, the last finish can only be given out of doors; it is as superfluous to speak of hares, hedges, and field exercise, as to enforce the necessity of shooting to a young dog with straight powder—keep it dry of course—for when the animal is excited, missing is dire disappointment. The Colonel instances “a bitch named Countess, who took it into her head and heels to run away in disgust” at a bungling cockney. The great aim of a good shot should be to make his dog as fond of the sport as himself; you must therefore never work him after he is tired, as some keepers do; it infallibly decreases his delight in the chase, imparts a slovenly carriage, and most likely in the end injures his constitution. If he be over-buoyant, couple him with a provisional partner—the link tames, be it even of gold, and placed on neck or finger; hence the Spanish word for handcuffs is *esposas*. At all events, whenever your dog has had a hard day's work, and done it well, have him rubbed dry on getting home, and give him a warm supper, and let him be confined in his straw as comfortably as a countess.

This Hutchinsonian system is in all essentials that of Hieover—but simple and sensible, and justly favored by all gentle spirits, as the system is, professional dog-breakers generally reverse it altogether; they begin out of doors; their plan is to inspire fear, not love—to effect by fatigue and punishment what is far easier and better done by reward; for no work is so well done as that which is done cheerfully and voluntarily. Alas! that the horse and dog, the two noblest of animals, should so often be consigned to the veriest brutes of the human race; and yet the Sir Oracles, who let no dog or master bark when they open their mouths, prefer to drive with a ramrod, rather than guide by a straw; they add the tyrant's spirit to a giant's strength. “Oh!” says Colonel Greenwood, when discussing cognate colt-breaking, “put off the evil day of force; forgive seventy times seventy, and be assured, what does not come to-day will to-morrow.” But then it saves trouble, for those who never think, to cudgel the backs of others rather than their own brains. They begin by expecting their young dog to know his business, and guess the mysterious meaning of their words of command by instinct; and if, when he for the first time sniffs the delicious odor of game, and, obedient to un-

taught nature, rushes in and springs the covey in spite of *sohos* and *tohos*, he is therefore cruelly rated and flogged, can it be wondered at that he should confound the word with the blow, and construe *toho* as *run away*? or is he to be led to the halter because, when thus scared and discouraged, the next time he winds birds, he either sulks or sculks?*

On the nosology of the pointer, the Colonel, although less technically erudite than Mr. Delabere Blaine, the father, as he tells us himself, of canine pathology, is brief and satisfactory; quack yourself, if you have a fancy for it, but never throw physic to your dog; a little grass and his own tongue are his best remedies; let the patient minister to himself, and nature, unobstructed by art, will work wonders. For the overfed darlings of fine ladies, solitary confinement in a garret for three days, with a pan of water, may be advantageously prescribed; but this is only giving nature a fair chance.

Apologues of ladies: they may take a leaf from our gallant lecturer's treatise. “The fair sex,” says he, “although possessing unbounded and proper influence over us, notoriously have but little control over their canine favorites; this solely arises from their seldom enforcing obedience to orders. If a lady takes a dog out for a walk, she keeps constantly calling to it, lest it should go astray and be lost. The result is that, ere long, the dog pays not the slightest attention to her; his own sagacity telling him that he need not trouble himself by watching her, as she will be sure to look after him.” (p. 48.)† Ladies' pets are not to be stimulated by common rewards; which proves, says the Colonel, “that their puppies, as well as their children, can be completely

* We have read the lively pages of *Frank Forester* with so much pleasure, that we could not lose this opportunity of introducing them also to our readers' acquaintance; but it is only a small part of them that is given to the doctrinal department; wherefore we must content ourselves with expressing our satisfaction that he in that department pretty generally, but especially as to humanity, agrees with the two senior campaigners on our list; and congratulating him on the success with which he has handled in detail the rich and unhackneyed subject of field-sports in North America. “Frank Forester,” of course, is a *nom de chasse*. The preface is signed by Mr. Henry William Herbert, a son of the late accomplished Dean of Manchester.

† We do not know whether the Colonel is, like Captain Hieover, the illustrator of his own text; but if he be, the woodcuts at pp. 48 and 49 do credit to his pencil, and will gratify the ladies.

spoilt." (p. 51.) The natural instinct of women enables them, indeed, to teach successfully one important lesson—even the oldest and oddest of them (always excepting Jane Eyres) insist that the slave shall *beg* before he is served. But here the capacity for instruction seems to stop. Their inborn tenderness renders them prodigal of favors to the happy dogs on whom they set their affections, and canine nature is at least constant—nothing ever obliterates its first love, as Dido swore before her fancies pointed to a son of Venus—

"Ille meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro."

And here we would remind all surly, and some Surly Hall scholars, who, full of Virgil and Mr. Youatt on the Dog, growl at the injury done to hound and history by giving the name of fickle Dido to a faithful bitch, that it is only by this kennel nomenclature, that coveys of country gentlemen keep up their connection with the classics at all. We wish them to live and learn, and therefore point out a pretty wrinkle of the Colonel's how to gain and rivet canine affection. An old hand, whenever he gets a young and untaught pupil, for some time never lets any one play with his Venus or Dido but himself; the first come are the best served in these matters, as in pottages: so says hungry and beloved Sancho Panza. "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours," sighs the fickle Frenchman. But we must conclude, and cannot do so better than by quoting the 229th section, with which the Colonel terminates his treatise:

"I have a very important direction to give—**NEVER LEND YOUR DOG.** If you are a married man you will not, I presume, lend your wife's horse to any man who has a coarse hand, [Cato, we fear, lent both to Hortensius,] and (I hope she will forgive me for saying so) you should feel far more reluctance and much more grief should you be obliged to lend a good dog to an ignorant sportsman, or to one who shoots for the pot."

Thus loan often loseth both itself and friend, and in a bad cause, for 'Tout pour le pot,' your foreigner's full cry, turns the plain stomach of an English sportsman, to whom the chase for its own dear self is whet enough; his object is rather the sport than the larder; the run, not the 'varmint,' whom Ude could hardly cook, or an omnivorous *table d'hôte abonné* consume; except, it is true, in the Abbruzzi, where Mr. Lear,

himself taken for Palmerstoni, found roast fox considered *cibo squisito*, the delicacy of the season. Our chase from beginning to end is modern and insular: it belongs to us, and to us alone. All the pursuits of the savage, the classical, and the continental sportsman are marked by a constant eye to the kitchen; by them eternal war to the knife and fork was and is waged against fish, flesh, and fowl: all—provided it be eatable—is fair game, from the wild boar of Apicius to the plural larks shot over a well-clipped poodle by a *sous-préfet*, or the single and singular thrush, which formed the whole bag of a French baron, who nevertheless was considered by his compatriots as the "premier chasseur deson arrondissement." For the full and true particulars of this feat, we must refer to Hieover, who was in at the death and dinner. His *Stable-talk* and *Table-talk* on "La Chasse Etrangère" (ii. 330) affords capital sport; and it is high time to turn over the rest of his pages.

A foxite and Briton to the back-bone, he dotes on our hounds, horses and ladies: at their very mention the patriot and sportsman warms. "Hail to thy name, oh Chase! Hail—doubly hail—to my country, honest England, land of the chase; thou only Elysium of the lover of true sport!" (*ibid.*) "No Frenchman is a fox-hunter," he adds:—"voilà un grand mot," as M. Theirs would say. Lead perfidious Albion as he may in cookery, poodle-clipping, and civilization, after hounds he is "no where." Accordingly, he votes our Christian countrycraft *une chasse diabolique*; and denounces as unmilitary those Peninsular red-coats who took to hunting in winter-quarters, and who being somehow the first over stone walls, were not the last in charging certain *colonnes de granite* to their heart's content. Now that the temple of Janus is shut, a good day's run is followed by a better dinner; "then," according to the gay though half-pay hero, Hieover, "fairy fingers of sylph-like forms fly over the particolored keys of the piano. Lovely, thrice lovely woman! this is thy bright prerogative; this thy empire; this is the scene of all thy many conquests; thy self-created Elysium, where none but the manly should be permitted to enter!" (*ibid.* 333.) These aspirations, glowing and gallant as they are, may pass; nevertheless, we must, in duty bound, lament the Captain's too frequent departures from the decorous handling of his colleague the field-officer, whose chapters may be safely scanned by the purest, brightest eyes, though we ques-

tion whether the most sporting lady or gentleman would trust him with their daughters. As the other heads every page with some motto, it is a pity some friend did not suggest for his first and last ones, "Swear not at all." In rapping out oaths a cad outcups a Chesterfield; scarcely bearable in a buss, oaths in type are too bad, and at such *malice prepense* printers' devils recoil. We admit that words not fit to be thrown at a dog form, unfortunately, part and parcel of kennel vernacular: yet the custom—more honored in the breach than the observance—can be corrected. "Williams," said his Grace mildly to his huntsman, whose discourse was less polished than his stirrups, "do you hunt the hounds, and I will swear at the gentlemen." Hieover will take, we trust, this punishment in good part, and henceforward use a martingale.

We have less quarrel to find with his sporting terminology, not to say slang, with a soupçon of which we have larded these remarks. As to his other sayings and doings, it must suffice to say that he writes as he rides, strait across the country, neither style nor stiles stopping his racy bursts; he published, we conceive, for brother "bricks" in scarlet, trumps who seldom take offense at fence or phrase, but he over everything. But whether he held cheap the praise or blame of grave, potent, and reverend signiors in black, who fish not, flute not, hunt not, shoot not, one thing is certain—he is perfect master of his art, and up to all the knavish tricks of trade by which her Majesty's lieges are circumvented. We learn from the preface to the "Pocket and the Stud"—a brief but remarkable bit of autobiography—how this knowledge was "forced upon him" and at what cost he purchased practical experience, a valuable commodity, which many who spend their whole fortunes never contrive to buy.

Captain Hieover's has truly been a many-colored life; checkered and exchequered was the apprenticeship he served: by birth a gentleman of a spending, not money-making race, raised on Enfield Chase in an old hunting-lodge, and bred within half a mile of Dog-kennel Farm, the *genius loci* marked him in the cradle for his own, and mamma co-operated. Loth to part with her only one, instead of sending him to a public school—best workshop of men—she gave him a vulpicide tutor, and a private, or what Lord Dudley said was its equivalent, no education at all. So the docile pupil ended by "loving horses and hunting enthusiastically, and hat-

ing Homer and Horace cordially." Gifted with much natural—not to say mother-wit, provided with a decided bump of philippotiveness in his upper story, and with whippers-in for under-masters, the child was early trained which way to go, and reared by accident altogether equestrian. He rode before he could well walk, saw a fox killed with Lady Salisbury when he was six years old, had two horses of his own at twelve, and a stud at sixteen. The *toga virilis* and top-boots once put on, so long as his good dog-star shone in the ascendant, he steeple-chased the years away, and distanced care so completely, that he outran the constable also; caught then at fault, a galloping consumption of cash—no fox goes faster—arrested his career; duns and distresses ran into him—until chancery suits settled what tallyhoing, coupled with drags, dragooning, and concomitant *et ceteras*, commenced; then fickle fortune, as might be expected, stole away, leaving him naught save a stable mind. There is little new under the sun; the downfall of Phaëton, a fast man, and the death of Actæon, eaten up by his own dogs, indicate, if there be meaning in myths, that driving four-in-hand and keeping hounds have from time immemorial conducted to untimely ends. Master Harry Hieover's alacrity in sinking was prodigious; his screws once loose, he broke down from ducal domes to dealers' dens, from the court of Carlton House to the racket-court of the King's Bench and Fleet. On emerging from this slough of despond, our tennis-ball of the capricious goddess tried boldly to pull himself up; first he took to farming, which, we need not say, did not answer; next he kept commission stables and "went into harness," *Anglicè* turned stage-coachman. Even a deeper bathos still awaited him: he passed to driving the quill, and became, poor fellow! an author. But all's well that ends well, and he has now made books better in many respects for others than those which, when on betting bent, he made for himself. Indeed, "Sugden on Purchases" excepted, we hardly know a more pregnant treatise in its way than "The Pocket and the Stud." Few have been fated to fill the parts of gentleman and professional horse-master; characters as unlike as gentleman and real farmer—performances as distinct as a campaign at Waterloo or Wormwood Scrubs. He has now, however, made a clean breast of it for the benefit of others; and whoever hereafter meddles in horse-flesh, without first donning his "wide awake" with no particle of nap on it—may thank himself if "digged."

so legibly is notice given of the traps by which kennels and stables are beset, and the possible compatibility of stud and pocket confirmed.

This adventurous adept's intervention with pen and pitchfork for the public good has maddened every horse-fly of booth and yard. The hundred and more legs, whose cloven hoofs he has bared, and for whom double irons at Newgate are too light, threaten to drag him at Smithfield with its four worst sorrows, thereby adding horrors to the idea of death, as a noble English ex-chancellor is said to have exclaimed on hearing that a noble Irish ex-chancellor had already begun his life. Hieover dares his centipede tormentors to do their best; he wants the loan of a bark from no man's dog; catch him who can—

“Blow wind, come wrack,
At least he'll die with harness on his back.”

Having introduced the Captain to our readers, we proceed to string together some of his condensed experiences—pearls, albeit, picked from the dunghill, and wrinkles precious alike to young and old. To begin—a *faux pas*, but especially a false start, is fatal in the affairs of men, women, and horses—*c'est le premier pas qui coute*. Few persons, except in church, like being told their faults: the touch of truth, says Hieover, (*Stud*, p. 19,) is too rude for sensitive vanity, and self-love resents the superiority implied by givers of unasked-for advice; all this, however, he is ready to risk, and leads gallantly off with a golden rule, and prints it in capital letters—

NEVER BUY FOR YOURSELF.

He presumes that every one must have some friend on whose judgment he can rely, and whom he can commission to look out for him. Thus a purchaser has a chance of escaping the Scylla of being taken in by an oleaginous dealer, and the Charybdis of being captivated by some whim of his own which hoodwinks judgment, or of being bitten by some fancy which, as in fairer and more fascinating pursuits, seduces those who act for themselves: meanwhile a cold-blooded, firm friend, who knows well that whistles must be paid for, falls only in love with points of intrinsic value, and so matches his customer that “the money is likely to be kept together” when the allusion-dispelling day arrives of parting, or selling may be

with a rope in market overt. *N.B.*—Always buy the wardrobe, the saddle and bridle, to which your acquisition has been accustomed. We omit the curious but painful details, how the most bewitching bargains are got up, being at a loss which mystery of iniquity most to admire—the consummate thimble-rigging by which a regular screw is converted into “quite a nice one,” when Mr. Green wishes to buy, or how his really good horse is changed into a brute when Mr. Green must sell for what he will fetch. The legerdemain practised in certain repositories is most dramatically and grammatically described by Hieover; all the moods and tenses of the verb “to do” are conjugated; all the logic of scoundrels major and minor is chopped better than by Archbishop Whately. Let the galled jade wince; and he does indeed “double thong and over the ears” those Grecians who to this day carry on the Attic dodge of diddling the Trojans by a made-up horse: and, by this process of bringing the dealers on their own stage, he lets them trot themselves out for our inspection and benefit.

In common with all dealers, high or low, the 'cute chapman instantly gauges his customer's amount of horse knowledge, and shapes his tactics accordingly, for alligators are not to be tickled like trouts; woe waits the horse-fancier who thinks himself up to their weight; quickly is he done, and as nicely as *côtelette à la minute* by Carême; the partnership of a fool and his money is never of slighter duration than in these equine transactions, nor can we now be surprised that such a yard, and those who practise in it, should stand almost as low in general dislike and disrepute as the Court of Chancery—“not,” says Hieover, “that I mean or intend that there is any affinity between the honesty of the huntsman and the denizen of Stone Buildings; God forbid that there should be!” This state of things is bad enough, we admit; let not clients, however, totally despair, but specially retain Hieover. According to him, those who, like Richard, want “a horse! a horse!” and have neither friend nor even Sir George Stephen's luminous hoof-book, “*Caveat Emptor*,” will find the least dear and dangerous chance to be this:

‘Go to a first-rate dealer—state what is wished for—and give a good price.’

Money is the momentum in facilitating horse causes; a customer appearing in a

crack yard in *forma pauperis* is welcomed precisely as he would be if he went to the London Tavern or the courts of law just alluded to. There is no economizing luxuries. Many of our readers will be agreeably surprised to learn that the popular belief, *no trust to be placed in horse-dealers*, is not orthodox; the withers of the merchant princes in the west are unwrung; and unless a fellow-feeling makes him wondrous kind, Hieover is warranted in saying that "they do business to the full as uprightly as any other of the upper tradesmen of London." It is no business of ours to decide whether these analogies be complimentary, or these comparisons odious: at least we agree in our author's eulogy, of admittedly the first seller of horses in Europe. He, take him for all in all, is "a man as incapable of making a guinea by any means that could be construed as bordering on what was dishonorable, as of neglecting to make one where it was to be got in a perfectly honorable way."

To give dealers their due, it must be remembered, be they all honorable men or not, they drive a ticklish trade at best. If good men are scarce, good horses are not common; first-rate articles, whatever readers or writers may be pleased to think, are not to be had at a moment's notice, like bundles of asparagus in spring, or laid in at a profit equally certain as mahogany dining-tables. Review the cost of breeding, the risk of bringing up and out a young thing, which eats its head off if long on hand, and seldom improves in the using; consider the moving accidents that will happen in field, flood, and the best regulated stables, which become *certainities* when the poor creature is handed over to a new master, who never fails to impute the inevitable diminution of value, that has been occasioned by his own ignorance or ill usage, to the dealer's having deceived him. A dealer's business is to find horses of all sorts and sizes to suit every variety of customer, and he has other things to do besides pointing out the blemishes of his animals; neither can he be expected to give lessons how to ride or manage them. Possibly, although he cannot construct a horse as the Greek carpenters did, he is up to manufacturing the raw material, and can adjust a screw quite as well as Sinon, and teach a step or two like a dancing-master. A two-legged donkey, whether he buy a watch or a Pegasus, is more likely to injure than improve their going; nor does it much signify—he can buy another—but to sell is the sum and substance of a dealer: so he gets his

nags into tip-top condition, "round and shining as a bottle," (so Hieover phrases it,) "and only shows them when in full blow, as a florist does tulips." He knows his trade from beginning to end, and does everything in the right way. Gentlemen and ladies, on the contrary, mostly go on the other tack; they commence by paying too much, and having bought a bad sort, they manage them badly, drive them badly, and employ bad people to look after them. Sad is the change which comes over the spirits and coats of horses when bought, sold, and driven like bullocks from pastures fat to straw-yards lean; no animal loses condition, and consequently, value, so fast as a horse; and the finer he is the faster he goes back; at all times his real value is what mathematicians call indeterminate—racers and cart-horses excepted. In other sorts value becomes nominal when it exceeds a certain point, on so many local and accidental circumstances does it depend. Buying and selling are distinct operations; and the turn of the market favors the jobber, whether the bargain be for three per cent. Consols in Capel court, or for four-footed beasts in a Piccadilly yard.

The section, "How a first-rate horse-broker purchases his stock," may be quoted as a fair specimen of doing business, and of the style of description which soon attracted notice to Mr. Hieover's *Stable-talk*. Decision marks the man; our dealer cannot afford to lose his time or money—indeed they are convertible terms; he minds the main chance and looks to averages, well knowing, if some horses turn out worse, others will turn out better than was expected. Well—the lots as soon as they are purchased are started off to some neighboring village, and thither—the horse-fair over—he comes in person, to have a private and more careful view;—and there, if the reader were in his confidence, he would hear something like the following remarks made on the different horses as they are led out. You are to suppose the broker has a friend or a brother of the craft with him overlooking the lot:

"That's a useful sort of nag, and not much too dear. Run on, Jack; that horse goes well; that'll do, go in.' Something like this, perhaps, is said of four or five: 'Come on, Jack; now I like this horse a great deal better than I did when I saw him yesterday. I was very near losing him. I am glad now I did not; he is a better nag than I thought he was; he'll do; go in.' 'Now here's a horse wants but little to be quite a nice one; I booked him the minute I saw him. Run on, he can go; he cost a hundred, and cheap at

the money; come on.' The next alters the tone a little: 'Why, Jack, that ain't the grey I got of the parson.' 'Yes it is, sir.' 'Why, I thought him a bigger horse; but then he makes a deal of himself when going, and that deceived me. The parson got the best of me; he ain't a bit too cheap, and not a very bad one neither; there, go in.' 'Now here comes one of the best nags I have bought for some time. I look on him as the best horse in the fair for leather. I gave a good deal of money for him—a hundred and fifty; but he is sold at three hundred. (N. B., being sold in this case does not mean that he is actually so, but that he will be sold to some particular customer so soon as he gets home.) I offered a hundred for him last year; he was only a baby then; I like him better now at the odd fifty; there, go in.' 'Come on; why, that horse is lame. I said yesterday I was sure he did not go level; but the gentleman said he never was lame in his life; I dare say he thought so; he must go back. Let him be put in a loose box, and I will write about him.' 'Ah! there comes one I was sure I should not like. I hated the devil the minute I saw him; but I was a fool to be tempted by price; I thought him cheap—serves me right. There take him away; we'll ship him, as soon as he gets home, to somebody at some price.' 'Here's a horse I gave plenty of money for; but he's a nice nag; I wanted him for a match for Lady —. She is a good customer, and I mean to let her have him just for his expenses. Go in, ack, and bring out the pony.' 'There now, if I know what a nice pony is, there's one; I gave eighty for him. He'll roll over, (roll over means just double his cost price.) I mean him for Lord —; he won't ride one over fourteen hands, and rides eighteen stone; he's cheap to him at a hundred and sixty. If such men wont pay and want to ride, let them go by the road wagon.'—*Stable-Talk*, vol. i. p. 226.

Such ponies "sell themselves," and, we admit, require no puffing. Corpulent and contemplative riders will think our author presses elsewhere too heavily on cobs, towards which, in Devonshire and out, we plead a long-standing partiality. Hieover—gracilis puer—whose horse must be brisk as a bottle of champagne, handy as a fiddle, and over five-barred gates like a bird, would sooner ride a rhinoceros than a comfortable cob. According to him, these "hundred-guinea pigs, with bodies like butts of sherry," were constructed to carry tons of congenial dinners out, to whom, after all, a rocking-horse offers a cheaper and safer vehicle for peristaltic exercise.

On the points of a really fine horse this Hotspur is entitled to attention in prose or verse, page or picture—his songs, set to the music of hounds in full cry, partake, 'tis true, more of Anacreon than Somerville; but ride, drive, and keep a horse he can, and

"hit him off" with a brush, too; or "make a good cast" in clay. But in contrasting animal-painters as they were, such as Sneyders, Stubbs, and Sartorius, with those that are—Ward, Marshall, and Landseer, for choice against the field—our amateur comes to pretty near the conclusions broached by the "Oxford Graduate," when comparing the true and careful representation of nature, never wanting in Turner's works, (unless when Turner chooses to play crazy,) with the vague and general conventionalities observable in the old masters:

"'Look,' says he, 'at an original by Sneyders—two dogs running, their shoulders looking as if they had been driven back into their ribs from the animal having attempted to run through some iron gate too narrow to allow him to pass; a third or fourth lying on his back with his bowels protruding, with a great red open mouth as large as an alligator's; while two more appear coming up, with their bodies half cut off by the frame of the picture, holding forth two pair of fore-legs in about the same animated position as the poles of a sedan-chair, their only earthly merit being that they look so decidedly and (as Jonathan would say) so everlastingly stationary, that we are under no apprehension of ever being treated by the appearance of the rest of their bodies. Ward would have hanged himself if, by mistake, he had manufactured such beasts; he might have copied, but he could not have conceived such for the life of him.'"—*Stable-Talk*, ii. 284.

The hunters of Seymour and Sartorius match these hounds by Sneyders:

"Two-and-twenty couple to wit, and a given number of horses, all, if galloping, resting on their hind-legs, and looking as if they would rest forever; the horses behind them resting in their gallop on the toes of their hind-feet, like those we see as toys balanced by a piece of curved wire stuck into their bellies by one end, with a weight at the other."

All this is lively, but the point may be pushed too far. Undoubtedly, the closer the mirror is held up to Nature the truer will be the imitation; but to our minds, great artists like Rubens, Sneyders and Velasquez flew at nobler game than mere servile animal portrait-painting. Pygmalion-like, they breathed their own living spirit into brute beasts, and in their action, energy, and riotous animal impulse there is no mistake; hence Besonians and Meltonians, all the world in short, whether they can or cannot ride, are carried away with equal satisfaction and sympathy, dissecting "vets." to the contrary notwithstanding. "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," said Apelles, who would be

pretty well "placed" too in any painter's hand. The coaching subjects by Henderson, the Derby-winners by Herring, and the hunting scenes of Alken, full as they are of practical truth, are more fitting for Mr. Fore's attractive colored-print window in Piccadilly, than the picture saloons of Florence or Dresden. The fact is, the jealous and exclusive love of our amateur towards individual horse and hound, for its own sake, will not take less than absolute identification nor bate one single hair. Short almost as the life and love of any one man is, less enduring is the art which is limited to give the form and pressure of his particular ends and affections; to confer immortality and fill the gallery, art must soar as high and free as Ariel; the utmost mere resemblance can do is to stock the garret—that sure and sole refuge of the destitute, that last bourne, and from whence there is no return, to which the third generation dutifully consigns daubs of grandsires, their dams and studs.

Enough, however, of his errors, in æsthetics; for these he makes ample amends in other departments. Especially are we pleased to observe that Hieover, albeit no ultra-moralist, preaches and practises principles of humanity to the full as much as his gallant rival in sport and authorship. Cruel as he admits the chase to be, a fact which foxes probably will not dispute, he urges all who pursue them to be as tender at least to horse and hound, as that judicious hooker Isaac Walton was, when trolling for jack with live frogs. It is as much, too, from hating their cruelty as despising their ignorance that he expresses such undisguised contempt for the whole pack of grooms; vulgar pedagogues, says he, and pains-taking perhaps, but whose instructional principle—condemnation of their charge's visual organs, enforced with a pitchfork—is wrong. *Naturam expellat furca*. Such a course of education, and adorned eloquence, is only suited for that great and growing nuisance the stable-boy. Colts may be frisky from play, but these urchins play tricks from pure monkey-fondness for mischief and lad-love of cruelty; "the lash ad libitum is mercy to this age sans pitié;" to reason with them he holds to be no less a waste of words than with most grown-up grooms, whose conceits and prejudices neither permit them to unlearn the bad nor learn the good; they forever fall back on what they call experience, which is, nine times out of ten, a dogged continuance in the old and generally the worst way, and

which merely enables them to do wrong with greater facility. Even those expensive articles, stud-grooms, differ (if we may rely on the plain-spoken demi-solde) more in degree than kind; fortunately they only recur in strata where grooms of the chamber and tier upon tier caxon coachmen are deposited; such cormorants can only collect where the carrion is commensurate. Aply, therefore may Hieover quote from Zara:

"'Tis education makes us all,"

although his own was picked up on the highways and byways; but whether it be got in college or on coach-box, a man's life is too short to obtain a perfect knowledge of fox-hunting—so say professors who have died in the vain pursuit. We neither pretend to teach it, nor the art of driving; from well knowing that in a course of classics a little learning is a dangerous thing, we conclude it is not less so in careers where collar-bones may be compromised; and yet men, and women too, in "the mass, imagine that they can drive by intuition and mere volition, as a Frenchman fiddles. According to Hieover, ninety-nine out of a hundred of such charioteers labor under monomania, and, fit at best for hearses, are on the road to ruin and suicide every time they mount the box; an amateur driving a gig may be more safely pronounced respectable than longevous; and we suspect the life of a dandy, ignorant of rudder and rigging, and caught yachting in a storm off the Needles, is scarcely more insurable at Lloyd's, than the neck of a volunteer Jehu, who does not know a bit from a brace, would be at Tattersall's if run away with in Rotten-row.

Hieover is never more pithily instructive than when handling the ribbons. For their successful manipulation a special talent is required, combining a clear head, quick eye, fine hand, strong nerve, and presence of mind; and these rare gifts must be perfected by much practice, whether the feat be to insinuate a French diligence wagon into a porte cochère, or to halloo a Spanish coche de colleras along a dry river-bed—whether the passengers' van from the Red Sea is to be full galloped into Cairo by an Arab cad in a ber-nouse, or a fast coach brought to time into the Saracen's Head by a top-sawyer in an upper benjamin. Happily the rail, which has ruined half our sweet valleys, country inns, and ostlers, has delivered English horses from the rack and wheel of "fast oppositions;" these torturing concerns, now scheduled away, could only be horsed by thoroughbreds, so essential were

blood and pace—blood, because it endured more, not from its suffering being less, but fortitude greater—pace, because matched against time; and how killing both are, few fast men fail to find out. It was in these rival Comet coaches, which kept pace with the double quick march of intellect, that the last stages of cruelty were gone through by the high-mettled hunter, who, having during his prime faithfully served the lords of the creation, was in his old age “bought cheap to drive to death”—no Wakley near, no crowner’s quest law handy! “Look ye,” said a proprietor (one of Hieover’s pleasant acquaintance) to his executioner, “I don’t mind skinning a horse a day—only keep your coach in front.” Let no more be said against the brutal bull-fight of the blood-thirsty Spaniard; there one horn-thrust gives the coup-de-grâce to blindfolded barbs, and a brief pang supersedes the protracted agonies—peace to their manes! And if below there be a retaliation in Rhadamanthus, a particular paddock, out of sight and hearing of Master Harry’s pianistic Elysian Fields, will be assigned to these monster masters when their course is run. Hieover, judge-advocate general for friendless four-footed ones, never spares the lash where biped culprits are brought up to the bar. Far more true and pathetic is his picture of poor English posters than Sterne’s sickly sentimentality over French donkeys. “The fresh horses out” and changed for happy pairs in chariots and four, the inside fare, swiftly wafted as love-thoughts over hard roads, heed not the panting flanks they leave behind, more than suppression-of-cruelty societies do in London, or dozing senators at St. Stephen’s; but humanity now-a-days is local, and confined within the bills of mortality—and we leave Colonel Hutchinson to explain why the cruel dog-cart is prohibited in the capital—possibly that parliamentary Broughams may not be incommoded—and yet the canine nuisance is left to stink no less in country nostrils than the city sewers do to those of cockneys, Lords and Commons in their wisdom having also declined meddling with the unsavory monopoly.

Hieover dips deeply into these matters, which we must decline; his philippics cannot fail to touch the hardest hearts of gentlemen; a something, too, is hinted at carriages being kept waiting by gentlewomen long after midnight in rain and cold, while warm nothings are listened to. Assuredly the tender hearts of the fair sex have no conception of the

pains they often unwittingly inflict on noble creatures who administer to their pleasures. Ill betide, however, the churl who looks for moles in bright eyes; their white hands can do—designedly, at least—no wrong; naturally, therefore, Hieover and Co., while they merely glance at a little thoughtlessness about certain points, spare neither space nor pretty words to laud the tender rein-handling of equestrian ladies. In this, depending as it does on smoothness of restraint and delicacy of feeling, they necessarily must excel; hence, trying as long-continued cantering is to the horse, with what happy perseverance does the gallant beast keep on! “Oh! happy beast to bear the precious weight!” This female tact is the secret why Colonel Greenwood “has seen the taper tips of the most beautiful fingers in the world restrain the highest mettled, hottest horse, and rule him at his wildest.” The importance of the hand in riding and driving might be seen exemplified in Miss Ducrow, and may be conceded, without going the lengths of most gipsies and some veterinary professors in cheirological inductions, for the hand, we fancy, is quite as likely to indicate the condition of its giver’s stomach, as of his or her mental disposition and future destiny. Sir Charles Bell’s scientific and charming work on the Hand human is in every one’s; suffice it therefore to say that the sporting variety is defined to be “spathulate, [*Anglice*, shaped like a battle-dore,] fully developed, rounded, with cushionary termination of fingers, and a large thumb.” Such a sporting conformation, whether male or female, must be no joke; but, be it clenched or open, a stud-owner will be constantly perplexed how to keep it most out of his pocket, and probably agree with poor Theodore Hook, who used to maintain that everything in this world turned on six-and-eight-pence.

Money undoubtedly makes the mare go; but the uncertainty of the cost is the question which deters many, who otherwise would rather be carried than walk, from meddling with stables. In proof of how much the consequent expenses vary, Hieover cites instances of different friends of his own where the outlay for keeping two horses ranged from one to three hundred pounds a-year, sums which he thinks may have been spent on food, if butchers or bakers were included among the purveyors. Neither Mill nor Malthus ever propounded sounder principles of political economy than our author as regards animal and vehicular locomotion. Let

his disciples of both sexes only be true to themselves, admit their incapability of managing stables, make no pretensions to it, nor prate about things which they don't understand, and they may reckon on their paths being rendered pleasant and peaceful, and in the long run for much less money. Gentlemen and ladies, especially the latter with good fortunes, who from widow or spinsterhood have unfortunately no male guardian to look after their stable concerns, are advised by all means to adopt the plan which, since the reform bill, has been tried in Downing-street, on a large scale, with commensurate success. They should make a point of always jobbing. Tiptop job-masters, unless Hieover be a Whig or a wag, are all as "honorable men," as first-rate horse-dealers; they would sooner suppress a despatch than a feed of corn; and then they always keep a goodly supply of rough sturdy veterans to do the more trying night-work, while sleek and pampered prancers are exclusively dedicated to the lighter duties of the day. And here we may just remark that a perfect lady's riding-horse is no less desirable than a perfect bachelor; to secure one is the great difficulty, and no good offer should be rejected; nor should absolute perfection be required, for a first-rate palfrey, like a poet, *nascitur non fit*; so much must nature do for him; besides, good looks, generous disposition, great courage and power, too, are essential—"none but the brave deserve the fair;" moreover, as a lady's work is considerable and continuous, he should be equal, according to Hieover, to a stone or two above her weight. Let not our fair readers despair, for something may be made of a less accomplished beast of burden, if, like a husband, he be early broken in; then his duties end in becoming rewards and pleasures; one thing our ex-dragoon insists on—no alarm or even notice must be taken of a drum or a red coat.

Not only carriage-horses but coachmen and helpers should be all jobbed in the lump: those indeed must get up early who hope to grapple with such centaurs, not fabulous, who consume more oats than clans of Highlanders. If the job-master is not to keep the furnished animals, biped and quadruped, board wages and livery stables are the lone dowager's best security; the cost may then be calculated on to a certainty and the worst known at once. Hieover found, upon comparing a hundred horses kept in private and public stables, three to one more cases of rough coats, coughs, colds, cracked heels, and other ills to which horse-flesh is heir, in

the former than the latter. A respectable liveryman hates a beggarly account of empty stalls and boxes; let him thoroughly understand that the turn-out will be continued with him so long as justice is done to it, and no longer—that is enough. He thoroughly understands his business, and so do his stablemen; sad scamps as in sober truth they are, none ever try kicking over the traces with a master who is their match. The difference between professional and private stablemasters, according to Hieover, is grammatical; "the one at the nick of time says, *Eo*, and goes himself; the other says *Ito*, go thou, which naturally ends in *I O U*." And here we may observe that our author, however fond of quoting Latin, Spanish, French, and Italian, drives four horses better than four languages; we are no less puzzled how to scan "*ne fronte fides*," (*Pocket and Stud*, p. 21.) than to construe "*Humanum sum*," &c. (*Stable Talk*, i. 99;) but dog Latin is natural to fox-hunters. We have, *per contra*, no fault to find with the summing or calculations of our polyglott Cocker, who, having enumerated the many causes, besides food, which make the expense of keeping a pair much more than double that of a single horse, as bachelors discover when they marry, defies the majority of grooms and coachmen to throw out his bill, when he puts one horse, with four feeds of corn a day, at 10s. 8 1-2d. per week, and two at 75l. 10s. per annum. This, which he proves to the fraction of a barley-corn—we omit the arithmetical vexation—will open the water-filling eyes of many Clarendon spinsters and charioted widows, when their accounts are next brought in. It may conduce to some comfort to set before them a correct dietary irrespective of cost; for neither man nor beast can enjoy *bonne chere avec peu d'argent*, nor live, like lovers, on flowers. Locomotives, whether horse or steam, require more substantial fuel.

Be it therefore remembered, that fragrant, soft, sweet upland hay, although the dearest, is the cheapest in the long run; bad hay is poison anyhow—"bellows to mend, and no mistake." Sixteen pounds of good hay a day is enough, and better than a feast for any horse; 12 lbs. is fully sufficient for a hunter, although few grooms can be got to believe it. Horses' stomachs vary like men's; but servants, "whose good digestion ever waits on appetite," have an instinctive love for wasting whatever their master (*a fortiori* their mistress) pays for. Oats should be rationed, as in the army, by weight, not

measure, and they should be two years old, and heavy into the bargain, for horses will set seriously to work on a 40 lb. to the bushel sample, who only think about it, "*tenui meditantur avena*," and trifle with lighter husky stuff. If his labor be hard, a horse should have a peck and a half per diem, and *after* he has done his work some bruised beans may be added, not *before*, or cholic is the corollary. The beans must be old and then they comfort a beast, as tawny port does a senior fellow at Brasenose; inasmuch that, once upon a time when oats were at a killing price, Hieover fed his stud entirely on beans and bran, and compares the benefits to a course of brandy with, or of one of sherry without, water. The bran is as essential an addition to high feeding as rice is to curry; and kin to bran is chaff, and very useful it is as a mixture—but then chaffing must not be carried so far in mangers as it is sometimes in cavalry messes. Horses are very fond of carrots—and so unfortunately are coachmen's wives. Enough of this; the great secret of getting horses into tip-top condition is good care, sufficient corn, and fast work: give them plenty of these, and they are seldom sick or sorry; but should such a sad casualty befall them—for even horse-flesh is grass—send them at once to field. "No disease, your ladyship may depend upon it, is so dangerous or so expensive as a doctor-groom."

The transition to stables is easy; and although horses do live in them, more die from them than is dreamed of in some men's philosophy, so seldom do they unite what is essential to health and comfort: they are constructed by blundering builders or ornamental architects, who borrow more from Vitruvius than the Veterinary College. The first requisite is dryness—your damp is a sore decayer. Ample means for ventilating should abound, so as to insure an average heat of about 60° Fahr. An iron rack in the corner prevents waste of provender and cribbiting; and gas is preferable to candles, as a little straw makes a great fire. Everything should be kept in its right place: buckets in the way break shins, and are neither ship-shape nor stableman-like; above all, no nails; and, mark! no lodgings in lofts: a married coachman, with an active wife and restless cubs above, will banish innocent sleep, Nature's best restorer below, to say nothing, if the good housewife deals in fresh eggs, of her poultry's partiality to oats. As a standing rule, the pavement of the stalls should be perfectly level. On the relative

merit of stalls *versus* boxes, which perplexes the Haymarket, we differ entirely from Hieover; he is an examiner of motives, not muscles, and, exceedingly well as he anatomizes a "leg," has by no means got the length of the horse's foot. Mr. Miles must be his monitor; his capital book, we learn, is now in its sixth edition, so completely has the public verdict ratified our summing up of its humane and philosophical principles, (Q. R. No. clv.) Hieover is already far too knowing to be ashamed, and by no means too old to learn more; *Ancora imparo* was the motto of Michael Angelo when rising eighty.

From a lesson which the Captain gave to a bright ornament of French law, it would appear: that the schoolmaster abroad will have no sinecure, since even the judgment of Paris is no longer infallible in horseflesh: and these matters are better managed in our shop-keeping, horse-dealing nation than across the water. Once upon a time it fell out that Hieover was driving his tilbury over the hideous roads of *la belle France*, and encountered a bebloused charretier, who gave him just one foot of room less than the width of his axletrees; consequently, the British gig was smashed, and cost twenty pounds in repairs. Our countryman, not satisfied with soundly thrashing the Frenchman and his dog, went to law for damages, but did not obtain one farthing, because the lighter vehicle ought to have given way to the heavier. On his pleading ignorance of the Code Napoleon, the judge rejoined, "*Il faut done qu'il l'apprenne*." Presently, trotting home by night on the soft side instead of the centre of a paved road, down came his valuable horse into an open drain, getting up thirty pounds per knee the worse for the fall. Again he went into court, and again redress was denied, because he had not kept the right side of a French *grand chemin*, and the judicial admonition was repeated, "*Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc*."

Soon after it chanced that M. le Juge's wife, whose passion was riding, pined for an English palfrey. Hieover, remembering a beautiful lady's horse at home, which had gone broken-winded and was worthless, sends over his groom, buys him for an old song, and lets an English girl ride him about; "*le beau cheval, doux comme un agneau*," attracts all eyes, and M. le Juge begs to send a friend to inspect him. "I have not," complacently observes Hieover, "spent so much money about horses without being able to make a broken-winded fit to be examined." The horse passes; and one hundred and fifty

napoleons are paid down. "Out of kindness to the animal," continues Hieover, "I desired the French groom not to give him any cold water that day; those initiated in such matters will know why, the groom did not. Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc, thinks I." Next evening M. le Juge requests M. le Capitaine Hieover to look at the animal, who, of course was blowing away like a blacksmith's bellows. "What was de mattere? Vas de horse indisposé?" "Eh, non, Monsieur, il est poussif, voilà tout." "Vat vas he to do?" "C'e n'est pas mon affaire cela," said the Captain. The Juge got frantic. "Now," says our hero, "for the *coup de théâtre*; I reminded Monsieur of the broken gig and broken knee decisions: he recognized me in a moment. "Now, Monsieur," says I, "what have you got to say? You wanted a beau cheval—you have him. You wanted a docile one—you have that also. I said nothing about his being sound; you have no fault to

find with me." "Mais mille tonnerres! I no vant de hors broke in de wind, dat go puff all de day long." "C'est possible," says I, "mais cela m'est parfaitement indifférent: you trusted to your friend's judgment." "Bote my friend have no judgement for de horse." "Il faut, Monsieur," said I, making my bow, "qu'il l'apprenne donc."—*Stable-Talk*, vol. i. p. 452.

We have done enough, we hope, to recommend this writer's *octavos* to such lovers of horses and hunting as have not chanced to encounter them—his new *duodecimo* to all who desire to consult the interests of the purse in the arrangements of the stable. Few books are so sure to save large amounts of L. S. D. to those who duly study their precepts as "The Pocket and the Stud" of Mr. Hieover. The least the single ladies of his congregation can do in return is to present him (now that he is a sober preacher) with a handsome service of plate for his tea-table.

From Hogg's instructor.

THE AVE MARIA.

THE young sun is rising, but, ere he goes forth,
He proclaims to the world—"his day"
"Haste, haste!"—time is short—seek life while you
may!
For ye all must be home at the Ave Maria!
Ye all must be home at the Ave Marie."

The joy-singing lark hath left the bleak heath,
To soar through the bright sunny sky;
The swallows are churning the purple wing'd fly;
But they all must be home at the Ave Maria!
They all must be home at the Ave Marie.

The wild bee is roaming through meadow and wood,
Sipping sweets from every flower;
The butterfly's flown from its shady bower;
But they all must be home at the Ave Maria!
They all must be home at the Ave Maria.

Sweet perfumes are stealing from under the leaves
Of the rose and the violet beds,
And, meeting, they kiss, whispering "Sister, arise!
For we all must be home at the Ave Maria!
We all must be home at the Ave Maria!"

A bright-eyed child's singing, "and flower, like a tree
Sweet dream, like a tree
A grey

But we'll meet in our home at the Ave Maria!
We'll meet in our home at the Ave Marie."

The merry bell's ringing, the tapers are burning;
Youth's beauty the bride brings for dower;
But the dark cloud descending, the wife of an hour
Is call'd to her home at the Ave Maria!
Is called to her home at the Ave Maria.

The battle is o'er—a soldier is kneeling,
With victory's wreath to be crown'd;
But ere it is placed, twilight's pall is around,
And the hero call'd home!—'tis the *Ave Maria!*
And the hero's call'd home!—'tis the *Ave*

An old man is wandering alone midst the graves,
And now he is kneeling in prayer;
The bright sun is sinking—dark shadows fall there,
And he has gone home!—'tis the Ave Maria!
He too has gone home!—'tis the Ave Maria.

They are all, like the stars, for a time lost to sight,
But we know where they watch us in love,
And again will they shine in those bright realms
above.

From Tait's Magazine.

JENNY LIND.

IN the character of the English people there are general features scarcely recognized by foreign nations, or at times even by ourselves. Among these is our love of music. Until lately the opinion appears to have been generally prevalent that whatever leaning we might have towards poetry and romance, however we might shine in wild adventure, or display that irresistible energy which leads to conquest and dominion, we were little susceptible of the pleasure which springs from listening to the concord of sweet sounds. And this idea, it must be owned, arose and spread naturally enough. We are a reserved people, fond of conventionalities and appearances, very much addicted to keep our thoughts to ourselves, and above all things ashamed to betray emotions before strangers. Elsewhere in the world the exhibition of passion and sentiment is supposed to be a merit, and therefore people covet the reputation of being impressionable. There are advantages and disadvantages in this. It produces a willingness to recognize openly and frankly the claims of art, but leads, at the same time, in those who are really ignorant and unsusceptible, to a gross affectation of superior taste, to a ridiculously false enthusiasm, and to those extravagancies of manner and language which distinguish the shallow pretender from the man of real judgment and sensibility.

Most of the continental nations had, until lately, little else to think of but amusement. Politics were interdicted to them by their governments, and, where political investigations are forbidden, literature itself becomes worthless. Pleasure, therefore, of all kinds, became the sole object of life, and music and the drama were called in to fill up the intervals of intrigue. If they produced no great statesmen, they could boast of the composers of successful operas; the place of politicians was supplied by singers; and if the most execrable discord prevailed in the state, they were certain to find a full blaze of harmony in the theatre. All their talk,

consequently, turned upon what to them were the great events of the day—the achievements of a favorite cantatrice, the squabbles of managers, the loves and friendships, the hatred and jealousies, or occasionally, perhaps, the virtues and moral qualities of performers and singers.

In topics like these it is impossible for a free people to take an equal degree of interest. It is no doubt perfectly true that art of all kinds has flourished most in democracies, a truth which may appear to be inconsistent with what we have just been stating. There is, however, no inconsistency in the matter. In a well-organized state there is a time and a place for everything; for severe study and serious business as well as for the arts; and those elegant amusements and enjoyments which contribute to fit men for the sterner duties and more laborious pursuits of life. Without, therefore, meriting the name of a musical people, which, it is to be hoped, will never be justly applied to us, we are perhaps more fully alive to the true delights of music than any other nation in Christendom. Travel through France, through Germany, through Switzerland, Italy or Spain, and you will meet with infinitely less entertainment for the ear than in England. We dare say there are those who will turn up their noses at the bare idea; but a nation's real taste for music may always be measured by the number of barrel organs put in requisition. All the grinders of tunes, all the retailers of stereotyped airs, all the small artists who vend harmony, as it were, by the ell, flock to this country as to the best market in the world. In street music, in street singing, we accordingly outdo all other nations, so that these islands may be compared to one vast cage out of which torrents of melody are perpetually gushing.

The same remark precisely will apply to the higher efforts of musical talents, so that, though great singers may commence their career in other countries, they inevitably verge ultimately towards England, where they are

supposed to reach the summit of fame. The continent is only a sort of preliminary school. There the first crude efforts of the singer are made, and the separation takes place between mediocrity and genius. But when all that art, and study, and experience can effect has been accomplished, the artist turns towards England, where the brightest laurels are to be gathered; after which there is nothing to be aspired to but repose, retirement, and the enjoyments of private life.

This, we are well aware, is not a popular opinion, but if our readers will be at the pains to examine and think for themselves, they will find it is a true one. Where was the scene of the greatest triumphs of Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, Alboni, or Jenny Lind? Not in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, but London. No one can doubt this, because the facts of the case are on record. But if we wish to know the feeling which pervades Italy, for example, we have only to mix there with the young aspirants for fame, when we shall find that every heart beats to be distinguished in Inghilterra, to which they invariably look as the goal of all their efforts. We once remember conversing in Tuscany with a beautiful singer who had never travelled further than Naples, and knew little or nothing of the general character of the European nations. But in her comparative obscurity all the great traditions of the musical world had reached her, and she would dwell for hours on the brilliant visions which floated before her when she thought of England. The fascination may reside, no doubt, partly in our wealth, yet only partly, since it is far less the fortunes they make here than the admiration and the glory which attend the making of them, that constitute the attraction.

It will, from what has been said, be evident that we are not disposed to assign a low place to music in the list of national amusements. We regard it as a highly pure source of pleasure; and as they who administer delight to us deserve to be rewarded to a certain extent, perhaps even with affection, we cannot otherwise than approve of the enthusiasm excited among the true lovers of music by Jenny Lind. Music, however, addresses itself more to the imagination than the intellect, and more to the senses than to either; and it is only the sensorious sphere of our nature that it can be said to refine and purify. The intellect lies beyond its reach, but as it moves among our passions, and fans them with its breath, it appears to melt and bear away all the grosser elements,

while it excites and invigorates whatever is healthful in them. Nearly all persons know some voice with which they associate whatever is most pleasing and rapturous in life. They have heard it perhaps in their happiest hours, when the whole instrument of their mind was attuned to harmony, when their passions had been lulled by enjoyment into luxurious repose, and when the various softer sentiments, melting imperceptibly into each other, appeared to have lifted up the soul to the very summit of happiness.

It is from this portion of our life's experience that we derive the power to sympathize heartily with a public singer. The spell she exercises does not reside entirely in her. We contribute much towards the completion of the process, and her voice, as it diffuses itself over the theatre, becomes as it were ten thousand voices, modified by partiality and fondness, which speak in different tones to every heart. In this consists entirely the triumph of music. It is as the handmaid to something else that it conquers. The taste goes for much, but the heart goes for infinitely more; and as we listen we gather up, as it were, and bind together all the delicious threads of our former existence, and bind them secretly around the one we love. No one can have ever penetrated into the metaphysics of music without becoming conscious of this. We are very far, however, from insinuating anything to the disparagement of the public singer, and only endeavor to account for what must be otherwise inexplicable.

There is another observation which we may as well throw out, now that we have got upon this part of our subject—it is this, that Jenny Lind, belonging to a northern race, speaks more directly to the sympathies of a northern nation than a woman cast in the fiery mould of the south. There is far more in what may be termed the idiosyncrasies of our race than our philosophy has yet led us to acknowledge. For example, no art purely Hellenic has hitherto been thoroughly naturalized in the north. Even religion itself has acquired, in passing the Alps, a new character, and been invested with different attributes, and learned to speak to the heart in a language unknown in other latitudes. The causes of these phenomena may lie too deep for scrutiny, but they are not on that account the less real or influential.

At the same time, there exists among us a small number of individuals bearing within them the germs of southern affinities, introduced by the mixture of blood, or some

of those other subtle and unknown processes which produce the modifications of individual temperament, whose whole system of sensibility is more alive, and vibrates more fiercely to the touch of fiercer natures. These form the comparatively small minority who experience inferior delight from the performances of Jenny Lind. They recognize her talent. They voluntarily proclaim the wonderful resources of her art. They dwell with critical earnestness on her numerous and varied merits, moral and technical. She does not, however, possess a thorough command of their sympathies, to stir the whole depths of which requires the presence of an element seldom found in the northern division of the temperate zone. To them an Italian woman of equal genius would possess infinitely greater charms. Take an illustration from the sister art of sculpture. Two artists, the one from Scandinavia, the other from Rome, may divide between them a block of Carrara marble, and each sculpture therefrom a Venus. These artists will each impress upon the goddess the characteristics of their country and their race, and their respective peculiarities will recommend their workmanship to those influenced by analogous sympathies. But the admirers of each will scarcely comprehend the others, or be able to enter into the admiration they respectively excite. The voice is the Carrara marble to a singer, and is moulded, and fashioned, and adapted to produce particular effects by the same principle which presides over the tastes and habits of races.

These remarks are made to account for what might otherwise seem unaccountable—the superior influence exercised by Jenny Lind over society in England. Scarcely has any public singer been before received so freely into the homes and hearths of English families, though it cannot be doubted that many persons, equally estimable, have been among us. But all the analogies of their nature constituted an almost insuperable bar to familiar intercourse, while by blood and race Jenny Lind appears to be one of ourselves. Her very name is as purely English as that of Margaret Smith. There are, besides, other causes which have contributed towards producing the same result. She is said, soon after her arrival, to have formed an attachment in this country, and to have meditated settling here, which has scarcely ever been the case with any Italian singer of the first eminence. In the eyes of the latter, we may be correct judges, and liberal patrons of merit; our taste may be sound and our

generosity unequalled; but we are not generally calculated to become their companions for life, to excite or repay their volcanic affections. Jenny Lind is an Englishwoman at the first remove, while Pasta or Catalani would not have been rendered such by a century's residence.

These considerations will, we think, sufficiently explain the regret which has accompanied the announcement of Jenny Lind's retirement from the stage; but this feeling will be greatly enhanced if there be any truth in the report just put in circulation, that the step has been rendered necessary by the alarming state of her health. She is said to be subject to nervous attacks, which affect the head, and increase in an extraordinary degree the action of the heart. It is added, that a sudden access of this complaint on Tuesday, the 3d of May, determined her to quit the stage immediately; and on the 10th she suddenly and unexpectedly took her leave of the public. It is perfectly true, in this case, that a sort of friendly and familiar intercourse had come to exist between the favorite singer and the habitual frequenters of the opera. Pleasure of all kinds is sure to beget in finer natures gratitude towards the bestowers of it; and it was impossible to have listened whole seasons to Jenny Lind without having experienced extraordinary delight, and some degree of attachment, at least, to her who had so profusely scattered it. When brought face to face, therefore, for the last time, the great singer and the public could not but experience extraordinary sensations. Partings are proverbially painful; but when they are supposed to be forever—when you think you are listening to the tones of a beloved voice which you shall never more listen to again—all the best feelings of your nature come actively into play, and aid in swelling the sympathy of the moment. Many of those present remembered—indeed, it was but two years before—when after long expectation, they had first heard Jenny Lind in the very part which, with greatly more developed powers, she was then playing before them—that, we mean, of "*Lucia di Lammermoor*." The brief interval of time was forgotten, and though the stranger from Stockholm had been almost by intercourse converted into a friend, they looked upon her as an unexpected visitant to our shores, and greeted her with repeated and rapturous bursts of applause, which altogether overcame her sensibility, and melted her into tears.

No incidents of this kind are wanting to establish the philosophic truth that pleasure is a great refiner and purifier of our nature. The difference, indeed, between the savage and the civilized man consists chiefly in their different appreciations of pleasure. Much has been written respecting the ultimate designs of art—particularly of the highest form of it, poetry—and it has been not unfrequently pretended that, in order to justify its claims, it must be shown to have an ethical purpose. In a certain sense, this, no doubt, is true. Whatever imparts dignity or beauty to our nature, whatever softens the heart, whatever gives a wider range to our nobler and more beautiful sympathies, is ethical. Pedants in philosophy, however, too often deny this epithet to pleasure, which, whether ethical or not, is the end and aim of our being. For pleasure is brief happiness, and happiness is protracted pleasure. The wisest speculators, therefore, on human nature, though they may have differed about the term, have all agreed about the truth, that pleasure is the supreme good of humanity, which it refines, purifies, and elevates, so as to confer upon it ultimately something of a divine character.

To administer this kind of pleasure Jenny Lind has devoted her whole life. Looking back to her early and obscure career in Sweden, we find that she was the daughter of poor but respectable parents, who earned their livelihood by keeping a school. Whether or not singing was taught by them is not said. Jenny, however, from the first years after emerging from infancy, began to put forth the treasures of her voice, with which she consoled herself for the drudgery which must everywhere be the lot of the children of the poor. It is very natural to suppose that this must have been the case, because we are all, more or less, impelled by a sort of instinct to exercise the talents we possess; though, if it had been otherwise, the partiality and weakness of biographers would probably have induced them to invent the circumstance. It is not our intention to describe minutely all the events and incidents of Jenny Lind's life, for which we refer our readers to the ordinary biographies. Our object rather is to explain under what influences she made her appearance, and by what fortunate chain of accidents she was led to make the stage her profession.

It is impossible to glance over her biography without discovering a striking resemblance between the scenes and adventures through which she passed and those related

by Madame Sand of her heroine Consuelo. Jenny Lind, indeed, had not to start from so depressed a point in the social scale. Her parents, as we have said, were respectable, while Consuelo emerged from rags and infamy to struggle with difficulties, to put her virtues and patient gentleness to the test, and overcoming all, achieved for herself ultimately a lofty and envied place in society. Jenny Lind's biography has, properly speaking, not yet been written; but we know that it was to an actress who accidentally heard her sing that she owed her introduction to the world. This actress was Madame Lundberg, who urged upon her parents the propriety of having her instructed in music, and devoting her ultimately to the stage. But how came Madame Lundberg acquainted with the schoolmaster and his wife, who, it is said, entertained a peculiar aversion for theatres? Was it only to the houses themselves that they objected, while they delighted to live on terms of intimacy with those who acted in them and lived by them? Some day, perhaps, these points may be cleared up. At present the whole of this part of Jenny Lind's life lies enveloped in the thick mist of accident. Everything in this world is accidental, but we should be glad to be informed what was the nature of the accident which brought Lind and his wife acquainted with Madame Lundberg, and how it came to pass that she took so deep an interest in the fate of the little school-girl.

It commonly happens that the life of persons of genius passes at first under a thick cloud, which appears to be dispersed, and is met by the retroactive inquiries of future years. Parents and friends, unobservant at the time, get up a sort of artificial recollection of what they suppose themselves to have noticed, when their child emerges into celebrity. This has rendered many sceptical respecting the infantine exhibition of genius which many remarkable persons, and Jenny Lind among the number, are said to have made. At three years of age, we are told, she already began to display her fondness for singing, and gradually learned to execute some of the old airs of her country; but what we should like to know is this, were her father or her mother musical? Was the music of those airs breathed about her cradle? Was it from the gentle, maternal lips that she heard the old Swedish melodies ringing and humming round her before she could speak? or was it some neighbors, some aunt, some distant relative, who, living

in the house, and associating familiarly with the family, first shed into Jenny's mind the seeds of music, and thus laid the foundation of that wonderful celebrity which she has now acquired?

Hitherto there may be said to be no anecdotes in circulation respecting the early period of Jenny Lind's life, though many, doubtless, will be recollected or invented. It is said that she softened the hours of sickness or toil by singing. But what were her sicknesses and what was her toil? When the illness of a child is severe, it seldom takes refuge in music, and, least of all, in singing; whereas, if its labors be not altogether disproportioned to its strength, nothing is more common than to hear it accompany them with a song. So far, therefore, there is nothing at all remarkable in what is related of Jenny Lind's childhood. But the fault, we fully believe, is in the biographers, and not in the subject, for though it sometimes happens that remarkable persons have not made an early display of their faculties, the rule is that they should be uncommon from the beginning, and evident to all who have the quickness to observe indications of their coming powers.

In one of Jenny Lind's biographies it is prettily said that the spell of song was upon her from her birth, and then the writer goes on to relate that by the advice of Mrs. Lundberg, the actress already mentioned, Jenny was placed under the care of Croelius, a well-known teacher of music at Stockholm. But to whom is he well known? Not to the English public certainly, though, in relation to Jenny Lind, he may hold the same place that Porpora, in Madame Sand's novel, holds towards Consuelo. But in this case we should like to know something of his previous career; who were his other pupils, and what contributions he has made, if any, to the stock of the world's music. It may be that this ignorance is peculiar to ourselves, but in no account that we have seen of Jenny Lind have we met with any explanation of Croelius's position. That he was acquainted with conventionally great people appears from the narrative, since he is said to have made known his young prodigy to Count Puche, the manager of the Court theatre in the Swedish capital. Nobility is a cheap thing in those countries, and accepts menial and trivial offices about the person of the prince, for which reason we cannot be at all surprised at finding a count a stage manager. It is one of the most respectable situations a nobleman can

fill at court, and may possibly emancipate him from the necessity of undertaking others infinitely less honorable.

Already, at the early age of nine years, did Jenny's voice possess the power of exciting emotion, which is the most distinguishing quality of it now. Count Puche, with that exaggerated enthusiasm which belongs to nearly all foreigners, especially in what relates to music, professed to be transported by it; and with that wrong judgment, which is the habitual accompaniment of false enthusiasm, precipitated Jenny Lind into the acting of parts well enough calculated, indeed, to display her youthful powers, but still better calculated to blast them. In all kinds of study the aiming at premature distinction is almost always fatal to lasting fame, and music forms no exception to the general rule. To tax beyond means the powers of the voice or mind is to make imminent risk of destroying them, which the wise men of Stockholm very nearly accomplished for Jenny Lind. They placed her in a hot-bed of adulation and excitement. They amused themselves by those displays which were rapidly undermining her constitution, mental and physical; and it seems to us extremely probable that it was the consciousness of this that made old Croelius relinquish the instruction of his youthful pupil, being, probably, determined that if she was to be ruined it should at least be by others. The post relinquished by this Porpora of the North was accepted by Herr Berg, who is said to have been deeply versed in the science of music, and to him, we are told, Jenny Lind is chiefly indebted for her profound acquaintance with the principles of this science. It may be so, but in our opinion a girl of ten years old is little qualified to penetrate into the principles of any science whatsoever. The probability is, that he carried on with more severity the system of discipline commenced by Croelius, and so far proved his inferiority to that master. At any rate, Jenny Lind was expected to produce more material results than her constitution would permit, and by the assistance of Herr Berg and Count Puche she was forced into a premature development which nearly deprived the world for ever of one of its greatest singers.

It would be extremely valuable to possess Jenny Lind's own account of this period of her life, and if she possess that devotion to her art, for which we are inclined to give her credit, it may be hoped that she will, ere long, in the interest of music and for the

encouragement and guidance of others, describe those varied processes by which her own vocal powers were ripened at the risk of being utterly annihilated. Throughout Europe at the present moment no idea is more prevalent than that of converting children into wonders. It pervades our schools, it regulates the proceedings of our colleges and universities. Nor is it of recent date. The schools, says Helvetius, are filled with clever boys, and the world with very foolish men. Milton also, in his day, complained that the pedantic teachers of youth were in the habit, as he forcibly expresses it, of wringing blood from the noses of their pupils, or, in other words, of torturing them into displays, which at best were mere delusions, which frequently proved fatal to those who made them. Jenny Lind was on the point of adding to the list of those victims. It was not to be expected that she, herself, should be aware of the fearful process going on within her, which, had not nature fortunately interposed, might have consigned her to a premature grave. For three years Herr Berg, with an ignorance of human nature, fully equal, at least, to his knowledge of music, incited his youthful pupil to unremitting exertion, at the end of which period, suddenly, without any visible cause, Jenny Lind became voiceless altogether. She was then twelve years old, and her form unfitted her to shine in those children's parts, in which she had hitherto distinguished herself, while she was, of course, altogether unfit for those representations of womanhood which required fully developed form and mind. But the connoisseurs of Stockholm were blind to the indications of nature, and applied every kind of excitement to re-invigorate the flagging powers of her mind. To no purpose. Jenny, as far as concerned singing, was dumb.

If it be true that the distinguished singer is now the victim of nervous sensibility, we may fearlessly trace it to the influence of those injudicious friends who had charge of her youthful years. Not content to keep pace with nature, they sought to engraft a woman's powers on the physical constitution of a girl, to awaken emotions, the organic power to express which nature had not yet given, and altogether to invert, as it were, the chronology of life, by opening the flood-gates of passions before nature had provided channels for carrying off the torrent. Nothing could be more interesting or more valuable, in a philosophical point of view, than a full and frank revelation of the feel-

ings of a child of genius under such circumstances. But we have no example of such a relation on record. The nearest approach to it is that of Madame Roland, who, however, trusted to the inspiration of memory, and may, nay, must, have attributed to herself in her early years ideas which never could have been awakened in her till a much later period.

At twelve years old, Jenny Lind may be said to have touched upon the critical period of her life. She had to pass through the interval which separates the child from the woman. Should she be suffered to traverse it wisely, that is, silently, without making any more foolish effort to antedate the gift of time? Or should she be made the victim of the vanity of those around her, who, to display the effects of their own system of teaching, were obviously ready to offer her up on the altar of their self-love? Fortunately, it was found that she could not, at that time, sing at all, and so they left her to herself, and suffered her physical system to acquire strength, and her mind, in comparative solitude, to generate those habits which, under the name of virtues and talents, have since charmed the world. At this period of her life it seems to have been Jenny Lind's greatest ambition to perform the part of Agatha in Weber's opera of "Der Freischütz." Upon this part, therefore, it is probable she bestowed much silent study and meditation, in the hope of being one day enabled to command that applause which is the very breath of life to the lovers of fame.

When four years had elapsed in this comparative eclipse, it happened that a young person was wanting to sing the solo in Meyerbeer's opera of "Roberto il Diavolo," and the good-natured, though injudicious, Herr Berg, bethought him of his neglected pupil. The thing in itself was of little importance; but Jenny Lind acquitted herself so well in it, that the entire part of Agatha, in "Der Freischütz," was shortly after assigned to her, and she enjoyed an engagement as *prima donna* in the opera of Stockholm. This was at the age of sixteen. We have known in Italy a *prima donna* of eighteen, who, whatever may have been her subsequent fate, was no less devoted to her profession than Jenny Lind herself, except when some gust of wild and stormy passion came to disturb the tenor of her studies. Habitually gentle and reserved, she devoted ten hours every day to music, besides three hours, during which she performed in the evening, and with this laborious life she

was as happy and light-hearted as a bird. Under the influence of the sombre skies of the north, Jenny Lind may have been equally cheerful, though her gaiety must have had less of sunshine in it, for the mind, after all, is more or less a mirror which reflects faithfully the accidents and circumstances surrounding it.

To be a *prima donna* at sixteen, is to occupy one of the most dangerous positions in which a woman can be placed. Dangerous we mean in every sense of the word, for if she escaped that moral contagion which is too frequently found diffused through the theatrical world, she may yet be attracted and overcome by that other contagion which, without injuring the character in a conventional point of view, subverts, nevertheless, all its better qualities, and deprives it of all grace and loveliness. Jenny Lind triumphed over all these temptations, and remained—and remains, believe, to this hour—a gentle, modest, unassuming person, full of genius and tenderness, and equally full of that grace and humility which confer on genius its greatest charms. Properly speaking, her education as an actress had now to commence. She had never bestowed the usual attention on the performance of tragic parts, and, when that of Agatha was entrusted to her, is said to have remained during the rehearsal so immovable, that the actors all trembled for the result. But nothing is more certain than that different persons have very different modes of acquainting themselves with the duties demanded of them. Some require to go through a sort of dull discipline and reach the goal by incessant repetitions, while others spend their time in measuring the distance between them and the object to be attained, and then reach it by a single bound. Jenny Lind is one of these. When the moment of performance arrived, she proved herself altogether equal to her part, and excited public admiration and enthusiasm to the highest pitch.

And here again we feel painfully the extreme meagreness of details in the published biographies of Jenny Lind. This absolute barrenness some attempted to conceal by swelling and extravagant phrases, which, however, it must be obvious, cannot mend the matter. What we want are details, and these have not yet been given. We know that the girl of sixteen got by degrees to be eighteen, but there is very little other important information to be acquired on the subject, with the exception of one fact, which, for good reasons, we shall notice

briefly: The celebrated Garcia was at that time esteemed the best musical teacher in Europe, and Jenny Lind, whose voice had not yet acquired or regained all its sweetness and flexibility, earnestly desired to study for a short time under him. But he was unfortunately in Paris, and funds were wanting for the journey. Under these circumstances, Jenny applied to no patron, not even to the government, which is the usual resource, in semi-despotic states. Her independent spirit urged her to rely on her own exertions. In company with her father she made the tour of Sweden and Norway, singing at the principal cities and towns at concerts, and thus collected the means of defraying her expenses to the French capital. This indicates a vigorous and masculine spirit, and does Jenny Lind as much honor as anything in her subsequent career.

But this interesting tour, doubtless, gave birth to many letters to mamma, and other dear friends at Stockholm, which, if they have been preserved, may hereafter throw light on the most remarkable and eventful period of her life. In that resolution, so firmly carried out, she really set an example to all professional persons. It was not in her nature to become a parasite of the wealthy or powerful. She felt that it was within her competence to provide for herself; and as of all fruits those of industry are the sweetest, she doubtless experienced, during her journey to Paris, a delight almost altogether without alloy. Having no relative who could accompany her on the projected journey, her father being detained apparently by paramount duties at Stockholm, she set out alone, as many an honorable and courageous woman has done before, feeling within herself the conviction that a woman is never unprotected when she respects herself.

The history of Jenny Lind's residence in Paris has a sort of tragi-comic aspect, difficult to describe. To her, for a time, it was productive of nothing but vexation and deep anguish; but, now that it is past, it is difficult to avoid laughing when we think of the solemn pedantry of Garcia, who no doubt thought himself a person of as great importance in this nether world as the founder, or saviour, of an empire! If our readers have ever looked into the delightful memoirs of Gozzi, they will remember the comic style in which that jovial old Venetian describes the life he led among the actresses; how he taught them their parts; how he explained to them difficult passages; how he educated the ignorant; how he subdued the angry

and the passionate; how he reconciled the quarrelsome—in one word, how he cast oil on the troubled waters which rolled within the precincts of dramatic life. In his little scenic commonwealth he was as great, in his own estimation, as Solon or Lycurgus in their respective republics; and so precisely was it with Garcia. He saw musical pupils flowing unto him from all parts of the civilized world, and regarded himself as a great legislator, whose business it was to give laws to the principal amusement of modern society.

We can easily imagine the respective faces of Jenny Lind and Garcia during their first interview. Jenny, all timidity and breathless anxiety, looked up eagerly, no doubt, into the eyes of the musical autocrat, upon whose decision, in some sort, depended her fate. She sung before him with deeply excited sensibility, and did her very worst as a matter of course. Apprehension must have almost choked her utterance, yet the worthy old dictator passed judgment upon that single exhibition, and with a *sang froid* which nothing but the most profound self-conceit could confer, informed her that she had no voice, or at least was about to lose the one she had. It is difficult to judge of a man or his motives without having been placed in a similar position. Garcia's acquaintance with singers and actresses was no doubt extensive, and as there is nothing on earth more wayward than a woman of genius, except a genius of the other sex, he may have found it necessary to make use of very peremptory language to keep their ebullitions and extravagance within bounds. Besides, he judged of all womankind by the warm daughters of the south, whose impetuous temperaments would easily allow them to bear pungent remarks, and forget them. But upon the gentle, retired, modest woman of the north, this fell with almost crushing severity. He told her what, no doubt, was true, that she had nearly ruined her voice by premature efforts and too constant exertion; that it was, consequently, in many respects defective, and that she must pass some months in absolute rest before he could decide whether it would be practicable for her to proceed with her profession or not. With this comfortable announcement Jenny returned to her lodgings, where, in tears and incessant longings for Stockholm, she passed the prescribed period.

If we now turn back, and compare the opinions of Jenny's Swedish masters with the ideas of Garcia, we shall possibly be

perplexed for an explanation. The former were all admiration and enthusiasm, predicting wonders which time has now verified; the latter all coldness and discouragement, since, at best, he never imagined she would rise above mediocrity. To account for these differences, we must not imagine that Croelius and Herr Berg were generous, and Garcia envious. By no means. The real cause of the discrepancy must be sought for in those national idiosyncrasies to which we have already referred; since, in all likelihood, Garcia was incapable of experiencing that enthusiastic delight which northern auditors feel in listening to Jenny Lind. He had been accustomed all his life to a different kind of voice—to a voice composed of other elements, and addressing itself to different emotions and sympathies. Hence he may have been unaffectedly surprised at her great success, as she herself is said to have been.

This view of the matter is rendered still more probable by what took place shortly afterwards with Meyerbeer. This great musical composer, belonging to the same race with Jenny Lind herself, and possessing, consequently, similar mental structure, saw and felt at once what Garcia could neither see nor feel. This ethnological affinity once presupposed, the apparent anomalies in Jenny Lind's career became perfectly intelligible. Meyerbeer heard her sing in three several operas — "Roberto il Diavolo," "Norma," and "Der Freischütz," from which, perceiving the extent of her powers, and the exquisite grace and felicity of her execution, he invited her into Prussia, with a flattering offer for the Berlin theatre. But the sweetest fame is that which we taste at home among those who know and love us. Gil Blas felt this when he returned to act the fine gentleman in his native village. But the townsmen of the Spanish adventurer were much less generous than those of the Swedish singer, as Jenny Lind experienced on revisiting Stockholm, where she was received with increased admiration.

The fondness for music becomes a passion only by indulgence, and by having no loftier object to interest the feelings. In Stockholm this passion would seem occasionally to degenerate into a rage, which renders men incapable of appreciating what they hear, and makes them think and act like children. Still, when the result of any taste is to produce disinterestedness and generosity, we cannot withhold from it our praise. The listening to Jenny Lind soon became a pleasure of which

the good people of Stockholm could not voluntarily consent to be deprived, and therefore the wealthy bankers of the city conceived a plan by which they hoped to attach her permanently to her native place. They offered annually to deposit a considerable sum for ten years, by which time it would amount to a large fortune. But though touched by this mark of the respect and sympathy of her countrymen, the singer was urged by ambition to display her talents in the various capitals of Europe, and to gather laurels more valuable and enduring than the Stockholmers, with all their enthusiasm, could bestow.

We shall not attempt to accompany Jenny Lind on her peregrinations through Germany, or to copy the exaggerated style in which her performances there are spoken of. She visited Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, and in the dominions of the King of Prussia displayed her powers before the Queen of England. What, perhaps, was far more flattering to her, Henrietta Sontag, now Countess de Rossi, pronounced her to be the first singer of the age. Compliments like these often mean nothing, and are taken for what they are worth. But we believe the Countess Rossi is an earnest and sincere woman, and, having herself been the wonder of her day, and enjoyed her full share of praise, may be supposed to have spoken frankly of one with whom she could have no rivalry.

To Mr. Alfred Bunn belongs the merit of having conceived the idea of bringing Jenny Lind to England. He entered into an engagement with her, which, as is well known, did not terminate fortunately. But into the details of their disagreement we shall not enter, since the people are already familiar with them.

The career of Jenny Lind in England was that which imparted completeness to her reputation. She herself felt that she had achieved nothing till she had charmed a British audience. Berlin, Dresden and Vienna were forgotten in the blaze of London. Here her powers grew up to maturity, and here she took her leave of the stage. To describe the effect of her singing upon the public would be impossible. But they are altogether deceived who imagine it is unlike what has taken place before in the case of other singers. Madame Catalani excited, in her day, precisely the same kind of admiration; so also did Madame Pasta. The triumphs of Malibran, as more recent, will be better remembered. We were at the opera-

house when this superb singer, the daughter of Garcia, made her debut, in company with her father, in the "Barber of Seville." The applause she excited was not very great, yet there were those present who, in the half-shrinking and timid girl, then foresaw what the woman would be. She was just sixteen, and her rich and animated Spanish features glowed with pride and confidence as she listened to the admiration of the house. It was genuine, and she felt it; and continually, from that day forward, rose in the estimation of the public, till she stood in Europe without a rival. Her sudden and lamented death in the midst of her fame, when public admiration was at the highest, will long be looked back to with regret.

When Madame Pasta performed, for example, in the "Medea," it is impossible to exaggerate the pleasure she afforded to all true lovers of music or the drama. In singing she excelled all her contemporaries; in acting she equalled Mrs. Siddons, as far, at least, as the range of the opera enabled her to suggest a parallel. If in a certain sense she was less popular than Jenny Lind, it is to be accounted for by anything rather than the supposition of an inferiority. Madame Pasta was probably inferior to no one that ever sung, and her acting was uncontestedly superior to anything ever beheld on the opera boards. Yet in the voice and manner of Jenny Lind there is something more congenial to the taste and feelings of the English people. Her voice is altogether *sui generis*. Words convey no idea of tones and cadences, and cannot enable those to judge, who have not themselves listened. Emotion has no lengthened vocabulary, and criticism exhausts itself in vain in the attempt to give permanence to those forms of art which are more fleeting than a summer cloud. In all other creations of genius, the type of the idea exists without the mind, and though it cannot suggest precisely the same conceptions to all, it remains to be appealed to and consulted by one generation after another. But the merit of a singer is an affair of testimony. You can embody it in nothing, not even in language. You express yourself pleased, gratified, intoxicated, if you will, with delight—when you have rung the changes a thousand times on this fact, the expression is all you have accomplished.

Connected with Jenny Lind's stay in England, there is, however, something else to be observed; she filled a larger space in the public mind than any other artist of any class whatsoever. In every society but

name was mentioned. While the rage continued, you never went into company without hearing discussions of her merits, which were sometimes carried on with as much vehemence and anger as a theological controversy. Much of this is to be accounted for by vanity. Those who had heard Jenny Lind fancied themselves superior in some respects to those who had not, and it was thought a great distinction to have met her in private. We remember to have seen a Swedish author who, during his visit to London, chiefly attracted attention by the fact that he was acquainted, very slightly, perhaps, with Jenny Lind.

But this folly by no means touches the great singer herself, who seems to have preserved altogether the balance of her mind, and never to have been puffed up for a moment by what would have sufficed to ruin a thousand other performers. Numerous anecdotes are related to prove the kindness and goodness of her nature, but no one is more characteristic than the following, which, we believe, has not been made public before. During her visit to Bath, she happened to be walking with a friend, in front of some alms-houses, into one of which she entered, and sat down for a moment, ostensibly to rest herself, but in reality to find some excuse for doing an act of charity to the old woman who lived in it, and whom she had seen feeble and tottering at the door. The old woman, like the rest of her neighbors, was full of the Swedish nightingale, whom she had heard was just then at Bath, entertaining with her voice all those who were so happy and fortunate as to be able to go to the theatre. "For myself," said the old woman, "I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind."

"And would it make you happy?" inquired her visitor.

"Ay, that it would," answered the old woman; "but such folks as I can't go to the play-house, and so I shall never hear her."

"Don't be so sure of that," said the good-natured Jenny; "sit down, my friend, and listen;" and forthwith she sang, with all her richest and most glorious powers, one of the finest songs she knew. The poor woman was beside herself with delight, when, after concluding her song, her kind visitor observed, "Now, you have heard Jenny Lind."

If she had given the woman a hundred pounds, she could not have afforded her half so much pleasure. It was an act of noble charity, of the tenderest and most delicate kind. Money it would have been easy for her to give; and money, no doubt, she did give; but to sit down in an alms-house, and there to call up the enchantments of her voice for the amusement of an obscure and poor old woman, was a touching proof of goodness of heart, which nothing we have heard of Jenny Lind surpasses. After this, we could readily believe of her any act of gentle and affectionate kindness, and we would be glad to see collected, for the honor of art, all the numerous proofs of sympathy and charity which she has given during her residence in England. It is a great thing to be universally admired. It is a still greater thing to be universally beloved; and we believe that the admiration of Jenny Lind's vocal powers, great and unrivalled as they are, is second to the admiration of her moral qualities. For this reason, we may be allowed to express a hope that, though she has now left us for France, England will be her future home. Her manners are already those of an Englishwoman, and the analogy between the Swedish character and the English character is so great, that the transition from Stockholm to London would scarcely be felt, except for the change of language.

REWARD OF AUTHORSHIP.—The late Mr. Tigg, the publisher in Cheapside, gave the following list of remunerative payments to distinguished authors in his time: *Fragments of History*, by Charles Fox, sold by Lord Holland for 5,000 guineas. *Fragments of History*, by Sir James Mackintosh, at 500*l.* *Lingard's History of England*, 4,658*l.* *Scott's Bonaparte* was sold, with printed books, for 18,000*l.*; the nett receipts of the first two editions only, must have been 100,000*l.* *The Life of Wilberforce*, by his sons, 4,000 guineas. *Life of Byron*, by Moore, 4,000*l.* *Life of Sheridan*, by Moore, 2,000*l.* *Life of Hannah More*, 2,000*l.* *Life of Cowper*, by Southey, 1,000*l.* *Life and Times of George IV.*, by Lady C. Bury,

1,000*l.* *Byron's Works*, 20,000*l.* *Lord of the Isles*, half share, 1,500*l.* *Lalla Rookh*, by Moore, 3,000*l.* *Rejected Addresses*, by Smith, 1,000*l.* *Crabbe's Works*, republication of, by Mr. Murray, 3,000*l.* *Wordsworth's Works*, republication of, by Mr. Moxon, 1,050*l.* *Bulwer's Rienzi*, 1,600*l.* *Marryatt's Novels*, 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* each. *Trollope's Factory Boy*, 1,600*l.* *Hannah More* derived 3,000*l.* per annum for her copyrights, during the latter years of her life. *Rundell's Domestic Cookery*, 2,000*l.* *Nicholas Nickleby*, 3,000*l.* *Eustace's Classical Tour*, 2,000*l.* *Sir Robert Inglis* obtained for the widow of Bishop Heber, by the sale of the *Journal*, 5,000*l.*

From the British Quarterly Review.

ETRURIA—ITS CITIES AND CEMETERIES.

The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria. By GEORGE DENNIS. In 2 vols. London. 1848.

ENGLAND has great reason to be proud of her travellers, and not least of those whose labors have been undertaken with the view of extending the boundaries of scientific, antiquarian, or classical knowledge. In the investigation of the monumental records which the nations of the past have left to illustrate and confirm the voice of history—in some instances to form the very alphabet in which that history has yet to be written—the researches of our fellow countrymen have been equally meritorious and successful. Every department of this field has witnessed their labors and their triumphs. Egypt and Nineveh, Phrygia and Lycia, not less than the more classic soils of Greece and Italy, have yielded a rich harvest to their enterprise and patience. In the ranks of these explorers Mr. Dennis has earned an honorable position. He has brought to bear upon his task a happy combination of some the best qualifications which should mark the explorer of a land rich in historical associations, and lavishly decked with Nature's fairest pencillings. To a thorough familiarity with all the ancient authorities bearing upon Etruria and its inhabitants, and an ample acquaintance with the researches of both early and recent scholars, he unites a keen appreciation of the picturesque, and has reproduced the results of his labors and impressions from a mind not only stored with classical and historical knowledge, but enriched with sublime or tender images produced by the scenes before him, or by others of kindred loveliness, when mirrored in the creative fancy of the poet.

The ground which Mr. Dennis has selected as the scene of his researches is not new. More than two centuries ago the celebrated Thomas Dempster endeavored to direct the attention of the learned to the antiquities of Etruria. While Professor of Civil Law at Pisa, and subsequently of Ancient Literature

at Bologna, he wrote a series of essays, collected under the title "*Etruria Regalis*," but the work was not published till a century after his death, when it was at length brought forth from its obscurity in the grand ducal library at Florence, and printed, together with some supplements and corrections by Philip Buonarrotti. This work effectually aroused the Italian literati, and ever since its appearance Etrurian antiquities have from time to time been made the subject of speculation and research by scholars, both in Italy and on this side of the Alps. It must suffice to mention the names of Lanzi, Maffei, Repetti, Micali, Inghirami, Gerhard, Visconti, Canina, Abeken, Niebuhr, Müller, and Lepsius, and the various authors of papers in the *Bullettini* of the Archæological Institute at Rome. In England, except within a somewhat limited circle, Etruscan antiquities attracted but little attention, till they were invested with a more popular interest in the lively pages of Mrs. Hamilton Gray. Her "*Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria*," (1840,) was a work of the same kind as that under review, though much more limited in its range, and less accurate in the details communicated. The writer had far too lively an imagination to be a very safe guide. Thus, in speaking of the collection of Etruscan antiquities at Chiusi, she mentions "a white-robed figure, of grave and solemn appearance, in a curule chair. I am sure," she adds, "had I seen it in the tomb, so pure and still, yet so dignified and commanding, I could never have drawn it forth. It was to my mind the most beautiful and solemn manner of embellishing death that ever entered a mortal's head. Such was its effect that I could hardly refrain from tears. It is the gem of Chiusi." Mr. Dennis, who is certainly not chargeable with a want of enthusiasm, says of this same figure, "*The first feeling excited is one of astonishment at its*

singularity; the next, of amusement at its droll quaintness—its more than Egyptian rigidity—its utter want of anatomical expression. It looks like a stone effigy, not of that form which tempted angels to sin, but of a jointed doll, or an artist's lay figure. Farther examination proves this stiffness to arise from the arms, feet, head, and even crown, being in separate pieces, removable at pleasure, and fixed in their places by metal pins." (ii. 336.)

Still, all things considered, Mrs. Gray's "Tour" was a work which did her great credit. Bating some imaginative extravagances, it was written with spirit and good feeling, and was well fitted by its enthusiastic tone to awaken sympathy with its subject. It was not unnatural, though we cannot but regard it as unfortunate, that the success of her first work should have induced Mrs. Gray to attempt a systematic history of Etruria. We have seen high encomiums passed upon this latter work, and it certainly shows the results of a very laudable amount of industry and research. But questions such as those discussed in it are not safe ground for amateur historians or antiquaries. A long apprenticeship to this class of studies, and great practice in testing the value of authorities, are essentially requisite for those who would find their way amid the tangled labyrinth of mythical, monumental, and historical records. Especially is this necessary when a very lively imagination has to be kept within due bounds. Mrs. Gray's "History of Etruria" is a very entertaining book; but if any one wishes to gain a clear view of what is really known on the subject, of the difficulties which envelope it, and the various collateral questions which are elements of the investigation, we should advise him not to take the fair writer for his guide. If a novice, he would find everything made out so very clearly, or at least so very much to the author's own satisfaction, that the real problems to be solved would escape his observation.

Mr. Dennis has not entered very deeply into the perplexing questions connected with the origin of the Etruscans. He has, however, given a brief abstract of the leading views that have been held on the subject, inclining to those which bring them from the East. He has incorporated in his notice of the various Etruscan towns, a summary of the facts known with respect to their history, with copious references to the authorities for the statements. We think that, with a little more condensation in some parts of his book,

he might have found room for a more extended and systematic notice of the religious, political, and social institutions, which can on good authority, be traced among the Etruscans. A great number of very valuable incidental notices will be found scattered up and down the work, and the matter has not been altogether overlooked in the introduction; but the thorough acquaintance which Mr. Dennis exhibits with the ancient authorities leads us to regret that the outline which he has sketched with so competent a hand has not been more elaborately filled up.

The engrossing interest which has recently been awakened by the progress of discovery in Egypt and Assyria will probably hinder Mr. Dennis's work and its subject from attracting that general attention to which both are entitled, though to the classical scholar, and the student of Roman history, the Etruscans can never cease to be objects of curiosity and research. They were a powerful nation centuries before Rome was founded, characterized by a high state of civilization and even luxury, powerful by land and sea, swayed by a singular and gloomy system of superstition, and presenting several remarkable features in their political organization and social habits; and they maintained both their position and their singularities for centuries after their power had waned before that of Rome. From them the Romans confessedly derived some of their most remarkable institutions, and some of the most important elements of their national character. Some scholars assign an Etruscan origin to one of the primitive tribes of Rome. They unquestionably gave to Rome the dynasty of the Tarquins. Until Rome began to learn of Greece, her civilization and arts were almost entirely Etruscan. Her gods were the gods of Etruria, her divination—so long and so religiously observed—was the Etruscan augury. Yet though their religious institutions and language were diligently studied by at least a section of the Romans, and numerous notices of them have been handed down to us, yet many of the most important questions respecting them do not admit of being answered. Their language is a riddle even to the age which has read the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and obtained some insight into the arrow-headed inscriptions of the East, and that too, though almost every letter of the numerous extant inscriptions can be read with ease. The origin and national affinities of the Etruscans are a question which a century of discussion has not settled. The best ancient authorities have

unfortunately perished. The notices of Aristotle and Theophrastus, and in particular the elaborate work of the Emperor Claudius, would doubtless have cleared up many obscurities which now hopelessly obstruct our view.

By the Greeks this remarkable people were called Tyrseni, or Tyrrheni. By the Romans, they were called Etrusci, or Tusci, both names being apparently variations of Tursci, which appears in some ancient inscriptions. They called themselves (according to the testimony of Dionysius of Halicarnassus) Rasena. The legend respecting their origin which was generally believed in antiquity, was that recorded by Herodotus (i. 95,) that they came from Lydia, under the guidance of Tyrrhenus, the son of Atys; half the population of Lydia being compelled to seek new settlements, in consequence of a famine of eighteen years' duration. The question that obviously presents itself in the first place is—in how far are the names Rasena and Tyrseni coextensive? Were the Etruscans a homogeneous race, which might be called indifferently, Rasena, or Tyrseni? or were they an amalgamation of distinct races, and was the name Rasena proper to one of the two elements of the compound race, and Tyrseni the name proper to the other? And, lastly, what connection are we to assume between the Tyrseni of Italy and the Tyrseni who are met with elsewhere? For it seems to be clearly established, that this name was borne by more than one portion of the great Pelasgian race settled in the countries lying round the Ægean Sea. The inhabitants of Lemnos, Imbros, and Scyros, were called Tyrsenians, (*Apoll. Rhod.* iv. 1760. *Aristox.* ap. *Porph.* vii. *Pythag.*) as was also a Pelasgian tribe which settled for a time in Attica, (*Thucyd.* iv. 109,) from whom, in fact, the inhabitants of the above-named islands were said to be descended, though the tribe expelled from Attica could not have been large enough to settle in those places.

"At the same time with the Regulini-Galassi tomb, several others were opened in the neighborhood; in one of which was found a relic of antiquity insignificant enough in itself, but of high interest for the light it throws on the early language of Italy. It is a little cruet-like vase, of plain black ware, a few inches high, and from its form has not unaptly been compared to an ink-bottle. What may have been its original application is not easy to say; probably for perfumes, as it resembles the *alabastron* in form; or it may have served as an inkstand to hold the coloring

matter for inscriptions. Whatever its purpose, it has no obvious relation to a sepulchre, for round its base is an alphabet in very ancient characters, shown in the bottom line of the subjoined facsimile; and round the body of the pot the consonants are coupled with the vowels in turn, in that manner so captivating to budding intelligences. Thus we read: 'Bi, Ba, Bu, Be—Gi, Ga, Gu, Ge—Zi, Za, Zu, Ze—Hi, Ha, Hu, He—Thi, Tha, Thu, The—Mi, Ma, Mu, Me—Ni, Na, Nu, Ne—Pi, Pa, Pu, Pe—Ki, Ka, Ku, Ke—Si, Sa, Su, Se—Chi, Cha, Chu, Che—Phi, Pha, Phu, Phe—Ti, Ta, Tu, Te.' Now it must be observed that this inscription, though found in an Etruscan tomb, is not in that character, but in Greek, of very archaic style, (in Greek letters the alphabet would be thus expressed: A, B, Δ, Γ, E, F, (digamma), Z, H, Θ, I, K, Λ, M, N, Ξ, O, Π, Q, (koppa), P, Σ, T, Υ, X, Φ, Ψ;) and there is every reason to believe it a relic of the earliest possessors of Cære, the Pelasgi, who are said to have introduced letters into Latium. From the palæography, this is indubitably the most ancient monument extant, which teaches us the early Greek alphabet, and its authentic arrangement."—(ii. 53, 54.)

The alphabet used by the Etruscans, though the forms of the letters resemble the ancient Greek or Phœnician type, differs from the Roman and from the Pelasgic alphabet described above. In a tomb at Bomarzo was found a cup, on the foot of which was inscribed the Etruscan alphabet, written from right to left, (the direction in which Etruscan inscriptions almost invariably run.) The order of the letters is the following: A, C, E, F, or V, Z, H, Th, L, M, N, P, S, R, S, T, U, Th, Ch, Ph. It will be observed that the letters B, D, Σ, Ψ, and O are wanting, and that there are two sigmas and two thetas. C had the force of K.

The Etruscans were so totally unlike the Greeks and Romans in language and religion, that it is certain they were not a Pelasgian race, and it appears to us equally clear that there could not even have been any large Pelasgian element among them. Had such been the case, some common elements of language would doubtless have been detected on comparing the Etruscan with the Latin and Greek; for there can be no question that the common fundamental elements of the two latter were derived from the common Pelasgian element of the Latin and Greek races. The Etruscans do not even seem to have derived their alphabet and their mode of writing through the Greeks. There is no evidence that the Pelasgians were reduced to a state of serfdom, and were employed by their masters in erecting fortifications

and constructing other public works. Indeed, the specimens of Etruscan architecture which are extant exhibit a style widely different from that which is usually traced to a Pelasgian source.

There are, however, numerous points of similarity between the Etruscans and the races who inhabited Asia. The dominant hierarchy of the Etruscans is one feature of resemblance, though not one on which great stress can be laid. Their mystical astrology, according to which they believed that certain astronomical cycles determined the duration and destinies, not only of individuals, but of nations, and the analogy of their successive ages of creation with the Mosaic account, or oriental features. The practice of burying the dead in armor was found among the Carians, (*Thucyd.* i. 8.) The Lycians (*Herod.* i. 173) traced their genealogies by the female line alone. The Etruscans traced them by the female as well as the male line, as appears from several inscriptions. The musical wind instruments in common use among the Etruscans were those whose origin is usually traced to Phrygia. The omission of the short vowels in writing, and the non-existence of the vowel *o* in their alphabet, are oriental features. Some singular coincidences have been traced between the construction of the Etruscan sepulchres and that of monuments of a similar kind in Asia Minor. A few more points of resemblance might also be specified.

The above are the chief elements out of which a theory of the origin of the Etruscans has to be formed; and various theories have at different times been in vogue. Some writers have supposed them to be a race of Phœnician, Canaanitish, or Egyptian descent. The Egyptian theory is the only one of these which is anything better than a guess; for traces of Egyptian art are found in ancient Etruscan tombs. The most ancient Etruscan paintings present much of the shapelessness and rigidity which is characteristic of Egyptian art, and frequently exhibit monsters very like those depicted in Egypt. It is to be observed, however, that there is a great tendency among those who write on Etruscan antiquities to call everything Egyptian which has a stiff, archaic look about it. A great deal of this is not peculiar to Egypt, but is common to the infancy of art in many countries. There are also striking differences, as well as resemblances. The Etruscan sphinx is commonly represented as winged, and not crouching. The chimæra, so com-

mon in Etruscan representations, points not to Egypt, but to Asia Minor. Others of the symbolic monsters of Etruria find their counterparts in Lycia, Assyria, and even among the Mexicans, (*Dennis*, i. 53.) Almost everything that bears an undeniably Egyptian character consists of such articles as might easily have been imported. Still, it may readily enough be imagined, that a people who appear to have had commercial intercourse with Egypt may have copied some features of Egyptian art. But there is nothing whatever to justify the theory which has sometimes been very pertinaciously maintained, that the main features of Etruscan civilization were derived from Egypt. There is nothing peculiarly Egyptian in the priestly aristocracy of Etruria. The distinguishing characteristics of the Egyptian religion do not present themselves in the Etruscan; while, on the other hand, the most marked features of the Etruscan superstition did not exist in Egypt. In the notions entertained of the future state, the points of resemblance are merely such as are found among several nations. The same may be said of the modes of sepulture. Not the slightest similarity exists between the languages of Etruria and Egypt, or the modes of writing them. Yet the reader may now and then find this Egyptian theory asserted as though it were one of the best ascertained facts in the early history of civilization.

Passing by those who content themselves with calling the Etruscans an indigenous Italian race, the most prominent theory is that which brings the Rasena from the North, and assigns the Rætian Alps as at least their proximate settlement before they made their way southwards. Besides the great confederacy of twelve cities in Etruria Proper—the country lying between the Apennines, the Tiber, and the sea—we are told that the Etruscans had settlements, and had established a similar confederacy of twelve cities, in the valley of the Padus. According to the account of Livy, (v. 33,) this northern branch of the nation was an offshoot from the Etruscans of Etruria Proper. We learn from the same authority that there were Etruscan settlements among the Rætian Alps. Following out the hints thus furnished, Fréret, Heyne, and others adopted the theory that Rætia was the primitive home of the Etruscans, whence they descended first into the plain of the Padus, and then across the Apennines into Etruria. Attention was for a time withdrawn from this

theory by the attempts of Lanzi and others to establish a connection between the Etruscans and the better known races of Italy; but more recently it was adopted by the great Niebuhr, and, with some modifications, by Müller.

Niebuhr regarded the Tyrsenians of Etruria as a branch of the great Pelasgian race, entirely distinct from the Rasena, who, after establishing themselves in Etruria, came to be called Tyrsenians, in much the same way as the Saxons were called Britons, or the Normans English. He supposed the Rasena to have reduced a large part of the Pelasgian population of Etruria to a state of serfdom. The story of the Lydian colony he rejected, regarding it merely as a mythical mode of indicating the affinity subsisting between the Tyrsenian Pelasgians of Etruria and those of Meionia or Lydia.

K. O. Müller, in his elaborate work on the Etruscans, coincides with Niebuhr, in admitting the Rhætian origin of the Rasena, and the Pelasgic origin of the proper Tyrsenians, but believes in the historic reality of the Lydian colony. He regards the Tyrsenians or Tyrrhenians, as a portion of that tribe of Pelasgians who were driven out of Attica, and as having established themselves in Lydia, where they derived their name, which they communicated to other branches of their race, from the town of Tyrrha. Being dislodged by the Ionian migration, the bulk of them made their way to Etruria, where they came in contact with the Rasena, and by their amalgamation with them formed the Etruscan or Tuscan nation. He looks upon Tarquinii as the place where they first established themselves in Etruria, the name being connected with that of Tar-chun, which Müller considers identical with Tyrrhenus.

Besides their confederacies in Etruria and in the valley of the Padus, we hear of Etruscan settlements in Campania, where they were said to have established a third confederacy of twelve cities. Niebuhr inclined to believe that the Etruscan dominion in this quarter had been greatly exaggerated, and that what we hear of Tyrsenians in Campania belongs rather to the Pelasgic population than to the Etruscans. Müller, on the other hand, regards the Tyrrhenian settlements in Campana as being Etruscan.

It appears to us that Müller's theory involves more difficulties than it solves. His account of the origin of the name Tyrrheni is by no means probable. In the first place, we should be disposed to regard Tyrseni as

the older form of the name, Tyrrheni as a later and softened form of it. And then, again, even if a small tribe derived their name from a town, how they could have communicated it to other tribes of kindred race without conquest or other intermixture, we are at a loss to conceive. If, too, as Müller says, these Pelasgians of Tyrrha were entirely driven out of Lydia, how came the Lydians, a people of different race, to preserve an account of the colonization of Etruria, as something connected with their own nation? For Herodotus (i. 94) gives his account on native Lydian authority. Nor can we conceive how this little piratical tribe from Tyrrha should have been able, when they reached Etruria, to give their name and the peculiarities of their civilization to a race, which, according to Müller, must have stretched from Rhætia to Tarquinii. We incline to think that the native Lydian tradition, recorded by Herodotus, has been too hastily rejected on the authority of Xanthus. Herodotus unquestionably relates what he himself heard in Lydia. But if the historical reality of a Lydian settlement in Etruria be admitted, it seems preferable to refer it to the Lydian, and not to the Pelasgian or Tyrrhenian race. Remains of sepulchral tumuli have been discovered in Lydia, strikingly analogous to those of Tarquinii and some other places in Etruria. Amid the impossibilities of Varro's description of the tomb of Porsena at Clusium, (*Pliny, H. N.*, xxxvi. 19.) some features can be traced which render it curiously similar to the tomb of Alyattes, described by Herodotus, (i. 93,) and to the structure, of which the remains are still extant on the Appian way, known as the tomb of the Horatii and Curatii. Thiersch, who has ably examined this subject in his dissertation on the Tomb of Alyattes, thinks that Varro's description may be taken with some abatement of its impossible features, which were doubtless given from hearsay, and that all we can suppose him to have seen, was a basement of masonry, supporting five pyramids or cones. Another sepulchral monument of a similar kind exists in Sardinia, which appears to have been a dependency of the Etruscans, and where they probably had settlements. It is to be observed, however, that the historical reality of Lydian settlements in Etruria does not forthwith involve the Lydian origin of the Rasena, or of the great bulk of the Tuscan nation. Nor, on the other hand, does the admission of the connection of the Rasena, or of the main ele-

ment of the Etruscan nation, with the races of Asia Minor, require that we should also admit the truth of the Lydian tradition, or suppose that they made their way by sea from the coast of Asia Minor to that of Italy. Many writers on the subject confound questions which are entirely distinct. Neibuhr's account of the Tyrsenians seems to us much to be preferred to that of Müller. That Rhætia was the mother country of the Rasena, and that their settlements on the Padus were earlier than those in Etruria, we are not so well convinced. Lepsius is inclined to regard the Tuscans as an amalgamation of Umbrian and Pelasgic elements, a view which is by no means free from serious difficulties.

Sir W. Betham made what a person of sober judgment would regard as a very amusing attempt to establish the identity of the Etruscan, Phœnician, and Irish races; professing to give interpretations of Etruscan inscriptions by the aid of the native Irish language. An ingenious critic, in a contemporary periodical, showed that they would make much better sense if read off into English. The whole attempt was of a piece with the notable blunder, by which Sir W. Betham mistook an eight-branched lamp for a mariner's compass, (*Dennis*, ii. 105, 106.) Our limits preclude us from offering any criticisms on the theory which Mrs. Gray has adopted, according to which the Rasena came from the city of Resen, in Assyria, were identical with the Hyksos of Egypt, and were called Ludim by the Egyptians, (whence the origin of the Lydian story;) on being driven out of Egypt, passed through Lybia, and thence crossed to the shores of Etruria. As there is not a particle of tangible evidence in favor of the theory, it is the less necessary that we should dwell upon it. It is time to hasten to what is more directly the subject of Mr. Dennis's work.

The cities of Etruria have sometimes been described as standing usually upon heights. Some of them did so, especially in the northern half of Etruria. In the volcanic district, included now, for the most part, within the limits of the Papal States, where the cities were more numerous, the plains or table lands are intersected by numerous ravines, and here the favorite position for a city was on the tongue of land formed by the junction of two ravines. When viewed from a distance, the town would seem to be on the level of the plain; but when the traveller approached the site, he would find a deep ravine yawning between him and the city. In such localities, the neighboring

ravines are usually filled with sepulchres. Positions of no natural strength were commonly avoided by the Etruscans.

It is difficult to conceive of a more utter annihilation than has befallen several of the most considerable cities of ancient Etruria. Veii, one of the largest and richest cities of the land, whose history is so interwoven with some of the most stirring legends of early Rome, was so utterly desolated, that, though so near Rome, its very site was forgotten, and was at first variously assigned by different antiquaries. It admits, however, of being accurately determined. The site of Tarquinii, the city of Tarchon and Demaratus and Tarquinius, the birthplace of the wondrous Tages, is thus described by Mr. Dennis:

"Here, and in many other parts around the brow of the cliffs, are a few rectangular blocks, the foundations of the ancient walls, but other trace of a city above ground there is none. A long, bare platform, overrun with weeds or corn-stubble, meets the eye, with not a sign of life, it may be, on its melancholy surface; or at most a few cattle grazing, and a lonely herdsman seated on some prostrate block or stretched beneath a lowly bush. Yet that this has been the site of a city, will not be doubted by him who regards the soil on which he treads, which is composed of brick-bats, earthenware, hewn stone, and marble—ineffaceable traces of ancient habitation. A practised eye might even discern in these fragments records of the city's history. That it was originally Etruscan is proved by the pottery, which resembles that on purely Etruscan sites; while the intermixture of marble tells of the domination of the Romans; and the frequent pieces of verd-antique, and other rare and valuable stones, determine it to have been a place of wealth and consequence under the empire."—(i. p. 381.)

The sites of some towns—as Falerii, Fescennium, Gravisca, Vetulonia, Vulsinii—are hardly yet settled. Mr. Dennis believes himself to have discovered the sites of Fescennium and Vetulonia, and to have fixed that of Vulsinii. Some sites are evidently those of considerable cities, but their Etruscan names have utterly perished. Such are Bomarzo, Vitorchiano, Castel d'Asso, Norchia, Orvieto, Castro Pitigliano, &c. Some Etruscan sites are in districts now depopulated by malaria, but which must once have been thickly inhabited. Other cities have been more fortunate, and have remained inhabited sites to the present day. The following remarks are suggested to Mr. Dennis by the prospect from the Monte Cimino:

"With what pride must an Etruscan have regarded this scene two thousand five hundred years

since. The numerous cities in the plain were so many trophies of the power and civilization of his nation. There stood Volsinii, renowned for her wealth and arts, on the shores of her crater-lake—there Tuscania reared her towers in the West—there Vulci shone out from the plain, and Casa from the mountain—and there Tarquinii, chief of all, asserted her metropolitan supremacy from her cliff-bound heights. Nearer still, his eye must have rested on city after city, some in the plain, and others at the foot of the slope beneath him; while the mountains in the horizon must have carried his thoughts to the glories of Clusium, Perugia, Cortona, Vetulonia, Volaterræ, and other cities of the great Etruscan confederation. How changed is now the scene! Save Tuscania, which still retains her site, all within view are now desolate. Tarquinii has left scarce a vestige of her greatness on the grass-grown heights she once occupied; the very site of Volsinii is forgotten; silence has long reigned in the crumbling theatre of Ferentum; the plough yearly furrows the bosom of Vulci; the fox, the owl, and the bat, are the sole tenants of the vaults within the ruined walls of Casa; and of the rest, the greater part have neither building, habitation, nor name—nothing but the sepulchres around them, to prove that they ever had an existence.”—(i. p. 192.)

For this utter destruction of so many cities we have ample amends in the eloquent records of this ancient people, preserved in their sepulchres. These monuments form an interesting link between the historical and known, and the mysterious and unknown. In inscriptions, whose import is an enigma, occur names familiar in Roman history—Tarquinius, Porsena, Cilnius, Cæcina, Volumnius, Cassius—representations of customs never obsolete, and ceremonies whose meaning can but be guessed at; the old familiar forms of Greek mythology, side by side with the rude images of a grosser superstition. Few nations of antiquity seem to have surpassed the Etruscans in the reverence shown for the departed, and the pains bestowed on the construction and adornment of their tombs. Besides bronze utensils of various kinds, armor, golden ornaments, immense quantities of pottery, and other relics of by-gone civilization, the walls of many of the tombs are adorned with paintings of extreme interest, illustrative of the national manners and religious belief of the Etruscans.

“We already know the extent and peculiar nature of their civilization, their social condition, and modes of life; their extended commerce and intercourse with far distant countries; their religious creed, with its ceremonial observances in this life, and the joys and torments it set forth in a future state; their popular traditions, and a variety of customs; of all which history, com-

monly so called, is either utterly silent, or makes but incidental mention, or gives notices imperfect and obscure. We can now enter into the inner life of the Etruscans, almost as fully as if they were living and moving before us, instead of having been extinct as a nation for more than two thousand years. We can follow them from the cradle to the tomb; we see them in their national costume, varied according to age, sex, rank, and office; we learn their style of adorning their persons, their fashions, and all the eccentricities of their toilet; we even become acquainted with their peculiar physiognomy, their individual names, and family relationships; we know what houses they inhabited, what furniture they used; we behold them at their various avocations—the princes in the council-chamber—the augur, or priest, at the altar, or in solemn procession—the warrior in the battle-field, or returning home in triumph—the judge on the bench, the artisan at his handicraft, the husbandman at the plough, the slave at his daily toil. We see them in the bosom of their families, and at the festive board, reclining luxuriously, amid the strains of music and the time-beating feet of dancers; at their favorite games and sports, encountering the wild boar, or looking on at the race, at the wrestling match, or other palæstic exercises. We behold them stretched on the death-bed, the last rites performed by mourning relatives—the funeral procession, their bodies laid in the tomb, and the solemn festivals held in their honor. Nor even here do we lose sight of them, but follow their souls to the unseen world; perceive them in the hands of good or evil spirits, conducted to the judgment-seat, and in the enjoyment of bliss, or suffering the punishment of the damned.”—(p. 22.)

Etruscan cemeteries were near the cities to which they belonged, though never within the walls. The fashion of the sepulchres varies at different places, though all agree in being either subterranean, or excavated in the sides of rocks. Sepulchres erected above the ground are nowhere found among those of Etruscan origin. The greater number were excavated out of the solid rock. Where the nature of the ground would not allow of this, they were constructed of masonry, but in such cases were always heaped over with earth, in the form of a tumulus; though tumuli were far from being restricted to tombs so formed. At Tarquinii the cemetery occupied the hill now called the Montarozzi, the surface of which is covered with mounds, which are the remains of tumuli, “overgrown with lentiscus, myrtle, wild olive, broom, and rank grass, and giving to the hill, when seen from afar, a strange, pimply appearance; hence its appellation of Montarozzi.” But uniformity is not found even here. None of the celebrated painted tombs appear to have been covered with a

tumulus. They are subterranean excavations, entered by means of a pit or shaft, with steps leading down to the doors of the sepulchres. Where there was a superincumbent tumulus over the subterranean tomb, the base of the tumulus was formed by a low, cylindrical substructure of masonry, on which the earth was piled up into the form of a cone. The tumulus appears to have been surmounted by a lion or sphinx, in stone, or by a sepulchral column, or cippus. The entrance was commonly by a steep passage, leading down to a door beneath the belt of masonry. Similar tumuli are found at Populonia, Volterra, Chiusi, Cortona, Vulci, and other places. At Cervetri (the ancient Cære,) they are almost as numerous as at Tarquinii. Here the basement is commonly of rock, hewn into mouldings and cornice. Some of these tumular sepulchres were of great size and singular construction. The celebrated one at Vulci, known as *La Cucumella*, is still about two hundred feet in diameter, and forty or fifty feet in height. Fragments of the base wall of masonry were extant some years ago. Many sepulchral chambers were found above the wall; and within the mound of earth were discovered two towers of uncemented masonry, one conical, the other square, intended apparently to support the figures which were placed on the top of the monument. There is so much about this tumulus analogous to the tomb of Alyattes, in Lydia, with its basement of masonry, and five cones, or columns, on the top of the mound, which were perhaps carried up from the basement through the tumulus of earth, described by Herodotus (i. 93,) that it has been conjectured that the resemblance was still more exact than at present, and that remains of three more interior towers are yet concealed within the tumulus. One of the most curious of these tumular monuments is that called the *Poggio Gajella*, near Chiusi, (the ancient Clusium.) The mound of earth appears to be of natural formation, but was surrounded with the customary basement of masonry. Within the hill were discovered several tiers of sepulchral chambers. In the principal tier the chambers are collected in groups, and connected by curious labyrinthine passages, just large enough for a man to creep through, the purport and origin of which is still a mystery. This monument of course suggests the description of Porsena's tomb, at Clusium (*Pliny, N. H. xxxvi. 19.*) though there is no reason to suppose it the monument of which Varro saw the remains.

In a tomb at Tuscanella, there is a cuniculus, or passage, cut through the rock, just large enough for a man to creep through, which, after various windings and branchings, re-enters the tomb on the side opposite to that from which it begins. In forming tumuli, advantage seems frequently to have been taken of pieces of rock projecting above the surface.

Other tombs are of a totally different description, and consist of excavations in the sides of rocks, the faces of the rocks themselves being in some cases carved into architectural façades. The most celebrated of these are at Castel d'Asso. Here the glen beneath the fort so called forms a complete street of sepulchres, the rocks being hewn into square façades, with cornices and mouldings; many with inscriptions engraved on them. There are some thirty or forty of these tombs stretching for about half a mile down the glen. In the centre of the façade is carved a moulding, forming the outline of a door. Beneath the façade is a chamber, or recess, hollowed out of the rock, on the inner wall of which is moulded another false door, below which is the real entrance to the tombs, approached by a narrow, shelving passage. These tombs were family vaults, and it is singular that those with the largest and grandest fronts have generally the meanest interiors. At Norchia is a similar cemetery, where, besides tombs like those of Castel d'Asso, the façades of two are carved into imitations of temples, with sculptured pediments and porticoes. These are probably of late origin, as the style of art is clearly imitated from Greek models. At Bieda, (the ancient Blera,) is a still larger number of these tombs hewn in the rock. In 1843, Mr. Ainsley for the first time made known that at Sovana there existed an equally interesting necropolis of rock-tombs, presenting still greater variety than those at Castel d'Asso and Norchia.

The above are the leading classes into which the Etruscan tombs may be divided. Several, however, are found which present individual features of peculiarity. Some tombs are vaulted with perfect arches, constructed on the wedge principle, with which the Etruscans were acquainted at least early enough to apply it to the construction of the cloaca at Rome, in the time of the Tarquins. One such tomb is that called the *Deposito del Gran Duco*, at Chiusi. Another beautiful specimen is the *Tempio di San Manno*, at Perugia. Other tombs were constructed at a period when the principle of the arch was

unknown. Thus the roof of a curious vaulted tomb at Cortona, called the Tanella di Pitagora, is composed of long, wedge-shaped blocks, resting upon semicircular masses at the ends of the vault. Others, though vaulted, exhibit still less approximation to the arch-principle. Thus the Regulini-Galassi tomb at Cervetri is a long, narrow vault, with the roof fashioned into something like a Gothic arch, by the convergence of horizontal strata of masonry, hewn on the inside into a smooth, curved surface. It does not, however, run up to a point, but terminates in a square channel, running along the top of the vault. Arched vaults with this singular feature are found elsewhere in Etruria, and have even been discovered in Yucatan. Some Etruscan tombs are circular, and of considerable diameter, with a thick column in the centre, supporting the roof. In one or two rare instances an elliptical form is found. The great chamber of the tomb of the Tarquin family at Cervetri is square, with two massive pillars in the centre. This chamber bears the name of the "Tomb of the Inscriptions," from the great number of them on the walls. In those still legible, the name Tarquinius, or Tarchnas, occurs no less than thirty-five times. The majority of the tombs consist of a single chamber. Others contain a single main chamber, with an antechamber. Others are parted off into two or three distinct chambers, communicating by doorways. A few contain somewhat complicated systems of chambers. Sometimes an isolated fragment of rock is hewn and excavated into a sepulchre. Tombs are also found in Etruria, which are doubtless not of Etruscan origin. At Saturnia, are the remains of numerous tombs resembling those known among us as *cromlechs*.

"They are quadrangular chambers, sunk a few feet below the surface, lined with rough slabs of rock, set upright, one on each side, and roofed over with two huge slabs resting against each other, so as to form a rude penthouse; or else with a single one of enormous size, covering the whole, and laid at a slight inclination, apparently for the same purpose of carrying off the rain. Not a chisel has touched these rugged masses, which are just as broken off from their native rock, with their edges all shapeless and irregular; and if their faces are somewhat smooth, it is owing to the tendency of the travertine to split in laminar forms. These are the most rude and primitive structures conceivable, such as the savage would make on inhaling his first breath of civilization, on emerging from his cave or den in the rock. These tombs are sunk but little below the surface, because each is in-

closed in a tumulus. In many instances, the earth has been removed or washed away, so as to leave the structure standing above the surface."—(ii. 314.)

These tombs are doubtless the work of some race which preceded the Etruscans.

One remarkable feature about the Etruscan tombs is, that they were generally constructed so as to bear a close analogy to the dwellings of the living, and sometimes throw considerable light on the appearance of the latter. As to the exterior, this resemblance to houses is evident at a glance in the tombs of Castel d'Asso, Norchia, and Sovana. Even with regard to the tumular sepulchres Mr. Dennis remarks that "they must have resembled the shepherds' *capanne*, which now stud the Campagna of Rome." As regards the interiors, the ceilings, even when hewn out of the solid rock, have a broad beam carved on them in relief, with rafters sloping down to the walls on either side. When there is an inner chamber, it is lighted by windows in the partition wall. The bodies, or the sarcophagi with the effigies of the dead, were commonly placed on rock-hewn benches, ranged round three sides of the chamber, as though resting on the triclinial couches of the banqueting room. These benches have frequently legs and cushions carved on them, and a *hypopodium*, or long low stool, at the foot of them, such as the attendants stood upon when helping their masters at the banquet. Now and then arm-chairs and footstools are found carved out of the rock. Nor was the resemblance to dwellings limited to the tombs separately. They seem to have been as much as possible arranged in streets and terraces, like the cities of the living.

There can be no doubt that another analogy of this kind is to be traced in the paintings with which the walls of some of the tombs are adorned. These are the most celebrated and interesting relics which have been preserved. It is from these that we learn so much of the social habits and religious belief of the ancient Etruscans. The practice of thus decorating the walls of the tombs, though common, was by no means universal. The greatest number of painted tombs, and those of the most interesting kind, are found at Corneto (Tarquinii). Others are found at Bomarzo, Magliano, and Chiusi. One has been found at Vulci, and one at Cervetri. Some very ancient and remarkable painted tombs have lately been brought to light at Veii. The subjects delineated in these paintings are of the most varied kind. — *sym*

bolical or mythological monsters, sphinxes, hippocampi, chimæras, gorgons, hideous caricatures, boar-hunts, chariot-races, combats, processions, death-scenes, banquets, and gymnastic exercises of all kinds. Thus in a tomb at Chiusi:

"The frieze round the principal chamber is devoted entirely to games. Here is a race of three bigæ, as in the other tomb, but drawn with more variety and spirit. The steeds are springing from the ground, as in the gallop, but the middle pair is refractory, and in their rearing and plunging have broken the shaft, and kicked the chariot high into the air, and the unlucky *auriga*, still holding reins and whip, is performing a somerset over their heads.

"There is a repetition of the subjects of the Tomba del Colle, but with some variety. A female is dancing with crotala to the music of a *subulo*; two pugilists are boxing with *cestus*; a naked man is performing an armed dance; another leaping with the dumb-bells; a pair of wrestlers, or tumblers in almost the same position, with an agonothete leaning on his staff and seeing fair play; and a pot of oil rests on a slender pole hard by, from which they may anoint their limbs. In addition there is a *disco-bolus*, about to cast his quoit; a man with two long poles, which I cannot explain; a boy with two nondescript articles attached to a string; four youths about to contend in a foot-race, under the direction of a *pædotribe*, who appears to be marking the starting-post; two men playing at *ascolia*, or trying to leap on to a greasy vase, over which one is tumbling unsuccessfully; and a pair of figures which I can only explain as an athlete playing at ball with a boy, i. e., making the boy his ball, *à la Risley*, for he has one knee to the ground, with his hand raised, as if to catch the boy, whom he has tossed into the air. Hard by are a couple of stout sticks, propt against each other, which seem to have something to do with his operations."—(ii. p. 369.)

Banqueting scenes are numerous. The following is the description of one in the Grotta Querciola, at Tarquinii—

"The first impression is one of disappointment. The chamber is in the form of an Etruscan tomb, but where are the paintings? Why close a sepulchre with naked walls? Presently, however, as the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom, figure after figure seems to step forth from the walls, and you perceive two rows of them, separated by a striped colored ribbon, the upper row being nearly four feet, the lower only half that in height. In the pediment, left at each end of the chamber by the ceiling sloping down from the central beam, is a third row, not more than twelve inches high.

"The next impression is one of surprise. Can this be the resting-place of the dead? Can these scenes of feasting and merriment, this dancing,

this piping, this sporting, appertain to a tomb? There, on the inner wall, and occupying the principal row, is a banqueting scene. Figures in richly brodered garments recline on couches, feasting to the sound of the lyre and pipes; attendants stand around, some replenishing the goblets from the wine-jars on a sideboard hard by; a train of dancers, male and female, beat time with lively steps to the notes of the instruments, on which some of them are also performing; while in the lower row are depicted field-sports, a boar-hunt being the most conspicuous.

"But observe that fond and youthful pair on the central couch. The female, of exquisite beauty, turns her back on the feast, and throws her arms passionately round the neck of her lover, who reclines behind her. The other guests quaff their wine without heeding them. The elegant forms of the couches and stools, the rich drapery, the embroidered cushions, show this to be a scene of high life, and give some idea of Etruscan luxury. Even the dancers are very richly attired, especially the females, in figured robes of bright colors, with embroidered borders of a different hue. A simple mantle, either the *chlamys* or scarf, or the *pallium* or blanket, suffices for the men; but the attendants at the sideboard have unornamented tunics. The dancing-girls, like those of modern times, are decorated with jewelry—earrings, necklaces and bracelets—and have also a frontlet on their brows; while the men wear chaplets of myrtle. A *tibicen* or *subulo*, as the Etruscans called him, blowing the double pipes, and a *citharista*, with his lyre stand at one end of the banqueting scene, and a *subulo* at the other; another performer of each description mingles in the dance. All this feasting and merry-making is carried on in the open air, as is shown by the trees behind the festive couch, and alternating with the dancers; yet the *candelabrum* indicates it to be by night."—(i. p. 282.)

But perhaps the most interesting paintings are those which illustrate the Etruscan belief respecting the fate of the soul after death. Various are the representations of its passage into the unseen world, escorted by good or evil demons, or conducted by the terrible Charun, who appears to have been regarded not only as the conductor of the souls of the departed, but as the demon of death, the destroyer of life, and the tormentor of the souls of the guilty.

"The Etruscan Charun is generally represented as a squalid and hideous old man, with flaming eyes and savage aspect; but he has, moreover, the ears, and often the tusks of a brute, and has sometimes negro features and complexion, and frequently wings—in short, he answers well, cloven feet excepted, to the modern conception of the devil. He is principally, however, distinguished by his attributes, chief of which is the hammer or mallet; but he has

sometimes a sword in addition, or in place of it; or else a rudder or oar, which indicates his analogy to the Charon of the Greeks; or a forked stick, perhaps equivalent to the *caduceus* of Mercury, to whom, as an infernal deity, he also corresponds; or, it may be, a torch, or snakes, the usual attributes of a fury."—(ii. p. 206.)

The other infernal demons, who are introduced as his attendants, are also commonly distinguished by hammers. The Grotta del Cardinale, at Tarquinii, contains a painting of singular interest referring to these subjects.

"The mythological scenes are yet more curious and interesting. They represent numerous souls, in the form of men, robed in white, conducted into the other world by genii of opposite characters, the good being depicted red or flesh-color, the evil black, like the furies of Grecian fable; both alike in human form, but with wings, red or white, at their shoulders. Sometimes a good and evil spirit seemed contending for the possession of a soul, as where this is pursued by the malignant demon, and hurried away by the better genius; sometimes they are acting in unison, as where they are harnessed to a car, and are driven by an old man, who may possibly represent the Minos, or Rhadamanthus of the Etruscans. In another instance, a similar pair of antagonist spirits are dragging a car, on which sits a soul shrouded in a veil. We may conclude they are attending the soul to judgment, for such was their office, according to the belief of the ancients, in order that when their charge was arraigned before the infernal judge, they might confirm or contradict his pleadings according to their truth or falsehood. When the good demons have anything in their hands, it is simply a rod or wand, but the malignant ones have generally a heavy hammer or mallet, as an emblem of their destructive character; and in some instances, probably after condemnation has been pronounced, they are represented with these instruments uplifted, threatening wretched souls who are imploring mercy on their knees. In a somewhat similar scene, a soul is in the power of two of these demons, when a good genius interposes and arrests one of the evil ones by the wing. In another scene, the soul is represented as seizing the wing of the good genius, who is moving away from him. The same dark demons are in more than one instance mounting guard at a gateway, doubtless the gate of Orcus—atri janua Ditis—which stands open day and night. One of these figures is very striking, sitting at the gateway, resting on his mallet, his hair standing on an end, and his finger raised, as if to indicate the entrance to some approaching souls. Were this figure a female, it would answer, in every respect, even to the color of its raiment, to the Fury Tisiphone, whom Virgil places as guardian to the gate of hell."—(i. p. 319.)

The souls are frequently represented as proceeding to their destination on foot.

Sometimes they appear seated on horseback, and conducted by Charon, or some infernal demon. At Veii is a very singular, and probably very ancient, painting of this kind, the description of which we have not space to extract.

The colors in the Etruscan paintings are, to a great extent, used conventionally. The hair of the figures is sometimes blue, sometimes white. The horses have sometimes blue hoofs and white manes and tails, though their bodies may be black or red. It is curious that green is a color which the Etruscans do not seem ever to have used, though they had both yellow and blue. The paintings will probably not last much longer, as they are rapidly becoming obliterated from the effects of damp and atmospheric influences.

The mode of disposing of the dead among the Etruscans was not uniform. Sometimes the bodies were burnt, and the ashes deposited in urns or sarcophagi; sometimes the corpses were buried entire, either in sarcophagi, or simply laid out on the triclinial benches, clad in armor, or in their robes. In 1823, Signor Avvolta, while digging into a tumulus for stones to mend a road, came upon a large slab of nenfro, which proved to be part of the ceiling of a tomb. Making a hole beneath it, he looked in, and there beheld a warrior, clad in armor, stretched on a couch of rock. But in a few minutes the figure vanished under his eyes. For as the atmosphere entered, the armor, being thoroughly oxidized, crumbled away; and in a short time scarcely a vestige was left of what met his eye when he first looked in. It was the discovery of this tomb which led to all the subsequent excavations at Corneto. When the dead or their ashes were deposited in sarcophagi, it was common for them to be represented in effigy on the lids. The figures on these sarcophagi and urns are generally represented reclining, as if at a banquet, with *patera* in their hands. Sometimes the females have, instead, an egg or a piece of fruit. The flesh was frequently painted of a deep red, a color symbolical of the beatified state of the departed.

*Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.*

Among the Egyptians and Eastern nations, also, red was the conventional color by which male rank and dignity were indicated, as we may see from Ezekiel, xxiii. 14, 15. One interesting circumstance about

these effigies is, that they seem very generally to have been portraits of the deceased.

"One of these *necro* sarcophagi is among the finest I have seen executed in this coarse material. On the lid lies a man of middle age, a true *obesus Etruscus—turgidus epulis*—with 'fair round belly, with good capon lined,' reclining, half-draped, on the festive couch. His face, as usual with these sepulchral effigies, has so much individuality of character, that none can doubt its being a portrait. A striking face it is too, with commanding brow, large aquiline nose, mouth speaking intelligence and decision, though somewhat sensual withal, and an air of dignity about the whole countenance, marking him as an aristocrat, one of the *patres conscripti* of Tuscania. No inscription sets forth his name, pedigree, or age."—(i. p. 448.)

In the tomb of the great Velimnas, or Volumnian family, at Perugia, the family likeness can be traced in the effigies upon their sepulchral urns. On the sides of the urns and sarcophagi subjects of Greek mythology are frequently represented in relief, though such subjects are never found painted on the walls. The Greek names sometimes occur in very curious forms. Thus Orestes is *Urste*; Clytemnestra, *Clutmastra*; Pylades, *Puluctre*.

We must forbear entering on any description of the miscellaneous articles found in these sepulchres, from shields and spears down to jointed wooden clogs. Extremely rich and beautiful jewelry and golden ornaments are sometimes met with. In the Regulini-Galassi tomb, at Cervetri, was found a collection of golden ornaments of extraordinary richness and beauty. There were a head-dress, a large breastplate beautifully embossed, a finely twisted chain, and a necklace of very long joints, earrings of great length, a pair of massive bracelets of exquisite filigree work, eighteen *fibulae* or brooches, sundry rings, and fragments of gold fringes and *laminae*. It is but rarely, however, that treasures of this kind are met with, for the greater part of the Etruscan tombs have been entered and rifled ages since, though by whom is now only matter of conjecture. The plunderers, however, left what to the antiquary is of more value than gold brooches or chains—namely, the beautiful and interesting painted pottery, great quantities of which have been recovered, and furnish us with the most interesting records of the progress of art, and especially of Hellenic art, among the Etruscans. We have space only for one or two remarks on this subject, the substance of

which we take from Mr. Dennis's "Introduction." The painted vases, generally speaking, admit of being arranged in three different classes, or schools of art, commonly styled the Egyptian, Etruscan, and Greek, though these names are by no means happily chosen, and tend greatly to mislead. The vases of the first class are the earliest, as is indicated by the rudeness of the workmanship. The figures are painted in black or rather brown, on the yellow ground of the clay. The subjects are wild beasts and oriental monsters, such as sphinxes, chimeras, griffons, centaurs, &c., and sometimes demons or genii, or the four winged divinities of the East. The characteristics of this style are certainly not exclusively Egyptian. The title of the second class is quite as incorrect, as vases of the kind designated by it are found not only in Etruria, but in Campania, and in still greater abundance in Sicily. The subjects and inscriptions are Greek, though of an archaic style. The figures are painted in black on the yellow or reddish ground of the clay. "The design is stiff, hard, severe, and full of conventionality; the attitudes are rigid and constrained, often impossible, the muscles are amusingly exaggerated; the hands and feet preposterously elongated." (vol. i. p. 80.) The subjects depicted are scenes of the Hellenic mythology, or races and games such as took place at the Panathenaic festivals. Indeed, some of the vases are shown by the inscriptions to have been given as prizes in the Attic games. The third class exhibit the perfection of Hellenic art. The subjects are commonly Greek myths, or representations of Greek manners. The figures are left of the natural color of the clay, the ground being painted black. It has long been disputed whether these vases were produced in Etruria, or imported from Athens and Corinth. Mr. Dennis agrees rather with those who hold the former opinion. The vast quantities found, and the fact that there are peculiarities of style marking the different localities where they are found, are inconsistent with the idea of their having been all importations, though there can be no question that some are of foreign manufacture. The inscriptions, too, frequently represent the names in forms which no Greek would have written.—"Sometimes a genuine inscription appears to have been incorrectly copied, the blunders being such as could hardly have been made by Greeks. Many have Etruscan monograms beneath the foot, scratched in

the clay apparently before it was baked." Gerhard distinguishes three classes of these vases—1. Those purely Greek. 2. Those also Greek, but modified as if by Greek residents in Etruria. 3. Those of Etruscan manufacture in imitation of Greek. That Greek artists were settled in Etruria is evident from the legend of Eucheir and Euphrasmos accompanying Demaratus. Besides the classes above enumerated, some are purely Etruscan, having both Etruscan subjects and Etruscan inscriptions. For a knowledge of the Etruscan mythology, one of the most interesting class of relics consists of the bronze *specchi* or mirrors, on the inside of which such subjects are frequently delineated.

Though so much has been done in the way of bringing to light the extant monuments of Etruscan civilization, Etruria, like many other parts of Italy, is, to a large ex-

tent, an unexplored country. The striking discoveries made within the last few years are sufficient to show this. If future explorations are to be conducted with success, they must be undertaken by travellers possessed of energy, scholarship, and sound sense, like those exhibited by Mr. Dennis. For what he has already done, he deserves the acknowledgments of every lover of antiquity. In closing our notice of his work, we have only to express our regret that the pictorial illustrations are so few. Why, for instance, have we no engravings of the celebrated paintings in the Tarquinian tombs? The omission is the less excusable, as the author finds fault with Mrs. Gray for her inaccurate representation of them. By a judicious abridgment of some excrescences of style, in various passages, abundant room might be found in a subsequent edition.

THE PER-CENTAGE OF POETRY THAT WILL PROBABLY ENDURE.

WHEN we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have made in the ranks of our immortals—and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live. The last ten years has produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands, and as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present—and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of our great-grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and we confess

we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell—and the fourth part of Byron—and the sixth of Scott—and the scattered tithes of Crabbe—and the three *per cent.* of Southey—while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is a hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakspeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of *short-hand reading* invented—or all reading will be given up in despair.—Lord Jeffrey.

From Chambers's Journal.

USE AND ABUSE OF MEDICINE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

THE English public attach too much importance to the mere administration of medicine. They appear to think that for every complaint medicine is to be taken; that the chief, if not the only duty of a medical man, is to prescribe and administer drugs; and that medicine is the sole cause of every change in a disease, whether for better or worse, which follows the use of it. In all this there is much error. An illustration will at once show what is meant, and prove its truth. Take a case of indigestion. The disease may have arisen from excess or impropriety in eating or drinking, or from some other bad habit continued through ignorance, necessity, or self-indulgence. In the majority of such cases, if the cause be removed, the suffering will cease. If the medical man, however, were to content himself with pointing out the cause, and directing the patient to avoid it, and were to prescribe no medicine, such is the inveterate expectation of physic, that most patients would go away dissatisfied. Medicine is therefore given, *together with* directions to avoid the injurious habit; the patient recovers, and the drugs get the credit. Too often the cause is repeated, and the same process of cure is again and again submitted to. It is not to be supposed that *all* cases of indigestion belong to the class from which the above example is taken. There are some in which the cause may not admit of being removed; those arising from mental anxiety, for instance; others in which, owing to great debility in the stomach, the suffering is very disproportionate to the offense. In both these medicine may be legitimately and usefully employed to *palliate* suffering, until time can be gained for effecting a more radical cure by other means.

It is important to know that there is great power in the human body to throw off disease, and to restore health, without any help,

when the cause is temporary, and has ceased to operate. This power alone is sufficient to cure many diseases, not merely the trifling, but even in many instances the more severe ones. Suppose a cold has been taken, and the subject of it is a little feverish. In the mass of cases the patient will get well without any medical assistance. The duty of the medical man, if called in, is to find out whether there be any serious disease: if there be, he will treat it; if not, little further may be needed. He may *palliate* suffering, and may *shorten* the illness—both good things; but nature would effect a cure without him. Again, suppose a case of measles, scarlet fever, or typhus fever. The disease has arisen from a contagious poison, and it will run a certain course. Some cases are very mild. In these the medical man has little to do but to keep the patient out of harm's way, and to be ready to act if the case becomes more severe. Each of these diseases is liable to become complicated with serious internal changes, or with a dangerous failing of the strength. A case that is mild to-day may be severe to-morrow. The prompt attention of a professional man in these circumstances may save life. If it were known, however, beforehand that the case would be mild, it might be safely left to nature. In the case of typhus, it will be important to find out the *cause* of the attack, with a view to its removal, or to the removal of other members of the family from the sphere of its influence. Suppose, lastly, a case of *erysipelas*. It may be the most trifling or the most serious disease imaginable. Many cases are so mild, that they might very safely be left to themselves; others are so severe, as to baffle the highest professional skill. How often do we find the cure of the trifling cases ascribed wholly to the drugs taken, whether from the hand of a regular or an irregular practitioner; whether in the

ordinary doses of the allopath, or in the inconceivable dilutions of the homeopath.

The habit of looking to physic for everything, and of taking it to excess, prevails much more in England than in Scotland; and the difference depends very much upon the difference in the circumstances of the medical profession in the two countries. Originally, the English apothecary was a dispenser of medicines only, and not a medical practitioner: he compounded physicians' prescriptions. About the close of the seventeenth century, the apothecaries in London and its neighborhood began generally to prescribe, as well as to dispense medicines.

The encroachment was resisted by the College of Physicians; and from a pamphlet published in 1724, defending the apothecaries, it seems that they only claimed permission to prescribe for the poor. Even so lately as 1812, the parties who were instrumental in obtaining the present Apothecaries' Act express the opinion, "that the management of the sick should be as much as possible under the superintendence of the physician." Since 1815, the course of instruction, and the examinations instituted by the Apothecaries' Company, have been gradually improved; so that the apothecary of the present day, instead of being ignorant of physic, as his prototype was, is a well-educated medical man; and, in point of attainment, may fairly rank with the surgeon.

Whilst the education of the apothecary has been thus improving, and his position changing from that of a dispenser of medicines to a medical practitioner, the mode of remunerating him has not changed correspondingly. The old apothecary appears to have been paid for his medicines only, no account being taken of his visits or advice; for it has been only very recently decided by the judges that a licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company can legally claim compensation for his visits and his time. Many are still paid almost exclusively by their charges for medicine, and nearly all look to this as the chief source of their income. A very few charge cost-price only for their drugs, deriving their gains from charges for their visits. A still smaller number of general practitioners supply no medicines, but write prescriptions, and are paid solely for their visits and time.

It is easy to see that the practitioner who is remunerated chiefly by payments for medicine, is not only subjected to the temptation, but is often really obliged to send more medicine than is needed, in order to be able to

live. It is not meant that medicine is sent which will do harm, but patients are often called upon to swallow innocent, though not always agreeable drugs, instead of being required to pay for the really useful article—namely, the medical man's time and skill. A community so trained of course think all this medicine useful and necessary; an irrational faith in its powers is fostered; and they would feel dissatisfied with the man who should adopt the more straightforward and honest practice of sending them no more drugs than are good for them. The evil is not confined to the public: it has been equally felt by the medical man. He has been a petty trader rather than a professional man; his self-respect has been lessened by having to supply under really false pretenses, and to charge for an article not wanted; his position in public estimation has been lowered by the gradual discovery of the real state of things; and too often an unfounded degree of confidence in drugs has been fostered in his own mind. He gives physic for the sake of the pay, until he ends by believing in its necessity. A habit of meddlesome activity is apt to be engendered, by which not a few patients are made worse instead of better. His practice also suffers; for the public, finding themselves dosed with unnecessary drugs, often run into the opposite extreme; and losing all confidence in them, and in regular practitioners, fly to hydropathy, homeopathy, and other forms of error or imposture.

In Scotland a different state of things has prevailed. There they have druggists, surgeons, and physicians, but no apothecaries. The surgeons sometimes supply their own medicines, charging a low price for them, but more frequently they only prescribe. The duties of the 'general practitioner' are performed by surgeons, often by physicians, who in that case charge only a small fee; and very commonly by gentlemen possessing at the same time a surgeon's diploma and a physician's degree. Most of the leading physicians in Scotland are "family physicians" in a great number of families—that is to say, they are the only medical attendants. At the same time, being the most eminent men of their body, they are applied to as "consulting practitioners" in cases of greater difficulty or danger. The physician in Scotland retains the place which he has always held, whereas in England he has been almost superseded as a "family physician" by the advancement of the apothecary, and he is too often regarded as a consulting practitioner

only. It will be at once seen that the temptation to give unnecessary quantities of medicine has been much less in Scotland than in England, and that this fact will explain the corresponding difference in the habits of the profession and of the public in the two countries.

The remedy for these evils is simple. Let the public be made to understand that the money which they pay to a medical man ought to be given chiefly for his time and skill, rather than for drugs. Except in remote country districts, it would probably be an advantage if medical men kept no drugs, but only wrote prescriptions. This would remove every temptation to the evils which have been described, and would also render the professional intercourse of the consulting and general practitioner more satisfactory. When two medical men agree upon a plan of treatment, it ought not to be in the power of one of the two to yield to the temptation, which may be presented in various ways, to adopt a different practice from that which has been settled between them.

Whilst the evils adverted to admit of remedy, there is another class of evils far less remediable, not arising from the abuse of medicines, but still connected with the relationship between medical men and the public. It is very much to be regretted that even the most intelligent portion of the community have not, and perhaps never can be expected to have, the knowledge of physic required to enable them to compare justly the merits of one medical man with another, or of medical men with quacks. It is the right of each person to choose among a number of practitioners, regular and irregular, the one that he will employ, and to choose among rival systems that by which he will be treated. Yet nothing is more certain than that few persons are qualified to choose well. Their selection, even if it happen to be a wise one, is more likely to be determined by bad than by good reasons. There is much truth, as well as some exaggeration, in Dr. Johnson's remark, that "a physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency." This is a very discouraging circumstance in the life of a scientific physician, as compared with that of a member of either of the other learned professions. One or two illustrations, taken from actual observation, will show the kind of difficulties which the public encounter,

and by which they are liable to be misled.

The cure of a patient is accounted, and, with due precautions, ought to be accounted, a proof of skill. But the recovery of a patient is not always a proof of skill, nor even of the absence of ignorance on the part of the practitioner; for to keep a patient from immediate death is only one part of a medical man's duty. Take, as an example, rheumatic fever. The patient's suffering is excruciating, yet he seldom dies during the attack. Suppose two similar cases, treated by two different medical men, or one by a regular, and one by an irregular practitioner. Both patients will probably escape death, and both the practitioners will therefore probably be accounted skillful. But on further inquiry, it may be found that one case lasted four or five days only, the other twenty or thirty. Is it nothing to have saved a patient several weeks of agony? Both, however, at last resume their duties. It may then be found that the one can do anything that he was able to do before his illness, and with the same comfort; whilst the other begins to suffer, sooner or later, from symptoms which turn out to have their origin in disease of the heart, left by the rheumatism. Both these cases were reputed to be "cured," but surely the cure was a very different thing in the two cases. The one patient continues well; the other is an invalid from the first, and after a few years, dies of dropsy: yet the public know no difference.

The disease to be treated may be an incurable one. Patients or their friends are too ready to think that it does not matter by whom an incurable disease is treated. There is the greatest difference, however, in the amount of suffering to be endured, and in the length of life in such cases, according as the treatment is judicious or otherwise. But the greatest difference between different medical men, and especially between medical men and quacks, in incurable diseases, as well as in others, is in their skill in finding out what the disease is; in other words, in what is technically termed the art of *diagnosis*. An ignorant medical man, conscious of his inferiority to abler ones in this branch of knowledge, often plumes himself upon being still able to *treat* disease as well as they can. But it is easy to show that, both in curable and incurable cases, the correct treatment must be based upon correct diagnosis; and therefore that the man who is inferior in the one art, must, in the great mass of cases, be inferior in the other also. A patient seeks

advice, and, without perhaps suspecting it, is in the early stage of consumption. How much may depend upon the positive discovery of the real disease! To say nothing of cure—which, if it is to be hoped for at all, can only be in the earliest period—nor of the prolongation of life by judicious change of climate, the discovery of the disease may affect the question of marriage, of entering into or leaving business, and of life insurance. Again, another patient seeks advice who suspects that he is consumptive. A man unskilled in diagnosis can only give an equivocal answer to the inquiries made, whilst another, better informed, may be able to state absolutely that the disease is not consumption, and that there is no reason to fear that disease, and so may dissipate at once the fearful anxiety of the sufferer and his family.

Another patient suffers from dropsy. One man treats it by rule, and for the time gets rid of it, but does no more. Another discovers the cause of it, and gives the patient such further directions as may prolong his life for years. A patient is the subject of disease of the heart, but does not know it. A man who can detect it is able to apprise him of it, to warn him against injurious or dangerous habits, and so to prolong his life, and enable him to make arrangements in anticipation of a sudden death. Another patient *fears* that his heart is diseased, and seeks to have the question determined. A practitioner, skilled in diagnosis, may be able with certainty to assure him that the disease is only nervous palpitation, and is wholly free from danger.

In *curable* diseases the importance of skill in diagnosis is even greater than in incurable ones. A patient is the subject of *scurvy*. One man does not know the disease, and cannot therefore treat it, and the patient dies. Another sees what it is, gives lemon-juice, restores health in a month, and then points out the causes from which it has arisen, and thereby enables the patient to avoid the disease in future. The ignorant medical man and the impudent quack, if asked the question, will no doubt answer that they can cure scurvy as well as the ablest man in the land. So they can, when they are told that the case to be treated is scurvy; but ere they discover this the patient dies.

A female seeks advice with a pain in the side. One man sees in it a pleurisy, bleeds the patient, and throws her down for months. Another sees it is a nervous pain, strengthens the patient, and cures her in a month.

A patient is seized with symptoms of high

fever. One practitioner sees that it is the beginning of typhus, husbands the strength, and saves him. Another believes it to proceed from an internal inflammation, bleeds largely, and so takes away that power which alone could resist the fatal poison of the disease. All these instances are taken from observation; and the same observation has shown that the patient and friends rarely see the difference between the two practitioners, and that they not unfrequently blame and discard the skillful one, and laud and patronize the ignorant or the dishonest one.

A medical man is often very unduly praised or blamed for changes which arise from the natural course of the disease, and with which he may have nothing to do. The same disease runs a very different course in different cases, from causes with which we are but imperfectly acquainted, and quite independently of any difference in treatment. The course of *consumption* will afford a good illustration of this truth. One case will get rapidly and progressively worse, and will end fatally in a few months, whatever treatment is adopted. Another case will begin and go on in the same way as the first up to a certain point; the patient will then improve, and perhaps appear to get well. After a time he relapses again; and these alternations of comparative health and severe suffering may occur many times, and the disease be protracted over a period of many years, ending fatally at last. The medical man commonly gets the credit of being the cause of each change, whether for good or ill, and is praised or blamed accordingly. Such cases are a fertile source of reputation to irregular practitioners, who claim credit for the improvement, and easily find something or some person, to blame for the aggravation of the disease.

A surgeon is consulted in the early stage of a serious disease. The nature of it is yet doubtful; he may think the case trifling. The illness goes on; the patient becomes worse; consults another surgeon. The nature of the disease has then become plain, and is announced accordingly. The first surgeon is accounted a blunderer, the second skillful; yet the very reverse may be true.

A surgeon makes a clear mistake; the patient finds out that he has done so, blames and discards his adviser forever. The surgeon may, notwithstanding, be a very able and a very skillful man. There is no man living who does not make mistakes sometimes.

Two medical men are consulted in succession; each gives a different opinion. The patient almost invariably assumes that the *second* is right, and blames the first. If the two men previously occupied an equal professional station, the one opinion should still be regarded as equally good with the other, until further evidence has shown which was right.

Another error consists in supposing that a medical man cannot have acquired much experience until he is considerably advanced in life. The frequent consequence of this is shown by the adage—"A physician cannot earn his bread until he has no teeth to eat it." The late eminent surgeon, Mr. Liston, has well exposed this error in the following words: "Years are not the measure of experience. It does not follow that the older the surgeon is, the more experienced and trustworthy he must be. The greatest number of well-assorted facts on a particular subject constitutes experience, whether these facts have been culled in five years or in fifty." One man advantageously placed may have seen more patients at the age of thirty than another has seen at seventy. But the number of patients seen is not the only guide to the amount of experience. One man, from natural ability, or industry, or the stimulus to think, furnished by the circumstances in which he is placed, sees more and reflects more, and therefore extracts more experience from one case than another does from a hundred.

An excessive confidence in physic, if not the parent, is certainly the nurse of quackery or irregular practice, both without and within the pale of the profession. Whilst there is suffering to be relieved, there will be found ignorant and weak men, who deceive themselves, and dishonest men, who deceive others, in professing to have the power of relieving it. Examples of cure are adduced, circulated, and believed, and so the fame and practice of the empiric are extended. We do not propose to enter into a discussion of the subject of quackery: the question is too large for the end of an article like this, but one or two remarks upon it may not be without their use.

Medical men and the public commonly take different views of this subject. Medical men are charged with professional prejudices, and with interested motives, which shut their eyes to the truth. They, on the other hand, think that the public are not qualified to discern, until schooled by a disastrous experience, the deceptions practised upon them. We believe that it is not the interest of medi-

cal men to oppose any improvement of their art, and that, as a body, they do not think it to be so; and as to professional prejudice, we ask for evidence of the existence of anything more than a due measure of scientific caution. History will show how many infallible remedies for various diseases have been vaunted and forgotten: for how many improvements can history show us that we are indebted to quacks?

But cures are adduced, and respectively attested. Facts are stubborn things—how are these to be set aside? Some of them are true, and some of them are false. The history of empiricism is full of interest to the mental philosopher. The phrenologists have an organ of wonder; and of the existence of the *faculty* ascribed to this organ, we think it is impossible to doubt. Whatever is new or marvellous has an irresistible attraction for some minds; to doubt the marvel is to rob them of their idol. What they love they cling to; and without a particle of conscious dishonesty, they will solemnly attest to be true that which is plainly and indubitably false. History will place beyond the power of any to doubt the assertion, that it is impossible to invent statements more absurd and more false than some which have been attested as facts by intelligent and respectable persons. One instance of this kind may be given from the life of an individual, of the value of whose pretensions most persons will probably by this time have formed the same opinion. St. John Long professed to have a liniment which would cure consumption; and he declared it to possess this remarkable property—that when rubbed upon the chest, it would produce a sore upon the skin over the diseased part of the lung, but would produce no effect upon the skin over the sound parts. Many persons of rank, intelligence, and undoubted integrity attested the truth of this statement in a court of justice. Yet the fact so attested was undoubtedly false, and few persons probably now believe it. The public caressed St. John Long, enriched him, and when, in spite of his own liniment, he fell a victim himself to consumption, they raised a splendid monument to his memory. The liniment still exists, and consumption finds as many victims as ever. Can it be a matter of surprise that medical men, whose pursuits necessarily familiarize them with a long succession of such frauds or follies, should be slow to believe the reports of improbable or impossible cures, which are propagated by silly, sanguine, or wicked men, even when they are attested by respectable and disinter-

ested persons? But some of the recoveries are real: how is the argument in favor of quackery drawn from these to be disposed of? The explanation will be different in different cases.

It is not by the result of a few single cases that the benefit of any plan of treatment can be judged of. It is only by a comparison of the results of a large number of cases treated in one way, with an equal number similarly circumstanced, treated in another way, that the truth can be arrived at. Such a comparison the public have neither the opportunity nor the requisite knowledge to make. Take a number of cases of any curable disease, and treat them all in the worst possible way, and a few of them will be almost sure to get well. The most ignorant quack will therefore be able to adduce some recoveries, which he will parade as cures. The failures he will take care not to talk about; and no other person will think the matter worth his trouble. Thus a number of persons may die who could have been cured; still more may have been kept in protracted suffering; and the public can never know these facts. An occasional recovery, well-advertised either by zealous friends or in the usual newspaper channel, will make a reputation that will often wear long enough to accomplish the author's purpose, by filling his pocket.

All quacks are not to be placed upon the same level, nor are they all without the limits of the medical profession. The essence of quackery is one spirit assuming many shapes. Universally it ministers to the love of the marvellous, by its reports of wonderful cures, generally effected by some *novel* means: it profits by the pain which doubt, or suspense, or absolutely blighted hope inspires; and it soothes and pleases by confident promises to do that which is impossible. It builds up a reputation out of the ruinous materials of the reputation of others which it has pulled down: it creates a danger that it may have the honor of removing it: it conjures up disasters which would have come but for its timely and providential interference: it blows its own trumpet, and persuades or pays others to blow for it: it often makes a profession of pure disinterestedness, whilst it is always purely selfish, although it often for a time ingeniously hides the vice.

We will now briefly indicate a few of the ways by which an explanation may be given of most of the "cures" attributed to quacks, admitting at the same time that they may at times do good by accident; and also that many cures ascribed to the regular doctors

might fairly be attributed to the causes here pointed out:

1. The regulation of the diet—the omission of excessive drinking, or smoking, or the correction of some other bad habit, may have done all the good. Examples: cases of indigestion, nervous depression, &c.
2. The natural powers may have effected a cure in many cases, independently of, or in spite of other means employed at the same time. Examples: common cold, slight fever, mild cases of erysipelas, measles, scarlet fever, &c.; and even some more severe diseases.
3. The improvement may be a part of the natural course of the disease. Example: some cases of consumption, as previously explained.
4. A trifling disease may be mistaken for a serious one—as a cold for consumption—and the latter disease may then appear to have been cured. So an innocent swelling may be mistaken for cancer.
5. We have known patients convalescent from serious diseases, before they had regained their wonted strength, become impatient, consult an irregular practitioner, and then give him credit for the subsequent improvement, which was simply due to the gradual return of health under the influence of natural causes.
6. Faith—the confident expectation of benefit cures many. This is especially seen in nervous diseases. Many years ago Dr. Beddoes and Sir H. Davy were engaged at Bristol in experimenting upon the effects of breathing various gases. Sir H. Davy wished to observe the effects of the respiration of some gas upon a patient suffering from palsy. Before using the gas, he noted the temperature of the patient's body, and for this purpose he inserted the bulb of a small thermometer under the tongue. The man imagined this little preliminary proceeding to be the means of cure, and immediately declared himself cured. Innumerable examples of this kind might be culled from the records of science.
7. Injudicious medical men not unfrequently do harm, as by bleeding, purging, and otherwise depressing patients who really require support. Suppose a homœopathist then called in, and doing what we take leave to assume as nothing, the patient may gain time to recover strength, and appears to be benefited.
8. There are some diseases which we have little or no power to cure, but which ordinarily cease after a time of themselves—such is the suffering produced by the passing of gall-stones. A patient may have been treated for months by a surgeon without benefit; another surgeon or a quack is then

consulted. The disease ceases sooner or later spontaneously, and the last-comer takes the credit, which is due to neither, but solely to nature.

In conclusion, we must guard against an inference which would not be warranted, but which an inattentive reader might draw from what has been said—namely, that we have no faith in drugs. Although we do not believe much which is currently received, both in the profession and out of it, we have the firmest faith in the benefit to be obtained from the proper use of drugs. We will refer to a few facts, as examples only of the kind of evidence upon which our faith rests. We appeal, then: 1. To the case of ague. It will go on for months if left to nature; it will ruin the general health, and destroy life. It may be stopped in most instances, at almost any period of its course, by a single dose of quinine, and almost always by a very small number of doses. 2. To cases of *anæmia* or bloodlessness. A girl blanched, feeble and useless, becomes rosy, strong, and fit for work under the use of a short course of iron. 3. To the immediate

benefit often afforded by opium in *asthma*, *colic*, *neuralgia*, (*tic*), *rheumatism*, and many other spasmodic and painful diseases. 4. To the benefit of opium in *delirium tremens*—the trembling delirium of drunkards. A furious maniac is restored to reason by a few doses of this drug. 5. To the benefit of opium and other astringents in *dysentery* and *diarrhoea*. 6. To the utility of iodine in many cases of swelled neck, (*bronchocele*.) 7. To the utility of arsenic in various diseases of the skin; of sulphur in the itch; of various drugs in *St. Vitus's dance*, and in losses of blood from different parts; and lastly, to the utility of alcoholic drinks in certain forms of fever.

These facts might be increased, if necessary, to any reasonable amount. They are simple enough, and common enough to be verified by any one, and they admit of no dispute. We invite those who doubt the utility of drugs, to seek an opportunity of witnessing them, and to reflect upon them, with a simple desire to find out the truth, and we will answer for the conclusion to which they will be forced to come.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ALFRED B. STREET.

ALFRED B. STREET, the author of the new poem, "*Frontenac*," is descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families in the State of Connecticut, United States—one which has held its place for more than two hundred years, and enrolled among its members learned scholars and eminent divines. It sprang from an ancient English family, one member of which, Sir Thomas Street, was, in 1681, (reign of Charles II.,) a Baron of the Exchequer and Justice of the Common Pleas, while some of the name are still found in the church and army in England. In Sussex, an old grey ivy-clad edifice is still in existence, called "*Street Church*," mentioned in the *Domesday Survey*, and a Rectory of Street, in the diocese of Chichester and archdeaconry of Lewes.

The earliest ancestor of the family in the United States was the Rev. Nicholas Street, who was settled at Taunton, in the colony of Plymouth, about the year 1638,* and subsequently became the pastor of the first church in New Haven.† He was a good theological

writer, and noted for his piety, learning and eloquence. His son, the Rev. Samuel Street, after graduating at Harvard College, organized a church at Wallingford, and became its pastor. His early ministry was cast in those wild and picturesque times when the tomahawk of the savage was threatening. Consequently the male portion of his people—half settler, half soldier—listened to his preaching in the little fortified church, with loaded muskets at their backs, and at the breaking out of King Philip's war, in 1675, his house was also fortified. He continued pastor of this church forty-two years, and until his death, which happened in 1717.*

The Hon. Randall S. Street, father of the author of "*Frontenac*," was the lineal descendant of these two eminent clergymen. He removed, with his father, in early life, into the State of New York, and this branch of the family has continued to reside there ever since; the other branch continued in Connecticut, and is still represented by Augustus Russell Street, Esq., who resides at New Haven.

* Bacon's Historical Discourses.

† Dr. Dana's Century Discourse.

* Trumbull's History of Connecticut.

Randall S. Street studied law at Poughkeepsie, married Miss Cornelia Billings, and settled there for the succeeding thirty years of his life. Such was his standing at the bar, that, whilst still young, he was appointed attorney of the district composed of the counties of Wayne, Ulster, Dutchess, Delaware and Sullivan, under the old organization of districts, and subsequently he represented the county of Dutchess in Congress. He was an eminent lawyer and accomplished gentleman, and among the recollections of the writer is one of a day spent more than thirty years ago at the residence of General Street, when it was the home of hospitality and elegance. In 1824, General Street removed to Monticello, Sullivan county, New York, where he died in 1839.

The maternal grandfather of our author was Major Andrew Billings, who married Cornelia, daughter of James Livingston, of the well-known family of that name in New York. Cornelia, the daughter of this marriage, who became the wife of General Street, was the mother of the poet.

He was born in the village of Poughkeepsie, and received an academical education at the Dutchess County Academy, which stood in the front rank of kindred institutions. Poughkeepsie is well known as one of the most beautiful villages in the State, situated on the side and summit of a slope that swells up from the Hudson. From College Hill there is a prospect of almost matchless beauty. A scene of rural and sylvan loveliness expands from every point at its base; the roofs and steeples of the busy village rise from the foliage in which it seems embosomed; the river stretches league upon league with its gleaming curves beyond; to the west is a range of splendid mountains ending at the south in the misty peaks of the Highlands; whilst at the north, dim outlines sketched upon the distant sky, proclaim the domes of the soaring Catskills. It was among these scenes that our author passed his days of childhood; here his young eye first drank in the glories of Nature, and "the foundations of his mind were laid."

When, however, at the age of fourteen, he removed with his family to Monticello, he was immediately surrounded with scenes in striking contrast with those of his former life. Sullivan county had been organized only a score of years, and was scarcely yet rescued from the wilderness. Monticello, its county town, was surrounded by fields which only a short time before were parts of the wild forest, which still hemmed them in on every

side. These forests were threaded with bright streams and scattered with broad lakes, while here and there the untiring axe of the settler, during the last quarter of a century, had been employed in opening the way for the industry and enterprise of man. Secluded as Sullivan county is in the southwesternmost nook of the State, it would be difficult to find within its bounds another region of such sylvan beauty and wild grandeur. The eye is filled with images that make their own enduring places in the mind, storing it with rich and unfading pictures. Among these scenes, as might be supposed, Mr. Street ranged with a ceaseless delight, probably heightened by the strong contrast they afforded in their startling picturesqueness to the soft, quiet beauty of those of Dutchess. Instead of the smooth meadowy ascent, he saw the broken hillside blackened with fire, or just growing green with its first crop. Instead of the yellow corn-field stretching as far as the eye could see, he beheld the clearing spotted with stumps, with the thin rye growing between; instead of the comfortable farm-house peeping from its orchards, he saw the log-cabin stooping amid the half-cleared trees; the dark ravine took the place of the mossy dell, and the wild lake of the sail-spotted and far-stretching river.

Thus communing with nature, Mr. Street embodied the impressions made upon him in language, and in that form most appropriate in giving vent to deep enthusiastic feeling and high thought—the form of verse. Poem after poem was written by him, and being published in those best vehicles of communication with the public, the periodicals, soon attracted attention. Secluded from mankind, and surrounded with nature in her most impressive features, his thought took the direction of that which he saw most, and thus description became the characteristic of his verse. Equally cut off from books, his poetry found its origin in his own study of natural scenes, and in the thoughts that rose in his own bosom. The leaves and flowers were his words; the fields and hillsides were his pages; and the whole volume of Nature his treasury of knowledge. This, while it may have made him less artistic, was the means of that originality and unlikeness to any one else which are to be found in his pages.

But while thus employing his leisure, Mr. Street was engaged in studying his profession of law in the office of his father, and in due time was admitted to the bar. After practising for a few years at Monticello, in 1839 he removed to Albany, where he has

continued to reside until the present time. In 1841, Mr. Street married Elizabeth, daughter of Smith Weed, Esq., a retired merchant of fortune, and great respectability of character.

We have spoken of the general characteristics of Mr. Street's poetry, or rather of the peculiar mental training he received, and which gave a direction to his imagination. And beautifully has a writer* in the "Democratic Review" summed up the view we have given: "Street is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their verisimilitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters, the flickering of autumn light, the sting of sleety snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, the melody of birds, and the odor of crushed pine-boughs, are present to our senses. In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second-hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet."

A writer† in the "American Review" thus remarks of Mr. Street's poetry: "The rhythm in general runs with an equable and easy strength; the more worthy of regard because so evidently inartificial; and there is often in the frequent minute pictures of nature a heedless but delicate movement of the measure, a lingering of expression corresponding with some dreamy abandonment of thought to the objects dwelt upon, or a rippling lapse of language where the author's mind seemed conscious of playing with them—caught, as it were, from the fitting of birds among leafy boughs, from the subtle wanderings of the bee, and the quiet brawling of woodland brooks over leaves and pebbles. In the use of language, more especially in blank verse, Mr. Street is simple, yet rich, and usually very felicitous. This is peculiarly the case in his choice of appellatives, which he selects and applies with an aptness of descriptive beauty not surpassed, if equalled, by any poet amongst us, certainly by none except Bryant."

Besides his observation, keen as that of

the Indian hunter, of all Nature's slight and simple effects in quiet places, Mr. Street has a most gentle and contemplative eye for the changes which she silently throws over the traces where men have once been. For instance, in "The Old Bridge" and "The Forsaken Road." When he comes to the quiet scenes in America which he has seen and felt, he has passages which, in their way, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth, or Bryant never excelled.

Charles F. Hoffman calls Street "the Teniers of American poets. Perfect in his limited and peculiar range of art, as Longfellow in his more extended and higher sphere, Street is the very daguerreotype of external nature. And yet his portraits are not mere mechanical copies of her features—so much feeling, as well as truth, is there in his microscopic delineations." And the "Columbian Magazine," in noticing his poems, remarks: "His 'Sunset on Shawangunk Mountain,' alone would make a poet's reputation. It is a true picture from nature, redolent of summer-evening's balmy air, and rivalling in poetic beauty and minuteness some of the most choice passages of 'Thomson's Seasons.'"

Among us, Mr. Street's claims as a poet have been fully recognized. His poem of "The Lost Hunter" we find finely illustrated in a recent London periodical, and "The Foreign Quarterly Review" speaks of him as "a descriptive poet at the head of his class;" and describes "his pictures of American scenery as full of *gusto* and freshness." The "Westminster Review," in noticing the collection of his poems, says: "It is long since we met with a volume of poetry from which we have derived so much unmixed pleasure as from the collection now before us. Right eloquently does he discourse of nature, her changeful features and her varied moods, as exhibited in 'America, with her rich green forest robe,' and many are the glowing pictures we would gladly transfer to our pages, in proof of the poet's assertion that 'nature is man's best teacher.'"

We are writing of one, however, who we feel has only commenced his career. His new poem, "Frontenac," a tale of the Iroquois in 1696, will, we think, greatly add to his reputation.

* Henry T. Tuckerman.

† The late George H. Colton.

** We are indebted to the American Literary Magazine for much of the information contained in these pages.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DIES BOREALES.—NO. I.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

SCENE—*Cladich, Lochawe-side.* TIME—*Sunrise.* NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD.

[Here we have Christopher North redivivus. Since Prof. Wilson's withdrawal from the editorship of Blackwood, this we believe is the first of his contributions to that Magazine. It will be eagerly read by those who retain the flavor of the previous lucubrations of Christopher.—Ed.]

NORTH. "Under the opening eyelids of the Morn!" Mefeels, Amici, at this moment, the charm of that Impersonation. Slowly awaking from sleep—scarcely conscious of her whereabouts—bewildered by the beauty of the revelation, nor recognizing her beloved lochs and mountains—visionary and nameless all as if an uncertain prolongation of her Summer's Night's Dream.

SEWARD. I was not going to speak, my dear sir.

NORTH. And now she is broad awake. She sees the heaven and the earth, nor thinks, God bless her, that 'tis herself that beautifies them!

SEWARD. Twenty years since I stood on this knoll, honored sir, by your side—twenty years to a day—and now the same perfect peace possesses me—mysterious return—as if all the intervening time slid away—and this were not a renewed but a continuous happiness.

NORTH. And let it slide away into the still recesses of Memory—the Present has its privileges, and they may be blamelessly, wisely, virtuously enjoyed—and without irreverence to the sanctity of the Past. Let it slide away, but not into oblivion—no danger, no fear of oblivion—even joys will return on their wings of gossamer;—sorrows may be buried, but they are immortal.

SEWARD. I see not the slightest change on this Grove of Sycamores. Twenty years tell not on boles that have for centuries been in their prime. Yes, that one a little way down, and that one still farther off, *have* grown—and those striplings, then but saplings, may now be called Trees.

BULLER. I never heard such a noise.

NORTH. A cigar in your mouth at four o'clock in the morning! Well—well.

BULLER. There, my dear sir, keep me in countenance with a Manilla.

NORTH. The Herb! You have high authority—Spenser's—for "noise."

BULLER. I said Noise, because it is Noise. Why, the hum of bees overhead is absolutely like soft sustained thunder, and yet no bees visible in the umbrage. The sound is like that of one single bee, and he must be a giant. Ay, there I see a few working like mad, and I guess there must be myriads. The Grove must be full of bees' nests.

NORTH. Not one. Hundreds of smokes are stealing up from hidden or apparent cottages—for the region is not unpopulous, and not a garden without its hives—and early risers though we be, the *matutinae apes* are still before us, and so are the birds.

BULLER. They, too, are making a noise. Who says a shilfa cannot sing? Of the fifty now "pouring his throat," as the poet well says, I defy you to tell which sings best. That splendid fellow on the birch-tree top—or yonder gorgeous tyke on the yellow oak—or—

NORTH. "In shadiest covert hid" the leader of the chorus that thrills the many-nested underwood with connubial bliss.

SEWARD. Not till this moment heard I the waterfall.

BULLER. You did though, all along—a felt accompaniment.

NORTH. I know few glens more beautiful than Cladich-Cleugh!

BULLER. Pardon me, sir, if I do not attempt that name.

NORTH. How mellifluous! — Cladich-Cleugh!

BULLER. Great is the power of gutturals.

NORTH. It is not inaccessible. But you must skirt it till you reach the meadow where the cattle are beginning to browse. And

then threading your way through a coppice, where you are almost sure to see a roe, you come down upon a series of little pools, in such weather as this, so clear that you can count the trouts; and then the verdurous walls begin to rise on either side and right before you; and you begin to feel that the beauty is becoming magnificence, for the pools are now black, and the stems are old, and the cliffs intercept the sky, and there are caves, and that waterfall has dominion in the gloom, and there is sublimity in the sounding solitude.

BULLER. Cladick-Cloock.

NORTH. A miserable failure.

BULLER. Cladig-Cloog.

NORTH. Worser and worser.

SEWARD. Any footpath, sir?

NORTH. Yes—for the roe and the goat.

BULLER. And the Man of the Crutch.

NORTH. Good. But I speak of days when the Crutch was in its tree-bole——

BULLER. As the Apollo was in its marble block.

NORTH. Not so good. But, believe me, gentlemen, I have done it with the Crutch.

SEWARD. Ay, sir, and could do it again.

NORTH. No. But you two are yet boys—on the sunny side of fifty—and I leave you, Seward, to act the guide to Buller up Cladich-Cleugh.

BULLER. Pray, Mr. North, what may be the name of that sheet of water?

NORTH. In Scotland we call it *Loch-Awe*.

BULLER. I am so happy, sir, that I talk nonsense.

NORTH. Much nonsense may you talk.

BULLER. 'Twas a foolish question—but you know, sir, that by some strange fatality or another I have been three times called away from Scotland without having seen *Loch-Awe*.

NORTH. Make good use of your eyes now, sirrah, and you will remember it all the days of your life. That is Cruachan—no usurper he—by divine right a king. The sun is up, and there is motion in the clouds. Saw you ever such shadows? How majestically they stalk! And now how beautifully they glide! And now see you that broad, black forest, half-way up the mountain?

BULLER. I do.

NORTH. You are sure you do.

BULLER. I am.

NORTH. You are mistaken. It is no broad, black forest—it is mere gloom—shadow that in a minute will pass away, though now seeming steadfast as the woods.

BULLER. I could swear it is a forest.

NORTH. Swear not at all. Shut your eyes. Open them. Where now your wood?

BULLER. Most extraordinary ocular deception.

NORTH. Quite common. Yet no poet has described it. See again. The same forest a mile off. No need of trees—sun and cloud make our visionary mountains sylvan; and the grandest visions are ever those that are transitory—ask your soul.

BULLER. Your Manilla is out, my dear sir. There is the case.

NORTH. Caught like a cricketer. You must ascend Cruachan. "This morning gives us promise of a glorious day;" you cannot do better than take time by the forelock, and be off now. Say the word, and I will myself row you over the Loch. No need of a guide: inclining to the left for an hour or two after you have cleared yonder real timber and sap wood, and then for an hour or two to the right, and then for another hour or two straight forwards, and then you will see the highest of the three peaks within an hour or two's walk of you; and thus, by mid-day, find yourself seated on the summit.

BULLER. Seated on the summit.

NORTH. Not too long, for the air is often very sharp at that altitude, and so rare, that I have heard tell of people fainting.

BULLER. I am occasionally troubled with a palpitation of the heart—

NORTH. Pooh, nonsense. Only the stomach.

BULLER. And occasionally with a determination of blood to the head—

NORTH. Pooh, nonsense. Only the stomach. Take a calker every two hours on your way up, and I warrant both heart and head—

BULLER. Not to-day. It looks cloudy.

NORTH. Why, I don't much care though I should accompany you—

BULLER. I knew you would offer to do so, and I feel the delicacy of putting a decided negative on the proposal. Let us defer it till to-morrow. For my sake, my dear sir, if not for your own, do not think of it; it will be no disappointment to me to remain with you here—and I shudder at the thought of your fainting on the summit. Be advised, my dear sir, be advised—

NORTH. Well, then, be it so—I am not obstinate; but such another day for the ascent there may not be during the summer. On just such a day I made the ascent some half-century ago. I took it from Tyanuilt—having walked that morning from Dalmally,

some dozen miles, for a breathing on level ground, before facing the steepish shoulder that roughens into Loch Etive. The fox-hunter from Gleno gave me his company, with his hounds and terriers, half-way up, and after killing some cubs we parted—not without a tinful of the creature at the Fairies' Well—

BULLER. A tinful of the creature at the Fairies' Well!

NORTH. Yea—a tinful of the creature at the Fairies' Well. Now I am a total-abstinent.

BULLER. A total-abstinent!

NORTH. By heavens! he echoes me.—Pleasant, but mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past! A tinful of the unchristened creature to the health of the Silent People. Oh! Buller, there are no Silent People now.

BULLER. In your company, sir, I am always willing to be a listener.

NORTH. Well, on I flew, as on wings.

BULLER. What! Up Cruachan?

NORTH. On feet, then, if you will; but the feet of a deer.

BULLER. On all-fours?

NORTH. Yes—sometimes on all-fours.—On all-fours, like a frog in his prime, clearing tiny obstructions with a spang. On all-fours, like an ourang-outang, who, in difficult places, brings his arms into play. On all-fours, like the—

BULLER. I cry you mercy.

NORTH. Without palpitation of the heart; without determination of blood to the head; without panting; without dizziness; with merely a slight acceleration of the breath, and now and then something like a gasp after a run to a knowe which we foresaw as a momentary resting-place—we felt that we were conquering Cruachan! Lovely level places, like platforms—level as if water had formed them, flowing up just so far continually, and then ebbing back to some unimaginable sea—awaited our arrival, that on them we might lie down, and from beds of state survey our empire, for our empire it was felt to be, far away into the lowlands, with many a hill between—many a hill that, in its own neighborhood, is believed to be a mountain, just as many a man of moderate mental dimensions is believed by those who live beneath his shade to be of the first order of magnitude, and with funeral honors is interred.

BULLER. Well for him that he is a hill at all—eminent on a flat, or among humbler undulations. All is comparative.

NORTH. Just so. From a site on a moun-

tain's side—far from the summit—the ascender hath sometimes a sublimer, often a lovelier vision, than from its most commanding peak. Yet still he has the feeling of ascension; stifle that, and the discontent of insufficiency dwarfs and darkens all that lies below.

BULLER. Words to the wise.

NORTH. We fear to ascend higher, lest we should lose what we comprehend; yet we will ascend higher, though we know the clouds are gathering, and we are already enveloped in mist. But there were no clouds—no mist on that day—and the secret top of Cruachan was as clear as a good man's conscience, and the whole world below like a promised land.

BULLER. Let us go—let us go—let us go.

NORTH. All knowledge, my dear boy, may be likened to stupendous ranges of mountains—clear and clouded, smooth and precipitous; and you or I in youth assail them in joy and pride of soul, not blind, but blind-folded often, and ignorant of their inclination; so that we often are met by a beetling cliff with its cataract, and must keep ascending and descending, ignorant of our whereabouts, and summit-seeking in vain. Yet all the while are we glorified. In maturer mind, when experience is like an instinct, we ascertain levels without a theodolite, and know assuredly where dwell the peaks. We know how to ascend—sideways or right on; we know which are midway heights; we can walk in mist and cloud as surely as in light, and we learn to know the Inaccessible.

BULLER. I fear you will fatigue yourself—

NORTH. Or another image. You sail down a stream, my good Buller, which widens as it flows, and will lead through inland seas—or lochs—down to the mighty ocean; what that is, I need not say; you sail down it, sometimes with hoisted sail—sometimes with oars—on a quest or mission all undefined; but often anchoring where no need is, and leaping ashore, and engaging in pursuits or pastimes forbidden or vain—with the natives—

BULLER. The natives!

NORTH. Nay—adopting their dress—tho' dress it be none at all—and becoming one of themselves—naturalized; forgetting your mission clean out of mind! Fishing and hunting with the natives—

BULLER. Whom?

NORTH. The natives—when you ought to have been pursuing your voyage on—on—on. Such are youth's pastimes all. But you had not deserted—not you; and you return of your own accord to this ship.

BULLER. What ship?

NORTH. The ship of life—leaving some to lament you, who knew you only as a jolly mariner, who was bound afar! They believed that you had drawn up your pinnacle for ever on that shore, in that lovely little haven, among weeds and palms—unknowing that you would relaunch her some day soon, and, bounding in her over the billows, rejoin your ship, waiting for you in the offing, and revisit the simple natives no more!

BULLER. Methinks I understand now your mysterious meaning.

NORTH. You do. But where was I?

BULLER. Ascending Cruachan, and near the summit.

NORTH. On the summit. Not a whit tired—not a bit fatigued; strong as ten—active as twenty ownselves on the flat—divinely drunk on draughts of ether—happier a thousand times, greater and more glorious, than Jupiter, with all his gods, enthroned on Olympus.

BULLER. Moderately speaking.

NORTH. In imagination I hear him barking now as he barked then—a sharp, short, savage, angry and hungry bark—

BULLER. What? A dog? A Fox?

NORTH. No—no—no. An Eagle—the Golden Eagle from Ben-Slarive, known—no mistaking him—to generations of Shepherds for a hundred years.

BULLER. Do you see him?

NORTH. Now I do. I see his eyes—for he came—he comes sughing close by me—and there he shoots up in terror a thousand feet into the sky.

BULLER. I did not know the bird was so timid—

NORTH. He is not timid—he is bold; but an Eagle does not like to come all at once within ten yards of an unexpected man—any more than you would like suddenly to face a ghost.

BULLER. What brought him there?

NORTH. Wings nine feet wide.

BULLER. Has he no sense of smell?

NORTH. What do you mean, sir?

BULLER. No offense.

NORTH. He has. But we have not always all our senses about us, Buller, nor our wits either—he had been somewhat scared, a league up Glen Etive, by the huntsman of Gleno—the scent of powder was in his nostrils; but fury follows fear, and in a minute I heard his bark again—as now I hear it—on the highway to Benlura.

BULLER. He must have had enormous talons.

NORTH. My hand is none of the smallest—

BULLER. God bless you, my dear sir—give me a grasp.

NORTH. There.

BULLER. Oh! thumbikins!

NORTH. And one of his son's talons—whom I shot—was twice the length of mine; his yellow knobby loof at least as broad—and his leg like my wrist. He killed a man. Knocked him down a precipice, like a cannon-ball. He had the credit of it all over the country—but I believe his wife did the business, for she was half-again as big as himself; and no devil like a she-devil fighting for her imp.

BULLER. Did you ever rob an Eyrie, sir?

NORTH. Did you ever rob a Lion's den? No, no, Buller. I never—except on duty—placed my life in danger. I have been in many dangerous-looking places among the Mountains, but a cautious activity ruled all my movements—I scanned my cliff before I scaled him; and as for jumping chasms—though I had a spring in me—I looked imaginatively down the abyss, and then sensibly turned its flank where it leaned on the greensward, and the liberated streamlet might be forded, without swimming, by the silly sheep.

BULLER. And are all those stories lies?

NORTH. All. I have sometimes swam a loch or a river in my clothes—but never except when they lay in my way, or when I was on an angling excursion—and what danger could their possibly be in doing that?

BULLER. You might have taken the Cramp, sir.

NORTH. And the Cramp might have taken me—but neither of us ever did; and a man, with a short neck or a long one, might as well shun the streets in perpetual fear of apoplexy, as a good swimmer evade water in dread of being drowned. As for swimming in my clothes—had I left them on the hither, how should I have looked on the thither side?

SEWARD. No man, in such circumstances, could, with any satisfaction to himself, have pursued his journey, even through the most lonesome places.

BULLER. Describe the view from the summit.

NORTH. I have no descriptive power—but, even though I had, I know better than that. Why, between Cruachan and Buchail-Etive lie hundreds and hundreds of mountains of the first, second, and third order—and, for a while at first, your eyes are so bewildered that you cannot see any one in

particular ; yet, in your astonishment, have a strange vision of them all, and might think they were interchanging places, shouldering one another off into altering shapes in the uncertain region, did not the awful stillness assure you that there they had all stood in their places since the Creation, and would stand till the day of doom.

BULLER. You have no descriptive power !

NORTH. All at once dominion is given you over the Whole. You gradually see Order in what seemed a Chaos—you understand the character of the Region—its Formation—for you are a Geologist, else you have no business—no right there ; and you know where the valleys are singing for joy, though you hear them not—where there is provision for the cattle on a hundred hills—where are the cottages of Christian men on the green braes sheltered by the mountains—and where may stand, beneath the granite rocks out of which it was built, the not unfrequent House of God.

BULLER. To-morrow we shall attend Divine Service—

NORTH. At Dalmally.

BULLER. I long ago learned to like the ritual of the Kirk. I should like to believe in a high-minded purified Calvinist, who could embrace, in his brotherly heart, a high-minded purified English Bishop with all his Episcopacy.

NORTH. And why should he not, if he can recognize the Divine Spirit flowing through the two sets of sensible demonstrations ? He can ; unless the constitution of the Anglican Christian Religion wars, either by its dogmas or by its ecclesiastical ordinances, against his essential intelligence of Christianity.

BULLER. And who shall say it does ?

NORTH. Many say it—not I.

BULLER. And you are wise and good.

NORTH. Many thousands, and hundreds of thousands, wiser and better. I can easily suppose a Mind, strong in thought, warm in feeling, of an imagination susceptible and creative—by magnanimity, study, and experience of the world, disengaged from all sectarian tenets—yet holding the absolute conviction of religion, and contemplating, with reverence and tenderness, many different ways of expression which this inmost spiritual disposition has produced or put on—having a firmest holding on to Christianity as pure, holy, august, divine, true, beyond all other modes of religion upon the Earth—partly from intuition of its essential fitness to our nature—partly from intense gratitude

—partly, perhaps, from the original entwining of it with his own faculties, thoughts, feelings, history, being. Well, he looks with affectionate admiration upon the Scottish, with affectionate admiration on the English Church—old affection agreeing with new affection—and I can imagine in *him* as much generosity required to love his own Church—the Presbyterian—as yours the Episcopalian—and that, Latitudinarian as he may be called, he loves them both. For myself, you know how I love England—all that belongs to her—all that makes her what she is—scarcely more—surely not less—Scotland. The ground of the Scottish Form is the overbearing consciousness, that religion is immediately between man and his Maker. All hallowing of things outward is to that consciousness a placing of such earthly things as interpositions and separating intermediates in that interval unavoidable between the Finite and the Infinite, but which should remain blank and clear for the immediate communications of the Worshipper and the Worshipped.

BULLER. I believe, sir, you are a Presbyterian ?

NORTH. He that worships in spirit and in truth cannot endure—cannot imagine, that anything but his own sin shall stand betwixt him and God.

BULLER. *That*, until it be in some way or another extinguished, shall and must.

NORTH. True as Holy Writ. But intervening saints, images, and elaborate rituals—the contrivance of human wit—all these the fire of the Spirit has consumed, and consumes.

BULLER. The fire of the Presbyterian spirit ?

NORTH. Add history. War and persecution have afforded an element of human hate for strengthening the sternness—

BULLER. Of Presbyterian Scotland.

NORTH. Drop that word—for I more than doubt if you understand it.

BULLER. I beg pardon, sir.

NORTH. The Scottish service, Mr. Buller, comprehends Prayer, Praise, Doctrine—all three necessary verbal acts amongst Christians met, but each in utmost simplicity.

BULLER. Episcopalian as I am, that simplicity I have felt to be most affecting.

NORTH. The Praise, which unites the voices of the congregation, must be written. The Prayer, which is the burning towards God of the soul of the Shepherd upon the behalf of the Flock, and upon his own, must be unwritten, unpremeditated—*else it is*

not prayer. Can the heart ever want fitting words? The Teaching must be to the utmost, forethought, at some time or another, as to the Matter. The Teacher must have secured his intelligence of the Matter ere he opens his mouth. But the Form, which is of expediency only, he may very loosely have considered. That is the Theory.

BULLER. Often liable in practice, I should fear, to sad abuse.

NORTH. May be so. But it presumes that capable men, full of zeal, and sincerity, and love—fervent servants and careful shepherds—have been chosen, under higher guidance. It supposes the holy fire of the new-born Reformation—of the newly-regenerated Church—

BULLER. Kirk.

NORTH. Of the newly-regenerated Church, to continue undamped, inextinguishable.

BULLER. And is it so?

NORTH. The Fact answers to the Theory more or less. The original Thought—simplicity of worship—is to the utmost expressed, when the chased Covenanters are met on the greensward, between the hillside and the brawling brook, under the colored or uncolored sky. Understand that, when their descendants meet within walls and beneath roofs, they *would* worship after the manner of their hunted ancestors.

BULLER. I wish I were better read than I am in the history of Scotland, civil and ecclesiastical.

NORTH. I wish you were. I say, then, my excellent friend, that the Ritual and whole Ordering of the Scottish Church is moulded upon, or issues out of, the human spirit kindling in conscious communication of the Divine Spirit. The power of the Infinite—that is, the Sense of Infinitude, of Eternity—reigns there; and the Sense in the inmost soul of the sustaining contact with Omnipotence, and self-consciousness intense, and elation of Divine favor personally vouchsafed, and joy of anticipated everlasting bliss, and triumph over Satan, death, and hell, and immeasurable desire to win souls to the King of the Worlds.

BULLER. In England we are, I am ashamed to say it, ill informed on—

NORTH. In Scotland we are, I am ashamed to say it, ill informed on—

BULLER. But go on, sir.

NORTH. What place is there for Forms of any kind in the presence of these immense overpowering Realities? For Forms, Buller, are of the Imagination; the Faculty that inhales and lives by the Unreal. But

some concession to the humanity of our nature intrudes. Imagination may be subordinated, subjugated, but will not, may not, forego all its rights. Therefore, forms and hallowing associations enter.

BULLER. Into all worship.

NORTH. Form, too, is, in part, Necessary Order.

BULLER. Perhaps, sir, you may be not unwilling to say a few words of our Ritual.

NORTH. I tremble to speak of your Ritual; for it appears to me as bearing on its front an excellence which might be found incompatible with religious truth and sincerity.

BULLER. I confess that I hardly understand you, sir.

NORTH. The Liturgy looks to be that which the old Churches are, the Work of a Fine Art.

BULLER. You do not urge that as an objection to it, I trust, sir?

NORTH. A Poetical sensibility, a wakeful, just, delicate, simple Taste, seems to have ruled over the composition of each Prayer, and the ordering of the whole Service.

BULLER. You do not urge that as an objection to it, I trust, sir?

NORTH. I am not urging objections, sir. I seldom—never, indeed—urge objections to anything. I desire only to place all things in their true light.

BULLER. Don't frown, sir—smile.—Enough.

NORTH. The whole composition of the Service is copious and various. Human Supplication, the lifting up of the hands of the creature, knowing his own weakness, dependence, lapses, and liability to slip—man's own part, dictated by his own experience of himself, is the basis. Readings from the Old and New Volume of the Written Word are ingrafted, as if God audibly spoke in his own House; the Authoritative added to the Supplicatory.

BULLER. Finely true. We Church of England men love you, Mr. North—we do indeed.

NORTH. The hymns of the sweet Singer of Israel, in literal translation, adopted as a holier inspired language of the heart.

BULLER. These, sir, are surely three powerful elements of a Ritual Service.

NORTH. Throughout, the People divide the service with the Minister. They have in it their own personal function.

BULLER. Then the Homily, sir.

NORTH. Ay, the Homily, which, one

might say, interprets between Sunday and the Week—fixes the holiness of the Day in precepts, doctrines, reflections, which may be carried home to guide and nourish.

BULLER. Altogether, sir, it seems a meet work of worshippers met in their Christian Land upon the day of rest and aspiration. The Scottish worship might seem to remember the flame and the sword. The persecuted Iconoclasts of two centuries ago, live in their descendants.

NORTH. But the Ritual of England breathes a divine calm. You think of the people walking through ripening fields on a mild day to their Church door. It is the work of a nation sitting in peace, possessing their land. It is the work of a wealthy nation, that, by dedicating a part of its wealth, consecrates the remainder—that acknowledges the Fountain from which all flows. The prayers are devout, humble, fervent. They are not impassioned. A wonderful temperance and sobriety of discretion; that which, in worldly things, would be called good sense, prevails in them; but you must name it better in things spiritual. The framers evidently bore in mind the continual consciousness of writing for ALL. That is the guiding, tempering, calming spirit that keeps in the Whole one tone—that, and the hallowing, chastening awe which subdues vehemence, even in the asking for the Infinite, by those who have nothing but that which they earnestly ask, and who know that unless they ask infinitely, they ask nothing. In every word, the whole Congregation, the whole nation prays—not the Individual Minister; the officiating Divine Functionary, not the Man. Nor must it be forgotten that the received Version and the Book of Common Prayer—observe the word COMMON, expressing exactly what I affirm—are beautiful by the words—that there is no other such English—simple, touching, apt, venerable—hued as the thoughts are—musical—the most English English that is known—of a Hebraic strength and antiquity, yet lucid and gracious, as if of and for to-day.

BULLER. I trust that many Presbyterians sympathize with you in these sentiments.

NORTH. Not many—few. Nor do I say I wish there were more.

BULLER. Are you serious, sir?

NORTH. I am. But cannot explain myself now. What are the Three Pillars of the Love of any Church? Innate Religion—Humanity—Imagination. The Scottish worship better satisfies the first principle—

that of England the last; the Roman Catholic still more the last—and are not your Cathedrals Roman Catholic? I think that the Scottish and English, better than the Roman Catholic, satisfy the Middle Principle, Humanity, being truer to the highest requisitions of our Nature, and nourish our faculties better, both of Will and Understanding, into their strength and beauty. Yet what divine-minded Roman Catholics there have been, and are, and will be!

BULLER. Pause for a moment, sir—here comes Seward.

NORTH. Seward! Is he not with us? Surely he was, an hour or two ago—but I never missed him—your conversation has been so interesting and instructive. Seward! why you are all the world like a drowned rat?

SEWARD. But I am none; but a staunch Conservative. Would I had had a Protectionist with me to keep me right on the Navigation Laws.

NORTH. What do you mean? What's the matter?

SEWARD. Why, your description of the Pools in Cladich-Cleugh inspired me with a passion for one of the Naiads.

NORTH. And you have had a ducking?

SEWARD. I have indeed. Plashed souse, head over heels, into one of the prettiest pools, from a slippery ledge some dozen feet above the sleeping beauty—were you both deaf that you did not hear me bawl?

NORTH. I have a faint recollection of hearing something bray, but I suppose I thought it came from the Gipsies' Camp.

BULLER. Are you wet?

SEWARD. Come, come, Buller.

BULLER. Why so dry?

NORTH. Sair drookit.

BULLER. Where's your Tile?

SEWARD. I hate slang.

BULLER. Why, you have lost a shoe—and much delightful conversation.

NORTH. I must say, Seward, that I was hurt by your withdrawing yourself from our colloquy.

SEWARD. Sir, you are beginning to get so prosy—

BULLER. I insist, Seward, on your making an apology on your knees to our father for your shocking impiety—I shudder to repeat the word—which you must swallow—P—R—O—S—Y.

SEWARD. On my knees! Look at them.

NORTH. My dear, dearer, dearest, Mr. Seward, you are bleeding; I fear a fracture. Let me—

SEWARD. I am not bleeding—only a knap on the knee-pan, sir.

BULLER. Not bleeding! Why, you must be drenched in blood, your face is so white.

NORTH. *A non sequitur*, Buller. But from a knap on the knee-pan I have known a man a lamiter for life.

SEWARD. I lament the loss of my Sketch-Book.

BULLER. It is a judgment on you for that caricature.

NORTH. What caricature?

BULLER. Since you will force me to tell it, a caricature of—YOURSELF, sir. I saw him working away at it with a most wicked leer on his face, while you supposed he was taking notes. He held it up to me for a moment, clapped the boards together with the grin of a fiend, and then off to Cladjick-Cloock, where he met with Nemesis.

NORTH. Is that a true bill, Mr. Seward?

SEWARD. On my honor as a gentleman, and my skill as an artist, it is not. It is a most malignant misrepresentation——

BULLER. It was indeed.

SEWARD. It was no caricature. I promised to Mrs. Seward to send her a sketch of the illustrious Mr. North; and finding you in one of the happiest of your many-sided attitudes——

NORTH. The act is to be judged by the intention. You are acquitted of the charge.

BULLER. To make a caricature of You, sir, under any circumstances, and for any purpose, would be sufficiently shocking; but HERE AND NOW, and that he might send it to his WIFE—so transcends all previous preparation of *crimen læsæ majestatis*, that I am beginning to be incredulous of what these eyes beheld—nay, to disbelieve what, if told to any human being, however depraved, would seem to him impossible, even in the mystery of iniquity, and an insane libel on our fallen nature.

SEWARD. I did my best. Nor am I, sir, without hope that my Sketch-Book may be recovered, and then you will judge for yourself, sir, if it be a caricature. A failure, sir, it assuredly was, for what artist has succeeded with you?

NORTH. To the inn, and put on dry clothes.

SEWARD. No. What care I about dry or wet clothes! Here let me lie down and bask in this patch of intense sunshine at your feet. Don't stir, sir; the Crutch is not the least in the way.

NORTH. We must be all up and doing——

the HOUR and the MEN. The CAVALCADE—Hush! Hark! the Bagpipe! The Cavalcade can't be more than a mile off.

SEWARD. Why staring thus like a Goshawk, sir?

BULLER. I hear nothing. Seward, do you?

SEWARD. Nothing. And what can he mean by Cavalcade? Yet I believe he has the Second Sight. I have heard it is in the Family.

NORTH. Hear nothing? Then both of you must be deaf. But I forget—we Mountaineers have Fine-Ears; your sense of hearing has been educated on the Flat. Not now? "The Campbells are coming"—that's the march—that's the go—that's the gathering.

BULLER. A Horn—a Drum, sure enough—and—and—that incomprehensible mixture of groans and yells must be the Bagpipe.

NORTH. See, yonder they come, over the hill-top—the ninth milestone from Inverary! There's the VAN, by the Road-Surveyor lent me for the occasion, drawn by Four Horses. And there's the WAGON, once the property of the lessee of the Swiss Giantess, a noble Unicorn. And there the SIX TENT-CARTS, Two-steeded; and there the TWO BOAT-CARRIAGES—horsed I know not how. But don't you see the bonny BARGES aloft in the air? And Men on horseback—count them—there should be Four. You hear the Bagpipe now—surely—"The Campbells are coming." And here is the whole Concern, gentlemen, close at hand, deploying across the Bridge.

BULLER. Has he lost his senses at last?

SEWARD. Have we lost ours? A Cavalcade it is, with a vengeance.

NORTH. One minute past Seven! True to their time within sixty seconds. This way, this way. Here is the Spot, the Centre of the Grove. Bagpipe—Drum and Horn—music all—silence. Silence, I cry, will nobody assist me in crying silence?

SEWARD AND BULLER. Silence—silence—silence.

NORTH. Give me the Speaking-Trumpet that I may call Silence.

SEWARD. Stentor may put down the Drum, the Horns, the Fifes, and the Serpent, but the Bagpipe is above him; the Drone is deaf as the sea; the Piper moves in a sphere of his own—

BULLER. I don't hear a syllable you are saying—ah! the storm is dead, and now what a blessed calm.

NORTH. Wheel into line. Prepare to—

PITCH TENTS.

Enter the Field of the Sycamore Grove on Horseback, ushered by Archy M'Callum. HARRY SEWARD—MARMADUKE BULLER—VALLANCE VOLUSENE—NEPOS WOODBURN. Van, Wagon, Carriages, and Carts, &c., form a Barricade between the Rear of the Grove and the Road to Dalnally.

Adjutant Archy M'Callum! call the Roll of the Troops.

ADJUTANT. Peter of the Lodge, Sewer and Seneschal—*Here.* Peterson ditto, Comptroller of the Cellars—*Here.* Kit Peterson, Tiger there—*Here.* Michael Dods, Cook at that place—*Here.* Ben Brawn, Manciple—*Here.* Roderick M'Crimmon, King of the Pipes—*Here.* Pym and Stretch, Body-men to the young Englishers—*Here; Here.* Tom Moody, Huntsman at Under-cliff Hall, North Devon—*Here.* The Cornwall Clipper, Head Game-keeper at Pendragon—*Here.* Billy Balmer, of Bowness, Windermere, Commodore—*Here.*

NORTH. Attention! Each man will be held answerable for his subordinates. The roll will be called an hour after sunrise, and an hour before sunset. Men, remember you are under martial law. Camp-master M'Kellar—*Here.* Let the Mid Peak of Cruachan be your pitching point. Old Dee-side Tent in the centre, right in front. Dormitories to the east. To the west, the Pavilion. Kitchen range in the rear. Donald Dhu, late Sergeant in the Black Watch, see to the Barricade. The Impedimenta in your charge. In three hours I command the Encampment to be complete. Admittance to the field on the Queen's birth-day. Crowd! disperse. Old Boys! What do you think of this? You have often called me a Wizard—a Warlock—no glamour here—'tis real all, and all the WORK OF THE CRUTCH. Sons—your Fathers! Fathers—your sons! Your hand, Volusene—and Woodburn, yours.

SEWARD. Hal, how are you?

BULLER. How are you, Marmy?

NORTH. On the Stage—in the Theatre of Fictitious Life—such a Meeting as this would require explanation; but in the Drama of Real Life, on the banks of Lochawe, it needs none. Friends of my soul! you will come to understand it all in two minutes' talk with your Progeny. Progeny—welcome for your Sire's sakes, and your Lady Mothers, and your own, to Lochawe-side. I see you are two Trumps. Volusene—Woodburn—from

your faces all well at home. Come, my two old Bucks, let us Three, to be out of the bustle, retire to the Inn. Did you ever see Christopher fling the Crutch? There—I knew it would clear the Sycamore Grove.

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Pavilion. TIME —2 P. M. NORTH—SEWARD—BULLER.*

SEWARD. Still at his Siesta, in his Swing-Chair. Few faces bear to be looked on asleep.

BULLER. Men's faces.

SEWARD. His bears it well. Awake, it is sometimes too full of expression. And then, how it fluctuates! Perpetual play and interchange, as Thought, Feeling, Fancy, Imagination—

BULLER. The gay, the grave, the sad, the serious, the pathetic, the humorous, the tragic, the whimsical rules the minute—

“'Tis everything by fits, and nothing long.”

SEWARD. Don't exaggerate. An inapt quotation.

BULLER. I was merely carrying on your eulogium of his wide-awake Face.

SEWARD. The prevalent expression is still—the Benign.

BULLER. A singular mixture of tenderness and truculence.

SEWARD. Asleep it is absolutely saint-like.

BULLER. It reminds me of the faces of Chantry's Sleeping Children, in Litchfield Cathedral.

SEWARD. Composure is the word; Composure is mute Harmony.

BULLER. It may be so; but you will not deny that his nose is just a minim too long—and his mouth, at this moment, just a minim too open—and the crow-feet—

SEWARD. Enhance the power of those large drooping eyelids, heavy with meditation—of that high broad forehead, with the lines not the wrinkles of age.

BULLER. He is much balder than he was on Deeside.

SEWARD. Or fifty years before. They say that, in youth, the sight of his head of hair once silenced Mirabeau.

BULLER. Why, Mirabeau's was black, and my grandmother told me North's was yellow—or rather green, like a star.

NORTH. Your grandmother, Buller, was the finest woman of her time.

BULLER. Sleepers hear. Sometimes a single word from without, reaching the spiritual region, changes by its touch the whole current of their dreams.

NORTH. I once told you that, Buller. At present, I happen to be awake. But surely a man may sit on a swing-chair with his eyes shut, and his mouth open, without incurring the charge of somnolency. Where have you been?

SEWARD. You told us, sir, not to disturb you till Two——

NORTH. But where have you been?

SEWARD. We have written our dispatches—read our London Papers—and had a pull in *Gutta Percha* to and from Port Sonachan.

NORTH. How does she pull?

BULLER. Like a winner. I have written to the builder—Taylor of Newcastle—to match her against any craft of her keel in the kingdom.

NORTH. Sit down. Where are the boys.

SEWARD. Off hours ago to Kilchurn. They have just signalized—"Two o'clock. 1 SALMO FERON, lb. 12—20 YELLOW-FINS, lb. 15—0 PIKE, lb. 36."

NORTH. And not bad sport, either. They know the dinner hour. Seven sharp.

SEWARD. They do—and they are not the lads to disregard orders.

NORTH. Four finer fellows are not in Christendom.

SEWARD. May I presume to ask, sir, what volumes these are lying open on your knees?

NORTH. THE ILIAD—and PARADISE LOST.

SEWARD. I fear, sir, you may not be disposed to enlighten us, at this hour.

NORTH. But I am disposed to be enlightened. Oxonians—and Double First-Class Men—nor truants since—you will find in me a docile pupil rather than a Teacher. I am no great Grecian.

BULLER. But you are, sir, and a fine old Trojan too, methinks! What audacious word has escaped my lips!

NORTH. Epic Poetry! Tell but a Tale, and see Childhood—the harmless, the trustful, the wondering, listen—"all ear;" and so has the wilder and mightier Childhood of Nations, listened, trustful, wondering, "all ear," to Tales lofty, profound—*said*, or, as Art grew up, *sung*.

SEWARD. EΠE, Say or Tell.

BULLER. AEIΔE, Sing.

NORTH. Yes, my lads, these were the received formulas of beseeching with which the Minstrels of Hellas invoked succor of the Divine Muse, when their burning tongue would fit well to the Harp transmitted Tales, fraught with old heroic remembrance, with solemn belief, with oracular wisdom. EΠE, TELL, EΠOΣ, THE TALE. And when, step

after step, the Harp modelling the Verse, and the Verse charming power and beauty, and splendor and pathos,—like a newly-created and newly-creating soul—into its ancestral Tradition—when insensibly the benign Usurper, the Muse, had made the magnificent dream rightly and wholly her own at last. EΠOΣ, THE SONG TALE. HOMER, to all following ages the chief Master of Eloquence whether in Verse or in Prose, has yet maintained the simplicity of *Telling*.

"For he came beside the swift ships of the Achæans,
Proposing to release his daughter, and bringing
immense ransom;
Having in his hand the fillet of the far-shooting
Apollo,
On the golden rod: and he implored of the
Achæans,
And the sons of Atreus, most of all, the two
Orderers of the People."

These few words of a tongue stately, resplendent, sonorous, and *numerous*, more than ours—and already the near Scamandrian Field feels, and fears, and trembles. MILTON! The world has rolled round and again round, from the day of that earlier to that of the later Mæonides. All the soul-wealth hoarded in words, which merciful Time held aloft, unsubmerged by the Gothic, by the Ottoman inundation; all the light shrined in the Second, the Intellectual Ark that, divinely built and guided, rode tilting over the tempestuous waste of waters; all the mind, bred and fostered by New Europe, down to within two hundred years of this year that runs: These have put differences between the ILIAD and the PARADISE LOST, in matter and in style, which to state and illustrate would hold me speaking till sunset.

BULLER. And us listening.

NORTH. The Fall of Hector and of his Troy! The Fall of Adam and of his World!

BULLER. What concise expression! *Multum in Parvo*, indeed, Seward.

NORTH. Men and gods mingled in glittering conflict upon the ground that spreads between Ida's foot and the Hellespont! At the foot of the Omnipotent Throne, archangels and angels distracting their native Heaven with arms, and Heaven disburthening her lap of her self-lost sons for the peopling of Hell!

SEWARD. Hush! Buller—hush!

NORTH. In way of an Episode—yes, an Episode—see the Seventh Book—our visible Universe willed into being!

SEWARD. Hush! Buller—hush.

NORTH. For a few risings and settings of yon since-bedimmed Sun—Love and celestial Bliss dwelling amidst the shades and flowers of Eden yet sinless—then, from a MORE FATAL APPLE, Discord clashing into and subverting the harmonies of Creation.

“Sin, and her Shadow, Death; and Misery, Death’s Harbinger.”

The Iliad, indeed!

SEWARD. I wish you could be persuaded, sir, to give us an edition of Milton.

NORTH. No. I must not take it out of the Doctor’s hands. Then, as to Milton’s style. If the Christian Theologian must be held bold who has dared to mix the Delivered Writings with his own Inventions—bold, too, was he, the heir of the mind that was nursed in the Aristotelian Schools, to unite as he did, on the other hand, the gait of an understanding accomplished in logic, with the spontaneous and unstudied step of Poetry. The style of Milton, gentlemen, has been praised for simplicity; and it is true that the style of the *Paradise Lost* has often an austere simplicity; but one sort of it you miss—the proper Epic simplicity—that Homeric simplicity of the *Telling*.

SEWARD. Perhaps, sir, in such a Poem such simplicity could not be.

NORTH. Perhaps not. Homer adds thought to thought, and so builds up. Milton involves thought with thought, and so constructs. Relation is with him argumentative also, and History both Philosophy and Oratory. This was unavoidable. He brought the mind of the latter age to the Form of Composition produced by the primitive time. Again the style is fitted to the general intention of a Poem essentially didactic and argumentative. Again, the style is personal to himself. He has learnedly availed himself of all antecedent Art—minutely availed himself, yet he is no imitator. The style is like no other—it is intensely and completely original. It expresses himself. Lofty, capacious, acute, luminous, thoroughly disciplined, ratiocinative powers wonderfully blend their action with an imagination of the most delicate and profound sensibility to the beautiful, and of a sublimity that no theme can excel.

SEWARD. Lord Bacon, sir, I believe, has defined Poetry, Feigned History—has he not?

He has—and no wonder that he thought much of “Feigned History”—for he had a view to Epos and Tragedy—the Iliad and Odyssey—the Attic Theatre—the *Æneid*—

Dante—Ariosto—Tasso—the Romances of Chivalry—moreover, the whole Immense Greek Fable, whereof part and parcel remain, but more is perished. Which fables, you know, existed, and were transmitted in Prose, that is, by Oral Tradition, in the words of the relator, long before they came into Homeric Verse—or any verse. He saw, Seward, the Memory of Mankind possessed by two kinds of History, both once alike credited. True History, which remains True History, and Fabulous History, now acknowledged as Poetry only. It is no wonder that *other* poetry vanished from importance in his estimation.

BULLER. I follow you, sir, with some difficulty.

NORTH. You may with ease. Fabulous History holds place, side by side, with True History, as a rival in dignity, credence, and power, and in peopling the Earth with persons and events. For, of a verity, the personages and events created by Poesy hold place in our Mind—not in our Imagination only, but in our understanding, along with events and personages historically remembered.

SEWARD. An imposing parallelism!

NORTH. It is, but does it hold good? And if it does, with what limitations?

SEWARD. With what limitations, sir?

NORTH. I wish Lord Bacon were here, that I might ask him to explain. Take Homer and Thucydides—the Iliad and the History of the Peloponnesian War. We thus sever, at the widest, the Telling of Calliope from the Telling of Clio, holding each at the height of honor.

BULLER. At the widest?

NORTH. Yes; for how far from Thucydides is, at once, the Book of Games! Look through the Iliad, and see how much and minute picturing of a world with which the Historian had nothing to do! Shall the Historian, in Prose, of the Ten Years’ War, stop to describe the Funeral Games of a Patroclus? Yes; if he stop to describe the Burying of every Hero who falls. But the Historian in Prose assumes that a people know their own manners, and therefore he omits painting their manners to themselves. The Historian in verse assumes the same thing, and, *therefore*, strange to say, he paints the manners! See, then, in the Iliad, how much memorizing of a whole departed scheme of human existence, with which the Prose Historian had nothing to do, the historian in regulated metre has had the inspiration and the skill to *inweave in the narrative of his ever-advancing action.*

BULLER. Would his lordship were with us!

NORTH. Give all this to—THE HEXAMETER. Remember always, my dear Seward, the shield of Achilles, itself a world in miniature, a compendium of the world.

SEWARD. Of the universe.

NORTH. Even so; for Sun, and Moon, and Stars are there, Astronomy and all the learned sisterhood!

SEWARD. Then to what species of narrative in prose—to one removed at what interval from the history of the Peloponnesian War, belongs that scene of Helen on the walls of Troy? That scene at the Scæan gate? In the tent of Achilles, where Achilles sits, and Priam kneels?

NORTH. Good. The general difference is obviously this—Publicity almost solely stamps the Thucydidean story—Privacy, more than in equal part, interfused with Publicity, the Homeric. You must allow Publicity and Privacy to signify, besides that which is done in public and in private, that which proceeds of the Public and of the Private will.

SEWARD. In other words, if I apprehend you aright, the Theme given being some affair of Public moment, Prose tends to gather up the acts of the individual agents, under general aspects, into masses.

NORTH. Just so. Verse, whenever it dare, resolves the mass of action into the individual acts, puts aside the collective doer—the Public, and puts forward individual persons. Glory, I say again, to THE HEXAMETER!

BULLER. Glory to the HEXAMETER! The HEXAMETER, like the Queen, has done it all.

NORTH. Or let us return to the Paradise Lost? If the mustering of the Fallen Legions in the First Book—if the Infernal Council held in the Second—if the Angelic Rebellion and Warfare in the Fifth and Sixth—resemble Public History, civil and military, as we commonly speak—if the Seventh Book, relating the Creation by describing the kinds created, be the assumption into Heroic Poetry of Natural History—to what kind of History, I earnestly ask you both, does that scene belong, of Eve's relation of her dream, in the Fifth Book, and Adam's consolation of her uneasiness under its involuntary sin? To what, in the Fourth Book, her own innocent relation of her first impression upon awaking into Life and Consciousness?

BULLER. Ay!—to what kind of History? More easily asked than answered.

NORTH. And Adam's relation to the Affable Archangel of his own suddenly-dawned morning from the night of non-existence,

aptly and happily crowned upon the relation made to him by Raphael in the Seventh Book of his own forming under the Omnipotent Hand?

SEWARD. Simply, I venture to say, sir, to the most interior autobiography—to that confidence of audible words, which flows when the face of a friend sharpens the heart of a man—and Raphael was Adam's friend.

NORTH. Seward, you are right. You speak well—as you always do—when you choose. Behold, then, I beseech you, the comprehending power of that little magical band—*Our Accentual Iambic Pentameter*.

SEWARD. "Glory be with them, and eternal praise,
The Poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of Truth and pure Delight by heavenly lays!"

NORTH. Glory to Verse, for its power is great. Man from the garden in Eden, to the purifying by fire of the redeemed Earth—the creation of things visible—Angels Upright and Fallen—and Higher than Angels—all the Regions of Space—Infinitude and Eternity—the Universality of Being—this is the copious matter of the Song. And herein there is place found, proper, distinct, and large, and prominent, for that whispered call to visit, in the freshness of morning, the dropping Myrrh—to study the opening beauty of the Flowers—to watch the Bee in her sweet labor—which tenderly dissipates from the lids of Eve her ominously-troubled sleep—free room for two tears, which, falling from a woman's eyes, are wiped with her hair—and for two more, which her pitying husband kisses away ere they fall. All these things Verse disposes, and composes, in One Presentment.

BULLER. Glory to Verse, for its power is great—glory to *our Accentual Iambic Pentameter*.

NORTH. Let us return to the Iliad. The Iliad is a history told by a mind that is arbiter, to a certain extent only, of its own facts. For Homer takes his decennial War and its Heroes, nay, the tenor of the story too, from long-descended Tradition. To his contemporary countrymen he appears as a Historian—not feigning, but commemorating and glorifying, transmitted facts.

SEWARD. Ottfried Müller, asking how far Homer is tied up in his Traditions, ventures to suspect that the names of the Heroes whom Achilles kills, in such or such a fight, are all traditionary.

NORTH. Where, then, is the *Feigned His-*

tory? Lord Bacon, Ottfried Müller, and Jacob Bryant, are here not in the main unagreed. "I nothing doubt," says Bacon, "but the Fables, which Homer having received, transmits, had originally a profound and excellent sense, although I greatly doubt if Homer any longer knew that sense."

BULLER. What right, may I ask, had Lord Bacon to doubt, and Ottfried Müller to suspect—

NORTH. Smoke your cigar. Ottfried Müller—

BULLER. Whew!—poo!

NORTH. Ottfried Müller imagines that there was in Greece a pre-Homeric Age, of which the principal intellectual employment was Myth-making. And Bryant, we know, shocked the opinion of his own day by referring the War of Troy to Mythology. Now, observe, Buller, how there is feigning and feigning—Poet after Poet—and the Poem that comes to us at last is the Poem of Homer; but in truth, of successive ages, ending in Homer—

SEWARD. Who was then a real living flesh and blood Individual of the human species.

NORTH. That he was—

SEWARD. And wrote the Iliad.

NORTH. That he did—but how I have hinted rather than told. In the Paradise Lost, the part of Milton is, then, infinitely bolder than Homer's in the Iliad. He is far more of a Creator.

SEWARD. Can an innermost bond of Unity, sir, be shown for the Iliad?

NORTH. Yes. THE ILIAD IS A TALE OF A WRONG RIGHTED. Zeus, upon the secret top of Olympus, decrees this RIGHTING with his omnipotent Nod. Upon the top of Ida he conducts it. But that is done, and the Fates resume their tenor. Hector falls, and Troy shall fall. That is again the RIGHTING OF A WRONG, done amongst men. This is the broadly-written admonition: "DISCITE JUSTITIAM."

SEWARD. You are always great, sir, on Homer.

NORTH. Agamemnon, in insolence of self-will, offends Chryses and a God. He refused Chryses—he robs Achilles. In Agamemnon the Insolence of Human Self-will is humbled, first under the hand of Apollo—then of Jupiter—say, altogether, of Heaven. He suffers and submits. And now Achilles, who has no less interest in the Courts of Heaven than Chryses—indeed higher—in overweening anger fashions out a redress for himself which the Father of Gods and Men

grants. And what follows? Agamemnon again suffers and submits. For Achilles—Patroclus' bloody corse! *Κεῖται Πατρόκλος*—that is the voice that rings! Now he accepts the proffered reconciliation of Agamemnon, before scornfully refused; and in the son of Thetis, too, the insolence of Human Self-will is chastened under the hand of Heaven.

SEWARD. He suffers, but submits not till Hector lies transfixed—till Twelve noble youths of the Trojans and their Allies have bled on Patroclus' Pyre. And does he submit then? No. For twelve days ever and anon he drags the insensible corse at his horses' heels round that sepulchral earth.

BULLER. Mad, if ever a man was.

NORTH. The Gods murmur—and will that the unseemly Revenge cease. Jove sends Thetis to him—and what meeter messenger for minister of mercy than a mother to her son! God-bidden by that voice, he submits—he remits his revenge. The Human Will, infuriated, bows under the Heavenly.

SEWARD. Touched by the prayers and the sight of that kneeling gray-haired Father, he has given him back his dead son—and from the ransom a costly pall of honor, to hide the dead son from the father's eyes—and of his own Will and Power Twelve Days' truce; and the days have expired, and the Funeral is performed, and the pyre is burned out, and the mound over the slayer of Patroclus is heaped, and the Iliad is done, and this Moral indelibly writes itself on the heart—the words of Apollo in that Council—

Τλητον γαρ Θυμον Μοιραι Θνητοισιν εδωκαν.

THE FATES HAVE APPOINTED TO MORTALS A SPIRIT THAT SHALL SUBMIT AND ENDURE.

NORTH. Right and good. *Τλητον* is more than "shall suffer." It is, that shall accept suffering, that shall *bear*.

SEWARD. Compare this one Verse and the Twenty-four Books, and you have the poetical simplicity and the poetical multiplicity side by side.

BULLER. Right and good.

NORTH. Yes, my friends, the teaching of the Iliad is Piety to the Gods—

SEWARD. Reverence for the Rights of Men—

NORTH. A Will humbled, conformed to the Will of Heaven.

BULLER. That the Earth is justly governed.

NORTH. Dim foreshadowings, which Milton, I doubt not, discerned and cherished.

The Iliad was the natural and spiritual father of the Paradise Lost.

SEWARD. And the son is greater than the sire.

NORTH. I see in the Iliad the love of Homer to Greece, and to human-kind. He was a legislator to Greece before Solon and Lycurgus—greater than either—after the manner fabled of Orpheus.

SEWARD. Sprung from the bosom of heroic life, the Iliad asked heroic listeners.

NORTH. See with what large-hearted love he draws the Men—Hector and Priam and Sarpedon—as well as the Woman Andromache—enemies! Can he so paint humanity and not humanize? He humanizes *us*—who have literature and refined Greece and Rome—who have Spenser and Shakspeare, and Milton—who are Christendom.

SEWARD. He loves the inferior creatures, and the face of nature.

NORTH. The Iliad has been called a Song of War. I see in it—a Song of Peace. Think of all the fiery Iliad ending in—Reconciled Submission!

SEWARD. "Murder Impossibility," and believe that there might have been an Iliad or a Paradise Lost in Prose.

NORTH. It could never have been, by human power, *our* Paradise Lost. What would have become of the Seventh Book? This is now occupied with describing the Six Days of Creation. A few verses of the first chapter of Genesis extended into so many hundred lines. The Book, as it stands, has full poetical reason. First, it has a sufficient motive. It founds the existence of Adam and Eve, which is otherwise, not duly led to. The revolted Angels, you know, have fallen, and the Almighty will create a new race of worshippers to supply their place—Man-kind.

SEWARD. For this race that is to be created, a Home is previously to be built—or this World is to be created.

NORTH. I initiated you into Milton nearly thirty years ago, my dear Seward; and I rejoice to find that you still have him by heart. Between the fall of the Angels and that inhabiting of Paradise by our first parents, which is largely related by Raphael, there would be in the history which the poem undertakes, an unfilled gap and blank without this book. The chain of events which is unrolled would be broken, interrupted, incomplete.

SEWARD. And, sir, when Raphael has told the Rebellion and Fall of the Angels, Adam, with a natural movement of curiosity,

asks of this "Divine Interpreter" how this frame of things began?

NORTH. And Raphael answers by declaring at large the Purpose and the Manner. The Mission of Raphael is to strengthen, if it be practicable, the Human Pair in their obedience. To this end, how apt his discourse, showing how dear they are to the Universal Maker, how eminent in his Universe!

SEWARD. The causes, then, of the Archangelic Narrative abound. And the personal interest with which the Two Auditors must hear such a revelation of wonders from such a Speaker, and that so intimately concerns themselves, fall nothing short of what Poetry justly requires in relations put into the mouth of the poetical Persons.

NORTH. And can the interest—not now of Raphael's, but of Milton's "fit audience"—be sustained throughout? The answer is triumphant. The Book is, from beginning to end, a stream of the most beautiful descriptive Poetry that exists. Not, however, mind you, Seward, of stationary description.

SEWARD. Sir?

NORTH. A proceeding work is described; and the Book is replete and alive with motion, with progress, with action—yes, of action—of an order unusual indeed to the Epos, but unexcelled in dignity—the Creative Action of Deity!

SEWARD. What should hinder, then, but that this same Seventh Book should have been written in Prose?

NORTH. Why this only—that without Verse it could not have been read! The Verse makes present. You listen with Adam and Eve, and you hear the Archangel. In Prose this illusion could not have been carried through such a subject-matter. The *conditio sine qua non* of the Book was the ineffable charm of the Description. But what would a series of botanical and zoological descriptions, for instance, have been in Prose? The *ricorda vis* that is in Verse is the quickening spirit of the whole.

BULLER. But who doubts it?

NORTH. Lord Bacon said that Poetry—that is, Feigned History—might be worded in Prose. And it may be; but how inadequately is known to Us Three.

BULLER. And to all the world.

NORTH. No; nor, to the million who do know it, so well as to Us, nor the reason why. But hear me a moment longer. Wordsworth, in his famous Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, asserts that the language of Prose and the language of Verse differ but

in this—that in Verse there is metre—and metre he calls an adjunct. With all reverence, I say that metre is not an adjunct, but vitality and essence; and that Verse, in virtue thereof, so transfigures language, that it ceases to be the language of Prose as spoken, out of Verse, by any of the children of men.

SEWARD. Remove the metre, and the language will not be the language of Prose.

NORTH. Not if you remove the metre only, and leave otherwise the order of the words—the collocation unchanged—and unchanged any one of the two hundred figures of speech, one and all of which are differently presented in the language of Verse from what they are in Prose.

SEWARD. It must be so.

NORTH. The fountain of Law to Composition in Prose is the Understanding. The fountain of Law to Composition in Verse is the Will.

SEWARD. ?

NORTH. A discourse in prose resembles a chain; the sentences are the successive links—all holding to one another, and holding one another. *All is bound.*

SEWARD. Well?

NORTH. A discourse in verse resembles a billowy sea; the verses are the waves that rise and fall—to our apprehension—each by impulse, life, will of its own. *All is free.*

SEWARD. Ay. Now your meaning emerges.

NORTH. *E profundis clamavi.* In eloquent prose, the feeling fits itself into the process of the thinking. In true verse, the thinking fits itself into the process of the feeling.

SEWARD. I perpend.

NORTH. In prose, the general distribution and composition of the matter belong to the reign of Necessity. The order of the parts, and the connection of part with part, are obliged—logically justifiable—say, then, are demonstrable. See an oration of Demosthenes. In verse, that distribution and composition belong to the reign of Liberty. That order and connection are arbitrary—passionately justifiable—say, then, are delectable. See an ode of Pindar.

SEWARD. Publish—publish.

NORTH. In prose the style is last—in verse first; in prose the sense controls the sound—in verse the sound the sense; in prose you speak—in verse you sing; in prose you live in the abstract—in verse in the concrete; in prose you present notions—in verse visions; in prose you expound—in verse you enchant; in prose it is much if now and then you are

held in the sphere of the fascinated senses—in verse if of the calm understanding.

BULLER. Will you have the goodness, sir, to say all that over again?

NORTH. I have forgot it. The lines in the countenance of Prose are austere. The look is shy, reserved, governed—like the fixed steady lineaments of mountains. The hues that suffuse the face of her sister Verse vary faster than those with which the western or the eastern sky momentarily reports the progress of the sinking, of the fallen, but not yet lost, of the coming or of the risen sun.

BULLER. I have jotted that down, sir.

NORTH. And I hope you will come to understand it. Candidly speaking, 'tis more than I do.

SEWARD. I do perfectly—and it is as true as beautiful, sir.

BULLER. Equally so.

NORTH. I venerate Wordsworth. Wordsworth's poetry stands distinct in the world. That which to other men is an occasional pleasure, or possibly delight, and to other poets an occasional transport, THE SEEING THIS VISIBLE UNIVERSE, is to him—a Life—one Individual Human Life—namely, his Own—travelling its whole journey from the Cradle to the Grave. And that Life—for what else could he do with it?—he has verified—sung. And there is no other such Song. It is a memorable fact of our civilization—a Memorable Fact in the History of Human Kind—that one perpetual song. Perpetual but infinitely various—as a river of a thousand miles, traversing, from its birthplace in the mountains, diverse regions, wild and inhabited, to the ocean-receptacle.

BULLER. Confoundedly prosaic at times.

NORTH. He, more than any other true poet, approaches Verse to Prose—never, I believe, or hardly ever, quite blends them.

BULLER. Often—often—often, my dear sir.

NORTH. Seldom—seldom—seldom if ever, my dear sir. He tells his Life. His Poems are, of necessity, an Autobiography. The matter of them, then, is his personal reality; but Prose is, all over and properly, the language of Personal Realities. Even with him, however, so peculiarly conditioned, and, as well as I am able to understand his Proposition, against his own Theory of writing, Verse maintains, as by the laws of our insuppressible nature it always will maintain, its sacred Right and indefeasible Prerogative.

To conclude our conversation—

BULLER. Or Monologue.

NORTH. Epos is Human History in its

magnitude in Verse. In Prose, National History offers itself in parallelism. The coincidence is broad and unquestioned; but on closer inspection, differences great and innumerable spring up and unfold themselves, until at last you might almost persuade yourself that the first striking resemblance deceived you, and that the two species lack analogy, so many other kinds does the Species in Verse embosom, and so escaping are the lines of agreement in the instant in which you attempt fixing them.

BULLER. Would that Lord Bacon were here!

NORTH. And thus we are led to a deeper truth. The Metrical Epos imitates History, without doubt, as Lord Bacon says—it borrows thence its mould, not rigorously, but with exceeding bold and free adaptations, as the Iliad unfolds the Ten Years' War in Seven Weeks. But for the Poet, more than another, ALL IS IN ALL.

SEWARD. Sir?

NORTH. What is the Paradise Lost, ultimately considered?

BULLER. Oh!

NORTH. It is, my friends, the arguing in verse of a question in Natural Theology. Whence are Wrong and Pain? Moral and Physical Evil, as we call them, in all their overwhelming extent of complexity sprung? How permitted in the Kingdom of an All-wise and Almighty Love? To this question, concerning the origin of Evil, Milton answers as a Christian Theologian, agreeably to his own understanding of his Religion—so justifying the Universal Government of God, and, in particular, his Government of Man. The Poem is, therefore, Theological, Argumentative, Didactic, in Epic Form. Being in the constitution of his soul a Poet, mightiest of the mighty, the intention is hidden in the Form. The Verse has transformed the matter. Now, then, the Paradise Lost is not history told for itself. But this One Truth, in two answering Propositions, that the Will of Man spontaneously consorting with God's Will is Man's Good, spontaneously dissenting, Man's Evil. This is created into an awful and solemn narrative of a Matter exactly adapted, and long since authoritatively told. But this Truth, springing up in the shape of narrative, will now take its own determination into Events of unsurpassed magnitude, now of the tenderest individuality and minuteness; and all is, hence, in keeping—as one power of life springs up on one spot, in oak-tree, moss, and violet, and the difference of stature, thus

understood, gives a deep harmony, so deep and embracing, that none without injury to the whole could be taken away.

BULLER. What's all this! Hang that Drone—confound that Chanter. Burst, thou most unseasonable of Bagpipes! Silence that dreadful Drum! Draw in your Horns—

SEWARD. Musquetry! cannon! huzza! The enemy are storming the Camp. The Delhis bear down on the Pavilion. The life is in danger. Let us save the King.

NORTH. See to it, gentlemen. I await the issue in my Swing-chair. Let the Barbarians but look on me and their weapons will drop.

BULLER. All's right. A false alarm.

NORTH. There was no alarm.

BULLER. 'Twas but a SALUTE. THE Boys have come back from Kilchurn. They are standing in front beside the spoil.

NORTH. Widen the Portal. Artistically disposed! The whole like one huge Star-fish. *Salmo ferox*, centre—Pike, radii—Yellow-fins, circumference—Weight I should say the tenth of a ton. Call the Manciple. Manciple, you are responsible for the preservation of that Star-fish.

BULLER. Sir, you forget yourself. The People must be fed. We are Seven. Twelve are on the troop roll—Nine strangers have sent in their cards—the Gillies are growing upon us—the Camp-followers have doubled the population since morn, and the circum-ambient Natives are waxing strong. Hunger is in the Camp—but for this supply Famine; *Iliacos intra muros PECCATUR et extra*; Dods reports that the Boiler is wroth, the furnace at a red heat, Pots and Pans a-simmer; the Culinary Spirit impatient to be at work. In such circumstances, the tenth of a ton is no great matter; but it is better than nothing. The mind of the Manciple may lie at rest, for that Star-fish will never see to-morrow's Sun; and motionless as he looks, he is hastening to the Shades.

NORTH. Sir, you forget yourself. There is other animal matter in the world besides Fish. No penury of it in camp. I have here the Manciple's report. "One dozen plucked Earochs—one ditto ditto Ducklings—d. d. d. March Chick—one Bubblyjock—one Side of Mutton—four Necks—Six Sheep-heads, and their complement of Trotters—two Sheep, just slaughtered and yet in wholes—four Lambs ditto—the late Cladich Calf—one small Stot—two lb. 40 Rounds in pickle—four Miscellaneous Pies of the First Order—six Hams; four dozen of Rein-deer Tongues

had made her liberal offers to induce her to join them; but the marquis, by promising to provide for her at his death, persuaded her to remain where she was. She was gentle, cheerful, neat-handed, and pretty; and these qualities, together with the charm of her singing, rendered her very valuable to the old man in his declining years and sickness; insomuch, that whenever he was ill—and he was subject to long and frequent fits of gout—she was appointed his special attendant; and in order that she might be always within call, he appropriated a small room adjoining his own to her particular use. On this fatal 5th of February, however, Pepita being as languid and incapable of exertion as her betters, had retired to this little apartment, locked the door, and thrown herself on her bed, where she lay silent and still, even when she heard Baldoni knock and say the marquis wanted her. He had scarcely quitted her door, concluding her to be elsewhere, when a strange sound arose in the air, and the castle began to rock to and fro like a ship on a stormy sea. At the same time a large beam that supported the ceiling fell, penetrating the partition wall, and bringing great part of the ceiling with it. A cry from the adjoining room alarming her for her master's safety, made Pepita rush towards the door; but it was so blocked up by the fallen beam that she could not reach it; whereupon she sprung to the hole in the wall, and leaping on a table, looked through. The marquis was stretched insensible upon the ground, evidently struck down by a heavy piece of cornice that lay beside him; and Baldoni, who had just entered the room, was standing beside him. Pepita was on the point of raising her voice to ask his assistance, when she saw him rush to a corner of the room, open a press, take out a small casket, and hastily quit the room; the whole transaction being so rapid, that the girl had scarcely time to comprehend what she beheld till it was all over. Nor, indeed, had she much leisure to think of it, for the shocks succeeded each other with such rapidity, and the noise and darkness were so terrific, that she expected every moment to be her last; but, unfortunately for her, she was reserved for a worse fate. By sheltering herself under the beam, she escaped being crushed by the falling masses around her; and although the castle was destroyed by the earthquake, poor Pepita was dug out of the ruins alive, after lying under them for three days without food. A severe illness was the first consequence of this calamity;

and the second was, that her hopes of a provision from the marquis were annihilated, he being found apparently crushed to death, and no will discovered. As Pepita had no friends, she was carried to a public hospital, temporarily arranged for the reception of the sufferers; and here, as soon as she was well enough to be permitted to see anybody, she was surprised by a visit from Baldoni. She had, during her confinement, had plenty of time to reflect on what she had witnessed; and an Italian herself, she was well aware of the danger she would incur, should the party principally concerned suspect her acquaintance with his fatal secret, until she had some one to protect her from his vengeance. She therefore resolved to preserve an unbroken silence on the subject till the return of the heir, Count Neocles; but, not doubting that the casket contained some valuables belonging to the family, she determined, on his arrival, to disclose what she had seen, and in the mean time to avoid, if possible, a meeting with Baldoni, apprehending that her countenance might involuntarily betray her. Nothing, therefore, could be less welcome than his visit, the more so as it was quite unexpected, and she had no time to compose her spirits, or prepare her countenance for the interview. He spoke to her with considerable kindness—too much, indeed; for jealousy of her interest with the marquis had hitherto made him rather her enemy than her friend, and the altered tone alarmed much more than it encouraged her. He offered to supply her with anything she required; bade her entertain no anxiety with regard to her future subsistence; assuring her that although the marquis had left no will, he would communicate to Count Neocles his father's intentions in her favor, and her claims on the family; and finally left her, promising shortly to repeat his visit. And what rendered this sudden accession of good will the more suspicious was, that during the whole of the conversation his countenance belied his words; no benignity was there, no sympathy, no pity. It was evident to her that he was racked with anxiety, and that, while he was speaking to her, his eyes sought to penetrate her soul; whilst she, terrified and conscious, could not summon courage to meet his glance.

Baldoni, on his part, left her, convinced that his worst fears were realized—Pepita knew his secret. He had expected no less. He had been foremost in the search for her and the marquis, when it was discovered that they were both buried beneath the

ruins: the one he knew to be dead, and he felt perfectly indifferent as to the other, till they reached the spot and found her alive. Till then, he had not believed her to be in that room; nor, in his haste and eagerness to fly, had he observed the rent in the wall made by the fallen beam. Struck with dismay when it was ascertained that she was there and alive, Baldoni had immediately retreated, lest the sight of him should have provoked her to an abrupt disclosure of what she had witnessed. It possibly might have done so; as it was, all she did was to point to the adjoining room, exclaiming, "My master!—my master!" And then, overcome by her sufferings, bodily and mental, she fainted, and in that state was carried to the hospital.

The unwelcome visitor soon returned; and she was more alarmed than before when she found that his professions of kindness were beginning to assume a more special form; and that, whilst his stubborn features expressed hatred, he wished to convey the idea that he was in love with her. This was worse than all; and anxious to elude the persecution that she feared awaited her, Pepita quitted the hospital, and sought a refuge with a sister of her mother's, who had a son called Antonio, a fine young man, who earned his bread as a vine-dresser. Antonio had long entertained a *tendresse* for his pretty cousin; but her situation at the castle, and the favor in which she stood with the marquis, had so far lifted her out of his level, that when she visited the cottage she was received rather as a superior than a relation. Besides, it was well known that Pepita was to be provided for; Pepita, in short, in the estimation of the poor vine-dresser, was an heiress, and far above his aim. Now she was as poor as himself; and that event, which to her was the most severe misfortune, first awakened his heart to hope. Although Antonio had never told his love, Pepita was quite as well aware of it as if he had, and had been, even in her most prosperous days, extremely well disposed to return it. She was now doubly so; there was love on one side to propel her, and fears on the other. Once the wife of Antonio, she reckoned on being free from the persecutions of Baldoni, and she would have some one to protect her from his vengeance till the return of the new master. Young, innocent, and simple, and residing under the same roof, it was not long before the priest was spoken to, and the wedding-day fixed. How they were to subsist gave them little

concern. In that mild climate, human necessities are with less difficulty supplied than in colder countries, where more substantial shelter and food, together with fuel and warm clothing, are required. Besides, Pepita was well aware that she could gain money by her voice if she needed it.

Whilst these arrangements were making, she scrupulously avoided Baldoni, and she trusted that he knew nothing of her movements; at all events, he seemed to have intermitted his pursuit, and she almost ventured to hope that her alarm had been groundless. But she was mistaken; Baldoni had intermitted his pursuit, which had been prompted by policy, and not by love, because he had read in her countenance that it was worse than hopeless. He apprehended his perseverance might only have served to provoke her to some decisive measures against him, and therefore he forbore; but he had his eye upon her, was informed of all her movements, and cunningly penetrated the motive of her temporary silence. It is needless to say he hated her, and her husband no less, for he never doubted that she had made him acquainted with the fatal secret; and as there is nothing so cruel as fear, he would probably have hesitated little to take their lives could he have done it without danger to himself; but that being impossible, he hit upon a scheme for securing his own safety a thousand times more barbarous.

When the period appointed for the return of the marquis approached, Baldoni one day presented himself at the cottage of the newly married pair, with a letter in his hand, dated from Rome, and signed Neocles Colonna. The epistle was addressed to Baldoni, and in it he was desired immediately to dispatch Pepita to Rome, where he had procured an engagement for her to sing at one of the theatres on very advantageous terms. The writer then gave directions as to how she was to travel, adding, that if she had any relation who could accompany her, so much the better, as she might need a protector. "Your husband will accompany you of course," said Baldoni.

That the letter was a forgery seems never to have entered the mind of the girl; and to dispute the will of the master would have been out of the question; whilst to have so convenient an opportunity of communicating with the count at a distance from Baldoni was very agreeable to her. As for her husband, no misgivings assailed him, for he was not aware of any reason for entertaining any; she having prudently resolved not to make

him the confidant of her dangerous secret till the marquis's arrival. Baldoni, in accordance with the orders given in the letter, undertook to arrange everything for their journey; and as quickly as their preparations could be made they started.

In due time, the marquis with his wife and son arrived; the latter a fine lad of twelve years of age. Baldoni shortly afterwards relinquished his situation in the family, and went to reside at a lonely village called Tempesta, where he associated with no one but his own household, which consisted of his wife and a lovely daughter, of whom he was passionately fond. As for Pepita and her husband, it not being the custom to interrogate great people about such matters, no inquiries were made respecting them; especially as the old woman, Antonio's mother, who was the only person interested in their fate, after a reasonable interval received a letter announcing their safe arrival at Rome, and also their extreme satisfaction at their reception, and the engagement made for them. In less than three years after the departure of her son and daughter-in-law, the old woman died; but as she had nothing to leave, there was no necessity for seeking her heirs; and thus, as is the way of the world, no more being heard of them, Pepita and her husband were soon as much forgotten as if they had never existed.

We must now request our readers to imagine a lapse of six years. Young Count Agostino, the son of Neocles, who was twelve years of age on his return from France, is now a noble, handsome youth of eighteen; romantic, bold, very fond of sport, and a capital shot. Adored by his father and mother, he enjoyed a great deal of liberty; and as there was very good shooting in the neighborhood of Tempesta, he was in the habit of paying frequent visits in that quarter; on which occasions he frequently contrived to be benighted, and Baldoni's house being the best in the neighborhood, he had an excellent excuse for making it his lodging. The fact was, that on one of these excursions he had met with Baldoni's beautiful daughter, Lucia; and although she was some years older than himself, had fallen in love with her. Baldoni was perfectly aware of the effect of his daughter's charms, and instead of repressing, encouraged the attachment, allowing himself to indulge ambitious hopes of a union betwixt the young people; and although to any other person such a project would have appeared utterly absurd, Baldoni had his own private reasons for considering it by no means so

desperate as it seemed. It is also not to be doubted that whilst his ambition on the one hand, and his paternal affection on the other, made him desire the match, the stings of conscience, which did not prompt him to restitution, were yet sufficiently troublesome to make him rejoice in an occurrence which would enable him to render back his ill-gotten gains to the family he had injured, by simply making his daughter heiress of his hidden treasures.

Ever since the death of the late marquis, a mass was annually performed for his soul on the anniversary of the earthquake; and this ceremony took place in the evening at Tempesta, in an old chapel belonging to the family of Colonna, situated on the sea-shore, which was especially dedicated to services for those who perished by sudden accident, whether by land or water. However little disposed for such solemn offices, the gay young Agostino was expected to be present at these rites; and it is scarcely a matter of surprise that, weary with his day's sport, he should be more inclined to indulge in a sly nap in an obscure corner of the chapel, than to listen to the prayers for the dead, ohanted by the quavering voice of the family chaplain. At all events so it was; and on one of these occasions, so soundly did he sleep, that the whole congregation defiled out of the chapel without arousing him. Neither did any one miss him; his father and mother concluding that he intended to remain at Tempesta to shoot, and Baldoni, at whose house he had slept on the preceding night, taking it for granted that he had returned to the castle with his parents.

It was long past midnight when he awoke, and it was not immediately that he could recollect where he was; and when he did so, and comprehended his situation, he soon found that he must be obliged to content himself with his lodging for the rest of the night. There was light enough from the moon to enable him to find his way to the door; but it was locked; and having called as loudly as he could, without obtaining any response, he made up his mind to the worst, and settled himself once more to sleep, till the sacristan, coming to sweep out the chapel, should release him in the morning.

He had, however, scarcely fallen into a state of forgetfulness, when he was once more aroused by a noise proceeding from the altar; and turning his eyes in that direction, he was surprised to perceive a man muffled in a cloak, with a lantern in his hand, who seemed suddenly to rise out of the earth. Amazed

and alarmed, for the young man was without arms, he remained silently watching the stranger, who first stooped down, then blew out the lantern, and finally, with a stealthy step, crossed to the door of the chapel and went out, locking the door after him.

Who could this be? and what could he be doing there? The face of the stranger was undistinguishable; but there was something in the air and gait that put him in mind of Baldoni. Now although Agostino was after a manner in love with Lucia—that is, in love with her as great lords are in love with maids of low degree—he was far from admiring Baldoni, whom he thought a gloomy, forbidding man, and whose designs on himself he had penetrated; and it was therefore less difficult for him to conceive some evil purpose on the part of the ex-steward, than to imagine what that purpose could be. In vain he puzzled his brain to discover it; and morning finding him quite unsatisfied, he resolved that the matter should not rest there; and as, in order to facilitate his further investigations, it was necessary to be silent with respect to what had occurred, after examining the spot where the man had emerged, and finding nothing to explain his appearance, he climbed up to one of the windows, opened it, and letting himself carefully down on the outside, made his way back to the castle long before his father and mother were out of their beds.

On the following night, unseen by anybody, the young count repaired, well armed, to the chapel, to which, as the family had a private key, he had no difficulty in obtaining access. There, in concealment, he remained till dawn, without seeing anything of the mysterious stranger. For three successive nights he met with no better success, by which time he not only began to be extremely tired of his stone pillow, but he also began actually to doubt whether he had seen what he imagined he had, or whether the whole had not been a vivid dream. For several ensuing nights, therefore, he slept quietly in his bed; but as soon as he was thoroughly refreshed, his spirit of adventure returned, and his curiosity urged him to make one more attempt. It had been on a Saturday night that he had seen the stranger; a fortnight had now elapsed, and it was Saturday again; and with a strong presentiment of success, he started once more for the chapel, and having locked himself in, took up his position in an obscure corner near the high altar; and, sure enough, shortly after the clock struck twelve he heard a key turning in the chapel door, and pres-

ently he saw the same individual enter, with a lantern in one hand and a basket in the other. He walked straight up to the altar, near to where Agostino crouched, concealed by a pillar; and then placing his lantern and basket on the steps, he stooped down under the table, and took something which Agostino concluded was a key, since he immediately afterwards opened a door in the pillar adjoining that behind which the young man was concealed, and entering the aperture, shut it after him, and disappeared. In about half an hour he returned, with the basket still on his arm, locked the door, replaced the key, blew out his lantern, and left the chapel as before. Agostino not only now felt himself secure of penetrating the mystery, but he was also satisfied that the man was no other than Baldoni; and for the first time a recollection of the family tradition regarding the secret chamber, and the treasures it was supposed to contain, recurred to his mind. Baldoni had no doubt discovered it, and was helping himself to its valuable contents. It was a grand thing at eighteen to have found out this; and it would be still grander to complete the enterprise himself; and this he resolved to do. So he waited till the morning dawned, and then set about searching for the key, and the door to be opened with it; but neither could he find, nor even the smallest trace of them. What was to be done? Go to Baldoni, tell him what he had seen, and insist on a confession? But how force him to it? He was a dark, silent, resolute man, and might prefer dying, and taking the secret with him to the grave. On the whole, Agostino thought a better plan would be to wait till the next Saturday, then place himself in ambush, and just at the moment that Baldoni had opened the door in the pillar, and was entering the aperture, to place a pistol at his head, and stop him; and to this scheme he adhered.

Accordingly, when the night came, he was at his post betimes. At the accustomed hour the chapel door opened, and, as usual, Baldoni advanced to the altar, stooped down, and then, turning to the pillar, stretched out his arm to insert the key in the lock. It had been the intention of Agostino not to stir till the door was open; but in his eagerness not to lose the opportunity, he moved too soon, and the instant he emerged from behind the pillar that concealed him, Baldoni, without pausing to see who the intruder was, drew a pistol from his bosom and fired; whilst at the same moment the young count, perceiving the action, levelled the one he held in his

hand, and drew the trigger. The two reports were simultaneous, and both the combatants fell. On the following morning, when the sacristan entered the chapel, he found Baldoni and the young count both apparently dead on the floor; beside them lay their weapons, an empty basket, and an extinguished lantern. News was immediately sent to the marquis, who soon arrived with a physician. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary an incident nobody could guess. Why they should have been in the chapel at all, and still more why they should have shot each other, was altogether inexplicable. Lucia declared that she had no idea that her father was anywhere but in his bed; and that, as for the young count, he had not been at their house for a fortnight or more. In spite of this, the conclusion to which everybody inclined was, that Baldoni had quarrelled with the count in consequence of his attentions to his daughter, and that, for some incomprehensible reason, they had met there to discuss the question.

In the mean time, whilst everybody was guessing and wondering, the physician declared that Baldoni was dead, but that Agostino, though wounded, was not dangerously hurt, and was suffering chiefly from loss of blood; and due remedies being applied, he was ere long restored to consciousness; but as he was exceedingly weak, talking was forbidden, and all inquiries as to the meaning of this strange event were deferred till he was stronger.

In the mean while there was nobody more perplexed about this affair than Lucia herself. Whatever the world might think, she felt assured that there had been no quarrel betwixt Agostino and her father about her; and a thousand circumstances recurred to her that had at various times induced her to believe that there was some strange mystery connected with that chapel. In the first place, she was well aware that double the quantity of provisions they consumed were weekly provided, and as regularly carried out of the house, to be given to the poor, as her father had told her; but who these poor were she had never been able to ascertain. Then, as for lamp-oil, the quantity that was bought and disappeared was truly astonishing; added to which, she not only was aware of her father's having at different times purchased coarse clothing which he never wore, but since her mother's death he had also desired her to procure complete suits of female attire, and even baby-linen of the same ordinary description, which she had done and

delivered to him, but which vanished in the same mysterious manner. Many slight observations of her own had connected these disappearances with the chapel; and she never went into it without casting her eyes around in the hope of discovering some clue to the mystery; and finally, finding none, she concluded that some political offenders or state criminals, whom her father favored, were concealed in the vestry-room, probably with the cognizance of the marquis; and this last opinion was strengthened by her knowledge of the sums of money her father expended, though whence he drew his funds she did not know. There was not only the amount lavished on provisions, oil, and so forth; but she knew that he had lately purchased an estate, although the transaction had been conducted with great secrecy.

On one occasion, too, when her father had been ill, and confined to his bed for some days, she remarked that he was suffering great anxiety of mind, and he was even once on the point of disclosing a secret of importance to her. He had gone so far as to swear her to secrecy, and had commenced his instructions, which were to the effect that she should fill a basket with provisions and a jar with oil; but there his communications stopped, and he said he would wait to see how he should be on the following day. On the following day he was better; and his health continuing to amend, she heard no more of the matter, whilst an attempt she once made to renew the conversation was too eminently unsuccessful to admit of her repeating it.

Reviewing all these circumstances, Lucia, who was a well-disposed girl, felt extremely uneasy. That these provisions and clothes were for some concealed fugitive she could scarcely doubt. In those days, too, and in that part of the world, such hidings were by no means uncommon. Supposing such to be the case, the supply of their necessities must now fail; she trembled to think what might be the consequences. Yet whom to apply to she did not know. She would have selected Agostino; but in the first place, he was ill; and in the second, she naturally concluded that the quarrel, if such there had been, must have been connected with this secret.

Thus perplexed, her first step after her father was interred was to send for the sacristan and question him; if there were any persons above ground in the chapel, he must know it. However, he assured her there were not; but he admitted that he had his own suspicions about the chapel too. He was

not altogether ignorant of Baldoni's visits, though the latter had made it worth his while to be silent; and how he had obtained the key with which he entered he could not tell. The sacristan confessed that he believed somebody was concealed in a vault beneath the building, but the entrance to it he had never been able to discover.

"They will be starved," exclaimed Lucia, "if we cannot find it!" And terrified at this possibility, she resolved to take the curate of the village into her confidence. He, apprehensive of incurring too much responsibility, lost no time in applying to the marquis's confessor for advice. Now it happened, on the day before this visit of the curate's to the castle, that Agostino, being considerably recovered, and able to speak without inconvenience, had described the circumstances which had led to his being wounded, concluding his narrative with a request that no attempt should be made to penetrate the secret passage till he was well enough to accompany the explorers.

The intelligence brought by the curate, however, altered the case; there was not a moment to be lost; Agostino had no great difficulty in indicating the situation of the door, but where was the key? Baldoni had certainly had it in his hand when the ball struck him; and as he had not been able to move from the spot, the chances were, that it might be found near the pillar, and with that hope the two priests and the marquis started for Tempesta. On inquiring for the key, the sacristan said he had picked up a small one of a singular construction on the floor of the chapel a day or two before, and not knowing to whom it belonged, he had left it on the window-sill; and there they found it.

The directions they had received from Agostino enabled them, after some seeking, to discern a small round hole in the pillar, into which the key fitted, and immediately a panel slid back, and discovered a flight of steps, which, having provided themselves with lights, they descended, till they reached a door which was locked; they were about to send for instruments to break it open, when, observing a hole like that in the pillar, they bethought themselves of trying the same key; the experiment succeeded; and a second door being opened in a similar manner, they found themselves in a kind of chamber about twenty feet square. It contained a bed and several articles of domestic use; whilst three individuals, huddled together, with haggard features and sunken

eyes, sat crouching on the floor in the dark. These were Pepita, her husband Antonio, and a child born to them in their dismal captivity!

The poor prisoners were so reduced from want of food, and their senses so dulled by their long confinement, that at first they could hardly comprehend that relief had reached them. They had been two days without food or light, and had already quietly resigned themselves to the death which they believed awaited them. They were immediately conducted above ground, where every kindness and attention was shown them. It was remarked that the woman was much less blunted and stupefied than the man, the influence of her maternal affections having operated favorably by supplying her with a constant source of interest.

As soon as they were in a state to be interrogated, Pepita, having just communicated what she had seen on the day of the earthquake, proceeded to mention the order she had received to join the marquis at Rome; and how, under the guidance of Baldoni, they had started on their journey, with a vettura provided by him. They travelled at a slow rate along the sea-shore, and had not been more than an hour on the road when a wheel came off, and they were invited to descend, and take shelter in a sort of grotto or hermitage close upon the shore, whilst the driver went to fetch somebody to repair the carriage. "Here we waited some time," continued Pepita, "and as we had started in the evening, night soon came on, and after partaking of some supper, Antonio getting uneasy at the driver's absence, went out to seek him; whilst I, feeling excessively drowsy, stretched myself on the floor to rest. How long I slept I do not know; but when I awoke, I found myself in a place I did not recognize, with Antonio lying on the floor beside me fast asleep. There was a lamp burning on a small table, a bed in one corner, and the basket of provisions and wine with which Baldoni had furnished us for the journey, standing close to me. I tried to wake my husband, but could not; and being still overcome with drowsiness, I turned round and went to sleep again. The next time I awoke it was he that had aroused me.

"'Pepita,' said he, 'where are we? What has happened?'

"'I do not know,' answered I. 'We can't be at Rome; can we?' For my head was quite confused, and I did not remember well anything that had occurred since we left home.

"My husband's memory was very much perplexed too, and it was some time before I recollected how I had gone to sleep in the old hermitage, and before he was able to describe to me what had happened to him.

"'After we had eaten some cold meat, and drank some wine out of our basket,' said he, 'I remember going out to look for Baldoni, but I could not find him; and a strange feeling coming over me, as if I were intoxicated, I returned to the grotto, where I saw you lying asleep on the floor. I believe the wine I had drunk had given me a relish for more, for I remember opening the basket, and applying again to the bottle. I must have drunk a great deal, I am afraid, for after this, I cannot clearly recall what happened; only I think the Signor Baldoni came and said he was sorry for the accident, and that he would take us to a better place to pass the night; but which way he took me I am sure I cannot tell; but I suppose in the morning we shall learn where we are, and pursue our journey.'

"I thought so too," continued Pepita; "and it was not till many hours had elapsed that any suspicion of foul play entered my mind; and when it did, I did not dare hint my thought to Antonio, till at length he himself began to be uneasy. Not that he had any suspicion of Baldoni; but many strange stories of travellers being betrayed into the hands of banditti by the vetturinos had reached us, and he was afraid we had fallen into some such ambush. As for my own apprehensions, I confess I was afraid to avow them; for if they were well-founded, I comprehended that our case was desperate; for Baldoni must either intend to take our lives, or keep us in perpetual captivity, in order to insure his own safety.

"We had no means of computing time, but we fancied about twenty-four hours had elapsed since we awoke from our heavy sleep, when we first heard the sound of an opening door and approaching footsteps. By this time our lamp had gone out, and we were in the dark; but our visitor had a lantern, and I saw that my fears were verified—it was Baldoni. He brought us provisions and oil; but when we asked him where we were, and wherefore imprisoned, he refused to tell us. All he would answer was, that he was acting under authority, and that we should shortly

be released. In this story he always persisted; and sometimes he gave us reason to believe that our freedom was at hand. He said that we were to go by sea, and not to return to Italy under pain of death. I believe it was this constant hope of liberty that kept us alive through all these tedious years. We never wanted for food or clothing, nor did we suffer much from cold. Neither did any incident vary our sad life, except that once Baldoni exceeded the usual period of his absence by about twenty-four hours, which alarmed us very much, and himself too, I believe; for after that, he always brought us a larger quantity of provisions in case of any accidental impediment to his coming; and it is to this precaution we owe it that we are now alive."

The history of the melancholy six years passed in this cruel imprisonment was comprised in these few words; and as Baldoni himself was gone, no further particulars could be collected. These vaults were the secret refuge known traditionally in the family, to which Baldoni had found the clue in the casket. The amount of treasure reported to be there had been greatly exaggerated, but a considerable sum had been always left in case some sudden danger should necessitate a precipitate flight, and of this Baldoni had possessed himself. There were three entrances or exits: one under the castle; one in the old hermitage by the sea-shore; and the third, as we have seen, in the chapel.

There was every reason to believe that the wine the unfortunate travellers had drunk was drugged; and it appeared evident, from a variety of circumstances, that the wretched man had intended to send them away by sea, after alarming them to such a degree as to deter them from ever attempting to return; but the difficulty of arranging the removal, and his personal apprehensions, had delayed the fulfilment of his intentions till he was himself cut off in the blossom of his sins; an event which would have ensured the death of the poor captives, but for the singular train of accidents that led to their release.

It is needless to say that the sufferers were well taken care of for the rest of their lives; whilst Lucia, who was guiltless of her father's crimes, was, at the request of Agostino, respectably married, and sent to reside with her husband to Rome.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

UNIVERSITY REFORM.

DR. WHEWELL: *On Cambridge Studies*. London: 1845.

AMID the revolutions which have shaken thrones and overturned dynasties, we have not entirely escaped. A revolutionary movement which neither the experience of past ages nor the caution of the present age authorized us to expect, has startled the tranquil waters of the Cam and Isis. Towards the close of last year, to the astonishment of those without, and the partial horror of some within her gates, the University of Cambridge herself pronounced against the system which she had so long maintained, in favor of one more liberal, and more wise, and in its spirit we believe more ancient. The non-academic world is aware that, under the mysterious operations of such cabalistic words as Syndicates, Graces, Triposes, an important change of some sort has been introduced at Cambridge into the academic system of England. The change, translated into ordinary language, is in substance as follows: In the first place, every candidate for the degree of bachelor of arts, *in addition to the amount of mathematics and classics* required for a degree at present, must attend the lectures of one or more of the professors of the *moral or natural sciences*, during one term at least, and must produce a certificate from the professor of having passed a satisfactory examination. In the second place, two new Honor Triposes are established—one for the moral, the other for the natural sciences; the candidates for these honors being arranged in three classes, according to their aggregate merits in all the subjects, with particular marks of distinction in each class for eminent proficiency in particular subjects. The sister University is preparing to follow, though more slowly, and at a little distance. The Oxford scheme, which we are sorry to say has been as yet only partially accepted by convocation, was a little different in its details, but its principle and object were the same; each University proposing to retain the distinctive elements of

its previous system, at the moment of enlarging them.

Those who know the sentiments which the *Edinburgh Review* has always promulgated on this important subject, need not be told how heartily we rejoice in the realization of a scheme of the principle of which we have been the constant advocates, and how sanguine must naturally be our hopes of the advantages which the proposed change appears to promise. The alteration looks a simple one, and is so. But it imports a recognition of the great fact, that in the present state of knowledge and of society, something more is required in a college education than mathematics and classics; and it admits, for the first time, the professors, by whose learning and abilities the University has hitherto been more adorned than aided, into their just influence in its system and its degrees.

Hitherto, the university education of England has been, like the saints of popery, the idol and adoration of one class, the reproach and abhorrence of another. While the former have extolled it as the most perfect consummation of human teaching, the latter have denounced it as the most reckless consumption of time and the most shameless waste of intellect. The one class has expatiated on the uniformity and completeness of a system which blends the discipline of the reason with the cultivation of the taste—which lays its substratum in the rigid rules of an inflexible geometry or logic, and crowns the edifice with the gorgeous decoration of classical lore—which hardens, and braces, and enriches the mind by a combination of studies to which no rival scheme could be compared, and for which no substitute could be found. The other derides a course of instruction, which sends forth young men into the world, at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, utterly and completely ignorant of everything but Euclid and algebra or a

little logic, a few Latin, and fewer Greek books; and, for the most part, with but a scant and ragged knowledge even of these.

As usual, the truth lies between the zenith of eulogy and the nadir of disparagement. The advantages of a university education have been too highly praised, and too recklessly vituperated. Its benefits have not been so great, nor its shortcomings so monstrous, as the world has been called upon to believe. These great and proud establishments have done far less for the education of the youth of England than they might have done; but the majority of students whom they have trained, are neither barbarous ignoramuses nor contemptible dunces—some of them, indeed, the most accomplished of men. Their common error was their exclusiveness. Meantime the manner in which, both at Cambridge and Oxford, this their common error was followed out, was so different, that two such opposite courses could scarcely possibly be right; and the reformatations now in progress are as much of an admission as generous censors will require, that they have both been wrong. The illiberality of one University was abundantly reciprocated by the illiberality of the other. We have seen high wranglers who could not for the life of them have construed the first chapter of St. John's Gospel; on the other hand, we have also gazed upon first-class men who could not have worked a rule-of-three sum, and who would have been perplexed to explain how two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third. Beyond this there was little or no choice.

The University of Cambridge, in senate house assembled, has resolved at length that the time was come when its circle of knowledge must be enlarged. It has declared that it is no longer fitting that it should limit its instruction to mathematics or even to classics or mathematics only. We may grant what is so often contended for—that there is no better discipline for the reasoning faculties, than the elements of geometry; and no better exercise for patient diligence, or more necessary introduction to some of the higher branches of natural philosophy, than mathematical demonstration and analysis—that there is no language at once so precise and so copious, so exuberant in the diction of the most fertile imagination, or so minute in the shadowings of the most delicate subtlety, as the language of which the force was not exhausted by Demosthenes, nor the profundity fathomed by Aristotle, nor the refinement and beauty reached by Plato; and that

—when every modern tongue has been learned, and every modern writer studied, from Milton and Shakspeare to Goethe, Schiller, and Scott—still men will find much to enchant and astonish them in that language in which Socrates chastised the sophists, and Demosthenes defied the Macedonian. If it were given to all the sons of men to rusticate in parochial competence or bucolic ease, to drink port wine and assist at quarter sessions, or to grow grey and oleaginous in colleges—then we might witness with complacency the dedication of the first twenty years of life to this combination of the difficult and the delightful—Euclid and Euripides, Peacock and Plato, the Dynamics of Whewell and the Comedies of Aristophanes. But, alas! Art is long and life is short. The men whom English fathers and mothers send up to Cambridge every year, want, some of them the capacity, and many the taste for this twofold labor. Unattracted by the ordinary degree, and incapable of mastering the requisites for an honorable degree, the majority of them sink into a slough of despond, whence they emerge into the unhonored ranks of the “pol.” Three years have taught them four books of Euclid and a smattering of mechanics, a very little Greek and Latin, and—nothing in the world besides. The history of undergraduate life at Oxford, substituting only a preference in favor of Aristotle and logic for the precedence given at Cambridge to mathematics, was otherwise substantially the same. The same species of reform would, therefore, apply equally to both cases.

Is this, then, the dilemma in which an English gentleman ought to find himself on leaving his University? Should he be at

* There must always be an alternative risk in education; the risk of its being either narrow or superficial. The difficulty was severely felt in framing the scheme of subjects for examination at the London University. Take the case of France; M. Arago and the *Ecole Polytechnique* were by no means adequate representatives of the cultivation of a great people, without the addition of M. Guizot and the *Collège de France*. Take our case in Scotland, on the other hand; the condition of whose learning Dr. Johnson once conceived that he described by saying, that everybody had a mouthful, but nobody a bellyful. There is *lis pendens* at this very moment between Professor Blackie and Professor Pillans on the present state of Scottish universities; especially their Humanity classes. Of another essential branch of University Reform—the removal of academical tests—we spoke so lately, that we need not now revert to it. Few things can be more disheartening generally than the jealousy—not to say worse—with which our different religious denominations regard each other; and the sense of

best profoundly versed in mathematics or classics, and ignorant of all earthly things else? or very possibly ignorant of everything, classics and mathematics included? Ought this to be his condition on bracing himself for the tussle and jostle of life? Is he thus to enter the turmoil and collision of a busy, rapid, and multifarious society, which is compounded of elements the most various,—agitated by ideas the most antagonistic, and liable to impressions the most fitful? Is he at the very best to bring from the sacred grove into the competition and worry of society, nothing but a knowledge of high analysis, or the graces of Greek and Latin composition? Or may he bury beneath the hood of a B. A. a Cimmerian ignorance of all subjects, ancient and modern, classical and conventional? Yet such is the natural and necessary consequence of the position which every *laudator temporis acti* has to defend in theory—and often illustrates by example.

The Honorable Mortimer Plantagenet is the representative of a family which dates from the Conquest, was distinguished in the Crusades, and submitted to the degradation of a peerage in Charles II.'s time. The Honorable Mortimer was sent to Eton in his twelfth year, where he won the heart of his school-fellows by his wit, and the admiration of his masters by his Latin verses. No one so smart as he at a repartee; no one so clever at longs and shorts. He would knock off his thirty-six elegiacs, or his fifty hexameters, while he was fielding at cricket or kneeling at chapel. He had a playful fancy, a retentive memory, and a happy phraseology; his verses were elegant, and his ideas poetical. He was indolent, but not unambitious. The distinctions which were attainable without much labor he had industry sufficient to court. Nor did he confine his studies to the business of school. He read history with diligence and effect; he spoke in the debating society with fluency and propriety. He left Eton for Oxford, with the buoyancy of youthful hope, and the aspiration of friendly promise. *Ex illo fluere*. His attention had been awakened to the duties of his present and prospective positions. He felt by this time that he was ignorant in every branch of natural and moral science, and he thirsted for information. But Oxford offered no in-

centive to his ambition, no light to his ignorance. Modern history and political economy were, indeed, lectured on; but there was no examination in them, no degree. For a time he strove to repair the negligence of his Alma Mater by his own industry. But the conflict was too great, for one endowed with only moderate perseverance and beset by many temptations. For want of encouragement in subjects which might have strengthened and steadied his light and popular nature, Plantagenet gradually sank into the herd who are contented to leave Oxford with a "pol" degree, and the small erudition which that degree implies. He has never recovered the loss of those two years—worse than wasted at Christ Church. He has become idle, useless, and a *roué*. He has a seat in Parliament, but he does no good with it. If he is put on a committee, which has to investigate subjects of finance, he is non-plussed; for he is innocent of the simplest rules of arithmetic. If he is placed on one where questions of practical science are discussed, he is equally perplexed; for he does not know a lever from a wedge, nor has he heard of the laws of motion. Even on topics with which as a school-boy he was familiar, he is now silent and oblivious. The age has outgrown him; and he has the sense to see it. He sits, therefore, a mute and inglorious senator, half conscious of the blunders and misstatements which buzz around him, but incapable of refuting or exposing them; a melancholy instance of a clever school-boy converted into an idle man and a useless politician. No wonder the more he feels that he was capable, under other management of being made something of, if he should so much the more keenly reproach the system, under which he is aware that he has been thrown away.

Let us now take an instance from the sister University. The Rev. Theophilus Mudge was the son of a country parson, who had formerly been Fellow of St. John's. In his fifth year, he was solemnly devoted to the University. His sacrifice on the altar of Latinity was made before he had turned five; he was in "*Æsop's Fables*" before he was quite eight; at ten he was inducted into the first book of Euclid; and it was his estimable parent's boast that he had been made to write out every proposition in it, at least a dozen times, before he attained the age of eleven. At fifteen he was inoculated with differential calculus. At eighteen he entered his father's college, brimful of formulæ and idioms which he had gotten by

this is never made more painful, than when we think of the mischief done by it in narrowing the usefulness of our places of education, from the universities of the realm down to the lowest parish or even ragged school.

rote, and bent upon two objects: first, a good degree; next, a fellowship. He rose early and read late. He wrote out expressions as long as Mr. C. Anstey's speeches, without understanding them; and he translated Greek through a brick wall. Imagination and invention, whether in classics or mathematics, was a stranger to his soul. He could have walked on his head sooner than he could have done a problem. He never composed a line in Greek or Latin which had a spark of vigor in it. He produced what he had crammed from *Hymers*, from *Whewell*, from *Peacock*, and from *Wood*, with mechanical correctness. He was familiar with *Viger*; and knew by heart all the private history of *ἴνα* and *ἴνας*, and all the etiquette of the subjunctive and optative moods. He wrote out his book-work in as short a time as any man of his college; and translated *Thucydides* with that awkward accuracy which none but English scholars could admire, and few even of English masters teach. He had his reward. He became eighth wrangler, and added to this the dignity of a second class. His college elected her ossified scholar to a fellowship, and in process of time sent him down to pray and preach among the wool-combers and corn-factors of Bumbleborough-on-the-hill. Here he found himself surrounded by a large and rude but sharp-witted population, which knew not Greek and worshiped Cobden. The municipal dignitaries had all gotten their learning at the parish school, the Mechanics' Institute, and the Bumbleborough Reform Association. Their leading orators were a corn-chandler and a preacher at the Tabernacle. The one harangued about the bloated *Maristocracy*, who were supported by the "*hodious statute of Primogeniture*;" the other prayed with pious rancor against "them bishops who were fed out of the *taxes* of the people!" Mudge was looked on as a great gun when he arrived; and vigorous churchmen of a plethoric habit and gilt buttons winked their conviction that he would silence the Hyperides of the Five Points Club, and the Jeremiah of the Tabernacle. But Mudge was helpless and contemptuous. He heard much that was false paraded as fact, and much that was illogical laid down as argument. But Mudge had never cared for any of these things, and knew nothing about them. He was as ignorant as the most obstreperous of his assailants, but he was less impudent. So he suffered the noisy assertions of garrulous folly to pass without

rebuke; the shameless impudence of braggart ignorance to triumph unrefuted; the Church to be libelled; and the language, as well as history of England to be abused, without an effort to resist, or the chance of resisting with success. His glory has departed from him; his cause and his Church tremble under his auspices; and even Bumbleborough respects no longer his high degree! In this case the world at large, we may be sure, is much of the mind of Bumbleborough, and looks with deserved suspicion at a system where, under any circumstances, the Mudges can succeed in carrying away its emoluments and honors.

Yet, in spite of these results, the old University system had, doubtless, many excellences. It was a gentlemanly education. When contracted within the narrowest limits of an ordinary course, it yet contained enough to convince the most idle or conceited student of his ignorance; when carried to the utmost limit that competition for the University honors admits, it laid the very broadest and strongest foundation for future reading and research. A man who had studied every branch of mathematics, from the elements of geometry and algebra, to the heights of Newton and Laplace, brought to the labors of after life a mind which (if it were not exhausted or weakened) was singularly matured for the reception and digestion of some of the most important subjects of human learning. Nor could any man who has given that attention to ancient history and philosophy, which is implied by the acquisition of a first class at Oxford, be supposed deficient in the power of applying logic or discriminating facts. So far, for certain students, and under certain conditions, the system hitherto in vogue at either University may be said to have been, if not the very best, yet one of the best imaginable. It fell in with their vocation. But for the mass of existing students, under existing conditions, it was palpably inadequate, and ill adapted. The education was, as we admit and as its advocates boast, in many respects a gentlemanly education. It helped to impart a grace and a refinement to the mind of our professional classes. When successful, it made the Englishman essentially a different person from the American of the same station. Were the greater part of its recipients destined to lounge all their time in academic bowers or sylvan parks—to read Theocritus and Spenser by purling brooks, or Plato and Berkeley in cloistered shades—or even to dream away a life of

literary or scientific ease in the snug parsonage of some sequestered hamlet—then it would be in harmony not only with the tastes of their youth but also with the destinies of their after years. It would be the first stage of a pleasant and flowery path; the graceful entrance into the temple of contemplative repose. But this is not the destiny of many Englishmen. Comparatively few are, or ought to be, clerical sinecurists; fewer are born to the acres and the dignity of country squires. A more rugged and not less useful road lies before the majority of them when they leave the college. They have to be fashioned into lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, journalists, merchants, agents, actuaries, and government clerks. For an infinitesimal portion only are reserved the honors and responsibilities of diplomatic and political careers. Now how do—or rather, how have the Universities been accustomed to—teach men to discharge these duties? Literally not at all.

Of all the vulgar errors promulgated by authority, or accepted by credulity, none is more capable of refutation by experience than the belief that the old university instruction was the best conceivable preparation of the mind for the labors of active and professional life. Yet when any captious critic presumed to question the policy of offering their students so small a choice out of the daily increasing stores of modern learning, he was clamored down with protestations of the excellence of the system. "Ours is *not* a professional education. *That* is our boast. We give not a special, but a general education; we do not profess to make men lawyers, doctors, theologians, or statesmen, but to give them the means by which they can make themselves so." If this were really the fact, it would be worth something; though many could ill afford to begin at such a distance from the work they have to do. But is it so? that is, is it so, in the sense necessary for the present argument—for justification of the employment of mathematics and classics, as the sole and exclusive means of preparatory training? Their special value, each in its own way and for its own class of minds, nobody denies. In all cases, where they agree with the intellectual constitution, they will form a sound substratum for more professional pursuits. Nevertheless, the experience of England—still more that of other countries—will not allow us to insist on their absolute necessity; or indeed to maintain that they might not be advantageously replaced by

courses in which they would occupy, one or both, a comparatively trifling space. But the true answer is, that if intended as a mere general preparatory training of the intellect, these studies should plainly have been begun and ended, or, at all events, intermingled with other studies, at an earlier period. At the age of twenty-one or twenty-two it is too late to *begin* the acquisition of useful or practical knowledge. Men are then of full age by law, and emancipated from the legal control either of parents or guardians. The great majority are actually engaged in the labors and duties of professions or other responsible avocations, and at once expected to take a part in the real business of life; and allowed to engage, at their own discretion, in its sports and dissipations. But even as a preparatory training, is the actual benefit ever found to justify these high pretensions? Is there any man alive who can say, not with truth but even with conviction, that the best or most laborious scholars and mathematicians of the University are the best lawyers, physicians, philosophers, or statesmen of England? The very reverse is the plain, even if it be not the acknowledged, fact. The law of England, the existing representative of the *black-letter* of former days, not long ago might have been quoted as an exception—as far, at least, as the successful study of mathematics is concerned. Senior wranglers, within living memory, constituted its great luminaries. But, even in this department, the *prestige* of the wrangler has of late years been destroyed. It would be difficult to find at present among the most eminent leaders in Westminster Hall, any whose academical career was distinguished by studies, or crowned with honors, either mathematical or classical.* The extent to which academical distinctions have

* We would not draw too wide an inference from these premises, as far, at least, as regards the law. Two sorts of ability are, more or less, in request in English practice, though in very different proportions: the one is, the talent for addressing juries; the other, skill in preparing the pleadings, and in arguing points of law. "Hortensius, the advocate," is aware that forensic eloquence has never been naturalized in England; it is suspected, indeed, of being opposed to the constitution and cultivation of what is characteristically considered a *legal mind*. But in the present state of our chief intellectual professions—in law and medicine as much almost as in the Church—success depends upon too many other causes besides ability, to justify any positive conclusion from that single test. It may fairly be questioned whether the greatest amount of business, even at the Bar, is really given to the most capable men.

latterly been thrown into the background in the professional and public life of England, has gone lengths which indeed surprise us.

The field too for other training widens every year. And there is one department of this probably boundless field—that of experimental philosophy, of which more than two hundred years ago a great man, whom Cambridge, at least, will receive as an authority, wrote as follows :

“ Another defect I note, wherein I shall need some alchemist to help me, who calls upon men to sell their books, and to build furnaces ; quitting and forsaking Minerva and the Muses as barren virgins, and relying upon Vulcan. But certain it is, that unto the deep, fruitful, and operative study of many sciences, especially Natural Philosophy and Physic, books be not the only instrumentals, wherein also the beneficence of men hath not been altogether wanting ; for we see spheres, globes, astrolabes, maps, and the like, have been provided as appurtenances to Astronomy and Cosmography, as well as books ; we see likewise that some places instituted for Physic have annexed the commodity of gardens for simples of all sorts, and do likewise command the use of dead bodies for anatomies. But these do respect but a few things. In general, there will hardly be any main proficience in the disclosing of nature, except there be some allowance for expenses about experiments ; whether they be experiments appertaining to Vulcanus or Dædalus, furnace or engine, or any other kind ; and therefore as secretaries and spies of princes and States bring in bills for intelligence, so you must allow the spies and intelligencers of nature to bring in their bills ; or else you shall be ill advertised. And if Alexander made such a liberal assignation to Aristotle of treasure for the allowance of hunters, fowlers, fishers, and the like, that he might compile an history of nature, much better do they deserve it that travail in arts of nature.”

Thus wrote Lord Bacon—giving that homage to the genius of inductive science, which others since his time have paid exclusively to particular forms of book-learning. What we object to, is the exclusiveness which would proscribe either. Cambridge has still to provide a laboratory.

Whatsoever subject, whether it be physics or morals, politics or law, may occupy a man's mind, (if he has been moderately educated, and has ordinary intelligence,) we believe he will teach himself to reason on it, as accurately as if he had Aldrich by heart, or could write out all the propositions of Euclid, and all the lemmas of Newton. The laboratory, the anatomy school, the museum, and the library of manuscripts, are each to their respective enthusiasts schools of mental

discipline and ratiocinative induction. There may be a difficulty in finding many men with strongly original tastes and individual tendencies ; but it must be remembered that the universities themselves have enhanced this difficulty, by smothering the love of all science and all literature but of one or two kinds, at the very age when the mind is the most susceptible and ambition the most powerful.

But if it is agreed, as it will be, that education is for the mass—οἱ πολλοί—who have no particular taste or power for any one science, and who require to be *broken in* before they can learn anything with effect, our argument is not weakened by the admission. It is the business of the universities to teach. To teach effectively, they must teach as agreeably as may be. The student must not be repelled by the unnecessary asperity and superfluous deformity of his mental discipline. The course should be made as smooth, as pleasant, and as picturesque as is consistent with a healthy exercise of the intellect. There are indeed men stupid enough to be insensible to the amenities of literature, and every kind of knowledge. But these very stupid men are as rare as the very brilliant men ; and surely such stupidity—or idleness resembling stupidity—is likely to be confirmed by an exclusive system of rugged and repulsive studies. If a man be so indolent or dull that his nature can find no response to the call which literature and the moral sciences would seem to make on every human being—if natural philosophy reveals to him the wonders of the universe in vain, he will probably take even still less interest in the equation to the parabola, the pressure of a fluid mass in equilibrium, or the distinction between an enthymeme and a syllogism. But if a man who does take an interest in the former subjects be told that his knowledge of them will be rewarded, on condition that he show some proficiency in the latter, he will make it his business to know both. He may *cram*, indeed, in either case ; but in the one he crams, and something more ; in the other, he only crams. Adopt whatever system you will, and have whatever examinations you choose, there will be some things learned by rote, and some men who will learn nothing. A wise system will reduce these figures to their lowest limit.*

* One of the great advantages which may be looked for from the proposed change, is their tendency to lessen the number of that very numerous and important class, the thoroughly “non-reading men.” But we must not expect too much. That

For this reason we hold the objection to be valueless, that men will desert their Greek and Latin, their logic and mathematics, for the subjects of the New Schools and Triposes. The provisions of the Cambridge graces rebut this presumption. When Oxford shall proceed with the experiment, she will evidently adopt similar precautions. Mathematical and classical honors preclude the contingency which is apprehended. The *genius loci* forbids it. The old place will still foster the old studies. But to those studies—whether partially or completely pursued—scholars, for the future, are promised opportunities and encouragement for adding a combination of such fixed and progressive sciences as modern history, natural and moral philosophy, jurisprudence, and political economy. Euclid and mechanics at one university, and logic at the other, may still be the principal *basis* of education. That which attracts is to be appended to, and not substituted for, that which we are supposing, in the cases in question, to repeal. If there is any good remaining in these old foundations of learning (and we admit there is the greatest, and should protest most vehemently against their being refused their due consideration) it is next to impossible that any University disciples of the new learning should be tempted to overlook them; while the barrenness of the ancient tree will be relieved by the fertility of the modern branches. Men of the world will recognize in their material fruits a value which they never would concede to the profoundest abstractions or the most beautiful literature of the schools; and scholars will become convinced that it is possible to know Greek and mathematics, and at the same time know something more.

The time has come, when an ordinary Oxford scholar, in addition to his Aldrich and Greek Testament, must have some opportunity of learning accurately the import of those mystic terms "pump," "lever," "pulleys," "galvanism," &c. &c.; or of that strange language which deals in the

will always be a *residuum*, whom no improvements in academical education can ever reach. These parties might, however, in many cases, obtain considerable benefit from a limited residence at the university, though they could have no title to the distinction, which ought to be implied in its degrees. But that they should have a chance of obtaining the collateral benefits we are thinking of, other reforms than those of the lecture-room are indispensably necessary: reforms in the discipline of the universities, and above all, (though of course they are closely connected,) reforms in the expense.

symbols "rent," "value," "exchangeable value," "labor," "currency," "taxes;" and a wrangler or a chancellor's medallist will have no excuse for asking—as we have heard medallists, wranglers, and fellows of Trinity ask—"Had the treaty of Utrecht any thing to do with the peace of Westphalia?" or, "Was not the Irish 'Pale' in Ulster?" The scholar who has shown a familiarity with the "*Ecclesiastice*" of Aristophanes will be induced to extend his acquaintance to the "*Femmes Savantes*" of Molière; and the time which has been devoted to the "*De Officiis*" and the "*De Oratore*" will yield an ampler return than a knack of turning periods or remembering idioms, when the student has been encouraged to follow up these treatises by examining the works of Gaius and the pandects of Justinian. Thus, on the existing basis of classical learning may be laid the structure of a legal discipline—a discipline which, reposing, not as it does now, upon the fragmentary and fortuitous scrapings of a pleader's chambers or an attorney's office, but on the universal principles of moral law—may, in time, emancipate the profession of English jurisprudence from the obloquy of an illiberal empiricism, and the imputation of a crude technology. Had our lawyers always laid the foundation of their learning in the comprehensive studies of an enlightened university—had they been taught there not the microscopic details of practice and technicality, but the axioms and the theorems of that noble code, which, originally derived from the moral sense of a great legislative race, has permeated and inspired the common law of England and the statute-book of every civilized nation in the world—we might have had more luminaries on the Bench as illustrious as Holt and Mansfield, and have been spared the reproaches which have been not unjustly heaped on the prolix captiousness of English practitioners. Such reproaches are soon, we trust, about to be washed away.

At any rate—whatever be the legal or physical studies partially admitted, if we must not say welcomed, on the Isis—we hope that an Oxford classman will not much longer have just cause for repining—as "a Country Schoolmaster" does—when he contrasts the standard of his university examination with that of the training college at Battersea.* The innovation may find

* We certainly share the "Country Schoolmaster's" admiration of the examination papers set in this institution. Comprising, as they do, questions in the elementary points of geometry, arithmetic, algebra, geography, church history,

favor with some who would have otherwise discouraged it, when we remind them of the opinion expressed some years ago by so distinguished a scholar and philosopher as Sir J. Herschel. It is contained in a letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Adamson, asking for his advice upon the course he should recommend in the case of one of our foreign settlements. The recommendation in the last sentence of the quotation is well worthy of adoption now. Mr. Cameron has adopted it in India.

"A good practical system of public education ought, in my opinion, to be more real than formal; I mean, should convey much of the positive knowledge, with as little attention to mere systems and conventional forms, as is consistent with avoiding solecisms. This principle, carried into detail, would allow much less weight to the study of languages, especially of dead languages, than is usually considered its due in our great public schools; where, in fact, the acquisition of the latter seems to be regarded as the one and only object of education. While, on the other hand, it would attach great importance to all those branches of practical and theoretical knowledge, whose possession goes to constitute an idea of a well-informed gentleman; as, for example, a knowledge of the nature and constitution of the world we inhabit—its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, and their uses and properties, as subservient to human wants. Its relation to the system of the universe, and its natural and political subdivisions; and last, and most important of all, the nature and propensities of man himself, as developed in the history of nations and the biography of individuals; the constitutions of human society, including our responsibilities to individuals and to the social body of which we are members. In a word, as extensive a knowledge as can be grasped and conveyed in an elementary course of the actual system and laws of nature, both physical and moral.

"Again, in a country where free institutions prevail, and where public opinion is of consequence, every man is, to a certain extent, a legislator; and for this his education (especially when the government of the country lends its aid and sanction to it) ought at least so far to prepare him, as to place him on his guard against those obvious and popular fallacies which lie across the threshold of this, as well as of every other subject with which human reason has any

thing to do. Every man is called upon to obey the laws, and therefore it cannot be deemed superfluous that some portion of every man's education should consist in informing him what they are. On these grounds, it would seem to me that some knowledge of the principles of political economy—of jurisprudence—of trade and manufactures—is essentially involved in the notion of a sound education. A moderate acquaintance also with certain of the useful arts, such as practical mechanics or engineering—agriculture—draftsmanship—is of obvious utility in every station of life; while in a commercial country, the only remedy for that proverbial short-sightedness to their best ultimate interest, which is the misfortune rather than the fault of every mercantile community on earth, seems to be, to inculcate as a part of education, those broad principles of free interchange and reciprocal profit and public justice, on which the whole edifice of permanently successful enterprise must be based.

"The exercise and development of our reasoning faculties is another grand object of education; and is usually considered, in a certain sense justly, as most likely to be attained by a judicious course of mathematical instruction; while it stands, if not opposed to, at least in no natural connection with, the formal and conventional departments of knowledge, (such as grammar and the so-called Aristotelian logic.) It must be recollected, however, that there are minds which, though not devoid of reasoning powers, yet manifest a decided inaptitude for mathematical studies, which are *estimative*, not *calculating*, and which are more impressed by analogies, and by apparent preponderance of general evidence in argument, than by mathematical demonstration, where all the argument is on one side, and no show of reason can be exhibited on the other. The mathematician listens only to one side of a question, for this plain reason, that no strictly mathematical question *has* more than one side capable of being maintained otherwise than by simple assertion; while all the great questions which arise in busy life and agitate the world, are stoutly disputed, and often with a show of reason on both sides, which leaves the shrewdest at a loss for a decision.

"This, or something like it, has often been urged by those who contend against what they consider an undue extension of mathematical studies in our Universities. But those who have urged the objection, have stopped short of the remedy. It is essential, however, to fill this enormous blank in every course of education which has hitherto been acted on, by a due provision of some course of study and instruction which shall meet the difficulty, by showing how valid propositions are to be drawn, not from premises which virtually contain them in their very words, as in the case with abstract propositions in mathematics, nor from the juxtaposition of other propositions assumed as true, as in the Aristotelian logic, but from the broad consideration of an assemblage of facts and circumstances brought under review. *This is the scope*

Scripture history, English history, and agricultural chemistry, we doubt whether one half *των πολλών* at Oxford or Cambridge could answer them creditably off-hand. The "Country Schoolmaster" is a zealous Oxonian; and complains bitterly, that in the course of many years he has not been able to provide himself from Oxford with an assistant competent to instruct his boys in the elements of natural science.

of the inductive philosophy—applicable, and which ought to be applied (though it never yet has fairly been so) to all the complex circumstances of human life; to politics, to morals, and legislation; to the guidance of individual conduct, and that of nations. I cannot too strongly recommend this to the consideration of those who are now to decide on the normal course of instruction to be adopted in your College. Let them have the glory—for glory it will really be—to have given a new impulse to public instruction, by placing the *Novum Organum* for the first time in the hands of young men educating for active life, as a text book, and a regular part of their College course. It is strong meat, I admit, but it is manly nutriment; and though imperfectly comprehended, (as it must be at that age when the College course terminates,) the glimpses caught of its meaning, under a due course of collateral explanation, will fructify in after life; and, like the royal food with which the young bee is fed, will dilate the frame and transform the whole habit and economy. Of course, it should be made the highest book for the most advanced classes."

We have spoken of the University reform now in progress, as an innovation. But we beg to remind our conservative academicians that it is more strictly a return to an old, than the introduction of a new principle. At least, it is but a performance of the old promise of the Universities. The first two lines of the Cambridge Calendar inform us that "The University of Cambridge is a society of students in all and every of the liberal arts and sciences." Even if we accept the contracted definition which, in the fourteenth century, was given to "arts," we must also bear in mind that arts were even then held to be auxiliary and preparatory to the other faculties. To this day the original faculties exist distinct from that of arts. A corps of twenty-five professors is now in force to represent, besides Greek, Hebrew, and Mathematics, the archaic elements of academical teaching, law, physic, and theology; together with those adoptions of a later age and new necessities, history, geology, mineralogy, and political economy. As it is at present constituted, the scope and pretension of the University really is to "instruct in all liberal arts and sciences." All that was required to perfect this design, was development and academic enforcement. The material and outline already existed; to mould them to use, and shape, and beauty, demanded only arrangement, cohesion, and completion. Given professors, schools, lectures, there remained to be added examinations, prizes, and academical emoluments.

To those who still fondly look back upon the University examinations of the last century as the model and standard of what an academical diploma should imply, we would suggest the following considerations: The studies of the last century, as far as they were a divergence from an older scheme—a scheme probably well adapted to its own times—were a divergence due rather to indolence and indifference than to any well-constituted design. Producing, as they undoubtedly did, many men of high attainments, and some of varied learning, they forced upon the majority an involuntary and reckless idleness. Cambridge, in its character of a University, encouraged no study but mathematics, and did this expressly as a mental discipline; but for a long time conducted it in such a manner—so, at least, the most distinguished men of science throughout Europe have asserted—as to have retarded mathematical progress and discouraged mathematical investigation. Two Colleges—King's and Trinity—alone kept alive the love of ancient literature. To the monopoly of a severe geometry was sacrificed every other exercise and attainment of the human mind. There was no theological study, and no theological attainment. There was no study of history; none of moral science; none of chemistry; none even of experimental philosophy! We speak of the general run of men. Of course there were all along illustrious exceptions, as there will be in all neglectful systems and neglected classes. Limited as was the arena of competition for honors, the standard of "pol" was stunted indeed. A little arithmetic, a couple of books of Euclid, and Paley's *Evidences*, comprised all that was required for a B. A. degree. Oxford has been in this respect even worse than Cambridge. The consequences were what might have been expected. The country was inundated with clergymen and squires unsuited for their respective stations. The want of knowledge, and the indifference to that want, which were exhibited by men of the higher and middle classes, have reacted fearfully on the ignorance, credulity, and barbarism of the lower.

The education of the upper classes is strikingly improved within the last twenty years—miraculously within the last half century. This has been partly brought about by the action of the old Universities themselves; partly, and more than is generally acknowledged, by some of the public schools; partly also by rival and ambitious

institutions, like the London and Durham Universities; partly, and perhaps chiefly, by the impossibility of standing any longer still, in the midst of an advancing world. The basis of instruction was already laid with sufficient breadth and solidity. The evil is, that it is, or rather was, nothing but basis. Men were treated as if they were school-boys, and so treated long after the age of boyhood had gone by. The objects and subjects of a life into which they were necessarily about to enter, were kept studiously from their ken and contemplation. Destined to jostle and contend in a society which perpetually throws up rough antagonists with more or less of intellect and information, and with every degree of presumption, assurance, and ambition, the University man, braced though he might be by the "iron discipline of an inflexible geometry," or imbued with the most exquisite appreciation of Greek or Roman philosophy, found himself, at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, so completely at sea in all matters of progressive interest—so unlettered in all the antecedent history of any great social question—that he shrank in despair from a contest in which the vigor of his mind, had it been also enriched with practical and useful knowledge, must have insured him a victory over the petulance of conceit and the flippancy of agitation. Henceforward, let us hope the Cambridge, and soon we trust also the Oxford, graduate will be in some measure qualified by his college career to enter on the functions of his "faculty;" to contend successfully with ignorance and presumption; to disabuse prejudice, to refute error, and to illuminate the darkest dens of bigotry with a torch lighted at the altars of science and humanity. Henceforward, let us hope, England will owe to her splendid and time-honored institutions, a long race, not only of scholars, divines, and mathematicians, but also of chemists and geologists, jurists and political economists.

In conclusion, we beg to express our gratitude that no honor in mathematics or classics has been made a condition precedent to competition for the honors in the new Cambridge triposes.* Any qualification of

that kind would have defeated what we consider the great advantage of this part of the design. And now that the "pol" examination has been so much enlarged in compass and improved in quality, we would ask of the University of Cambridge why it should insist on enforcing such a condition as a Junior Optime's degree for classical honors? What can ever be the good of making a score of men, who have no aptitude for mathematical studies, *cram* a medley of propositions from *Newton*, *Conic Sections*, and, stranger still, *Differential Calculus*? It is no disciplining of the mind, but sheer, undiluted, unconcealed cram. There is no disguising the fact; for, it is a matter of notoriety and shame. Surely, the knowledge of Euclid, plane trigonometry, and elementary mechanics, now exacted from the "pol," ought to be considered a sufficiently rigorous "mental preparation" for the lighter amusements of translating *Thucydides* and *Aristotle*.

It now remains with the University of Cambridge to carry out in honesty and good faith, the principle of instructional reform. That those who have given the impulse in either University, will do their best to direct and perpetuate it, we do not doubt; and to them, admonition at our hands would be impertinent and vain. We would, however, deferentially submit to their consideration, in the first place, the impropriety of harassing the neophytes of the new triposes with manifold and vexatious University examinations. Whatever preparatory examinations are thought necessary, in order to secure a certain progress, had best be left, we think, with each college over its own members, and with each professor in his own department. In the second place, the University must remember that the success of the new system will mainly depend on their encouraging, by prizes and fellowships, the students who distinguish themselves under it. It would be a very great advantage, were government to invite them to recommend to its notice, as is done in Prussia and France, those whose accomplishments and talents seem to qualify them eminently for a civil career, or for the tranquil cultivation of science.

Lastly, we would beg them to consider a suggestion which emanated from the learned

* Formerly the requisites for a *Junior Optime* (the mathematical degree necessary to qualify a candidate for the Classical Tripos) were indefinite and fortuitous. They are now defined; but embracing, as they do, Dynamics and portions of the Differential and Integral Calculus, they may be considered too high a standard for the minimum of

mathematical honors. Indeed, it is difficult to understand why men who have toiled to make themselves good scholars, should be obliged to swallow five or six mathematical subjects, which, fifty years ago, would have been sufficient to secure a *philologist's* degree.

Dean of Ely, viz: that the period of residence previous to an ordinary degree should be curtailed to two years; and that classical and other honors should be contended for at the end of the three years, as now. This arrangement would drop the curtain on that ridiculous farce yclept, "The Little Go."

We close our remarks with a cordial offer of our thanks to both Universities—to Oxford for the attempt, to Cambridge for the performance. It is especially to its honor that it did not shrink from the task, or, as has been unwisely thought, the peril of setting the example of an internal reform. Cambridge has done much, before now, to deserve the thanks of England. In the worst ages of bigotry, persecution, and servility—in the ages of the fagot, the Star Chamber, and the boot—in the reign of Henry and in the reign of James—she supplied learned and valiant men to plead the cause of freedom in the senate and the forum, or seal it on the scaffold. Her most eminent sons have been the luminaries of the world. The world

has seen but one Bacon, one Newton, and one Milton; and Cambridge has the honor of their rearing. Her name, accordingly, is identified with the holiest and grandest trophies won in the cause of human freedom and human knowledge. That she has not at all times been equal to herself, nor in all things consistent with herself, will be readily forgiven by all who do not resent temporary shortcomings, and are not ungrateful for imperishable services. What she has left undone might be palliated by what she has done well. And in this her latest act she has shown her greatness most especially, in doffing the majesty of a consecrated fame, and the brightness of immemorial traditions, to accoutre herself for the instruction of an age, which has yet to learn that utility is consistent with beauty, action with reflection, and the energy of an industrial epoch with the treasured eloquence of the academy, and the remembered melodies of the Ilyssus! May she prosper as she deserves, and as all her best friends wish!

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

They flit, they come, they go,
The visions of the day;
They change, they fade, they glow,
They rise, they die away.
And all within the scope
Of one poor human breast,
Where joy, and fear, and hope,
Like clouds on heaven's blue cope,
Can never be at rest.

They press, they throng, they fill
The heart where they have birth;
Oh pour them forth to thrill
Thy brethren of the earth!
In circles still they swim,
But outward will not go;
The lute-strings cage the hymn,
The cup is full, full to the brim,
Yet will not overflow.

When will the lute be stricken
So that its sound shall sound?
When shall the spring so quicken
That its streams shall pour around?
Wo for the struggling soul
That utterance cannot find,
Yet longs without control
Through all free space to roll,
Like thunders on the wind!

The painter's pencil came
The struggling soul to aid,
His visions to proclaim
In colored light and shade;
But though so fair to me
His handiwork may seem,
His soul desponds to see
How pale its colors be
Before his cherished dream.

So from the sculptor's hand
To life the marble's wrought;
But he can understand
How lovelier far his thought.
The minstrel's power ye own,
His lyre with bays ye bind;
But he can feel alone
How feeble is its tone
To the music of his mind.

So strife on earth must be
Between man's power and will;
For the soul unchecked and free
We want a symbol still.
Joy when the fleshy veil
From the spirit shall be cast,
Then an ungarbled tale
That cannot stop or fail
Shall genius tell at last!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

"HE was," says some one of Rousseau, "a lonely man—his life a long soliloquy." And the same words may be applied to the "sole king of Rocky Cumberland," the lord of Rydal Mount, the sultan of Skiddaw, the warlock of Windermere, William Wordsworth. He has indeed, mingled much with men, but reluctantly; and even while amidst them, his spirit has preserved its severe seclusion. He has strode frequently into society, but with an impatient and hasty step. It is this lofty insulation which marks out Wordsworth from the eminent of his era. While they have been tremulously alive to every breath of public praise or blame, and never so much so as when pretending to despise the one and defy the other; he has maintained the tenor of his way, indifferent to both. While his name was the signal for every species of insult—while one Review was an incessant battery against his poetical character, and another, powerful on all other topics, returned it only a feeble reply on this—while stupidity itself had learned to laugh and sneer at him—while the very children of the nursery were taught to consider his rhymes as too puerile even for them, he remained unmoved; and leaving poor Coleridge to burst into tears, the majestic brow of Wordsworth only acknowledged by a transient frown the existence of his assailants. And now that his name is a household word, and that his works have found their way to the heart of the nation, we believe that he has never once been betrayed into an expression of undue complacency—that he feels himself precisely the man he was before—that he moves in his elevated sphere as "native and endued" unto its element; and that the acclamations as well as the abuse of the public have failed to draw him forth from the sublime solitudes of his own spirit.

And we do think that this manly self-appreciation is one of the principal marks of true greatness. We find it in Dante, daring,

in his gloomy banishment, to make himself immortal, by writing the "Inferno." We find it in Milton, "in darkness, and with dangers compassed round," rolling out nevertheless the deep bass notes of his great poem as from some mighty organ, seated in his own breast. We find it in Burns, confessing that, at the plough, he had formed the very idea of his poems to which the public afterwards set its seal. We find it *not* in Byron, who, while professing scorn for the finest contemporary specimens of his species, nay, for his species in the abstract, was yet notoriously at the mercy of the meanest creature that could handle a quill, to spurt venom against the crest of the noble Childe. But we do find it in Wordsworth, and still more in Scott, the one sustaining a load of detraction, and the other a burden of popularity, with a calm, smiling, and imperturbable dignity. The author of the "Excursion" has indeed been called an egotist; but while there is one species of egotism which stamps the weak victim of a despicable vanity, there is another which adheres to a very exalted order of minds, and is the needful defense of those who have stout burdens to bear, and severe sufferings to undergo. The Apostle Paul, in this grand sense, was an egotist when he said, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." Dante was an egotist. Luther was an egotist. Milton was an egotist; and in this sense Wordsworth is an egotist too.

But what, it may be asked, is his burden and his mission? It is seen now not to have been the composition of pedler poems—the sacrifice of great powers to petty purposes—the indulgence of a weak, though amiable eccentricity; or the mere love of being singular at the expense of good taste and common sense. But many still, we fear, are not aware of its real nature and importance. Wordsworth's mission has been a lofty one, and loftily fulfilled—to raise the mean, to dignify

the obscure, to reveal that natural nobility which lurks under the russet gown and the clouted shoe; to extract poetry from the cottage, and from the turf-fire upon its hearth, and from the solitary shieling, and from the mountain turn, and from the gray ancestral stone at the door of the deserted mansion, and from the lichens of the rock, and from the furze of the melancholy moor. It is to "hang a weight of interest"—of brooding, and passionate, and poetical feeling upon the hardest, the remotest, and the simplest objects of nature—it is to unite gorgeousness of imagination with prosaic literality of fact—it is to interweave the deductions of a subtle philosophy with the "short and simple annals of the poor." And how to the waste and meaningless parts of creation has he, above all men, given a voice, an intelligence, and a beauty! The sweet and solitary laugh of a joyous female, echoing among the hills, is to his ear more delightful than the music of many forests. A wooden bowl is dipped into the well, and comes out heavy, not merely with water, but with the weight of his thoughts. A spade striking into the spring ground moves in the might of his spirit. A village drum, touched by the strong finger of his genius, produces a voice which is poetry. The tattered cloak of a poor girl is an Elijah's mantle to him. A thorn on the summit of a hill, "known to every star and every wind that blows," bending and whispering over a maniac, becomes a banner-staff to his imagination. A silent tarn collects within and around it the sad or terrible histories of a sea; and a fern-stalk floating on its surface has the interest of a forest of masts. A leech gatherer is surrounded with the sublimity of "cloud, gorse, and whirlwind, on the gorgeous moor." A ram stooping to see his "wreathed horns superb," in a lake among the mountains, is to his sight as sublime as were an angel glancing at his features in the sea of glass which is mingled with fire. A fish leaps up in one of his tarns like an immortal thing. If he skates, it is "across the image of a star." Icicles to him are things of imagination. A snowball is a Mont Blanc; a little cottage girl a Venus de Medicis, and more; a water-mill, turned by a heart-broken child, a very Niagara of woe; the poor beetle that we tread upon is "a mailed angel on a battle day;" and a day-dream among the hills, of more importance than the dates and epochs of an empire. Wordsworth's pen is not a fork of the lightning—it is a stubble-stalk from the harvest field. His language

has not the swell of the thunder, nor the dash of the cataract—it is the echo of the "shut of eve"—

"When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eye."

His versification has not the "sweet and glorious redundancy" of Spenser, nor the lofty rhythm of Milton, nor the uncertain melody of Shakspeare, nor the rich swelling spiritual note of Shelley, nor the wild, airy, and fitful music of Coleridge, nor the pointed strength of Byron—it is a music sweet and simple as the running brook, yet profound in its simplicity as the unsearchable ocean. His purpose is to extract what is new, beautiful, and sublime, from his own heart; reflecting its feelings upon the simplest objects of nature, and the most primary emotions of the human soul. And here lies the lock of his strength. It is comparatively easy for any gifted spirit to gather off the poetry creaming upon lofty subjects—to extract the imagination which such topics as heaven, hell, dream-land, faery-land, Grecian or Swiss scenery, almost involve in their very sounds; but to educe interest out of the every-day incidents of simple life—to make every mood of one's mind a poem—to find an epic in a nest, and a tragedy in a tattered cloak—thus to "hang a pearl in every cow-slip's ear"—to find "sermons in stones," and poetry in everything—to have "thoughts too deep for tears" blown into the soul by the wayside flower—this is one of the rarest and most enviable of powers. And hence Wordsworth's song is not a complicated harmony, but a "quiet tune"—his instrument not a lyre, but a rustic reed—his poetic potation not Hippocrene, but simple water from the stream—his demon no Alecto or Tisiphone, but a sting-armed insect of the air—his emblem on earth not the gaudy tulip nor the luscious rose, but the bean-flower with its modest, yet arrowy odor—his emblem in the sky not the glaring sun, nor the gay star of morning, nor the "sun of the sleepless, melancholy star," nor the "star of Jove, so beautiful and large"—it is the mild and lonely moon shining down through groves of yew upon pastoral graves.

The mind of Wordsworth is a combination of the intellectual, the imaginative, and the personal. His intellect, though large and powerful, does not preside over the other faculties with such marked superiority as in the case of Milton, the most intellectual of all poets; but it maintains its ground, and, unlike the reasoning faculty of many men of

genius, never submits to a degrading vassalage. Destitute of Milton's scholastic training, it has evidently gone through the still severer crucible of a self-taught and sublime metaphysics. His imagination, again, is not rich and copious like Spenser's, nor is it omnivorous and omnific like Shakspeare's, nor uniformly gigantic like Milton's, nor is it the mere handmaid of the passions like Byron's, nor voluptuous and volatile like Moore's, nor fastidious like Campbell's, nor fantastic like Southey's. It is calm, profound, still, obscure, like the black eye of one of his own tarns. The objects he sets before us are few; the colors he uses are uniform; the tone is somewhat sombre, but the impression and intensity with which they stamp themselves on the view are immense. A sonnet with Wordsworth often goes as far as an ordinary epic; a single line does the work of an ordinary canto. This power of concentration, however, is only occasional—it is spontaneous, not involuntary, and alternates with a fine diffusion, so that, while at one time he compresses meaning into his words as with the Braham press of Young, at another his poetry is as loosely and beautifully dispread as the blank-verse of Wilson or Graham. But that which undoubtedly gives to the poetry of Wordsworth its principal power is its personal interest. His works are all confessions, not of crimes, (unless to love nature too well be a sin,) but of all the peculiarities of a poetical temperament. He retains and reproduces the boyish feelings which others lose with their leading-strings; he carries forward the first fresh emotions of childhood into the powers and passions of manhood—he links the cradle to the crutch by the strong tie of his genius. Nothing which reminds him of his own youth—which awakens some old memory—which paints on an airy canvass some once familiar face—which vibrates on some half-forgotten string, comes amiss to Wordsworth. His antiquity may be said to begin with his own birth; his futurity to extend to the day of his own funeral. His philosophy may be summed up in the one sentence, "the child is father of the man."

If we were to try to express our idea of Wordsworth's poetry in a word, we might call it microscopic. Many apply a telescope to nature, to enlarge the great; he employs a microscope to magnify the small. Many, in their daring flights, treat a constellation with as much familiarity as if it were a bunch of violets; he leans over a violet with as much interest and reverence as if it were a

star. Talk of the Pleiades! "Lo, five blue eggs are gleaming there," to him a dearer sight. He turns to the works of nature the same minutely magnifying lens as Pope to the works of art. The difference is, that while the bard of Twickenham uses his microscope to a lady's lock, or to a gentleman's clouded cane, the poet of Windermere applies it to a mountain daisy or a worn-out spade.

In speaking of Wordsworth's writings, we must not omit a juvenile volume of poems, which we have never seen, but which we believe is chiefly remarkable as showing how late his genius was of flowering, and how far in youth he was from having sounded the true depths of his understanding. We have somewhere read extracts from it, which convinced us, that at an age when Campbell wrote his "Pleasures of Hope," Pope his sparkling "Essay on Criticism," Keats his "Hyperion," Wordsworth, so far from being a like miracle of precocity, could only produce certain puerile prettinesses, with all the merit which arises from absence of fault, but with all the fault which arises from absence of merit.

The "Lyrical Ballads" was the first effusion of his mind which bore the broad arrow of a peculiar genius; the first to cluster round him troops of devoted friends, and the first to raise against him that storm of ridicule, badinage, abuse, and misrepresentation, which has so recently been laid forever. And, looking back upon this production through the vista of years, we cannot wonder that it should so have struck the mind of the public. Poetry was reduced to its beggarly elements. In the florid affectation of Darwin, and the tame, yet turgid verse of Hayley, it was breathing its last. Cowper, meanwhile, had maddened and died. It was not surprising, that in the dreary dearth which succeeded, a small bunch of wild flowers, with the scent of the moors, and the tints of the sun, and the freshness of the dew upon them, shot suddenly into the hands of the public, should attract immediate notice; that while they disgusted the fastidious, they should refresh the dispirited lovers of truth and nature; that, while the vain and the worldly tore and trampled them under foot with fierce shouts of laughter, the simple-hearted took them up and folded them to their bosoms; and that while the old, prepossessed in favor of Pope and Voltaire, threw them aside as insipid, the young, inspired by the first outbreak of the French Revolution, and flushed by its golden hop-

caught and kissed them in a transport of enthusiasm. Such a bunch were the "Lyrical Ballads," and such was their reception. Destitute of all glitter, glare, pretension, they were truly "wildings of nature." Not that they mirrored the utmost depth or power of their author's mind—not that they gave more than glimpses of the occasional epic grandeur of the "Excursion," or the Miltonic music of the "Sonnets;"—but they discovered all the simplicity, if not all the strength of his genius. They were like droppings from the rich honey-comb of his mind. Their faults we seek not to disguise or palliate—the wilful puerility, the babyish simplicity which a few of them affected—but still, as long as Derwentwater reflects the burning west in her bosom, and Windermere smiles to her smiling shores, and the Langdale Giants "parley with the setting sun," shall men remember Harry Gill, chattering forever more; and Ruth with the water-mills of her innocence, and the "tumultuous songs" of her frenzy; and Andrew Jones, with his everlasting drum; and the Indian mother, with her heart-broken woes; and last, not least, glorious old Matthew, with his merry rhymes and melancholy moralizings.

The next poetic production from his pen was entitled, "Poems, in two volumes." And here, interspersed with much of the childishness of the Ballads, are some strains of a far higher mood. Here we meet, for instance, with the song of Brougham Castle, that splendid lyric which stirs the blood like the first volley of a great battle. Here too, are some of his sonnets, the finest we think, ever written, combining the simplicity, without the bareness of Milton's, the tender and picturesque beauty of Warton's, with qualities which are not prominent in theirs—originality of sentiment, beauty of expression, and loftiness of tone.

Passing over his after effusions—his "Peter Bell" and the "Wagoner," two things resembling rather the wilder mood of Coleridge than the sobriety of their actual parent, and his "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," a production scarcely worthy of the subject or author, though relieved by gleams of real poetry, and the "White Doe of Rylstone," with this single remark that of all the severe criticisms inflicted on Wordsworth, the review of this particular poem in the *Edinburgh* stands *facile princeps* for glaring injustice; and his series of "Sonnets on the River Duddon," a most original and happy thought, which we would like to see applied to other streams, as the Tay, the Earn, the Nith, the Dee, &c.

—passing over one smaller poem of exquisite beauty on the "Eclipse in Italy," and with still more reluctance "Laodamia," the most chaste and classic of his strains, and which, says one, "might have been read aloud in Elysium to the happy dead," we would offer a few remarks upon the huge half-finished pile called the "Excursion," the *national monument* of its author's mind.

It professes to be part of a poem called the "Recluse." So many witty, or would-be witty things, have been said about this profession by so many critics and criticasters, that we have not a single joke to crack on the subject. The magnitude of the entire poem is to us, as well as to them, a wonder and a mystery. Its matter is a topic more attractive. We remember asking De Quincey if he had seen the "Recluse," and why it was not given to the world? He answered, that he had read, or heard read, large portions of it; that the principal reason for its non-publication as yet was, that it contained (who would have expected it!) much that was political, if not personal, and drew with a strong and unflattering hand some of the leading characters of the day. He added that it abounded with passages equal to anything in the "Excursion," and instanced one, descriptive of France during the Revolution, contrasting the beauty and fertility of its vine-covered valleys and summer landscapes with the dark and infernal passions which were then working like lava in the minds of its inhabitants, as magnificent.

So much for the "Recluse," which the people of the millennium may possibly see. The "Excursion," professing to be only part of a poem, was, nevertheless, criticised as a finished production, and condemned accordingly. A finished production it certainly is not. Cumbersome, digressive, unwieldy, abounding with bulky blemishes, not so witty as "Candide," nor so readable as "Nicholas Nickleby"—these are charges which must be allowed. But after granting this, what remains? Exquisite pathos, profound philosophy, classic dignity, high-toned devotion, the moral sublime. The tale of Margaret opens new fountains in the human heart. The account of the first brilliant sun-burst of the French Revolution is sublime. The description of the church-yard among the mountains, with its tender memories and grass-green graves, would float many such volumes. But far the finest passage is that on the origin of the Pagan mythology. And yet we never feel so much, as when reading

it, the greater grandeur which our system possesses from its central principle, the Unity of the Divine Nature; a doctrine which collects all the scattered rays of beauty and excellence from every quarter of the universe, and condenses them into one august and overpowering conception; which traces back the innumerable rills of thought and feeling to the ocean of an infinite mind, and thus surpasses the most elegant and ethereal polytheism infinitely more than the sun does the "cinders of the element." However beautiful the mythology of Greece, as interpreted by Wordsworth—however instinct it was with imagination—however it seemed to breathe a supernatural soul into the creation, and to rouse and startle it all into life—to fill the throne of the sun with a divine tenant—to hide a Naiad in every fountain—to crown every rock with its Oread—to deify shadows and storms—and to send sweeping across "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" a celestial emperor—it must yield, without a struggle, to the thought of a great one Spirit, feeding by his perpetual presence the lamp of the universe; speaking in all its voices; listening in all its silence; storming in its rage; reposing in its calm; its light the shadow of his greatness; its gloom the hiding-place of his power; its verdure the trace of his steps; its fire the breath of his nostrils; its motion the circulation of his untiring energies; its warmth the effluence of his love; its mountains the altars of his worship; and its oceans the "mirrors" where his form "glasses itself in tempests." Compared to this idea, how does the fine dream of the Pagan Mythos tremble and melt away—Olympus, with its multitude of stately celestial natures, dwindle before the solitary, immutable throne of Jehovah—the poetry, as well as the philosophy of Greece, shrink before the single sentence, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord"—and Wordsworth's description of the origin of its multitudinous gods look tame beside the mighty lines of Milton:

"The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine,
Can no more divine
With hollow shriek the sleep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
cell.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreadful Infant's hand.
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne.

Nor all the gods beside
Dare longer now abide;
Nor Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine.
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling-bands control the damned
crew."

Shall we rob ourselves of the varied beauties of the "Excursion," because one of the *dramatis personæ* is a pedler, and because the book was originally a quarto of the largest size? No. Wordsworth is like his own cloud, ponderous, and moveth altogether, if he move at all. His excursions are not those of an ephemeron, and disdain duodecimos. We dare not put this *chef-d'aure* of his genius on the same shelf with the "Paradise Lost;" but there are passages in both which claim kindred, and the minds of the twain dwell not very far apart. Having no wish to sacrifice one great man to the manes of another—to pull down the living that we may set up the cold idol of the dead—we may venture to affirm, that if Milton was more than the Wordsworth of the seventeenth, Wordsworth is the Milton of the nineteenth century.

Among his later and smaller poems, the best, perhaps, is his "Ode on the Power of Sound." It is a little labored and involved, but the labor is that of a giant birth, and the involution is that of a close-piled magnificence. Up the gamut of sound how does he travel, from the sprinkling of earth on the coffin-lid to the note of the eagle, who rises over the arch of the rainbow, singing his own wild song; from the Ave Maria of the pilgrim to the voice of the lion, coming up vast and hollow on the winds of the midnight wilderness; from the trill of the black-bird to the thunder speaking from his black orchestra to the echoing heavens; from the

"Distress gun on a leeward shore,
Repeated, heard, and heard no more,"

to the murmur of the main, for well

"The towering headlands crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist;"

from the faintest sigh that stirs the stagnant air of the dungeon, to the "word which cannot pass away," and on which the earth and the heavens are suspended. This were, but for its appearance of having effort, a lyric fit to be placed beside Shelley's "Ode to Liberty," and Coleridge's "France." Appropriately, it has a swell of sound, and a pomp of numbers, such as he has exhibited

in no other of his poems. And yet there are moods in which we would prefer his "We are Seven," or one of his little poems on Lucy, to all its labored vehemence and crudded splendor.

We have never seen the "old man eloquent," but can well picture him to our fancy. Yonder he stands, under the shadow of the fine wood near his cottage, reading a portion of the "Recluse" to the echoes!

"Ah, Bard, tremendous in sublimity,
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering alone, with finely frenzied eye,
Beneath some vast, old, tempest-swinging wood,
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy."

He has a forehead broad and high, and bent under the weight of brooding thought; a few gray hairs streaming over it; an eye which, when still, seems to "see more in nature than the eyes of other men," and when roused beams forth with preternatural meaning; a face furrowed with thought; a form bent with study; a healthy glow upon his cheek, which tells of moorland walks and mountain solitude; a deep-toned voice; he excels in reading his own poetry; is temperate in his habits; serene in his disposition;

has been fortunate in his circumstances and family connexions; has lived, and is likely to die, one of the happiest of men. His religion is cheerful, sanguine, habitual; and we need not say how much it has done to color his poetry and to regulate his life.

It is much to have one's fame connected vitally with the imperishable objects of nature. It is so with Burns, who has written his name upon Coila's plains, and rivers, and woods, in characters which shall never die. It is so with Scott, who has for monument the "mountains of his native land," and the rustling of the heather of Caledonia, as a perpetual pibroch of lament over his ashes. So we believe that the memory of the great man whose character we have been depicting, is linked indissolubly with the scenery of the Lakes, and that men in far future ages, when awed in spirit by the gloom of Helvellyn—when enchanted by the paradisaal prospects of the vale of Keswick—when catching the first gleam of the waters of Windermere—or when taking the last look of Skiddaw, the giant of the region—shall mingle with every blessing they utter, and every prayer they breathe, the name of William Wordsworth.

THE LOVING STARS!

BEAUTIFUL are ye, stars of night,
Shining above on your thrones of light,
Over a world of sorrow!
Heralds of peace and love to those,
Wearied and sad with their weight of woes,
Ushering them at the midnight's close,
Into a sunnier morrow!

No marvel that men in times of old,
Many a destiny should unfold,
Writ in your gentle beaming!
The thoughtful spirit can wing its way,
Far in the region of each ray,
Leaving the world and its changeful day,
Of paradise sweetly dreaming!

The hearth may lack its accustomed guest,
And we may mourn for a friend at rest,—
But, gazing awhile above us—
In the jewels of night we yet could trace,
The lines familiar of each dear face,
Who from yon heavenly dwelling-place,
Still in their glory love us!

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Vienna in 1848. By the Hon. HENRY J. COKE. With Illustrations by WELD TAYLOR.

Mr. Coke arrived in Vienna on the 9th of October in last year; two days after the formidable movement in that capital took place. He remained there during the crisis; and here we have the simple record of what he saw and suffered. The author is unpretending in manner and in matter. He says nothing of the causes that led to the revolt, and once crowned it with a temporary success; nothing of the progress of the insurrection—who commanded and who obeyed; what ideas were in the ascendant—what the people said and thought, hoped and feared, during the struggle. If he knew nothing of these matters, why write a book on the subject; and publish it under a title which suggests so much more than its pages contain! There is still a good deal of mystery about that October outbreak; and the event itself was one of those curious episodes in history which will possess a powerful interest for the future student of our ages. But Mr. Coke's is not the book which the reading public will require. He gives no general view—no connected account of the whole affair. He tells only what he saw; and, unfortunately for his reader, Mr. Coke saw very little—and that little hardly worth a record.

The book has consequently neither head nor tail; it is neither right nor wrong. It is not so much about Vienna as about Mr. Coke. The author is his own hero, always occupying the centre of the picture—even in the illustrations. All the events seem to move round him quite naturally. Such obscure persons as General Bem, the student Herr Haug, Robert Blum, &c., are never mentioned by the chronicler; Mr. Coke alone occupies the stage.—*Literary Gazette.*

Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River; being a Narrative of the Expedition fitted out by John Jacob Astor to establish the "Pacific Fur Company;" with an Account of some Indian Tribes on the Coast of the Pacific. By ALEXANDER ROSS, one of the Adventurers.

The words Astor and Astoria are familiar to most English readers. Few will require to be told that Astor is the name of a princely merchant of New York—a German by birth, but a citizen of the United States by adoption—and that Astoria was the name of a colony which he founded at the mouth of the Columbia River about thirty years ago. The genius of Washington Irving has rendered the story of this unfortunate settlement familiar to the public—but the romancer has dealt with it according to the usual license of his craft; here, for the first time we have a complete account of the matter in sober prose. And what an extraordinary story it is! In Washington Irving's version of the

affair Mr. Astor was the hero of the drama; in Mr. Ross's narrative the man of millions appears in anything but an amiable light. All the disasters of the expedition are attributed to his parsimony, petulance, and ignorance. Mr. Ross was himself too deeply interested in the success of the scheme to admit of his being a fair judge of his superior's motives; but such strong facts as are here put forth, speak in a language which needs no comment to heighten their damnatory effects.

It is not our province to dwell upon the demerits of Mr. Astor and his mode of commercial colonization. The shores of the Columbia, on which he failed to establish a permanent settlement, are now, under better auspices, resounding with the axe and the hammer of a new set of adventurers; a State will by and by grow up in those magnificent regions; Astor's expedition will then become a part of a nation's history; and this work of Mr. Ross will become an historical document. But in the mean time its chief interest for us lies in the fact of its being one of the most striking pictures of a life of adventure which we have read for a long time. The book is as full of instruction, however, as of amusement; and the latter ingredient is so ample that we fancy few will lay it down who have once taken it up till the closing is reached.—*Athenæum.*

Kavanagh; a Tale. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Professor Longfellow, the American poet, has attempted, in this little book, imported by Mr. Wiley, to render a prose story the vehicle of poetical truths. These are to be found, more or less, in every page of "*Kavanagh*;" but the author has been not quite successful in the medium chosen for their development. The story, which is in itself slight, is generally suspended to make way for the speculations which it should have embodied. The persons are abstract and shadowy; and in the endeavor to make his portraits real, Mr. Longfellow has been over-literal in his transcript. Characterization is only to be gained by the predominance of one or two striking features; while here the distinctness of the actual is impaired by too great minuteness in its reproduction. Indeed the province of Art is not to reproduce a reality, but to depict the mental impression which it leaves. He, for instance, who would catch the general effect of a building must not stand so near it as to perceive the crevices in the mortar. That which is specific in any object must be secured by subordinating to it those qualities which are common to other objects of the same class. From a disregard of this principle, individuality of portraiture has been lost in the work before us; and what is occasionally natural and felicitous often degenerates into the trivial. fair, however, to add that the early pages of the story are those which this error chiefly affects—

On the other hand, there is so much genial and tender feeling, so much happy suggestion, exquisite fancy, and descriptive beauty in the volume as to overbalance its defects of construction.—*Athenæum*.

A Journal of Summer Time in the Country. By the Rev ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

Mr. Willmott is one of those cheerful pietists who regard Nature as the mirror of the Divine goodness. His mind instinctively refers the beauties of creation to their beneficent Author; and from each pleasant sight and sound he meets with in his rural walks, he gathers some new ground of hope and thankfulness, or accession of faith. We never met with any author who more completely realized the idea of Paley, that when the mind is once thoroughly imbued with a conviction of overruling Deity, the world becomes one vast temple, hymning his praise. If any one would learn what charm of coloring is given to the scenes of nature by religious feeling, and what joy of heart they then inspire, let him contrast sketches like these of Mr. Willmott with the dreary facts and unprofitable theories of the material philosopher.

Mr. Willmott possesses a cultivated as well as a pious mind. His understanding is as enlightened as his heart is warm. When he is in a gossiping vein he spreads before the reader the wealth of a mind richly stored with poetic images; with fine allusions to natural beauties, and with enough of literary anecdotes to compose a new "Curiosities of Literature." It is one of his great merits that he always lets his ideas flow in a natural train, so that the channel, instead of resembling a straight canal, has the bends and windings of a lovely stream running through a varied and smiling country.—*Britannia*.

Rural Letters, and other Records of Thought at Leisure. Written in the intervals of more hurried Literary Labor. By N. PARKER WILLIS.

It is "with intention," (as they say in France,) that we follow Mr. Willis in his specification of the contents of this lively and poetical miscellany. Once—twice—thrice, (for aught we know,) have some among them been already published. The "Letters from under a Bridge," for instance, appeared in this country many years ago; we have seen other portions of the volume in other places; which facts warn us against quoting such graceful and gossiping passages as make this book a pleasant companion for any *Lady Grace* who keeps up her prototype's wholesome habit of "sitting under a great tree." Male loungers might possibly demand something more of "bone and muscle," in the speculations upon which their minds love to feed during hours of "retired leisure." But why should not there be Letters in all hues to all readers, and for all seasons—thought and poetry assisting? And thought and poetry are both, within certain limits, at the service of Mr. Willis, who stands in need only of bracing processes to produce permanent, in the place of ephemeral, contributions to the light literature of America.—*Literary Gazette*.

Comingethy. By R. D'ISRAELI, M. P.

The most popular novel of modern day is here presented to the public in one neat volume, with a portrait of the author, in the most captivating style of Chalon. In noticing the intent of the work, and speaking of its success, Mr. D'Israeli tells us that "three considerable editions were sold in this country in three months. It was largely circulated throughout the Continent of Europe, and more than fifty thousand copies were required in the United States of America. In the fifth year of its life the author has been called upon to prepare the fifth edition of a work for some time out of print." The sale of the present edition will probably surpass that of all the others put together; it will pass from the circulating library to the family book-shelf, as, apart from its purpose and the merit of the story, its witty and brilliant reflection of that lustre of society which commenced with 1840, will be studied with pleasure when the ideas and manners of the time have passed away.—*Britannia*.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Adventures of a Greek Lady, the adopted Daughter of the late Queen Caroline: comprising particulars of the Queen and her Suite, not hitherto known. 2 vols.

Valerié; a new novel. By Captain Marryat. *British Homes and Foreign Wanderings.* By Lady Lister Kaye.

Medical and Economical Botany. By John Lindley. *Cola Monti; or a Story of a Genius.*

A Second Visit to the United States. By Sir Charles Lyell, F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo.

Lives of the Lindseys; or, a Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcanquhall. By Lord Lindsay. 2 vols. 8vo.

Anthologia Polyglotta; or, a Selection of Versions in various Languages. By Rev. H. Wellesley, D. P.

A Physician's Holiday; or, a Month in Switzerland during the Summer of 1848. By John Forbes, M. D.

A Manual of Scientific Inquiry, adapted to Travelers. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel.

Handbook for London, Past and Present. By Peter Cunningham.

Biographical Dictionary of all Living Naval Officers, with authentic Details of their Services and Family. By W. R. O'Byrne.

Life of Sir Thomas Munro. By Rev. S. R. Gleig.

New Zealand Sketches. By M. Tyrone Power.

Treatise on Landscape Gardening. By A. J. Downing.

Handbook of European Literature. By Mrs. Foster.

Genius of Italy. By Rev. Robert Turnbull.

Thoughts on a Pebble. By Dr. Mantell.

Travels in the Interior of Brazil during the Years 1836-1841. By the late George Gardner.

The Handbook of European Literature. By Mrs. Forster.

The Temporal Benefits of Christianity Exemplified. By Robert Blakey.

A Catholic History of England. By W. Maecabe, Esq.







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